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UMI
THE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

IN BRITISH LITERATURE, 1904 - 1920

by

Adam Christopher Hunt

A thesis submitted in conformity with the requirements
for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy
Graduate Department of English
University of Toronto

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ABSTRACT

The Captain of Industry in British Literature, 1904-1920

Adam Christopher Hunt

Department of English

University of Toronto

In this thesis, I examine fictional representations of the Captain of Industry by six major modern writers, especially in the light of Carlyle's conception of this figure as hero for the spiritually and politically troubled England of the nineteenth century. I begin the Introduction with a discussion of Past and Present (1843), in which Carlyle proposes the Captain of Industry as the best qualified figure for filling a perceived leadership vacuum and saving the nation from the "Chaos" set in motion by the Industrial Revolution. Next, I look briefly at the careers of several actual "Captains of Industry" who addressed themselves to the kind of social, moral, and political tasks that Carlyle saw as urgent and who may well have served him as living exemplars of the ideal figure he sought to conjure up by his writing. I then turn to literature of the years leading up to the period during which my six authors wrote, to see how Victorian writers responded to the ideal of the industrialist/businessman as social hero.

The undercurrent of scepticism that I find gaining strength in these works by Carlyle's contemporaries and their immediate successors is taken up and given full vent by
the early modern authors who are the subject proper of my thesis. Even the one text I examine that seems to celebrate the Captain-of-Industry figure -- Shaw's *Major Barbara* -- seeks to revise Carlyle's mid-Victorian model, while my other central texts are clearly part of a sustained critique of the leadership potential of this heroic quasi-archetype. Writers see around them a world of crisis, and capitalism as part of that crisis, not the solution that Carlyle hoped it might become. My authors focus on the visionary, military, nautical, and political connotations with which he had endowed the heroic Captain-of-Industry figure, only to show them sadly or tragically lacking.

After examining Shaw's *Major Barbara* and *Heartbreak House*, with its searing spirit of wartime disenchantment, I look at Conrad's sombre scrutiny of the Captain of Industry in the post-colonial setting of *Nostromo*, Galsworthy's *Strife* and *The Man of Property*, Forster's *Howards End*, and Wells' *Tono-Bungay*. I end with a discussion of D.H. Lawrence, who, I suggest, rings the death-knell of the Captain of Industry as a figure of literary interest in *Women in Love* -- a repudiation that begins clearly in the second half of *The Rainbow*, is reinforced and completed in *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, and is commented on in many ancillary discursive texts as well as the play *Touch and Go*.

While attending to their different approaches and emphases (as well as their critical interest in each other), I focus on my authors' common cause in interrogating and rejecting the Captain-of-Industry figure. Once used by Carlyle to personify the creative and socially dedicated aspects of capitalism, the Captain of Industry is now variously seen as susceptible to imposture, neurosis, materialism, and spiritual and psychological hollowness. We look in vain, these writers say, to such a flawed figure for strong, wise,
inspired leadership, but none of them can say clearly or confidently where else we are to look. Casting about for other solutions to the problem of leadership in modern society, they can point only tentatively and speculatively to values opposed to capitalism as they have represented it -- mechanistic, materialistic, inhuman. This was also the face of Victorian capitalism that Carlyle loathed and that the Captain-of-Industry figure was meant to refine and reform. The modern writers' disenchantment with the Captain of Industry that I trace thus expresses a sharpened sense of the difficulty of the challenge to redeem humanity, and is part and parcel of the problematic, even apocalyptic vision of the future that characterizes the literature of this century.
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Introduction

Part One: Carlyle and the Captain of Industry

"Captains of Industry are the true Fighters, henceforth recognisable as the only true ones: Fighters against Chaos, Necessity and the Devils and Jötnuns; and lead on Mankind in that great, and alone true, and universal warfare; the stars in their courses fighting for them, and all Heaven and Earth saying audibly, Well done!" (Past and Present 268)

I

What this thesis seeks to examine is, first, the assessment in English literature from 1904 to 1920 of the success of the Captain of Industry in meeting Thomas Carlyle's challenge in Past and Present (1843); second, the transformations in the literary representations of that figure; and third, the changes in English society registered in the work of six major authors of the period. Beginning with the premise that they wrote with a specific awareness of Carlyle's ideal of the industrial capitalist as hero, I first examine briefly Carlyle's seminal text and discuss a few of Carlyle's contemporaries and near-contemporaries who may have helped to inspire his vision of the new hero and to exemplify it. Then, drawing in part on existing criticism, I set the literary context for the treatment of the Captain-of-Industry figure in writing, in the period spanning the publication of Past and Present in 1843 and 1904, when my study proper begins. The two plays by Shaw with which I start engage unmistakably with Carlyle's notion of the Captain of Industry as a visionary leader and as a servant of society, as well. The earlier of the two, Major Barbara (1907), offers only a mild version and updating of Carlyle's notions;
the second, written in the midst of bitter disenchantment caused by the First World War, engages in a corrosive analysis of culture and society just before the outbreak of the war, repudiating very much in Carlyle's spirit the failures of the power elite, including especially "the practical men of business." The spirit of the Captain of Industry is embodied in the doddering yet still vital Captain Shotover, whose house, designed to resemble a ship -- drawing to mind the figurative ship of state -- depends on his dwindling creative energies, which he devotes to inventions of a military and destructive nature. The other texts I examine, beginning with *Nostromo* (1904) and ending essentially with *Women in Love* (1920), interrogate Carlyle's concept of the Captain of Industry and also subvert it. The authors start off by exploring the potential of the Carlylean figure, or master trope, but then discover by way of their examination that the figure is barren. I deal with Shaw first not only because his works are plays rather than novels, but also because they manifest interesting thematic contrasts. Since Shaw, both as a dramatist and as a political thinker, was an impassioned, eloquent and systematic analyst of the social problems and trends of his time and engaged directly with my topic very much in the spirit of Carlyle, he is an indispensable part of this study. As for the novels I go on to discuss, each one, except for *The Man of Property*, is to my mind the best example of its author's interest in the Captain of Industry, ideal and actual. In the case of Galsworthy, his novel is important to my thesis because its systematic examination of the capitalist class ignores the heroic Carlylean figure, whom he puts at the centre of the nearly contemporary play *Strife*. In their different ways, these texts are representative of much of the literature of their time; more important from my point of view, they are also the most sustained and interesting
Before proceeding to a discussion of my chosen texts and authors, it may be fruitful to go back to the beginning of my argument and examine in detail Carlyle's concept of the Captain of Industry\textsuperscript{1} and the social phenomenon it seeks to identify. Carlyle characteristically invents the term as a way of bringing up to date the ideal of the hero, as is evident in *On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History* (1841).\textsuperscript{2} Written at a time of widely perceived crisis that generated a tradition of "Condition-of-England" writing, Carlyle's *Past and Present* combines fiery prophecies with astute social analysis. Like Matthew Arnold in 1867 in *Culture and Anarchy*, Carlyle sees English society as consisting of three classes he calls the workers, the aristocracy, and the industrialists. In a complicated polemic that draws on techniques of history, fantasy, and sermon, Carlyle seeks to inspire the aristocracy to live up to their traditional responsibilities, but his urgent appeal is addressed to the "half-awake" industrialists to rouse themselves, deny Mammon, and assume the role of leadership -- theirs, he says, by dint of sheer energy and productivity -- in guiding the nation into the twentieth century.

In the "Proem," Carlyle announces his main premise: "England is dying of inanition" (7) as "idle luxury" alternates with "mean scarcity and inability" (10).

Dismissing the aristocratic leadership of the country, based on the principle of inheritance, as imprudent and weak, he puts forward instead the notion of an "Aristocracy of Talent,"
driven by native ability and capacity for hard work, and guided by devotion to their nation's good.

In a letter of 10 May, 1842 to Thomas Story Spedding, Carlyle raged:

O Peel, O Russell -- and indeed O England and all Englishmen! We have gone on the accursed Law of Egoism and Mammon, and every sort of Atheism, which was a lie from the beginning; and now it has broken down under us, and unless we can recover ourselves out of it, the abyss is gaping for us. . . . I consider sometimes that if we do not within very few years get some Prime Minister of a very different sort, Chartism or some still more frightful ism is as good as inevitable for us. (Sanders 14 183-4)

The second section of Past and Present, "The Ancient Monk," seeks to illustrate through historical example how such an ideal can be made to work in the nineteenth century even as it has worked in the distant past. Drawing on and translating freely the chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond, he brings to life the aptly named Abbot Sampson of St Edmundsbury in the twelfth century. Elected by his peers because of the general respect he enjoyed, he became an exemplary leader of the monastery, a large, wealthy and powerful institution. In the middle ages, Carlyle argues, people knew their place in society as well as the world and were better able than in the strife-ridden nineteenth century to recognize and submit to wise leaders. (It is the validity of such a submission that the authors I discuss dispute as they question the ability of any leader, hero or not, to save a society.)

In the third section of Past and Present, "The Modern Worker," Carlyle focuses on his own time, the socially and politically troubled England of the 1840s, and celebrates work as the way out of chaos: "there is endless hope in work, were it even work at
making money" (148). But despite this acceptance of the profit motive, he damns "Mammonism" without reservation: "O, it is frightful when a whole Nation, as our Fathers used to say, has 'forgotten God'; has remembered only Mammon, and what Mammon leads to!" (146). For Carlyle, the aristocracy are among the Mammonites; unaware of their impending doom as a class, they seduce, mislead, and corrupt the rising industrial classes by their posturing and fecklessness. Carlyle's densely-packed and contorted style, evocative of some Old Testament prophet tormented by the follies and sins of his people, is surprisingly effective:

"Millocracy" so-called, a real giant, though as yet a blind one and but halfawake, wrestles and wrings in choking nightmare, 'like to be strangled in the partridge-nets of Phantasm-Aristocracy,' as we said, which fancies itself still to be a giant. Wrestles, as under nightmare, till it do awaken; and gasps and struggles thousandfold, we may say, in a truly painful manner, through all fibres of our English Existence, in these hours and years! Is our poor English Existence wholly becoming a Nightmare; full of mere Phantasms? (143)

Some critics of Carlyle have found the tone of Past and Present and the ideology behind his trope of the Captain of Industry to be offensive. In Carlyle and the Search For Authority, for example, Chris R. Vanden Bossche claims that

A new voice reflecting Carlyle's heightened sense of authority dominates the dialogues of Past and Present. . . . The prophetic narrator of Past and Present addresses his audience as if he were delivering a sermon. . . . These dialogues constitute a metanarrative in which Carlyle's readers, initially opposed to him, eventually come to understand and believe him, narrator and audience merging in the concluding vision of social union. (107-8)
He finishes his book by reminding readers that in Carlyle's quest for an idyllic community, he sought to "achieve silence by silencing the opposition rather than by seeking ways to mediate among dissenting voices" (174). If Vanden Bossche's words have any truth in them, it is not surprising that Carlyle's central metaphor in Past and Present is a military one, for dialogue, discussion and compromise have little to do with the hegemonic supremacy of a captain with a drawn pistol.

The religious nature of the historically-based quasi-fable of Past and Present provides a plausible grounding for Carlyle's characteristically vague spirituality with its origins in the Romantic movement, especially the German variety. And yet his emphasis, especially in the second half of the book, is on work, money, and the future, especially in Part IV, "Horoscope," where the term Captain of Industry is offered publicly for the first time. He decries "the cash nexus," which reduces the connection between people to the profit motive, as endemic to his society and speaks instead for the spirit of the work ethic central to Protestantism. According to Protestantism, work and business are next to godliness, which rewards the usefully busy with wealth, thus incarnating the spirit of capitalism, as expounded later by Max Weber and R.H. Tawney.

In Weber's The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism (published in German in 1904-5, but not translated into English until 1920-1), he analyzed the splitting away in the modern era of the profit motive from godliness very much in the way that Carlyle had. As Giddens claims, Weber saw modern capitalism as a force "foreign to traditional types of enterprise. It is associated with an outlook of a very specific kind: the continual
accumulation of wealth for its own sake" (Giddens 4):

In fact, the *summum bonum* of this ethic, the earning and earning of more money, combined with the strict avoidance of all spontaneous enjoyment of life, is above all completely devoid of any eudaemonistic, not to say hedonistic, admixture. It is thought of so purely as an end in itself, that from the point of view of the happiness of, or utility to, the single individual, it appears entirely transcendental and absolutely irrational. Man is dominated by the making of money, by acquisition as the ultimate purpose of his life. Economic acquisition is no longer subordinated to man as the means for the satisfaction of his material needs. This reversal of what we should call the natural relationship, so irrational from a naive point of view, is evidently as definitely a leading principle of capitalism as it is foreign to all peoples not under capitalistic influence. (Weber 53)

All the same, Weber sees modern capitalism as descending directly from the distinctly Protestant association between "Godliness" and the worldly reward of wealth, and his view, reinforced in England by R.H. Tawney, has been, as Rubinstein says, generally persuasive:

virtually every economic and social historian of Britain writing in the last thirty years has accepted that there is at least some merit to the Weber thesis in its post-1760 British context . . . . It was thus widely believed that a greatly disproportionate number of entrepreneurs, innovators and successful businessmen flourishing in Britain from the early/mid-18th century to 1914, were protestant dissenters -- Quakers, Unitarians, Baptists, Independents, Presbyterians, Methodists or Huguenots -- rather than adherents of the Church of England, and that an important reason for their success lay in the teaching and beliefs of their churches. (*Capitalism* 145-6)
Rubinstein, however, finds that in the Victorian and early modern period "entrepreneurial success has little or nothing to do with religion" (163); rather, he insists, it is the nature of investment that is the crucial factor. Putting it as plainly as could be wished, he says what common sense has always assumed: "certain trades or occupations are inherently more profitable than others" (159).

Only one of my fictional Captains of Industry, Conrad's Holroyd, "the millionaire endower of churches" (94), bears out the connection between Protestantism and wealth. As Avrom Fleishman says, he is "the very type of The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism" (179). What connects this American capitalist, with his blend of religious zeal, patriotism, and economic and cultural imperialism -- typical of the United States today, it seems, as it was in the nineteenth century -- to his English counterparts is the element of vision, of passionate if confused commitment. All the Captains of Industry I examine are men dominated by vision or the desperate search for vision. (Soames Forsyte is not a true Captain of Industry largely because he is devoid of vision. His conventionality can be contrasted quite sharply with the others' visionary individualism.) In more complex and varied ways than Carlyle foresaw, these Captains of Industry embody, even the most deluded and self-serving of them, at least the raw energy and commitment to serve "the true God" rather than the idol of Mammonism. Teddy Ponderevo, for example, is a huckster who makes his fortune by means of patent medicine and a knack for the newly important "art" of advertising and promotion. Illustrating "the romantic element in modern commerce" (173), he likes to say that "We mint Faith" (181), even as the narrator, Teddy's nephew George, defines "the whole of this modern
mercantile investing civilization" as "such stuff as dreams are made of" (181). It is visionary impulse or craving, even when presented as distorted or deluded, that above all connects the Captains of Industry I study to Carlyle's prototype. Their failure -- or success that the text defines as failure -- expresses what my authors perceive as the failure of Carlyle's religiously inspired vision.

According to Weber's thesis, modern capitalism, severed from its religious roots, is shown in these texts to seduce characters who require in one way or another a larger-than-life vision of themselves, a vision greater indeed than that which Carlyle had called Mammonism and Weber had defined as the accumulation of wealth for its own sake. They wish to serve something greater than themselves, and to shape the future, however dimly or confusedly they perceive it. The hectic, hectoring tone of Past and Present expresses not just Carlyle's sense of urgency about the condition of England, but also his desperation. Despite this undercurrent of controlled hysteria, however, he tries not to end on a pessimistic note: he imagines a new class emerging from the turmoil around him, a working aristocracy of "Captains of Industry" with the capacity to take command of the ship of state and navigate it to a harbour of safety, order, and abundance. Unabashedly didactic in the "symbolic shorthand by which [he] casts abstract ideas into striking concretions" (Altick "Introduction" xv), Carlyle invents a Captain of Industry, whom he calls "Plugson of Undershot,"3 as yet a follower of the "Brute-god Mammon" (191), having "indomitably spun Cotton merely to gain thousands of pounds" (193).

Plugson feels his obligation to his workers is over when he has paid them. But because he works and creates work for his fellow men, he is redeemable:
the vulgarest Plugson of a Master-Worker, who can command Workers and get work out of them, is already a considerable man. Blessed and thrice-blessed symptoms I discern of Master-Workers who are not vulgar men; who are nobles, and begin to feel that they must act as such: all speed to these, they are England's hope at present. (207)

In Plugson's crude vitality is the potential for vision, which may yet save him from mere Mammonism and give him the impetus to take up the helm of the social vessel. Arguing against the trend of the times, Carlyle, in the fourth part of Past and Present, rejects democracy as the "despair of finding any Heroes to govern you" (214). Man is "a social being . . . [who] obeys those whom he esteems better than himself" (241), just as the monks of St. Edmundsbury once obeyed Sampson, whom they elected Abbot because they recognized his superiority. Carlyle sees the democracy being fought over by his contemporaries as a wrong turn in social development.

III

In his mistrust of democracy, Carlyle was very similar to Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), who influenced many of the authors I discuss, especially Shaw, Wells, and Lawrence. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, many English writers were impressed by Nietzsche's work and recognized in his concept of the Superman something akin to Carlyle's idea of the hero and the heroic in history that was part of their own English, Victorian culture that they were now subjecting to critical scrutiny. Nietzsche
himself, however, made a point of distinguishing his idea of the hero from Carlyle's, and
the significance of this distinction is recognized by each of the authors I study. Much of
Nietzsche's thought about the Superman may have its genesis in Carlyle's celebration of
the hero and the heroic; G.K. Chesterton, for one, thought that "Out of [Carlyle] flows
most of the philosophy of Nietzsche" (Bentley *Century* 159). But "Carlyle's Hero . . . was
one who benefited mankind" (Bentley 165), while Nietzsche sees his hero as having no
responsibility except to himself: "He is not to be viewed sociologically. We are not to ask:
What did he do for his people? How did he serve common humanity? . . . the hero, it is
assumed, justifies himself" (Bentley 149). In short, the line connecting Carlyle's Captain of
Industry to Nietzsche's Superman is not a straight one. Carlyle's concept, as fictionalized
by the early twentieth-century writers I examine, may be in varying ways inflected by their
reactions to Nietzsche.

Shaw, for example, took what he wanted from Nietzsche and ignored the rest,
while Galsworthy thought that it was Nietzsche "who set the robber's ideal, the robber's
fashion of morality" (Gindin 355). Carlyle's Captain of Industry represents an aristocracy
of talent, but not one immune to or above ethical considerations; Nietzsche's Superman,
on the other hand, is truly unchained, and, according to Nietzsche, not at all related to
Carlyle's concept of the hero:

The word 'superman' to designate a type that has turned out supremely
well, in antithesis to 'modern' men, to 'good' men, to Christians and other
nihilists -- a word which in the mouth of a Zarathustra, the *destroyer* of
morality, becomes a very thoughtful word -- has almost everywhere been
understood with perfect innocence in the sense of those values whose
antithesis makes its appearance in the figure of Zarathustra: that is to say as
an 'idealistic' type of higher species of man, half 'saint', half 'genius' . . . Other learned cattle caused me on its account to be suspected of Darwinism; even the 'hero cult' of that unconscious and involuntary counterfeiter Carlyle which I rejected so maliciously has been recognized in it. He into whose ear I whispered he ought look around rather for a Cesare Borgia than for a Parsifal did not believe his ears. (Nietzsche Ecce 71)

Cesare Borgia, one remembers, is the Italian Duke upon whom Machiavelli modelled his Prince, whereas Parsifal is the meek and mild knight in Arthurian legend.

By contrast, Galsworthy dismissed Nietzsche. On July 22nd, 1905, Galsworthy wrote to Ralph Mottram, his good friend (and later, biographer):

This brings me to Nietzsche -- As a founder of a remedy, as the propounder of a practical philosophical scheme, he is a hopeless and rather a childish failure. His theory, roughly speaking, being one of psychological satisfaction, he is merely a reactionist, and though it seems funny to say so, rather a cowardly one -- he fails to propound any hopeful issue for man as he is. But -- a very big one -- as a suggestive analyst, and pointer out of how man became what he is, he's unrivalled. Read between his highly inflated lines, and there is any amount of light thrown on the value of things, and the trend and meaning of Christianity and civilization. He was personally a great sufferer, and what he wrote is practically a revolt against this personal suffering; the lines on which he would free man of this suffering are, in the essence of things, I think, unpracticable. Life changes all the time, and it's like trying to force a plant back into a former stage of its growth. (Mottram 70)

This quotation resonates in a number of ways. First, Galsworthy's criticism of Nietzsche relates largely to Nietzsche's theory, while he himself takes the position of the practical man of the world. Nietzsche, like Carlyle, lives in the world of the ideal: "he fails to propound any hopeful issue for man as he is" (70). Both Nietzsche, with his concept of the Übermensch, and Carlyle, with his of the Captain of Industry, write about a process of
becoming, not of being. The many actual figures who were regarded as Captains of Industry in the nineteenth century never succeeded in realizing fully the combination of vision, authority, and service that Carlyle had envisaged. In Strife, despite the inherent primitivism of the class struggle depicted, the resolution is seen to come not from a retreat to an earlier and more brutal state, but from a move forward to a new, more just world, based on compromise and moderation. Anthony and Roberts are not part of this world.

Like Nietzsche later, Carlyle sees democracy as it was being contested in his time as leading to confusion, anarchy, and selfishness. He is afraid that with every individual nursing his or her own petty grievances, and asserting his or her just claims, the community will disintegrate, unless strong and wise leaders can mould the thousands of disparate demands into a single harmonious whole. And this is, Carlyle says, what we really hunger for, as democracy ignores our deep desire to be governed by our betters. As an alternative to the democratic tide that Carlyle senses is rising, he catches sight of the "light in the Human Chaos, glimmering, shining more and more and more. . . . noble just Industrialism and Government by the Wisest" (267-8). These wisest among the industrial leaders are the true Captains of Industry. Repudiating the primal Mammon, they will strive first and foremost "To be a noble Master, among noble workers"; "to be a rich master" (268) will be for them a secondary aim. Convinced, just like the authors I discuss that engage with his reactionary vision, that "Our England, our world cannot live as it is" (269), Carlyle appeals directly to the Captains of Industry as England's hope for the future:

It is to you I call: ye know at least this, That the mandate of God to His creatureman is: Work! The future Epic of the World rests not with those
that are near dead, but with those that are alive, and that are coming into life. (271-2)

The terms of this "call," mixing the religious with the worldly, and the literary with the heroic, are frequently echoed in the texts I examine, most closely perhaps by Shaw and Wells. By 1904, very early in the Edwardian period, the major English writers concerned about the future of the country in their literary representations of modern life tend to see the industrial class, to whom Carlyle had in 1843 looked for leadership, in jaundiced and negative terms, emphasizing their moral, psychological and even practical failures.

IV

As he traced the evolution of the heroic ideal in Western culture, Carlyle was thinking about the type of leader England needed "now" and in the foreseeable future. Among the friends with whom he shared his thoughts was James Garth Marshall, a Leeds manufacturer who was Carlyle's "model of a progressive industrialist" (Kaplan 297): "Among private persons, 'James G. Marshall Esq, Leeds' is of all manufacturers I have seen the most enlightened and humane" (Sanders 154). James' father, John Marshall of Headingley, "acquired immense wealth by the successful introduction of some mechanical improvements in the spinning of flax" (Ward 604) and established the family fortune. James stayed in the family business, becoming also a director of an important line of Yorkshire railways, and then served also as Liberal M.P. for Leeds from 1847 to 1852 (Ward 604). We can see in the Marshall family real individuals who ground Carlyle's
concept of the Captain of Industry in social reality. The Marshalls were not the only industrialists to influence Carlyle; in Past and Present, he mentions many others, including James Brindley, a builder of canals -- "behold he has chained seas together" (161). The tale of the Marshalls, however, reads like the essence of the Captain of Industry success story. Furthermore, the Marshalls' story lends credence to the thesis of Martin Wiener, presented in English Culture and the Decline of the Industrial Spirit (1981). Wiener claims that one of the reasons for the industrial malady in Britain in the nineteenth century was that industrialists gentrified themselves and distanced themselves from the factories and mills where they had made their money. For example, once John Marshall made his money, he sought to distance himself from its origins, and his eldest daughter, Mary Ann, quite in keeping with Wiener's not very surprising thesis, married into the aristocracy (Rimmer 222).

John Marshall, who started the family fortune, profited from a combination of character, perseverance, skill, and luck. William Brown, a Dundee mill-owner who visited Leeds in 1821 in an attempt to improve his own flax spinning, remarked, "Mr. Marshall's great success and prodigious extension are said to have arisen from [his] indefatigable perseverance, and great abilities" (Brown 106). Marshall did not succumb to such setbacks as the fire, in 1796, that partially destroyed his factory (Rimmer 45); he worked long hours -- "I was at the Mill from six in the morning to nine at night" (Rimmer 41); he embraced technological change that improved the efficiency of his mills; and he profited from the great demand for flax during the Napoleonic War. Once his success was assured, his life changed: he became a "Gentleman Flax-Spinner" (Rimmer 91), spent less time at
the mill, buying a house in the Lake District (Rimmer 99), renting one in London (104), and speculating in the stock market (92), finding that he made more money investing in other businesses than by putting money into his own (92-3). Thus, according to the Carlylean vision of the Captain of Industry, John Marshall began as a factory owner and manager and ended as a financier/capitalist.

John Marshall and his wife Jane (née Pollard), "the daughter of an eminent merchant and Unitarian" (168), had eleven children -- six daughters and five sons -- four of whom went into the firm, unlike the eldest, William, who took up a career in law. As the sons came of age, they went to work with their father: John Marshall II in 1816, James, in 1820, and Henry Cowper in 1828 (149, 140, 158). When John II died unexpectedly in 1836, Arthur, the youngest Marshall, stepped in to replace him (181-2). Although the sons were all partners in the firm, they did not share their father's work ethic, his commitment to the mills, or his austerity:

He had derived great satisfaction from managing a firm and making money, and until his last days displayed great capacity for hard work. But his children, starting from different positions, had other goals. Their youth had been spent at Ullswater and Headingley [in the Lake district], near those with position and substance. It was natural therefore that they spent much time in idle pursuits of the kind that their father had formerly frowned upon. John II's passion was race-horses; James liked fishing; all enjoyed hunting, climbing and foreign travel. (184)

The third generation continued to move away from industry and were educated at universities, not trade schools, and in subjects other than engineering: "From 1849 William, James and Henry sent their sons to Arnold's Rugby and then on to Whewell [the
husband of Cordelia, one of the sisters] at Trinity College, Cambridge. . . For the most part, they read classics and maths" (225). The Marshall history reveals what Wiener has called the gentrification of the industrialist class.

What aspects of John Marshall make him so prototypically a Captain of Industry? He believed that as an employer he had responsibility to his workers that went beyond paying their wages -- went beyond the "cash nexus," as Carlyle would say. He instituted a school, built a library for the mills, and drew up an elaborate set of rules and regulations for his workers. Later, when he had handed over his flax mills for his sons to manage, he became an M.P. for Leeds, setting a precedent for his son James.

He may have got his idea for a mill school from Robert Owen, whose mill and community in New Lanark he visited twice, 26 September 1800, and 3 August 1807 (Rimmer 110). Compulsory elementary education was not instituted in England until the 1870 Education Act, extended in 1876 and 1880 (Williams Long 137). In 1822, Marshall persuaded owners of other firms around Water Lane to join him in managing and paying for a school in Holdeck. During the day, girls and boys in the neighbourhood were taught how to read and write for 2d. a week. In addition the girls learned to sew, and for an extra 1d. boys could be instructed in accounting. Each night from 7 to 9 p.m., evening classes served 'those young persons . . . engaged in the Manufactories . . . during the course of the day; if a pupil brought his own candle, the charge was 2d. a week, otherwise 3d.' (Rimmer 105)

This project was an attempt to improve the lives of his young workers, encouraging the most able and ambitious ones to rise. There was also a library on the premises, reinforcing the educational project. Rimmer tells us that "In 1832 each of 112 readers borrowed an
average of thirty books during the year for 1s. a quarter" (217).

But just as Marshall was generous to good and ambitious workers, he could be
harsh to lazy and incompetent ones. The rules at his mill were comprehensive and fair but
unforgiving in their military precision:

[The hands] have very particular instructions set before them which are as
particularly attended to. . . so strict are the instructions that if an overseer
of a room be found talking to any person in the mill during working hours
he is dismissed immediately. . . . No overseer is allowed to touch a tool or
shift a pinion with his own hands, on pain of dismissal. (Brown 103)

To put things in perspective, it is useful to be reminded that "by comparison with others
Marshall's rules were far from being repressive" (120). Marshall exercised tight control
over his business, leaving as little to chance as he could, including the well-being of his
employees. In Carlyle's terms, he was a true Captain of Industry, exercising strong but
just and responsible leadership, and concerned not just with "the bottom line."

Marshall's move into politics can also be seen as exemplary and judicious.
Acquiring a rotten borough in Petersfield for five thousand guineas (111) -- reminiscent of
the five thousand pounds Dickens' Mr Veneering in Our Mutual Friend is required to put
down for the seat of Pocket-Breaches -- he decided in 1826 to compete to represent
Leeds. He was well aware of the significant difference between the two seats:

To have the public interest of a large county to transact, and important
interests to represent, leads to a more complete attainment of these objects
[namely participation in public affairs and social advancement] and gives a
weight and influence, which the representative of a rotten Borough,
without superior talents, would never possess. (Rimmer 112)

He remained in the seat for only four years. When Parliament was dissolved in 1830, he retired from politics, prompted by a recent illness (113). His son James, for whom Carlyle had expressed his regard, became in his turn MP for Leeds in 1847, a year after his father's death.

It is interesting that it is in his correspondence with the younger Marshall, one of the "New Men," that Carlyle develops his thoughts about the changing social order and the need for a new sort of leadership. In an 1841 letter to James Marshall, for example, he wrote,

I told you once, we must have industrial barons, of a quite new suitable sort; workers loyally related to their new taskmasters, -- related in God (as we may well say); not related in Mammon alone! This will be the real aristocracy, in place of the sham one; a thing far from us, alas; but infallibly arriving for us; -- infallibly, as I think, unless we are to go to wreck altogether. (Sanders 13 317)

His use of the word "wreck" may indicate the nautical resonance that the idea of captaincy had for Carlyle. What matters to him is to discover and identify a "new" and "real" aristocracy to replace "the sham one." The word "baron" with its traditional feudal associations is abandoned in favour of the nautical/military term Captain, as Carlyle in the next two years continues to worry away at the idea. With its traditional military and nautical associations, it evoked the nature of the challenges facing men like Marshall: steering the ship of state through the stormy seas of nineteenth century politics, and taking
up the captain’s sword to wage war against outside threats to the nation. In 1 February, 1843, Carlyle wrote to Marshall,

A real aristocracy, in place of a false imaginary Aristocracy, is becoming and already become indispensable for English society, -- and the Captains of Industry, not the Captains of Idleness, whatever array and honours they may for the present hold, are the men for that. (Sanders 16 39)

There are many reasons why Carlyle picked the Captaincy model, not the least of which was the fact that when he began writing Past and Present, he was working on a book on Oliver Cromwell, a captain of sorts, whom he had written about in Of Heroes and Hero-Worship. Cromwell was the "Captain" of the Roundhead side during the English Civil War, and later, for over twenty years, Lord Protector of England, an office that gave him enormous powers. He waged war on sea as well as land; he was the commanding officer of the armed forces, as well as the "captain" of the ship of state. Cromwell was anti-democratic, authoritarian, and silent, all qualities which Carlyle admired. In Of Heroes, Carlyle stressed Cromwell's inarticulateness: he was a man of action, not words. Through the winter of 1840-41, Carlyle read about Cromwell, preparing to write a biography. He visited many places associated with Cromwell such as Naseby Field and Ely Cathedral, where Cromwell had ordered Reverend Hitch, Headmaster of the Cathedral School, to desist from conducting choir service. But the many signs of social crisis around him, especially the factory and mill closings due to lack of work, seemed to cry out for comment and distracted him from his project, though in 1845, he did publish Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, a modified version of the projected biography.
The family background and career of Joseph Chamberlain (1836-1914), long-time Mayor of Birmingham, and Colonial Secretary during the Boer War, provides another example of Captain-of-Industry ideals in real life, for a time lending plausibility to Carlyle's concept and eventually provoking a reaction in literature, as we can see in our texts. The exploits of men like Chamberlain and Marshall, depicted enthusiastically in the newspapers of the day, fuelled the imaginations of my writers and gave them real-life models for developing Captain of Industry figures in their fiction.

The Chambers were Unitarians for whom, as in Weber's thesis, work and business were next to godliness. Serious even as a youth, Chamberlain taught Sunday School, followed his lessons closely, and in 1852 went into his father's wholesale boot and shoe business (Judd 4-9), which prospered with the help of technological change in the form of a new and improved wood screw. His uncle, John Sutton Nettleford of Birmingham, saw it displayed at the Great Exhibition of 1851, bought the English rights, and persuaded Chamberlain's father to join him in the investment. Young Joseph was sent to Birmingham to help out in the implementation of this new device.

In Birmingham his life was a model of civic responsibility. During the day, he worked industriously at the firm; at night, as President of the local Unitarian Mutual Improvement Society, he taught working men at night school, and participated in the Birmingham Debating Society. In November of 1869, he became a town councillor, and
in 1873, Chairman of the Birmingham School Board, shortly thereafter becoming Mayor.

In the meantime, the business flourished: "By the early 1870s the firm [Nettlefold and Chamberlain] had not only achieved a near-monopoly in the domestic market, but had seized a major part of the world trade from American rivals" (Judd 51).

As mayor, he turned gas and water into public utilities, and initiated slum clearance and other works of reform. In 1876, he succeeded George Dixon as Liberal MP for the city (75). By April 1880, he was in the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade (98).

His ambition and middle-class Unitarian origins often clashed with the mindset of William Gladstone, the leader of the Liberals. In the 1886 election, he and Gladstone split over Home Rule, and he left the Liberals with his adherents to form the Liberal Unionist Party. In the 1895 Unionist government, he became Colonial Secretary, a post he held until the end of the Boer War in 1902, the highest position he occupied. A stroke in 1906 ended his career, and he died in 1914, just before the outbreak of the First World War.

If Joseph Chamberlain, with his drive, success, ambition, and ideal of public service, is a good example of the Captain of Industry, Thomas Beecham (1820-1907), patent medicine vendor, illustrates capitalist enterprise and success of a sort that Carlyle would have disdained. Like the central figures in Gissing's In the Year of Jubilee and Wells' Tono-Bungay, Beecham's career illustrates the consumerist aspect of the Industrial Revolution. Starting out in 1845 with a chemist's shop in Wigan, he sold pills as well as soaps, lotions, and other bathroom products. Like Teddy Ponderevo's Tono-Bungay, Beecham's pills were promoted as a cure-all for a variety of ailments.

Once successful, Thomas Beecham, like John Marshall, distanced himself from his
business: in 1887, Beecham "bought an estate, Mursley Hall, near Winslow, Buckinghamshire, where he farmed till 1893" (DNB 1901-1910 126). When he died, in 1907, The Times reported that he left a fortune of 86,680 pounds, also noting, perhaps as a way of accounting for his amazing success, that his firm spent 120,00 pounds a year in advertising.

VI

While Ivan Melada's The Captain of Industry in English Fiction 1821-1871 traces the rise in the status of the Captain of Industry as a literary figure, I examine what is almost a consistently negative representation. Like Melada, I take literary representation as indicating authorial interpretation and subjective analysis -- a climate of opinion rather than an historic fact. I treat the Captain of Industry as a literary archetype, a trope, but in so far as literature engages with life and is historically situated, I try to be aware of the historical context from which these works spring and which they reflect. Furthermore, because my particular texts are preoccupied with a widely shared sense of social crisis, they are in a certain sense highly "historically charged." Melada's study tells a kind of success story as hard-headed and strong-handed Carlylean Plugson-of-Undershot types win their way to wealth and power. He stops in 1871, presumably because by then that particular battle had been won, and the entrepreneurial ideal had changed somewhat (Loeb 162). My study begins in 1904, when major writers, reacting to the crass and almost unrestrained expansion of modern capitalism, began to question and repudiate this success
story. The sixteen years I examine constitute a period in which my authors show a veritable obsession with the figure. Emphasizing the social, cultural and human costs of unbridled capitalism, they show that the triumph of what can be called the metanarrative of modern industrial, technological, commercial expansion and change is more apparent than real. Thus, in Nostromo, Mrs Gould sadly appraises her husband, an engineer and entrepreneur but also something of a knight on horseback and Carlylean leader of men, after he has achieved his ambition of restoring the great San Tomé mine and in the process founded a state: "He was perfect -- perfect. . . . It was a colossal and lasting success." But she then adds with an authority that invokes the narrator's voice: "There was something inherent in the necessities of successful action which carried with it the moral degradation of the idea" (431). The similarities with Gerald Crich in Women in Love are striking. He too is an engineer and administrator of a mine, and like Gould he is closely associated with the horses he rides. When he has achieved his success in re-organizing the family mine, we see him too being assessed by a woman (though of course Gudrun in her modern restlessness is very different from the tender-hearted and compassionate Emilia Gould):

"She lay and looked at him, as he slept"; she thinks him beautiful, but his "instrumentality," though "appealing," finally seems to her pointless. If she were God, she thinks, she would "use him as a tool." But "At the same instant, came the ironical question: 'What for?'"

(418).

The Aestheticism of the 1880s and 1890s (which was still influential, as Lawrence shows in Women in Love, in certain artistic circles as late as the second decade of this century) with its belief in "Art for Art's sake," dominated much of the culture in the period
between Melada's study and mine. Influenced by John Ruskin (for whom Lawrence had a particular liking) and by Walter Pater, leading writers and painters expressed a strong distaste for business and industry and turned their backs on the world around them, in which the Captain of Industry was playing an increasingly dominant role. Among the aesthetes of the eighties and nineties, however, escapism is not the only motive. As Anne Fernihough argues, for example,

Ruskin and Morris use art as a touchstone for what the world should or could be. "Aestheticization" of the world in this context does not imply a depoliticization of the world; it represents a politically charged move towards rescuing the world from a politics of capitalistic instrumentalism.

(137)

In 1901, the death of the old Queen and the ascent to the throne of her by now middle-aged son Edward (who in fact surrounded himself with the newly rich) almost institutionally marked the end of the escapist strain of much of late Victorian culture. Writers like Shaw, Wells and Conrad, themselves still harking back to Victorian ideas, came forward, sensing moral bankruptcy and social crisis in the air. (Thomas Hardy, who had always been sensitive to social problems in his work without ever turning to polemic, by this time had given up fiction to write some of his greatest poems, most of them personal but many public in character.) Thus, my thesis takes up its "narrative" of the literary treatment of the Captain of Industry soon after the brief reign of Edward VII (1901-1910) began, when Conrad's Nostromo was published and Shaw was readying Major Barbara for production. (It first opened in 1905.) My chosen writers, especially
after Shaw in *Major Barbara*, judge the Captain of Industry harshly for being ineffective as a leader and deficient as a human being. Their fictions testify to the failure of Carlyle's prospective solution to the main problems of his age, as he had defined them: poverty, injustice and materialism. Some of the novelists, particularly Conrad and Lawrence, do not believe in simple solutions to complex problems, which we may take, I believe, as a sign of their modernity.

VII

Is the Victorian term "Captain of Industry" appropriate in a twentieth-century context? After all, the English economy expanded and diversified greatly in the later part of the nineteenth century and the early twentieth century, and many men became phenomenally wealthy through ambitious financial transactions, without ever getting their hands dirty, as it were, through industrial manufacturing. The Captain-of-Industry figure in the texts studied here shows something of the modern diversification of capital: we have mining engineers, mine directors, arms manufacturers, inventors, speculators, entrepreneurs, and, in Henry Wilcox, a fairly orthodox corporate director with investments in the City as well as the colonies. Soames Forsyte, whom I do not see as a Captain of Industry, but who is nevertheless a "man of property," is a lawyer with corporate interests.

In the main, however, I try to distinguish Captains of Industry from members of the upper middle class at large, although many real-life Victorian Captains of Industry do gravitate to that class. Instead, the term, as articulated by Carlyle, refers to men who
made their start in industry and through hard work and strength of character assume positions of social leadership.

Forged in the eighteenth century by rapid technological change, these industrial barons had the imagination to exploit the new technology in many diverse ways. At their best, they shared a number of characteristics: social vision, an altruistic attitude, a strong work ethic, as well as a healthy and shrewd regard for their own interest. Most importantly, they wished to be leaders -- a desire that typically was expressed by running for office in the reformist political climate of the time.

In many ways, Carlyle's trope expresses his fixation on the heroic and his low regard for the capacity of the masses to exercise political initiative wisely. Most people he thought incapable of thinking and governing for themselves, and against the democratic thrust of the successive reform bills he put forward a quasi-military model of social organization that encouraged a masculine authoritarianism that harked back to the age of feudalism. Carlyle wrote Past and Present partly as a reaction to the 1832 Reform Bill and the pressures for further reform that eventually -- in 1928 -- brought about universal adult suffrage. Carlyle, working against the rising democratic tide, conceives of this multitude of humanity only as "soldiers" in need of a Captain -- their "natural" superior -- to lead them.

In raising the issue of the appropriateness, in the twentieth century, of the term Captain of Industry, we enter a field of lively debate about the nature of what has been called the English malady -- the failure in the twentieth century of a succession of English governments of various stripes to achieve sustained economic growth. In English Culture
and the Decline of the Industrial Spirit (1981), Martin Wiener mounted a persuasive argument that the cause of this malady could be traced to deeply embedded cultural values that inhibited England from exploiting its advantage as the pioneering country of the Industrial Revolution. Oblivious to Carlyle's vision of an industry-led cultural transformation, Captains of Industry only too readily over two or three generations adopted the genteel, snobbish attitudes towards industrial labour of the landed aristocracy, which they joined as quickly as they could through marriage and acquisition of imposing country seats. "Horseback Hall," in Shaw's terms, was what most industrialists hankered after, while Heartbreak House, representing the arts and culture and intellectual life, itself pined for an imagined lost Arcadia and the glamour of medieval romance. Despite his socialist activism, William Morris, for example, presented himself in the Introduction to "The Earthly Paradise" as "an idle singer of an empty day," asking his readers to "Forget six centuries overhung with smoke./ Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke./ Forget the spreading of the hideous town" (1-3). According to Wiener, this cultural split only encouraged the relapse of the wealth-creating industrial class into the quasi-feudal way of life of the landed gentry, which Carlyle had condemned as both morally and politically irresponsible.

Drawing on arguments such as Wiener's, Will Hutton has written recently in The Guardian Weekly that "The notion that money is better earned gracefully and invisibly through financial dealing rather than grubbily and visibly through sweat and endeavour has deep roots" (15). Wiener argues that the English economic boom of the nineteenth century was commerce-driven and took place at the expense of industrial development.
Henry Wilcox in *Howards End* exemplifies this strain of the economy; he is a businessman whose wealth derives from speculation and investment rather than production. The book implies that their strongest claim to gentility is their connection through the other-worldly Mrs Wilcox to Howards End, which they, however, regard as mere property.

VIII

Plausible as Wiener’s thesis sounds to the reader steeped in the anti-business-and-industry bias of modern writers, there seems something unrealistic and contradictory about it. Consider the energy expended by the world of letters in attacks on the dark satanic mills of industry and the phantasmagoria and urban sprawl of modern London so vividly evoked by Wells, Forster and Lawrence (as well as Conrad in *The Secret Agent*). These attacks suggest, I think, that industry and commerce thrived concurrently and interdependently, supported and exploited by the traditional establishment and in turn supporting and exploiting it. The vulgarity of capitalist opulence, publicized by advertising in newspapers and magazines, created consumerist emulation in the middle and working classes, spawning a popular culture dominated by the lowest common denominator. Nothing so well illustrates this pragmatic co-operation to mutual advantage of the dominant economic classes of the time as the glimpse George Ponderevo gives us of his uncle in *Tono-Bungay* at the peak of his success, eagerly courted, like Mr Merdle in *Little Dorrit*, by statesmen and even bishops as well as entrepreneurial buccaneers like himself.
Speaking of the English distaste for heavy industry and manufacturing, Wiener says that "The milieu of finance . . . was not all that different from the traditional world of the aristocracy. . . . It was 'clean' -- well removed from the actual process of production" (145), as well as offering other related advantages. But money, no matter how it is gained, is fluid and in modern idiom easily "laundered." The realms of commerce, finance, and industry at bottom could not help being closely interrelated any more than they can now. I regard the term Captain of Industry as appropriate to the protagonists of my texts, whether their wealth is commercially or industrially based.

It may be worthwhile, however, to retain the distinction between the factory-based Captain of Industry and the white collar financier/capitalist. The latter, I would suggest, is a twentieth-century variant of the Captain of Industry, conceived by Carlyle as an industrialist/entrepreneur risen from the ranks of the workers he employed, and as able and ready to work with his hands as they. Conrad's Holroyd, Forster's Wilcox, and Shaw's Mangan are above all investors and speculators, as is Wells' Teddy Ponderevo, once he makes his fortune with the potion he has laboured for years to concoct in the back room of his pharmacy. Shaw's Undershaft and Shotover, on the other hand, hark back to the nineteenth-century Carlylean prototype, as does Charles Gould, though in a rather different way. Gerald Crich in Women in Love is a complicated case: a man of business, of extensive practical experience and keen critical intelligence, who seeks in a rather fitful and half-conscious way something more lasting and meaningful than mere industrial efficiency. He is a Captain of Industry who is sensitive and intelligent enough to outgrow that role, but lacks the psychological strength and imaginative power to meet Birkin's
challenge to look elsewhere for fulfilment. Like Matthew Arnold's speaker in "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," Gerald is caught "between two worlds, one dead,/ The other powerless to be born." What is dead is his father's feudalistic style of management, with its Christian mixture of philanthropy and guilt, which inspires little efficiency or gratitude, whether among his employees or in his own home. Once in charge of the business, Gerald brings to it the ruthlessly efficient approach of twentieth-century industrial organization. Having achieved his goal, however, he experiences not fulfilment but desperation at the vacuity of his project, his culture and his own selfhood: "He was afraid that one day he would break down and be a purely meaningless bubble lapping around a darkness" (232). This is clearly the language of twentieth-century anomie. What Auden called the Age of Anxiety has begun.

Because of this alliance between industrialism and general commerce, including financial speculation, and because of the gentrification process that resulted from the cultural influence of the traditional aristocracy, a term like "Gentlemen Capitalists" rather than the mid-Victorian "Captains of Industry" might be deemed more appropriate to a description of the protagonists of my early twentieth-century texts. After all, Gerald Crich actually is "an officer and a gentleman," in the stock phrase, and though Lawrence calls him "The Industrial Magnate," he is the very model of a modern Captain of Industry, Carlyle's New Man brought up to an early twentieth-century date and with all the polish of a true gentleman. But Gerald takes his own gentility for granted, and since the quest for gentility is not the driving force for most of the other characters I examine, and since my central interest here is in the literary transformations of the Carlylean hero as industrialist,
I prefer to use his term. After all, both the term and the social phenomenon are very much on the minds of my authors. To some degree and in a variety of ways, they all engage with Carlyle's concept and inspirational programme. Like Shaw, they test his claims and his call for action; like Conrad, they dissect the psychology of the type in a global context of industrialization, colonialism, and economic and cultural imperialism; like Forster, they define his specifically English limitations; and like Wells and Lawrence, they highlight his moral and psychological bankruptcy as a symptom of a decadent society.
The fictional depiction of this figure in the nineteenth century has been chronicled by Ivan Melada's *The Captain of Industry in English Fiction 1821-1871* (1970) as well as John McVeagh's *Tradefull Merchants* (1981). (More specifically, the history of the industrial novel has been charted in Louis Cazamian's *The Social Novel in England*, Raymond Williams' *Culture and Society, 1780-1950*, and most recently in Catherine Gallagher's *The Industrial Reformation of English Fiction*.) McVeagh's book, however, offers only a broad survey of "the Capitalist in Literature"; McVeagh is not specifically interested as I am in the archetypal figure of the Captain of Industry. He deals briefly but trenchantly with my authors, and while I find myself in general agreement with him, my approach is more detailed and my focus different. Melada's study, on the other hand, is close to this thesis in its preoccupation and approach.

Melada states that by the 1870s, there was widespread social and cultural acceptance of the Captain of Industry as a distinct type: "in the course of the fifty year period," the Captain of Industry "learns to accept the social responsibilities of power and to be worthy of the rank to which he has aspired" (x). In my texts, however, which belong to a later and shorter period, the men of industry come to be seen as unworthy of their authority and for the most part are shown not just as crass, grasping materialists but also as short-sighted, confused, hollow men.
Despite Melada's study, it may be appropriate to review briefly the period from 1843 to 1904 to see specifically how Victorian writers viewed the Captain of Industry. Dickens, the major novelist of the period, moved, as is well known, into a "dark phase" in the later part of his career. In so far as he was interested in the Captain of Industry (it would be indeed surprising if he did not take an interest in his friend's ideas about the social crisis of their time), his representations of the figure do not escape that darkness. The sketch of the Ironmaster, Rouncewell, in *Bleak House* (1852-53), is optimistic but slight; two years later, in *Hard Times* (which was dedicated to Carlyle) the supposedly "self-made" factory owner, Mr Bounderby, is, as his name suggests, a bounder. That Shaw, in an introduction to *Bleak House* in 1912, seized upon this contrast between the two novels and what they signified in Dickens' career in itself indicates his engagement with the figure of the Captain of Industry and the issues of social and political leadership with which Carlyle had identified him. Noting that Mr Rouncewell has in *Hard Times* "become" Mr Bounderby, Shaw says hyperbolically but not inaccurately:

You must resign yourself, if you are reading Dickens's books in the order in which they were written, to bid adieu now to the light-hearted and only occasionally indignant Dickens of the earlier books, and get such entertainment as you can from him now that the occasional indignation has spread and deepened into a passionate revolt against the whole industrial order of the modern world. Here you will find no more villains and heroes, but only oppressors and victims, oppressing and suffering in spite of themselves, driven by a huge machinery which grinds to pieces the people it should nourish and ennoble, and having for its directors the basest and most foolish of us instead of the noble and most farsighted. (335)
Mr Rouncewell, though hardly a prominent character, is one of the few points of light and hope in what is after all one of Dickens' angriest, saddest, and most complex novels. His hard-won success as an industrialist in the north of England, the dignity and authority of his bearing, mark him as a model Captain of Industry. He has even been invited "to go into Parliament," bringing his talents and his sense of the historical to the service of the nation: "'In these busy times, when so many great undertakings are in progress, people like myself have so many workmen in so many places, that we are always on the flight'' (300), he says. Carlyle would approve of this energy and dedication, while Sir Leicester Dedlock, Dickens' representative in the novel of what he, like Carlyle, saw as the decadent old order, is shocked and disgusted by the changes that Rouncewell represents:

"It is a remarkable example of the confusion into which the present age has fallen; of the obliteration of landmarks, the opening of floodgates, and the uprooting of distinctions." (299)

By contrast, Hard Times, by offering in Mr Bounderby a negative counter-example to Mr Rouncewell, takes a dim view of the Captain of Industry as a redemptive figure. Rather like Shaw's Boss Mangan in Heartbreak House, Bounderby is exposed as a fraud and a caricature of the ideal of the self-made man that Carlyle had associated with the new class of the industrial entrepreneur:

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big, loud man, with a stare, and a metallic laugh. A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him. A man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples,
and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open and lift his eyebrows up. A man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start. A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility. (58)

Unlike Mr Rouncewell in Bleak House, who has earned his success and distinction by hard work and the help of others, especially his mother, as he readily acknowledges, Bounderby, by the very exaggeration of his pose as a rugged individualist, is used by Dickens to call into question one of the early myths of Victorian free enterprise:

This, again, was among the fictions of Coketown. Any capitalist there, who had made sixty thousand pounds out of sixpence, always professed to wonder why the sixty thousand nearest Hands didn't each make sixty thousand pounds out of sixpence, and more or less reproached them every one for not accomplishing the little feat. What I did you can do. Why don't you go and do it? (152)

Significantly, chief among Bounderby's lies has been the denial of his own mother (in stark contrast to Mr Rouncewell's free acknowledgement of his love for his mother, who is still employed in Sir Leicester Dedlock's household, and his pride in her). His mother, the mysterious old woman who has been visiting Bounderby for years, unmarks her overbearing son and his claims -- a deadly accurate caricature of the laissez-faire heart of Victorian capitalism -- of having fought his way up from the gutter with no help from anyone:

"Josiah in the gutter!" explained Mrs Pegler, "No such a thing, sir. Never! For shame on you! My dear boy knows, and will give you to know, that
though he come of humble parents, he come of parents that loved him as
dear as the best could, and never thought it hardship on themselves to
pinch a bit that he might write and cypher beautiful, and I've his books at
home to show it." (280)

While in *Little Dorrit* (1857) there are no prominent Captain-of-Industry figures,
the encompassing social perspective of this novel (one of Dickens' greatest, according to
modern consensus) as well as its scathing representation of the state of the nation, call
Carlyle to mind. The Home Office, which looks after most of the day-to-day affairs of the
country, is caricatured as the Circumlocution Office, especially in a chapter entitled
"Containing the Whole Art of Government," in terms that strongly recall Carlyle's
condemnations of the kind of governing that threatened to ruin the country. The
Circumlocution Office is presented as practically the private preserve of the Barnacle clan,
who exemplify Carlyle's obsolescent titled aristocracy.

It is while visiting the Circumlocution Office that Arthur Clennam meets Mr
Meagles and Daniel Doyce, a gifted engineer whose projects are stymied by bureaucratic
red-tape, and whose partner in due course he becomes. Were he only more successful, Mr
Doyce would be put forward as the novel's Captain of Industry; however, eventually, like
Wells' George Ponderevo near the end of *Tono-Bungay* (or for that matter, Shaw's
Undershaft and Shotover), he is driven to sell his talents to a foreign power that values
them: "'He's no public offender, bless you now'" Mr Meagles tells Arthur Clennam. "'He's
medalled and ribboned, and starred and crossed, and I don't-know-what all'd, like a born
nobleman'" (775). However casual and colloquial his words, Mr Meagles is echoing here
Carlyle's views of the practical man of genius, the Captain of Industry as a heroic figure,
one of nature's aristocrats.

At the same time, in the partnership between Doyce and Clennam arranged by Mr Meagles, Dickens anticipates the kind of investigation conducted some years later by Shaw, Wells, Conrad, Forster, and Lawrence into the possible relations in the modern world between science, technology, and industrialism on the one hand and the state, capitalism, and even culture on the other. By 1867, the year of the Second Reform Act, in "Shooting Niagra: and After?" Carlyle himself, perhaps impressed by the tenacity of the aristocracy in clinging to power, and the failure of the Captain-of-Industry "class" to rise singlehandedly to what should have been the occasion, was proposing just such an alliance between the two kinds of "aristocracy of Nature," the English nobleman and the "Industrial hero."

Capital is represented in Little Dorrit in two main guises: the Clennam family tradition of puritanical mercantilism, and the grandiose speculations of Mr Merdle that entangle the whole society but are essentially just as old-fashioned economically and socially as the money-making operations of the embittered Mrs Clennam. The financial bubble that Merdle creates and that destroys him is evoked in moral and psychological terms rather than historic or economic -- in other words, it could have occurred in essentially the same way any time in the previous century and a half and does not illustrate the specific historical moment as it might in Carlyle. Like Carlyle, however, Dickens resorts (in Book the Second, Chapter 13, "The Progress of an Epidemic") to the imagery of fever and epidemic to evoke the workings of the bubble on people's minds in this feckless and rudderless society.
And when the crash comes, it is interesting that to represent it as an extension of this society's endemic greed and folly, Dickens uses an elaborate nautical/military metaphor that has its roots in Carlyle and shows all of the older writer's rhetorical flair for richly orchestrated graphic detail as well as the narrative gift that is entirely his own:

The admired piratical ship had blown up, in the midst of a vast fleet of ships of all rates, and boats of all sizes; and on the deep was nothing but ruin: nothing but burning hulls, bursting magazines, great guns self-exploded tearing friends and neighbours to pieces, drowning men clinging to unseaworthy spars and going down every minute, spent swimmers floating dead, and sharks. (671)

In this metaphor, which Dickens has carefully prepared through his play on the name "Barnacle" and his depiction of how the clan's influence weighs down the British ship of state, we can see anticipated the language of social crisis used by Shaw, Conrad, Wells, Forster, and Lawrence in the texts I examine closely in this thesis.

In Our Mutual Friend (1865), his last complete and most sombre novel, Dickens goes even further than Carlyle's topical and schematic engagement with current political issues. His focus is on the timeless theme of the corrupting power of money. The old aristocracy is represented most clearly by the two languid young men, Mortimer Lightwood and Eugene Wrayburn; only a somewhat idealized liaison with the working class (echoing Disraeli's vision in Sybil) can redeem this spoiled brood from a life of aimlessness and waste. The closest this book comes to bringing forward the Captain-of-Industry figure is in the caricature of the Veneerings as nouveaux riches:
Mr and Mrs Veneering were bran-new people in a bran-new house in a bran-new quarter of London. Everything about the Veneerings was spick and span new. All their furniture was new, all their friends were new, all their servants were new, their plate was new, their carriage was new, their harness was new, their horses were new, their pictures were new, they themselves were new, they were as newly married as was lawfully compatible with their having a bran-new baby, and if they had set up a great-grandfather, he would have come home in matting from the Pantechnicon, without a scratch upon him, French polished to the crown of his head. (20)

Dickens is obviously not interested in how the Veneerings have made their money any more than he was interested in the exact nature of Mr Merdle's swindle. Instead, enriching the largely moral and symbolic sweep of the book, he is examining here the social phenomenon of the "New Men" being brought into prominence and power. Because the newness of the Veneerings remains so unspecified economically, we may see them as deriving from the rising industrial class whose vigour and vision were promoted in Past and Present. By now, Dickens had little patience and no regard for these people, seeing them as part of the social disease rather than a possible remedy. Nowhere is this clearer than in the disdain running through the account of Mr Veneering's selection as an MP:

Britannia, sitting meditating one fine day (perhaps in the attitude in which she is presented on the copper coinage), discovers all of a sudden that she wants Veneering in Parliament. It occurs to her that Veneering is a "representative man" -- which cannot in these times be doubted -- and that Her Majesty's faithful Commons are incomplete without him. So Britannia mentions to a legal gentleman of her acquaintance that if Veneering will "put down" five thousand pounds, he may write a couple of initial letters after his name at the extremely cheap rate of two thousand five hundred per letter. It is clearly understood between Britannia and the legal gentleman
that nobody is to take up the five thousand ponds, but that being put down they will disappear by magical conjuration and enchantment. (275)

Mr Merdle\(^5\) in *Little Dorrit*, also a nobody like the Veneerings, is nevertheless during his heyday a prominent social figure and at the centre of national affairs. He has married formidably into "Society" and hobnobs with its pillars -- Bar, Bishop and Physician and other "magnates," including of course assorted Barnacles:

He was in everything good, from banking to building... He was in the City, necessarily. He was Chairman of this, Trustee of that, President of the other. The weightiest of men had said to projectors, "Now, what name have you got? Have you got Merdle?" And the reply being in the negative had said, "Then I won't look at you." (230)

But the Veneerings have only a flimsy hold on the social ladder, and that they have a hold on it at all is a withering condemnation of "Britannia's" state of affairs. The people at their dinner parties barely have an idea who their hosts are, they cannot think where they know them from or why they have been invited -- yet each one is addressed as the dearest and oldest of friends. And it is these friends Mr Veneering and his wife seek out to rally round him when the "offer" of the seat for "Pocket-Breaches" is made. The gap between Dickens' disenchanted vision of society near the end of his writing life and Carlyle's transcendental enthusiasm could not be more glaring.
Other Victorian writers were more optimistic about society than Dickens, but they often looked for saviours in different directions than Carlyle. Benjamin Disraeli's *Sybil, or The Two Nations* (1845) concerns itself, like Carlyle's *Past and Present*, with the leadership crisis in England; the two works could not be more dissimilar in the solutions they put forth. As Cazamian explains, "in three novels [*Coningsby, Sybil*, and *Tancred*]" Disraeli "preached the gospel of Young England" (178), which believed in a responsible aristocracy, an organic society, and a retreat to the values of the past, which may indeed remind us of Carlyle except for Disraeli's enthusiasm for the leading role of the aristocracy.

In *Sybil*, the union between Charles Egremont and Sybil signifies an alliance between the aristocracy and the people; in *Coningsby* (1844) the central romance points to a more conventional alliance between the aristocracy and the industrial magnates. Unlike Carlyle, who also contemplates the possibility of co-operation between these two classes, Disraeli privileges the aristocracy rather than the "meritocracy" in his project of unifying "The Two Nations." In fiction, such a joining might have been possible, but history proved otherwise:

*Young Englandism* did not have the practical effect Disraeli had contemplated -- no such unlikely alliance of Tory aristocrats and subservient calloused workmen was ever achieved -- but during its brief life it did provide an ideal of disinterested service on a semi-feudal model, which motivated a few noblemen at a time when the aristocracy as a class needed fresh inspiration. (Altick *Victorian* 23)
Another amply discussed industrial novel, Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley* (1849), emphasizes the personal over the political, the domestic over the social. Like many mid-Victorian novels, *Shirley* is set in an earlier time than when it was written: the England of 1811-12, a period of Luddite riots. But even if Brontë hoped that the relevance of the 1811-12 unrest would be recognized by her readers in 1849, she recognized that she could not "write books handling the topic of the day" (Vise IV 14). Rather like Mrs Gaskell a few years later, she combines a romantic plot with a story describing the growth in self-consciousness of a young Captain of Industry. After many complications, Robert Moore vows to Caroline Helstone at the end:

\[
\text{I will do good; you shall tell me how: indeed, I have some schemes of my own, which you and I will talk about on our own hearth one day. I have seen the necessity of doing good: I have learned the downright folly of being selfish. (643) }
\]

Only the ambiguity of the narrator's dry comments saves the novel from a sentimental and idealized conclusion:

\[
\text{I suppose Robert Moore's prophecies were, partially, at least, fulfilled. The other day I passed up the Hollow, which tradition says was once green, and lone, and wild; and there I saw the manufacturer's day-dreams embodied in substantial stone and brick and ashes -- the cinder-black highway, the cottages, and the cottage-gardens; there I saw a mighty mill, and a chimney, ambitious as the tower of Babel. (645) }
\]
Brontë sensed that there were no easy solutions to the problems inherent in industrialism, and that even with benevolent Captains of Industry running the mills and factories, there would still be ugliness and strife. The ending of the book, as Ingham says, displaces "class conflict... onto divided middle-class lovers, and industrial peace is equated with the domestic harmony provided by marriage with a womanly angel" (49).

But as Louis Cazamian says, "There is a social message of some power in Shirley," making it "strikingly similar to North and South: in each, a young girl's influence softens the harsh, driving energy of a manufacturer" (232). Margaret Hale, from the South of England, moves with her father to Milton-Northern (Manchester), in the North of England, where she meets John Thornton, a hard-headed mill-owner who seems to care only about running a profitable business (although he pays her father to teach him classics). Each eventually learns something from the other: she learns to respect industry and commerce, while he learns to regard his factory "hands" as people and to some degrees at least as collaborators.

Where Disraeli, in the subtitle to Sybil, had emphasized the economic and class divisions threatening English society in the mid-nineteenth century -- "The Two Nations" refers to the rich and the poor -- Mrs Gaskell focuses in her title on the geographical, economic and cultural aspects of that division, as she contrasts the inert gentility of the South with the crude dynamism of the newly industrialized North. Like others, including Carlyle in "Shooting Niagara," Disraeli, and Dickens, in the Lizzie Hexam-Eugene Wrayburne subplot of Our Mutual Friend, she wishes to bring about a reconciliation of the forces in conflict -- in her case, of regional cultures with the stark political as well as
economic and social differences that go along with them. Once again, as so often in these industrial novels, wishful thinking and novelistic convention guide the author towards "displacing," as Ingham says about Shirley, the large public issues onto a plot involving "middle class lovers" and "equating" cultural reconciliation "with domestic harmony provided by marriage with a womanly angel" (48-49). Under the dual pressure of a violent strike and his attraction to Margaret, John Thornton, Mrs Gaskell's Captain of Industry, is saved from bankruptcy by the money that Margaret offers him from a timely inheritance. In love and engaged, he is now in a good position to pursue his new desire for an "opportunity of cultivating some intercourse with the hands beyond the mere 'cash nexus'" (525). Thornton's use of the term "cash nexus" should not pass unremarked, for it is a small but significant indicator of Carlyle's influence on his contemporaries; his is its first recorded use in the essay "Chartism" in 1839.

Trollope's The Struggles of Brown, Jones and Robinson, published originally in serial form in 1861 in the Cornhill Magazine, and in book form in 1870, anticipates in several ways Wells' Tono-Bungay: it is also about advertising and the phenomenon of commodification. George Robinson, like George Ponderevo, requires capital, works hard, and engages in tricky negotiations in his pursuit of love and professional success. As in Wells' novel, matters of love are shown to be grounded in material interests:

Mrs. McCockerell... had promised to give her daughter five hundred pounds as her marriage portion, but Mr. Brisket would not go to the altar till he got the money. "He wanted to extend himself," he said, "and would not marry till he saw his way." (27)
George Robinson, a partner in the haberdashery firm of Brown, Jones and Robinson, believes, like Carlyle, that "there are dukes in trade as well as in society. Capitalists are our dukes" (6). He also believes in advertising with a religious passion: "Advertise, advertise, advertise! It is, or should be, the Shibboleth of British commerce" (4). When his partner Brown protests that advertisements should be true, he retorts: "Did you ever see an advertisement that contained the truth?" (97). He understands that all economic value is created, and sets out to make silk purses out of sows' ears by means of hyperbole and exclamation marks:

MANKIND IN A STATE OF BLISS!

BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON have sincere pleasure in presenting to the Fashionable World their new KATAKAIRION SHIRT, in which they have thoroughly overcome the difficulties, hitherto found to be insurmountable, of adjusting the bodies of the Nobility and Gentry to an article which shall be at the same time elegant, comfortable, lasting, and cheap. (99)

He understands his society's infatuation with the new and feeds the public what it wants, not at all inhibited from exaggeration and distortion. Robinson illustrates the way advertising and spectacle operated in what Thomas Richards calls "the commodity culture of Victorian England." Richards claims that with the Great Exhibition of 1851, in which the commodity was exalted and the "myth of the achieved abundant society" (66) was created, the idea that "everyone was equal in the sight of things" (61) was born. Richards uses the term "spectacularization" to refer to the process by which commodities were
displayed at the Great Exhibition and used "as a semiotic medium – as icon, commemorative, utopia, language, phenomenology, annunciation" (66).

Augustus Melmotte in The Way We Live Now (1875) is, like Dickens' Mr Merdle, a capitalist rather than a Captain of Industry in the strict sense. But because in depicting Melmotte Trollope touches on so many features connected with the Carlylean figure, it is interesting to look at him in the context of my examination of the Captain of Industry in late nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century English literature.

Melmotte is a distinctly foreign figure but so cosmopolitan and worldly that he is almost preternaturally at home in the highly inbred world of English high society and politics. As with Mr Merdle, it is both the power of money and a "name" that open doors for Trollope's "merchant prince" (44). Such power enables him, despite his rootlessness, to win the support of influential "friends" to stand for Parliament in Westminster. He persists with his campaign even when the scandal is about to break over his head; his motives are unmistakably vainglorious and perhaps even spiteful, but he does show impressive, albeit ignoble nerve:

He hardly hoped that the evil day would be very much longer protracted, and yet he enjoyed his triumph. Whatever they might do, quick as they might be, they could hardly prevent his taking his seat in the House of Commons. Then, if they sent him to penal servitude for life, they would have to say that they had so treated the member for Westminster! (266)

The seeming ease with which Melmotte reaches such dizzying heights says more about the decadent state of English society than about his consummate worldly skills and
self-confidence. His first name is Augustus, which may be one of Trollope’s ways of drawing a parallel between imperial Rome and imperial England. He uses the name, however, ironically: whereas Caesar Augustus, according to historical consensus, set Rome well on the way to grandeur, Melmotte succeeds only in showing the venality of the English ruling classes and the fragile integrity of the system over which they rule.

Forbidding his daughter to marry Sir Felix Carbury because the young baronet has no money, he arranges a match with Lord Nidderdale, whose fortune is no more impressive but whose family title is more lustrous. Trollope is coolly acerbic in describing Lord Nidderdale’s situation as well as his father’s feelings:

His father’s property was not very large. His father and his grandfather had both been extravagant men, and he himself had done something toward adding to the family embarrassments. It had been an understood thing, since he had commenced life, that he was to marry an heiress. In such families as his, when such results have been achieved, it is generally understood that matters shall be put right by an heiress. It has become an institution, like primogeniture, and is almost as serviceable for maintaining the proper order of things. Rank squanders money; trade makes it; and then trade purchases rank by re-gilding its splendour. The arrangement, as it affects the aristocracy generally, is well understood, and was quite approved of by the old marquis. (235)

In this society of gilded splendour underpinned by cash, it is clear that the kind of "floating" deals at which Melmotte, like Mr Merdle, excels, will lure even people innocent and honest at heart into activities that will give them pause but in the end pull them in.

"Where's the money to come from, sir?" asks one of the Directors of the Board for the "South Central Pacific and Mexican Railway" project. "Money to come from?" Melmotte
cuttingly replies, "Where do you suppose the money comes from in all these undertakings? If we can float the shares, the money'll come in quick enough" (44).

Trollope's old-fashioned conservatism, uprightness, and patriotism make him suspicious of the kind of speculation on which capital ventures depend, and he presents as a sign of decadence the readiness with which the English establishment, rich in titles, honours, and offices but often poor in money, entangles itself with such "merchant-princes" as Melmotte. It is interesting that Melmotte's financial adventurism, tainted by his megalomania and lack of scruples, is consistently associated with his rootless cosmopolitanism, almost as if such speculative ventures were alien to English soil. Trollope knows better, of course, but he deplores the failure of English character and tradition to withstand the lure of apparently easy money held out by a slick foreigner.

III

George Gissing's In The Year of Jubilee (1894) casts a quizzical eye on the orgy of self-congratulation that overtook the nation on the occasion celebrated in the novel's title. (This mood of elation would most likely have filled Carlyle with grave foreboding.) Samuel Barmby, a minor character in the novel, is given these banal words affirming the Victorian idea of progress:

Now I look at it in this way. It's to celebrate the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, -- yes: but at the same time, and far more, it's to celebrate the completion of fifty years of Progress. National Progress, without precedent in the history of mankind! One may say, indeed, Progress of the
Human Race. Only think what has been done in this half-century: only think of it! Compare England now, compare the world, with what it was in 1837. It takes away one's breath! (57)

While the novel deals mainly with the lives of the middle class Lord family, its larger focus is on a London dominated by advertising, driven by consumption, and deluged by commercial quackery. Its presiding genius is a degenerate type of the Captain of Industry, Luckworth Crewe, a London "ad man." His very off-handedness makes him sound like an echo of Dickens' original caricature, in the fraudulent Bounderby in Hard Times, of the Victorian ideal of the "self-made" man: "they tell me I was picked up on a door-step in Leeds, and the wife of a mill-hand adopted me" (72). His faith in the power of advertising falls short only of Wells' Teddy Ponderevo in Tono-Bungay, or Sir Isaac Harman, from a later novel, The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman (1914). Essentially, he identifies the progress which many Victorians took pride in on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee with the "modern art and science of advertising":

How could we have become what we are without the modern science and art of advertising? Till advertising sprang up, the world was barbarous. Do you suppose people kept themselves clean before they were reminded at every corner of the benefits of soap? Do you suppose they were healthy before every wall and hoarding told them what medicine to take for their ailments? Not they indeed! (74)

As John Goode says, contrasting Crewe with the protagonists of mid-Victorian industrial novels (North and South, Shirley) inspired by Carlyle,
he does not produce goods, does not even work in their sense. Rather, he sells, and what he sells are images -- advertising -- the modern science which makes suburbia what it is -- clean, healthy, endlessly aspiring to greater consumer power. (174)

Gissing himself is restrained but clear in condemning this short-sighted mercenary man, so utterly devoid, despite his "visions of golden prosperity" (75), of the heroic dedication to the greater good that Carlyle had expected from his Captains of Industry. "To fill his pockets he would no more hesitate about destroying the loveliest spot on earth, than the starving hunter would stay his hand out of admiration for bird or beast" (388).

Indeed, what we may be seeing in these social fictions of the last quarter of the nineteenth century is not — at least not for the time being — an engagement with or interrogation of the Captain-of-Industry ideal derived from Carlyle, but rather a representation of social and economic transformations, of which consumerism and advertising were the most obvious and dramatic. Thus, Gissing anticipates Wells in Tono-Bungay in evoking a society in which advertising and conspicuous consumption mediate between the forces of the open market and increasingly inclusive democratic politics. The entrepreneurial ideal seems for a time at least to challenge the industrialist hero in capturing popular attention. As Lori Loeb suggests about this period, "the ideal society was thought to be competitive" (162); this would have gone directly against Carlyle's -- and Dickens' -- vision of the ideal society as an integrated organism led by inspired individuals devoted to the welfare of the entire community. Instead, the ideal that gained predominance in late nineteenth-century England (as in late twentieth-century England under Thatcherite conservatism with its cry of a return to Victorian values) was that of an
individual competing in a free and democratic society for the good things in life. "By the late nineteenth century," Loeb says, "Victorians focused their attention on the democratic character of the ideal, especially equal access to the material as well as the political fruits of labour" (162). In this late phase of Victorian culture, Carlyle's Captain of Industry seems to have fallen into temporary neglect.

One writer near the end of the century who did not shy away from an interest in social organization and regard for captaincy and leadership in all forms was Rudyard Kipling. Soon after his return to England in 1889 he was writing with virile impatience about the contrast between the life of work and action he admired and the art-for-art's-sake crowd dominating the London literary scene. "In Partibus," Kipling's stories of the struggles of the British in India celebrate the heroic demands of soldierly and administrative duty in the service of the British Empire. With literary success, four years residing in the United States, and eventual settlement in Sussex, his range of interests expanded, and the dark element always present in his narratives and poems came increasingly to the fore. This was especially, as with so many others, in response to the First World War, made personally acute by the pain caused through the death in action of his son John at Loos, in 1916. While remaining staunchly patriotic and idealistic in his imperialism, he was able to express some disenchantment with the sacrifices demanded by the war and considerable ambivalence about the incursion of British power into distant regions.

The Victorian emphasis on the value of work, work well done, links Kipling with Carlyle. In the 1890s especially, he seems to have found in the idea of captaincy (if not
specifically the Captain of Industry) a focus for his admiration of the qualities of courage, discipline (which meant for him the ability to obey as well as command), hard work and dedicated service to ideals beyond selfish material gain and personal indulgence. As Vivian de Sola Pinto recognizes,

While the aesthetes of the Tragic Generation withdrew into their private dreamworlds, Kipling plunged into the noise, the smoke, the slang and the vulgarity of a world of hardbitten engineers, soldiers, sailors and capitalists. (31)

In Captains Courageous (1898), he expresses this admiration in the form of a boy's adventure; as it happens, his young hero's father is indeed a Captain of Industry, but the captain who makes a difference in the spoilt child's life is the rugged captain of the fishing boat who rescues him when he falls overboard while on a luxury liner.

A year earlier, in the year of the Queen's sixtieth anniversary, Kipling wrote "Recessional," a sombre and apprehensive prayer to the "God of our fathers, known of old" that brings Carlyle to mind. England, imperious still as well as imperial, may lose its "Dominion over palm and pine" through arrogance and power – "frantic boast and foolish word." When "The tumult and the shouting dies," we may see the "Captains and the Kings depart" and "all our pomp of yesterday . . . one with Nineveh and Tyre."

A similar superimposition of a timeless, other-worldly perspective on the pomp of material achievement is achieved in "The Bridge Builders," the first story in A Day's Work (1898). "Findlayson, C. E.," the chief engineer of a huge bridge over the river Ganges -- a civil servant and therefore not really a Captain of Industry, strictly speaking, in Carlyle's
senses -- contemplates his almost completed achievement:

With its approaches, his work was one mile and three-quarters in length; a lattice-girder bridge, trussed with the Findlayson truss, standing on seven-and-twenty brick piers. (31)

These massive piers, "twenty-four feet in diameter, capped with red Agra stone and sunk eighty feet below the shifting sand of the Ganges' bed," hold up a "railway-line fifteen feet broad" and "a cart-road of eighteen feet, flanked with footpaths" (31).

The impressive feat of modern English technology and organization (as well as of English arms and the heavy labour of thousands of native workers and animals) is threatened by the flood of the suddenly angry river, which reaches the construction site "six hours before her time" (41). In a vision induced by opium, Findlayson is taken out of his world of imperial service, honours and ambition into the world of the ancient Indian gods and Hindu mysticism. Stranded on an island with Paroo, his Hindu assistant, he seems to eavesdrop on a kind of war council of the gods, who have taken the shape of various beasts as well as men. Krishna cajoles them out of their anger against the bridge-builders by explaining not only the vanity of resisting the incursion of the alien modern forces but also the time-bound nature of human endeavour, native as well as alien. In the long run, he reminds them, everything is contingent on Brahma:

'Great Kings, the beginning of the end is born already. The fire-carriages shout the name of new Gods . . . Drink now and eat greatly! Bathe your faces in the smoke of the altars before they grow cold! Take dues and listen to the cymbals and the drums, Heavenly Ones, while yet there are
flowers and songs. As men count time the end is far off; but as we who know reckon it is today. (58-9)

It is essentially the same apocalyptic vision that Kipling had conjured up in "Recessional." Findlayson has heard it all, but when he wakes from his trance and sees that the flood has subsided, his thought is only for the safety of the bridge -- his and Hitchcock's, his young assistant, as well as Peroo's. "Findlayson smiled at the 'we'" (37), but does not otherwise dispute the claim that Peroo makes for credit in the work not just for himself but for his people. The time "When Brahma ceases to dream " is so distant in Findlayson's perspective that his technological, Western triumphalism and personal anxiety over his achievement easily make him forget the long-range spiritual view to which Kipling remains open, even if he generally favours in his writing the worldly alternative.

If the keynote for my discussion of the Captain-of-Industry archetype can be fairly set by Carlyle's inspirational optimism, it can just as fittingly conclude with the apocalyptic horror of Yeats' vision from "The Second Coming" of the disintegration of our civilization:

    Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity. (3-9)

Such a disintegration into anarchy and violence (however inevitable it may seem in Yeats'
historical vision) is just what Carlyle had meant the Captain of Industry to avert.
1 The Oxford English Dictionary, 2nd edition, volume 2, cites Past and Present as its first source for the phrase, defining it as "an industrial magnate, a merchant prince" (872).

2 The book discusses Odin, Muhammad, Dante, Shakespeare, Luther, Knox, Dr Johnson, Rousseau, Burns, Cromwell, and Napoleon. The name of Napoleon, widely regarded in England as vulgar in his assumption of imperial status, came to be used rather derogatively in the twentieth century to describe capitalists who never repudiated the Mammonite pursuit of private wealth -- Shaw's Mangan and Wells' Teddy Ponderevo, for example.

3 As Richard Altick explains in a footnote to the Riverside edition of Past and Present, "The names are both topical and symbolic. The disturbances in the summer of 1842 were called the 'Plug Plot Riots' because the strikers forced the closing of factories by pulling the plugs of their boilers. . . . An undershot wheel, the source of power in many factories, was one worked by water passing beneath it" (190). Shaw may have named his Captain of Industry in Major Barbara with these allusions in mind.

4 Melada does not make it clear why he ends in 1871, nor why he begins in 1821;
presumably, he wished to examine a fifty-year period:

As for terminating my study at 1871, the point of my work was to examine the question about how a new social type was integrated into English society and the world of its fiction. The answer lay in the gentrification of the captain of industry, a process which took the half century between 1821 and 1871. By the latter date, the captain of industry had become an English gentleman, more or less. (Personal Letter June 27, 1997)

5 Wiener’s thesis, which was generally accepted when his book came out, has been strongly challenged by W.D. Rubinstein’s Capitalism, Culture and Decline in Britain (1993), which rejects the "cultural critique" approach to British economic history. Drawing on his impressive documentary research and close analysis of government papers and statistics, Rubinstein argues that Britain never became fundamentally an industrial economy, but was an economy "whose comparative advantage always lay with commerce and finance" (24). He views England’s ruling class as consisting of three rival groups: the landed elite, the commercial-based London elite, and the northern manufacturing elite (140). And he divides English history during the past 200 years into four broad periods: 1780-1832, 1832-86, 1886-1964, and 1964 to the present. The first period "saw the three elites essentially unified, with of course, the manufacturing and industrial elite relatively insignificant compared with the landowners and the London-based commercial magnates" (140); the second period "saw the apogee of the landed aristocracy as a governing class" (147); and the third and fourth period saw the waning of the landed elite, as was already clear to such Victorian writers as Carlyle, Arnold, and Dickens, let alone Marx, who had already consigned the aristocratic class, with its unearned privileges, to the ash heap of history. In this regard, one may note, that despite the Thatcherite revival of the economy
in the 1980s, many commentators still see the "Condition of England" in terms that combine the theses of both Wiener and Rubinstein. Among my texts, those most concerned with class, especially Galsworthy, Wells and Forster, tend to uphold Rubinstein's analysis of economic history.

6 This is the title of a collective biography by H.L. Malchow, whose book examines the careers of four Victorian businessmen: Samuel Holland (1803-1892), William McArthur (1809-1887), Robert Fowler (1828-1891), and John Holms (1830-1891).

7 When Carlyle first read Dickens, it was bits and pieces of *Pickwick Papers* (1836-7); he did not think highly of it: "thinner wash, with perceptible vestige of a flavour in it here and there, was never offered to the human palate" (Symons 165). Carlyle, for his part, had a condescending attitude to Dickens -- inevitably, perhaps:

it cannot be said that Carlyle had any very high opinion of Dickens's merits as a writer -- this primarily because Dickens was a novelist and thus consigned to the world of Appearances rather than that of the Real. Of course he was entertained by Dickens's writing, and sometimes moved by it, but there is no doubt that his most permanent attitude was one of slight disparagement aptly expressed in his idea of Dickens as a "little fellow". (Ackroyd 302-3)

In an 1832 essay, "Biography," Carlyle wrote:

Fiction, while the feigner of it knows that he is feigning, partakes, more than we suspect, of the nature of *lying*; and has ever an, in some degree, unsatisfactory character. (56)
8 In *Past and Present*, Carlyle contrasts the "steady modest industry" of the Captain of Industry with the "gambling speculation" (268) that prevails in bubble-periods.

9 Mr Merdle was modelled on George Hudson, as well as John Sadleir, a banker and member of parliament and a swindler, who also inspired Trollope's Melmotte in *The Way We Live Now* (Hall 385). Hudson, as one historian remarks, was "a linen draper and Tory politician from York" who with "the vision of a true railway imperialist" "made himself the richest man in the country in 1845-1846" (Webb 265). In 1850, Carlyle published *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, a series of eight articles which dealt with "the power of the state, direction of labour, [and] the use of coercion to obtain the better organization of society" (Symons 227) and used Hudson as an ironic symbol of how the public got what they wanted:

Hudson the railway king, if Popular Election be the rule, seems to me by far the most authentic king extant in this world. Hudson has been 'elected by the people' so as almost none other is or was. Hudson solicited no vote; his votes were silent voluntary ones, not liable to be false: he did a thing which men found, in their inarticulate hearts, to be worthy of paying money for; and they paid it . . . That there are greedy blockheads in huge majority, in all epochs, is certain; but that any sane mortal should think of counting their heads to ascertain who or what is to be King, this is a little peculiar. All Democratic men, and members of the Suffrage Movement, it appears to me, are called upon to think seriously, with a seriousness approaching to despair, of these things. (331, 335-6)

10 In *The Commodity Culture of Victorian England: Advertising and Spectacle, 1851-1914* (1990), Richards examines the commercial import of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the images of Queen Victoria in her jubilee year, as well as those of Stanley's
African heroics. He also looks at advertising and the promotion of patent medicines, and the early exploitation of the image of the "seaside girl."
CHAPTER I

Major Barbara and Heartbreak House:

George Bernard Shaw and the Transformation of the Captain of Industry

"From the beginning the useless people set up a shriek for 'practical business men.' By this they meant men who had become rich by placing their personal interests before those of the country... They proved not only that they were useless for public work, but that in a well-ordered nation they would never have been allowed to control private enterprise."

"Preface" Heartbreak House

I

Shaw's Major Barbara (1907) ostensibly offers a "solution" to the problems of gross inequality of income and cultural disorientation that resulted from the Industrial Revolution. But despite -- or perhaps because of -- its positivist energy, critics of the time responded to the character of Undershaft, a vastly successful and ideologically subtle arms manufacturer, with some bewilderment; and the ending of the drama -- a "wedding" of sorts (to adopt the central device of this plot as well as that of Heartbreak House) between culture and industry -- was seen at the time as problematic.

Shaw became a Fabian in 1884 (Holroyd I 132) and remained in principle committed to socialism until his death. By making the ruthless and unsentimental capitalist Undershaft his hero, Shaw problematizes our notions of morality, as well as our
own view of his socialist commitment. How does one reconcile the claims in the Preface that "property is organized robbery" (46) with a character who seems to challenge that principle and others like it asserted by his creator in the Preface -- and is glorified in the process? One must remember, of course, that Shaw was first of all a dramatist, not an ideologue; moreover, it is important, I believe, to distinguish between the play and its preface -- two different and often consciously contrasted approaches to the issues. By trying to reconcile these two irreconcilables, Shaw created complex, sometimes seemingly contradictory drama. As Dan H. Laurence explains in the "General Introduction" to "Major Barbara": A Facsimile of the Holograph Manuscript:

Shaw's procedure in drafting the plays was, he repeatedly insisted, "to imagine characters and let them rip"; a play thus would develop spontaneously, taking shape through the characters rather than by an arbitrary, contrived external pattern. (viii)

Writing to Gilbert Murray (on whom he modelled Barbara's lover and Undershaft's surprising successor), Shaw remarked, somewhat disingenuously perhaps: "As I write plays as they come to me, by inspiration and not by conscious logic, I am as likely as anyone else to be mistaken about their morals" (Holroyd II 106). It was such spontaneity and responsiveness to the momentum of dramatic writing that allowed the play, and its dominant character, Andrew Undershaft, to grow into something far removed from the original idea. In a letter to Louis Calvert, the actor playing Undershaft in the Court Theatre production, Shaw himself expressed surprise about how "the part of the millionaire cannon founder is becoming more and more formidable" (Laurence 1898-1910
His prefaces, on the other hand, were not spontaneous or impetuous but governed by conscious logic and committed to an ideological programme not necessarily or fully borne out by the plays they were written to introduce.

The emerging prominence of Undershaft, or at least of the original conception of him, was also partly a result of the fact that the play was written in two locations. Begun in London, it was completed in Dublin at the home of his sister-in-law, Mary Cholmondeley. Michael Holroyd tells us that "Shaw got as far as Undershaft's arrival at West Ham when he took his manuscript to Ireland" (II 105-6). Shaw's subsequent anger towards his sister-in-law, who had advised her sister, when she married him, to "fortress her money" from him (Holroyd II 107), seems to have turned the play a bit sour. When Shaw returned to London and read the finished draft to Gilbert Murray and his wife, they were both disappointed, particularly with the third act, where Undershaft is shown as triumphant. Shaw himself confessed, "I don't know how to end the thing" (Holroyd II 108). This dissatisfaction with the last act or at least hesitancy about the play's ending, led him to rewrite the play, thus creating two texts: the rather cynical Edstaston manuscript, and the Derry manuscript, which is the basis for most versions of the play, including the Bodley Head Shaw edited by Laurence.

To understand *Major Barbara* and its Captain of Industry, we must also consider Shaw's political activism, for he was, of course, a political pamphleteer as well as a critic before he became a dramatist. When he began to write plays, he was driven by his political interests and drawing on his experience as a music and theatre critic. Among the Fabian tracts published in the 1880s, Shaw wrote "Fabian Tract Number 2, A Manifesto"
The Fabians, he says, believe

That, under existing circumstances, wealth cannot be enjoyed without dishonour, or foregone without misery. . . .

That, under the existing system of leaving the National Industry to organize itself, Compet'n has the effect of rendering adulteration, dishonest dealing, and inhumanity compulsory. . . .

That the established Government has no more right to call itself the State than the smoke of London has to call itself the weather.

That we had rather face a Civil War than such another century of suffering as the present one has been. (1)

The economic inequality of British society is his central concern here, as it continued to be in his plays and prefaces. But despite the apparently energetic support of the poor over the wealthy minority, a distrust and even a contempt for the masses characterized Shaw's thought, as well as that of the Fabians. As Eric Bentley remarks in Bernard Shaw, his "socialism resembles D.H. Lawrence's in that he wishes to do nothing with the proletariat except abolish it" (6). In his exasperation with the "folly" of "The Great War," Shaw could even blame the proletariat for allowing the capitalists to dominate them. S.K. Ratcliffe, a friend of Shaw's from his Fabian days, recalls that "[Shaw] had a low opinion of the collective intelligence" (Joad 62), and Maurice Valency in The Cart and the Trumpet suggests that the basis of Shaw's Fabian gradualism "appears to have been his distrust of the masses, and his conviction that those who are given power must first be educated in its use" (260). In most of Shaw's plays there is an almost ostentatious effort
at representing the different classes, but the characters representing "the masses" are not seen as having been given serious consideration as having an important part to play in building a new society. The charge of "ignorance, stupidity, or cowardice" that Shaw levels against the masses seems similar to those of Friedrich Nietzsche, whose work he reviewed with qualified enthusiasm for the Saturday Review, a publication he worked for as drama critic:

His pungency; his power of putting the merest platitudes of his position in rousing, startling paradoxes; his way of getting underneath moral precepts which are so unquestionable to us that common decency seems to compel unhesitating assent to them, and upsetting them with a scornful laugh: all this is easy to a witty man who has once well learnt Schopenhauer's lesson, that the intellect by itself is a mere dead piece of brain machinery, and our ethical and moral systems merely the pierced cards you stick into it when you want it to play a certain tune. So far I am on common ground with Nietzsche. (386)

But though stimulated and provoked by the German writer, Shaw developed the concept of the "Superman" in his own way, envisioning in "The Revolutionists' Handbook" a "Democracy of Superman" (Man and Superman 191), whereas "Nietzsche would not have thought a democracy of supermen possible, or even desirable" (Thatcher 199). In the Preface to Back to Methuselah (1921), Shaw explains how men must evolve into Supermen:

Let us fix the Lamarckian evolutionary process well in our minds. You are alive; and you want to be more alive. You want an extension of consciousness and of power. You want, consequently, additional organs, or additional uses of your existing organs: that is, additional habits. (ixx)
Nevertheless, in *Man and Superman*, Shaw sounds like both Carlyle and Nietzsche, and he cites Nietzsche as one of the writers whose view of the world is akin to his own: "Goethe, Shelley, Schopenhauer . . . Ibsen, Morris, Tolstoy, and Nietzsche are among the writers whose peculiar sense of the world I recognize as more or less akin to my own" (Preface xxxi).

II

It is to the "superman" figure, derived both from Thomas Carlyle's *Of Heroes and Hero Worship* (1841) and (notwithstanding his denial) Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* (1883-92) that Shaw looks for a solution to the problems of justice, equality, and prosperity. His Carlylean belief that a genuinely strong man would naturally emerge and lay claim to social and political power lies behind the alliance in *Major Barbara* between Andrew Undershaft's money, visionary energy, and sense of purpose, and Adolphus Cusins' culture, intellect, and imagination. By the end, Barbara, representing the altruistic and compassionate impulse, channelled through militant but obsolete Christianity, as Shaw sees it, of the Salvation Army, seems to be marginalized as the play's protagonist.

In the Preface to *Major Barbara*, Shaw points out that Christianity teaches that it is wrong to desire money, even as it acknowledges that people need money to survive, and that it campaigns through its institutions for funds to help the needy, as well as to increase
its own substantial wealth. Religious institutions survive by a covetousness that religion condemns in "the common man." As Shaw puts it, for the Christian Church in all its denominations to "teach children that it is sinful to desire money, is to strain towards the extreme possible limit of impudence in lying and corruption in hypocrisy" (21). It is because Undershaft is almost impudently forthright about the importance of money and proud of his success in what both conventional middle class opinion and Christian morality regard as a virtually criminal business that Shaw considers him the real hero of his play ("Preface" 18). Undershaft, moreover, is so lively and honest that the audience as well as most of the other characters fall under his Mephistophelean spell, as Shaw seems to exploit the Blakean paradoxes of good and evil, heaven and hell.

Critics are divided about Major Barbara, not only on minor points but on the whole question of the play's central tone or mode: Is it literal or ironic? Is Undershaft a benevolent capitalist or a ruthless Machiavelli? Does Cusins as his heir represent the hope for England's future or is he a scheming faker? Eric Bentley took a middle ground on such questions:

The young professor of Greek who is Undershaft's successor will unite -- we are asked to hope -- realism and idealism, practicality and wisdom, in an almost superhuman union. Such at any rate seems to be the intention of the play. It is not quite realized. . . . Probably the idea of making Cusins the synthesis of Barbara's idealism and her father's realism came to Shaw later, perhaps too late. His devil's advocacy remains all too effective. 

Bentley's doubt about the dramatic effectiveness of Cusins and what he represents
comes to be emphasized in later discussions of the play, many of which argue against an optimistic reading of the play. As T.J. Matheson says: "What is difficult to see is any justification for the extravagant critical claims that Undershaft is a man of high social conscience who is finally transformed into a symbol of socialist and revolutionary aspiration" (291). Matheson also goes on to question Cusins' motives and morals. Even Barbara, whom most critics see as idealistic and innocent, Matheson sees as "ego-centric" and "essentially vacuous" (298), as she leaves one debased and corrupt institution to embrace another just as bad. 7

Debate about the nature of Barbara's character, and indeed the whole play, is made even more complicated because of the popular film of the play, and the published screenplay, in which Shaw seems to encourage a "positive" interpretation of the play: 8 Undershaft's "ambiguous character is simplified" (Costello 109), making him "much more straightforward, kind and simple" (Costello 102) than in the play; Cusins is emphatically interested in the welfare of the common people; and the film concludes "with a smashing affirmative statement of human solidarity: Barbara, Cusins, and Bill Walker -- the heiress, the intellectual, the workman -- joined in happiness" (Costello 107). Also, a kind of prologue to the film shows Cusins speaking to the people with a sign before him marked "public education." And the prologue itself is preceded with a message from Shaw in his own handwriting; the temptation is strong, therefore, to see the film, produced more than two decades after the play, as the authorized/authoritative version (rather as with his methodically revised New York edition Henry James sought to establish the text of his novels). But we need to remember when the film was made: it is almost inconceivable
that its affirmative emphasis was not dictated by the war situation in 1941 and the need to boost public morale.

Right from the beginning of the play, Shaw explores in Major Barbara the question of who rules England. Presenting us with characters from the major social classes, including the working class, Shaw wanted to reflect in a general way the social realities of his time. When the play opens, we are in the elegantly appointed drawing room of Lady Britomart, the daughter of the Earl of Stevenage. But this is not a conventional aristocratic home. Lady Britomart's husband, Andrew Undershift, not only does not live with her but is not himself an aristocrat, though he dresses like one. It is his money that supports this lavish establishment, despite the fact that his wife and grown-up children strongly disapprove of how he makes it. Unconventional not only in living apart from his wife, but in his aggressive classlessness, he is brimming over with energy, self-confidence, and at times an almost sinister charm that enables him to manipulate situations and other characters to his liking.

In Act II, at the Salvation Army shelter, we meet provocatively interesting working class characters: Bill Walker, Snobby Price, Rummy Mitches, and Peter Shirley. But in making them interesting and provocative, Shaw does not idealize them, seeing them as governed by their appetites, easily controlled, and too downtrodden and ill-educated to help themselves. In the Preface, he calls such phrases as "Poor but honest" and "the respectable poor" intolerable and immoral because their effect is to glorify poverty; he insists that middle class reformers should be honest about the importance of success, wealth and happiness, and not preach against the materialism of the poor when
they are themselves beneficiaries of materialism. The government, he says, must recognize
poverty for the crime that it is, implying that it is society that is the criminal, and not
tolerate it "as if it were either a wholesome tonic for lazy people or else a virtue to be
embraced as St Francis embraced it" (17).10

The poor in Major Barbara range from the cowardly, bullying Bill Walker to the
middle-aged, discarded Peter Shirley and "hardworn" (75) and combative Rummy
Mitchens. By devoting all of Act II to the poor, after the first had dealt with the well-to-
do, Shaw links the two groups and their concerns through money, which both need. The
detailed stage directions emphasize this common bond between the classes. About
Snobby Price and Rummy Mitchens we are told that

If they were rich people, gloved and muffed and well-wrapped up in furs
and overcoats, they would be numbed and miserable: for it is a grindingly
cold raw January day; and a glance at the background of grimy
warehouses and leaden sky visible over the whitewashed walls of the yard
would drive any idle rich person straight to the Mediterranean. But these
two, being no more troubled with visions of the Mediterranean than of the
moon, and being compelled to keep more of their clothes in the pawnshop,
and less on their persons, in winter than in summer, are not depressed by
the cold: rather are they stung into vivacity. (75)

Rich or poor, blue blood or red, the cold is still cold, Shaw is insisting, and all must endure
it.

Of the four poor characters, Shaw appears to like Bill Walker best; like
Undershaft, he is honest about his motives, does not whine or misrepresent his case, being
in his directness rather like Undershaft. Snobby and Rummy, on the other hand, put on a
sanctimonious act to satisfy the Army's liking of "black-hearted" sinners. But left to themselves, they show their true nature: though he has been "saved," Snobby steals Bill Walker's temptingly placed sovereign. Similarly, the Army itself breaks Barbara's heart when it gratefully accepts Undershaft's "tainted" money. Shaw is demonstrating that people as well as institutions are -- or should be -- governed by economics.

We have seen in Act I that in the luxurious world of Wilton Crescent, resembling in its ethos the 1890s and Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* as well as the Schlegels' comfortable house in *Howards End*, the pound is king too. Stephen Undershaft's priggish posturing -- "We cannot take money from him. I had rather go and live in some cheap place like Bedford Square or even Hampstead than take a farthing of his money" (59) -- anticipates Barbara's quixotic refusal of her father's money for her mission in Act II. There is a basic disingenuousness in both reactions, though Barbara's naïveté is idealistic while Stephen's is merely snobbish and superficial.

As befits a young man of his wealth and background, Stephen is being groomed for a leading role in English society. But Shaw satirizes his public school idealism and his deference to his mother's authority and her suave self-assurance. "It is only in the middle classes," she tells Stephen, "that people get into a state of dumb helpless horror when they find that there are wicked people in the world" (56). By contrast with her Wildean poise, her son seems banal and simple-minded: "Right is right; and wrong is wrong; and if a man cannot distinguish them properly, he is either a fool or a rascal: thats all" (59). What starts out as a satiric drawing room comedy turns into a play of ideas, ethics, and political vision, as Act I ends with a sense of dramatic ideological confrontation between upper class
conventionality and frivolity, idealistic rebellion, and the hard-headed visionary energy of Andrew Undershaft.¹¹

The mixed modes of the play, with each act differing somewhat in tone and setting from the one before -- Act I's satire is followed by realism in Act II, only to be followed in Act III by a vision of a benign experiment in social reorganization -- condition the audience to adjust their expectations and reactions and entertain ideas that they may well regard with scepticism after the performance. We may be tempted to judge Act III by the "realistic" criteria invited by Acts I and II and deplore the implausibility of its social programme and resolution, but we should think of it, and indeed of the whole piece, as utopian fantasy: power wedded to culture, realism tempered with idealism, and heroic individualism combined with communal responsibility. In Act III, Shaw is not writing objective social analysis but dramatizing ideas, displaying in the process his theatricality and the opinionated crankiness with which he championed his causes.

III

By 1905, because of the popularity of his plays, Shaw was becoming a wealthy and influential man. In twenty years of hard work, he had gone from being a poor obscure scribbler to a dramatist whose works attracted both monarch and minister.¹² Greatly adding to his wealth by his marriage, on June 1, 1898, to a wealthy Irishwoman, Charlotte Payne-Townshend, and confident in his intellectual power, Shaw saw himself at that time not only as a gifted dramatist and clear-eyed critic of music, literature, ideas, and politics
but as a man qualified for social leadership. Thus, Cusins, though based on Gilbert Murray, represents, as Michael Holroyd says, "Shaw's own position: that of the fastidious scholar trying to find his place in the political world" (II 101). Shaw did not of course think of himself as a fastidious scholar, but he did think of himself as a fastidious dramatist, and as such we might well expect that Undershaft himself as well as Barbara represent his own position, at least at times. Major Barbara thus dramatizes a fantasy not about a writer assuming power but about a smooth transition in the leadership role from self-made man as industrialist to poet-philosopher, or in the play's terms from Machiavelli to Euripides.

Normally, especially at the time, a man like Undershaft would want to keep the business in the family (as his wife indeed urges him to) by giving it to his eldest son. But here, as in Heartbreak House, Howards End, and Women in Love, it is more than a question of material inheritance: the central issue is of social and political power -- who shall inherit and rule England? Undershaft himself is clearly ready to allow someone else to rule. Stephen, as we have seen, is not fitted by temperament (let alone the contrivance of the foundling plot) for the task of running his father's cannon foundry, let alone the country. Barbara herself clearly has qualities of strength, courage and intelligence but is disqualified by her unworldly idealism as well as by being a woman. The conditions of the inheritance call for a male heir, but so does the structure of gender politics of the time -- a factor never mentioned in the play but one of which Shaw is probably fully aware. It remains up to Cusins to decide whether he wants the power or not; he is certainly the one Undershaft has his eye on. But Cusins must first overcome his moral scruples. "Until I
met Barbara," he says, "I wanted the approval of my conscience more than I
wanted anything else" (134). But Undershaft, keen on getting his man, makes short shrift
both of his ideal of "personal righteousness" and his love for Barbara, dismissing one by
calling it "lust for self-approval" and the other by seeing it as an essentially adolescent
exaggeration of "the difference between one young woman and another" (146). His
appeal is to what he and the young "Professor of Greek" share in common: a rejection of
sanctimoniousness and the trappings of democracy. "The poet in me recoils from being a
good man" (146), says Cusins in Wildean paradox, having already concurred with
Undershaft's contempt for the ballot-box (144). All that is left of his resistance is "Pity . . .
Well, love" (146) for the common people, but both the evidence of the prosperous and
contented community of Perivale St Andrews and the relentless logic of Undershaft drive
him into a corner. For "reality and power" he will now risk even Barbara's love.

Cusins' hard-pressed decision comes after Undershaft has turned his own
authorities against him -- "Plato! You dare quote Plato to me" (147) -- but also because
Undershaft (and Shaw) have left him with little ground for manoeuvre: "a horrible
dilemma . . . I want Barbara . . . I also want to avoid being a rascal" (146). In Act II,
Barbara's infatuation with Christian salvation had been shattered by her father's exposure
of religion's complicity with the capitalist ruling class; now it is the contradictions of
Cusins' self-congratulatory intellectual idealism that are exposed. Undershaft's moment of
awakening came, he recalls, when he

said "Thou shalt starve ere I starve"; and with that word I became free and
great. I was a dangerous man until I had my will: now I am a useful,
beneficent, kindly person. That is the history of most self-made millionaires, I fancy. When it is the history of every Englishman we shall have an England worth living in. (143)

We discern in this hard-headed expression of material self-interest a glow of concern for communal well-being and even an aspiration to the luxuries of altruism and patriotism. In this visionary subtext it is possible to hear the echo of Carlyle's polemics, including the disdain for the "machinery" of electioneering: "When you vote, you only change the names of the cabinet" (144), says Undershaft. It is a subject that exasperates him more than anything else. And like Carlyle, Shaw has Undershaft and in the end Cusins too invest the hopes of a better world -- more just, prosperous, equal, and enlightened -- in the figure of the strong leader. It is the self-made millionaires -- that is, Captains of Industry like Undershaft -- who "call the shots," not the Earl of Stevenage or Stephen and his ilk. (It is surely no coincidence that the two names are similar.) Undershaft has no patience with his son's conventional liberal pieties and puts him in his place with a deadly rhetorical attack that would not be out of place in Carlyle:

The government of your country! I am the government of your country: I, and Lazarus. Do you suppose that you and half a dozen amateurs like you, sitting in a row in that foolish gabble shop, can govern Undershaft and Lazarus? No, my friend: you will do what pays us. You will make war when it suits us, and keep peace when it doesn't. You will find out that trade requires certain measures when we have decided on those measures. When I want anything to keep my dividends up, you will discover that my want is a national need. When other people want something to keep my dividends down, you will call out the police and the military. And in return you shall have the support and applause of my newspapers, and the delight of imagining that you are a great statesman. Government of your country! Be off with you, my boy, and play with your caucuses and leading articles and historic parties and great leaders and burning questions and the rest of your toys. I am going back to my counting-house to pay the piper and call the tune. (124)
Although Stephen is too dim to be impressed by this glimpse of "Realpolitik" that his impatient father offers him, few in the audience can fail to be shaken or at least disturbed by it. This is the Captain of Industry at his boldest and most sinister. But this is not Shaw's or evenUndershaft's last word on the question of power, even if it does express the essence of Shaw's -- and Carlyle's -- view of the state of democracy as it developed in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. For as we have seen, Undershaft soon admits to being driven by a power greater than himself and by a vision of an England of self-made millionaires, "an England worth living in," that goes beyond Carlyle in evoking Blake's vision of building a new Jerusalem in "England's green and pleasant land." As Barbara says, in an ecstatic fit of trying to squeeze a jumble of ideologies, hopes, and desires together (characteristic of her author as well as herself): "Glory Hallelujah!" Cusins expresses his love of "the common people," which he never recants in assuming the role of successor to the Captain of Industry, in terms of empowerment rather than parliamentary democracy:

I have tried to make spiritual power by teaching Greek. But the world can never be really touched by a dead language and a dead civilization. The people must have power; and the people cannot have Greek. Now the power that is made here can be wielded by all men. . . . As a teacher of Greek I gave the intellectual man weapons against the common man. I now want to give the common man weapons against the intellectual man. I love the common people. I want to arm them against the lawyers, the doctors, the priests, the literary men, the professors, the artists, and the politicians, who, once in authority, are more disastrous and tyrannical than all the fools, rascals, and impostors. I want a power simple enough for common men to use, yet strong enough to force the intellectual oligarchy to use its genius for the general good. (150)
While Undershaft dominates the action with his energy and self-confidence, he is a Captain of Industry whose main role is to find someone to replace him. Cusins seems an unlikely choice, but he represents a new type of leader who focuses on the creative and liberating uses of industry and wealth, and can articulate Undershaft's hints of serving a higher power.

To accomplish the "reversal" in Act III, where the capitalist is used to emphasize the democratic charade that conceals the real centres of power, Shaw mischievously builds up the villainous side of Undershaft. The cannon foundry -- imagined by the other characters as a place of fire and smoke, a kind of Hell, of which Undershaft is the presiding devil -- is easily associated with the familiar image of "dark Satanic mills" that Blake contributed to the discourse of industrialism. "The Prince of Darkness" offers Cusins and Barbara a better "price" for their souls than the competing ideologies to which they are at first drawn. Undershaft himself emphasizes the destructive and amoral nature of this business; the more people his technology can destroy, the greater his profits: "Good news from Manchuria . . . the aerial battleship is a tremendous success. At the first trial it has wiped out a fort with three hundred soldiers in it" (130). But if power depends on the user, and if as Cusins says, "You cannot have power for good without having power for evil too. Even mother's milk nourishes murderers as well as heroes" (150), it follows that power for evil can be used for good, and the technology of destruction can be turned to creative, and as Cusins insists, beneficent ends.

Thus, Undershaft's demonic aura -- his half-comic associations with fire and
brimstone, with Mephistopheles as well as Machiavelli (and in a more immediate context with Carlyle's Plugson of Undershot) -- is used dramatically to create a reversal, as he is shown to be really on the side of the angels. The process of unmasking Undershaft is a subtle and considerable theatrical feat that is grounded in Shaw's challenge along several different lines of attack to middle-class conventions. Of these, the teasing paradoxical reinterpretation of Undershaft as the devil is the most effective and strongly rooted in Blake's reversal of psychological, moral, and political clichés in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. Nowhere is this echo clearer than in Barbara's words to Cusins when he teases her about accepting him after his bargain with "the devil" -- her father: "I thought you were determined to turn your back on the wicked side of life." Echoing Blake's "Proverbs of Hell," she replies: "There is no wicked side: life is all one" (151). And Cusins chimes in with his own echo of Blakean Christianity: "Then the way of life lies through the factory of death?" Barbara's response makes the direction of Shaw's argument as well as the sources of his inspiration unmistakable: "Yes, through the raising of hell to heaven" (152).

In *Major Barbara*, the Captain of Industry is presented as a figure of practical energy and worldly clear-sightedness and courage, as well as powerful charm and polemical skill. Though his vision is described as "enigmatic" and largely for dramatic reasons he is made to utter provocative paradoxes, it is clear that he sees his place in the evolutionary scheme of things and articulates his own approaching obsolescence. His first statement of this is in fact unintentional, being directed at society at large, but there is no reason why we should not apply the gist of his witty satire to his own role in the play's structure of ideas. Telling Barbara not to waste her time in self-pity for the loss of her
faith (for which she holds him responsible), he says:

[Y]ou have made for yourself something that you call a morality or a religion or what not. It doesn't fit the facts. Well, scrap it. Scrap it and get one that does fit. That is what is wrong with the world at present. It scraps its obsolete steam engines and dynamos; but it won't scrap its old prejudices and its old moralities and its old religions and its old political constitutions. What's the result? In machinery it does very well; but in morals and religion and politics it is working at a loss that brings it nearer bankruptcy every year. Don't persist in that folly. If your old religion broke down yesterday, get a newer and a better one for tomorrow.

(140-1)

Unlike conventional society, Undershaft is prepared to "scrap" outdated values and ideas as well as "obsolete steam engines and dynamos." Although he does not acknowledge it openly, despite all his exuberant iconoclasm his own time is coming to a close, hence the plot's central if flimsy device of the search for a "foundling" to take over the foundry -- now apparently a vast armaments and munitions corporation, employing thousands of workers and looking after their well being in the interests of efficiency and profits. Shaw's struggles to give the play's ending an effective comic resolution as well a richly nuanced ideological impact are well documented.¹⁴ Gilbert Murray, after reading an early draft, had urged him to avoid

a simple defeat of the Barbara principles by the Undershaft principles . . . the Barbara principles should, after their first crushing defeat, turn upon the U principles and embrace them with a view of destroying or subduing them for the B.P.'s [British Public's] own ends. It is a gamble, and the issue uncertain. (Quoted in Holroyd II 109)

Shaw's way of achieving this object is to emphasize Cusins in his alliance with Barbara. It
is clear that Shaw does not seriously endorse Undershaft's flippant suggestion that only Cusins' youthful infatuation makes Barbara seem special. Their union of culture and faith marks an evolutionary advance for Cusins as a Captain of Industry -- just as the suave and canny Undershaft intends that it should. Whether he provocatively takes satisfaction in the wars that keep him in business as well as in the research and development that increases the efficiency of his explosives and their machines of delivery, his challenge to Cusins is to make war on war, and with "I dare. I must. I will" (151), Cusins takes up the challenge. In an alliance between "Literature and Science" that even Arnold would have approved (it is the title of one of his most important essays), Cusins brings to his role as Undershaft's successor the resources of "Hellenism" to be harmoniously united, we must think, with Barbara's "Hebraism." As Cusins exclaims during a hard bargain with the "ruling" Captain of Industry: "Is my mastery of Greek no capital? Is my access to the subtlest thought, the loftiest poetry yet attained by humanity, no capital?" (137). Within the unavoidably Eurocentric context of the perspective, a path of progress is being indicated by this infusion of "Sweetness and Light" into the world of the cannon foundry. As he considers joining the Undershaft succession, Cusins defies their "UNASHAMED" acceptance of their violent trade and asserts his right, when in charge, to something that sounds very much like ethical discrimination:

But as to your Armorier's faith, if I take my neck out of the noose of my own morality I am not going to put it into the noose of yours. I shall sell cannons to whom I please and refuse them to whom I please. So there! (139)
Only fourteen years separate *Major Barbara* (1905) and *Heartbreak House* (1919), but the two plays seem much further apart than that because of "The Great War," which not only killed millions of people but brought far-reaching social changes in its wake, driving many writers close to despair. Shaw could no longer maintain the iconoclastic optimism and political blitheness of his early period. Having begun *Heartbreak House* in the middle of the war, he did not have it produced until after the war ended. (It may be worth noting among the many contrasts between the two plays, that whereas *Major Barbara* was published only after it was produced, *Heartbreak House* was published before it was produced.) As Shaw explained in the Preface, "I had to withhold *Heartbreak House* from the footlights during the war . . . the Germans might on any night have turned the last act from play into earnest, and even then might not have waited for their cues" (48).

The Captain-of-Industry figures in the play could not be more different from those in the pre-war play. If the dominant figure in *Major Barbara* is Andrew Undershaft, the Captain of Industry par excellence, in *Heartbreak House* his apparent opposite is a caricature, "Boss" Mangan, a hollow, hapless front man for anonymous speculators. It is the octogenarian Captain Shotover, a true Victorian adventurer associated with a rich history of creativity, who represents the visionary centre of the play. As a ship's Captain, he explicitly invokes the metaphor of the ship of state. His house, called *Heartbreak House* by Ellie, has a room "which has been built so as to resemble the after part of an old-fashioned high-pooped ship with a stern gallery" (49). The house comes to stand for
"cultured, leisured Europe before the war" (Preface 7) and ultimately for England itself.

And his name, even as it suggests someone whose day has passed, who has shot his bolt, contains an echo of Undershaft, especially recalling the possible origin of that name in Carlyle's Plugson of Undershot. Captain Shotover, like Andrew Undershaft, deals in armaments, but he is an embittered inventor, whereas his bouncy predecessor is more of a manufacturer always concerned with his firm's profit. Shotover's inventions as well as his "biography" indicate a creative force; his age, lack of control over his family and household, and his fondness for alcohol suggest that this creativity has just about run dry. His quasi-mystical pursuit of "the seventh-degree of concentration" is a sign of a desperate visionary. In so far, therefore, as there is a Captain of Industry in this play, Captain Shotover is it. As an actual Captain by experience, qualification, temperament, and by dramatic designation through Ellie's choice of him as her symbolic mate, he is treated by Shaw as a kind of superannuated sage. As a Captain-of-Industry figure, he speaks for a tradition that has been neglected, and despite his disabilities he speaks with vigour, especially against the pretenders from the worlds of business, represented by Mangan, and the squirearchy or Horseback Hall, represented by Lady Utterwood, her absent husband, a colonial governor, and Randall Utterwood, her young, enamoured brother-in-law, all of whom are still contending for social predominance. "I refuse to die," Shotover says, "until I have invented the means" of winning "powers of life and death over them both" (86).

But because his patriarchal authority is precarious, Shotover is only a debilitated representative of creative energy. With Mangan actually playing the role of Captain of Industry, we may do well to see Shaw as reconstructing this Victorian archetype in this
play, as he splits the type in two, Mangan representing the aspect of Industry and Shotover that of visionary Captaincy. By contrast, in Major Barbara, he was essentially affirming the type by thinking it worth reclaiming and improving. Between the two of them, Mangan and Shotover seem to signify a cultural, social, political and psychological crisis: effective power is dissipated in an utterly self-serving financial system, and the sources of creative vitality are becoming sclerotic with age, with no real heir in sight to renew them. Ending in the fantastic ideal marriage of Ellie, who corresponds to Barbara, to Captain Shotover, the play expresses a desperate affirmation of his Victorian values, which Shaw here selectively defines in terms of spiritual and physical adventurousness, practical acumen, and endurance.

In Heartbreak House, Shaw makes some of his most important theatrical statements on capitalism and the figure of the Captain of Industry. Although it is now considered one of Shaw's finest plays, if not actually his best, neither the publication in September 1919 nor the English production of the play in 1921 was reviewed favourably. (New York audiences, by contrast, liked the play.) Most reviewers found the play "talky" and lacking in dramatic tension. In The Athenaeum, John Middleton Murry claimed that "All the characters seem to be scurrying about with the intense crazy logic of lunatics" (1029). In "The Laugh Sardonic," the anonymous critic for The Spectator was equally scathing:

Mr Shaw's inventions . . . caper and prattle not even by the simply intelligible rule of contraries, but in a manner so erratic that there is no means of inferring, and placing oneself at, the datum point from which they were visualized -- unless, as there is some reason to suspect, the base of all Mr Shaw's triangulations is nothing
more than an overweening contempt for humanity which expresses itself by endowing his characters with the intellect of Bedlam. (543)

But Shaw characteristically was neither humbled nor dejected by the negative reception of the play. In a letter to St John Ervine -- a reviewer, fellow playwright, and later Shaw's biographer -- he dismissed the critics as imperceptive, leading sheltered and frivolous lives:

The criticisms are all stupid (except [John Francis] Hope in the New Age) because every situation in my plays has a public interest; and critics, leading a Savage Club life, are incapable of public interests. They grin at the burglar as the latest Gilbertism, and never reflect on the fact that every day malefactors exploit the cruelty of our criminal law to blackmail humane people. They are not interested in Lord Devonport [the model for Mangan]. What use are such political imbeciles to me? (Laurence 1911-1925 744)

The burglar in the play, whom Shaw inserted as a symbolic partner to Mangan, is even now misunderstood as a mere comic contrivance. Shaw clearly considered his play too serious and political for a London audience that after the war wanted amusement more than intellectual challenge. In the Preface he said that "in England . . . theatres are only ordinary commercial affairs" (8). Despite the farcical and comic spirit of the opening that Murry remarked upon, it seems that London audiences were put off less by the play's "Bedlam" humour than its underlying gravity and profound sense of crisis.

The ostensible Captain-of-Industry figure in the play, "Boss" Mangan, is a satire of the "practical business men" who, Shaw says in the Preface,

had become rich by placing their personal interests before those of the country, and
measuring the success of every activity by the pecuniary profit it brought to them
and to those on whom they depended for their supplies of capital. (30)

"In a well-ordered nation," Shaw says blithely, such men "would never have been allowed
to control private enterprise" (30).

To understand better Shaw's intertwining of the political and the theatrical, R.H.
Tawney's Fabian tract The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society (1920), republished as The
Acquisitive Society, can be helpful. He shares Shaw's contempt for financiers and
speculators, as well as the premise that a society is sick if it operates on purely economic
motives, with people believing that "the rights of property are absolute, irrespective of any
social function which its owners may perform" (42-43). Function is the key word in
Tawney's argument against capitalism:

The first step, then, towards the organization of economic life for the performance
of function is to abolish those types of private property in return for which no
function is performed. The man who lives by owning without working is
necessarily supported by the industry of someone else, and is, therefore, too
expensive a luxury to be encouraged. Though he deserves to be treated with the
leniency which ought to be, and usually is not, shown to those who have been
brought up from infancy to any other disreputable trade, indulgence to individuals
must not condone the institution of which both they and their neighbours are the
victims. Judged by this standard, certain kinds of property are obviously
antisocial. (46-47)

The society depicted in the play is driven by economic motives just as much as the society,
rich and poor, of Major Barbara. But whereas in the earlier play the capitalist class is
represented by an exuberant and productive Captain of Industry, in Heartbreak House he
is only a cardboard capitalist, not even "owning without working," as Tawney put it, but a
mere "front man" for a functionless syndicate.

Hudson Kearley, Lord Devonport, the man on whom Shaw based Mangan (Holroyd III 16), is described in the Dictionary of National Biography as "ambitious, courageous, and enterprising, a forceful personality [and a] . . . successful pioneer of the modern chain-store system" (Supplement Five 501). But in Journey to Heartbreak, Stanley Weintraub dismisses Lord Devonport simply as "well-fed, florid, grumpy and gruff" (183). Like Mangan, Lord Devonport was active in politics; like Mangan, he appears to have been interested simply in power, not ideology or party loyalty. When questioned about his party allegiance -- "Conservative or a Liberal?" -- Mangan replies: "No such nonsense. . . . a practical business man" (144). He has no time for the "nonsense" of party politics or democracy. Like his original, he professes to be concerned only with results and efficiency -- by which he clearly means profit -- not with process and protocol. Mangan, as well as Horseback Hall and Heartbreak House, belong to the world described by George Dangerfield in his The Strange Death of Liberal England (1935): an agitated and confused place where "ignorant armies clash by night," where old conventions, customs, and procedures -- economic, social or moral -- no longer work. In evoking this world in his play, Shaw is intent on startling his audience into thinking critically and creatively about the question of who should govern England. In this way, Heartbreak House is of course a problem play, defined by Henry F. Salerno as

the exploration of a problem through energetic dialogue and close scrutiny of a familiar situation, involving familiar characters, caught within familiar circumstances; the attack upon ideals, the didactic intent and the shocking of the spectator into an awareness of himself and his social context. (10)
Shaw himself used the term problem play to describe some of his works. In the Preface to *Mrs Warren's Profession* (1893), for example, he claimed that "only in the Problem Play is there any real drama, because drama is no mere setting up of the camera to nature" (250). *Heartbreak House* differs, however, from the usual problem play in its apocalyptic tone and sense of crisis as well as its symbolic daring and spirit of desperate exuberance.

The Preface provides a context for the play and guides readers in their responses, especially to Mangan. Before the war, Shaw says, taking up Matthew Arnold's terms,

> power and culture were in separate compartments. The barbarians were not only literally in the saddle, but on the front bench in the House of Commons, with nobody to correct their incredible ignorance of modern thought and political science but upstarts from the counting-house, who had spent their lives furnishing their pockets instead of their minds. (10)

Arnold, we remember, had divided English society into three classes: Barbarians, Philistines, and the Populace, corresponding to the aristocratic, middle and working classes, though Shaw proceeds to introduce his own symbolic terminology, in effect updating Arnold's tripartite social scheme. The "Barbarians" he is soon calling Horseback Hall, while the Philistines become the despised "practical men of business" or even more scornfully, "the upstarts from the counting house." In place of Arnold's "saving remnant," the clerisy, that ideally transcends class interests, Shaw draws on the play's action for the term *Heartbreak House*, which stands, as he says, for "cultured leisured Europe before the war" (7).
Power and the struggle for power constitute the play's major theme. This theme is expressed on two levels: ideological and theatrical, enforced by a symbolic pattern so insistent as to amount almost to allegory. The two dramatic modes converge on the issue of power. The play of ideas addresses that issue through the question of who should govern England and the historically steeped imagery of the ship of state, navigation, and captaincy. The romantic comedy, which provides the framework for the play of ideas, focuses on the question of whom Ellie Dunn should marry. Shaw orchestrates the dramatic action in such a way that we have to see the two questions as one and the same, with Ellie's choice of mate signifying the direction for England's future. On both levels, the ideological and the theatrical, Captain Shotover retains a precarious mastery. Though without a suitable successor, in significant contrast to Andrew Undershaft (there is little to support the possibility that Ellie herself might be seen as Shotover's successor) his inventions and visionary energy, though much enfeebled, still maintain the household and its inhabitants. And in a clearly more symbolic than practical way, he becomes Ellie's surprising choice as a mate -- her "spiritual husband." On both levels, then, the cardboard capitalist is defeated by his visionary counterpart. When Mangan dies, together with the burglar Billy Dunn when the vicarage is blown up in the air raid, it signifies what Shaw envisions as not only something devoutly to be wished but as ideologically necessary, perhaps even fated. And not long before, when Ellie gives her "broken heart" and her
"strong sound soul to its natural captain," her "spiritual husband and second father" (148-9), Mangan is dismissed not only as a candidate for Ellie’s hand but for the leadership of the country.

The play is thus easily recognized as a Condition-of-England text, with most of its characters representing English socio-cultural types: Captain Shotover is the voice of the creative, adventurous past; Mangan is the "Napoleon of Industry," even if he is unmasked as a sham; Hector Hushabye, Shotover’s son-in-law and inheritor, lives in a world of fantasy adventures and romance; while Shotover’s other son-in-law, Hastings Utterwood, spoken of rather than a presence, represents the landed aristocracy now running the empire. At first, Ellie Dunn seems to have taken on her father’s political idealism, but like her father -- and like the scholar-poet Cusins in Major Barbara -- she proves to have a strong practical streak that verges on cynicism. She is saved, however, by her weekend visit to "Heartbreak House" and particularly the still vibrant charisma of old Captain Shotover. Although it is Hesione who has invited Ellie in order to break up what she thinks is the young woman’s forced engagement to "Boss" Mangan, it is Hesione’s old father, Captain Shotover, who startles Ellie into attention after she has tried to dismiss him as one of the "Old-fashioned people [who] are no use to me" because they "think you can have a soul without money" (126). As if sensing all the same that he has something of value to her, she will not let him go, "running after him and seizing him by the sleeve" (127) as he tries to leave the room. "You are the only person in the house I can say what I like to" (128), she tells him -- youth turning to age, the future to the past. Responding to the claim she makes on him with historically specific words of despair, Shotover brings
together the two modes or levels of the play: the drama of history and ideas and its framework of modern romantic comedy. It is as if Shaw himself were speaking:

When you grow up, your vessel overflows; and you are a politician, a philosopher, or an explorer and adventurer. In old age the vessel dries up: there is no overflow: you are a child again. I can give you the memories of my ancient wisdom: mere scraps and leavings; but I no longer really care for anything but my own little wants and hobbies. I sit here working out my old ideas as a means of destroying my fellow-creatures. I see my daughters and their men living foolish lives of romance and sentiment and snobbery. I see you, the younger generation, turning from their romance and sentiment and snobbery to money and comfort and hard common sense. I was ten times happier on the bridge in the typhoon, or frozen into Arctic ice for months in darkness, than you or they have ever been. You are looking for a rich husband. At your age I looked for hardship, danger, horror, and death, that I might feel the life in me more intensely. I did not let the fear of death govern my life; and my reward was, I had my life. You are going to let the fear of poverty govern your life; and your reward will be that you will eat, but you will not live. (128)

As the play is organized, this speech is a kind of incongruous allegorical marriage proposal. Shotover/Shaw is trying, not unlike Forster in Howards End, to maintain the connection between the uncertain future (Ellie) and the heroic past (Shotover's prime is what is presented here as England's adventurous and creative Victorian prime). This eloquent visionary speech is what we have to assume turns Ellie's "strong young soul" away from her hard-headed but demeaning plan to marry -- and manage -- Mangan for her own profit rather than his. It also establishes the ground and provides the explanation for her startling announcement in Act III of her "marriage" to Captain Shotover.17 The Captain thus "gets the girl" while the industrialist is killed soon after this symbolic defeat. Once again, Shaw has tried to redeem the Captain of Industry, this time not by
dramatizing his potential through a progressive view of succession, but through drastic symbolic surgery, separating the still promising idea of captaincy from the discredited figure of the industrial capitalist. It is Mangan, in fact, whom Shaw, in the words of Mazzini Dunn, presents unmistakably as one of the "old-fashioned people":

I am afraid all the captains of industry are what you call frauds, Mrs Hushabye. Of course there are some manufacturers who really do understand their own works; but they don't make as high a rate of profit as Mangan does. I assure you Mangan is quite a good fellow in his way. He means well. (103)

By contrast, Captain Shotover is old, fragile, and depends on whiskey to keep up his verve, but the verve, the energy, the boldness and creativity that he represents (creativity that provides income -- the present living off the past) are not only not "oldfashioned" but essential to secure the future. In choosing the Captain as her "spiritual husband," Ellie is reaching to the best of the Victorian past as relevant, important, even indispensable as a source of inspiration for the future. While the amiable Mazzini Dunn sees Mangan as "a good fellow," a harmless fraud, Hector sees him in demonic terms that hark back to Undershaft, but in a different key altogether:

We sit here talking, and leave everything to Mangan and to chance and to the devil. Think of the powers of destruction that Mangan and his mutual admiration gang wield! It's madness: it's like giving a torpedo to a badly brought up child to play at earthquakes with. (154)
What we see here is a cumulative exposure of Mangan that ends with a theatrical flourish.

In Act III, having revealed everything about himself, been hypnotized and rejected by Ellie, and captivated by Hesione, he begins in exasperated incomprehension to take his clothes off:

We may as well do the thing thoroughly when we're about it. We've stripped ourselves morally naked: well, let us strip ourselves physically naked as well. . . . I can't bear this. I was brought up to be respectable. (146-7)

Of course, as Hector says, Mangan has "failed ignominiously" to "undress himself" (150). Not only is he a failure in this respect, but also because he has been exposed as a sham, and has no real purpose left in the play. He "breaks into a low snivelling" (151), like a dog that has been beaten, and then, dragged by Mrs Hushabye, he "disappears," appropriately enough, "into the darkness" (154). Mangan is soon to be destroyed "in the cave in the gravel pit" where the Captain keeps his explosives: "My dynamite drew him there. It is the hand of God" (158).

It is no coincidence that the vicarage is wrecked in the raid -- "the poor clergyman will have to get a new house" (160) -- and the burglar as well as Mangan -- himself a burglar of sorts, as Shaw suggests in his letters and the Preface -- are killed. It is generally recognized nowadays that this episode and the burglar's role in it are indeed not as haphazard and comical as Shaw's contemporaries thought. Alluding to Shaw's Preface, Anne Wright insists that the air raid episode with its casualties
is in fact structurally and thematically integral. Its function is to release the metaphor of capitalism as theft... The two practical men of business are parasites on society, neither of them actually a thief, but both in the business of swindling, and of consuming what they do not produce. They both can be figuratively dubbed 'burglars' and the correspondence between them is sealed by their deaths together in the gravel-pit: a symbolic elimination of capitalism. (71)

But the elimination of Mangan does not eliminate the sense of crisis facing England that Shaw dramatizes by means of the air raid -- and the threat of more air raids to come. The excitement the characters express at the very end of the play is desperate, romantic, and almost hysterical in contrast with the visionary enthusiasm of the pre-war Major Barbara. And here, apart from Ellie, who, like Barbara in the earlier play, is looked to as a woman and therefore an object of desire, a centre of potentiality but not a figure of leadership in her own right -- in this context, as she says, "a woman's business is marriage" (97) -- there is no-one to step into Captain Shotover's shoes as visionary leader. No heroes are on the horizon. Hector, the Captain's son-in-law (as Cusins will be to Undershaft) and therefore a possible inheritor, has frittered his energies away in romantic fantasies (Shaw's allusion, perhaps, to the feckless, escapist aestheticism of the generation of the 1890s), but asserts: "I still have the will to live" (156). The venerable Captain's answer to his bewildered question "What am I to do?" (156) is true and metaphorically almost triumphant, but remains in the short run unhelpful: "Do? Nothing simpler. Learn your business as an Englishman." And he explains to the puzzled Hector what that is: "Navigation. Learn it and live; or leave it and be damned" (156). We cannot expect, especially in this
freewheeling symbolic play, that Hector can or will take up the study of "navigation" and what it stands for: the art of politics, the struggle for power, and wisdom and strength in the exercise of power. The name Hector is associated with the glamour of heroism in defeat, while Hushabye suggests the nursery and immaturity. His secret little romance with Ellie before the play begins confirms this mock heroic association of the sublime and ridiculous, the Homeric and the infantile. Salvation cannot come from him -- the "present" generation -- which is why Ellie chooses the Captain as her soul-mate and the heroic values of the past. Shaw has her invoke Whitman, when she calls him "O Captain, my captain" (156). If the future is dangerous and uncertain, it can, Shaw seems to imply at the very end, be faced with excitement and not without hope if one is grounded in the kind of strength, daring, and self-confidence at the heart of the ancient Captain's values.

VI

In the course of the play we watch Ellie change from an apparently innocent young woman without a will of her own to a romantic victim of a seductive older man to a mercenary "vamp" with mesmeric powers and finally to a paradoxically wise ingenue who finds strength not only in her "young soul" but also her "broken heart." She is finally able to name what is important to her -- in the terms of the play, what "is real in the world": "Life with a blessing!" (149)

Mangan, who throughout the play has been disdained by the other characters as a "hog" (59) and "brute" (101), can offer her no such life, despite his trappings of wealth,
status, and power (he insists on being esteemed as a member of "His Majesty's Government"). When he first appears Shaw stresses his sober respectable conventionality, but he anticipates the brutishness and hapless fraudulence that become part of the unmasking to come. Mangan is

carefully frock-coated as for church or for a directors' meeting . . . about fiftyfive, with a careworn, mistrustful expression, standing a little on an entirely imaginary dignity, with a dull complexion, straight, lustreless hair, and features so entirely commonplace that it is impossible to describe them. (73)

Mangan's formal dress is associated with church-going, which anticipates the emphatic link Shaw makes between his death in the bombardment as well as the burglar's with the destruction of the rectory. (Is it sheer kindness of heart that makes Shaw spare the church itself?) If as Anne Wright says, the Capitalist and the criminal are equated in this denouement, then organized religion is implicitly associated with them as fraudulent in piety and function, just as Mangan is fraudulent in his lack of productivity and sham eminence, and Billy Dunn in his criminality. (Such an association is only a slight if impatient and contemptuous exaggeration of Shaw's treatment of organized religion in Major Barbara.) "The Church is on the rocks, breaking up," says Captain Shotover when told that the rector would have to be put up for the night. "I told him it would," he adds, enigmatically, "unless it headed for God's open sea" (157). The pillars of modern society -- the counting house, parliament, the church as well as the underground life that depends on them -- are eliminated in Shaw's wishful, tightly limited, and therefore not unreassuring
cataclysm. When Mangan disintegrates in the explosion, it is not just because after all the unmasking "there was no 'man under the pose'," as Anne Wright says. "Quite simply, there is nothing left of him" (99); "his 'self' persists only as a carefully maintained fiction" (98-9). Unlike Conrad's Charles Gould or Lawrence's Gerald Crich, Mangan is afraid of his workers, does not understand machinery or the management of factories and turns out to be practically penniless. When the Heartbreak House set refuse to take him at the world's value, his symbolic status as a nonentity is dramatized in the disintegration that leads up to his death. Shaw mixes farce, anger, and pathos in leading up to the resolution of the play in a way that almost justifies his calling the play "a fantasia in the Russian Manner on English themes." He was invoking Chekhov, of course, and especially The Cherry Orchard, but the element of wishful thinking that underlies the selective meting out of punishment and the almost hysterical pitch of the ending is not Chekhovian. What strikes the true Chekhovian note is the sound of poor Randall's flute playing "Keep the home-fires burning" and the rambling conversation in the course of which we are offered two conflicting descriptions of the inhabitants of Heartbreak House. Hector in his self-loathing calls them "all heartbroken imbeciles" (152), but Mazzini Dunn, not really one of them, seems to be kinder, considering them "rather a favourable specimen of what is best in our English culture. . . . very charming people, most advanced, unprejudiced, frank, humane, unconventional, democratic, free-thinking, and everything that is delightful to thoughtful people" (152-3). Judging by the Preface, Shaw agrees with both assessments -- the ambiguity is characteristic -- but his sharpest criticism of "cultured, leisured Europe before the war" would be to endorse Mazzini Dunn's assessment, adding,
soothingly, that it is a pity that is all they were. In a sense, their failure is seen as greater than Mangan’s, for with all their qualities they left the world of power and action to "these hogs to whom the universe is nothing but a machine for greasing their bristles and filling their snouts" (86). Captain Shotover, his glory days behind him, can only watch and advise, merely embodying in himself the vestiges of the Carlylean sense of mission and daring; and it is from this superannuated sage that Ellie, England’s future, once promised to Mangan, a Captain of Industry, and in the course of the play betrayed by him as well as rejecting him, is left to take her inspiration.
1 About the name Undershaft, Michael Holroyd convincingly remarks that it "brings together the wishes of the unconscious and the underground kingdom of the Devil, and moves the debate to a contest between Shaw's conscious Fabian endeavours and the unconscious impulses that subvert them" (II 106).

2 Unlike Wells, Shaw remained a member for more than twenty years, resigning only in April, 1911 (I 267). For more on the relationship between the two writers, see Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, edited by J. Percy Smith.

3 Nominally, of course, the eponymous Barbara is the play's main character, and presumably remained so in Shaw's conception of the play.

4 For detailed information on the differences between these two versions of the play, see Laurence's Introduction to Major Barbara: A Facsimile of the Holograph Manuscript.

5 The Fabians believed in a gradualist, non-revolutionary approach to class conflict, while Marxism, of course, held that conflict would end only when the workers of the world defeated the ruling classes. (The name "Fabian" is taken from Quintus Fabius, whose delaying tactics saved Rome from Hannibal and the Carthaginians.) The ending of
Major Barbara, then, with its rather idealistic resolution, suits the tradition of comedy as well as Fabian gradualism and goes quite against the belief in the inevitability of class conflict.

6 Michael Holroyd finds that the name suggests "the King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, a brilliant linguist who subsequently mastered the art of war" (II 107).

7 For another ironic reading of the play, see also Stanton B. Garner, "Shaw's Comedy of Disillusionment." For the more common view of the play as optimistic and of Undershaft and Cusins as genuinely positive characters, see Bernard F. Dukore, Money and Politics in Ibsen, Shaw and Brecht (1980).

8 For a full discussion of the film (starring Rex Harrison as Cusins, Wendy Hiller as Barbara, and Robert Morley as Undershaft), see Donald P. Costello's The Serpent's Eye, pp. 83-112.

9 As Holroyd explains, Lady Britomart was drawn from Lady Carlisle, Gilbert Murray's mother-in-law (II 108), Cusins was suggested by Gilbert Murray himself (II 101), and Barbara was modelled after Beatrice Webb (II 101). Shaw claimed that Undershaft was based on Henry Ford (II 105), but Holroyd documents no fewer than four other possible originals, concluding that "[s]uch a multiplicity of candidates attests to the rise of arms traffic throughout the world at the turn of the century" (II 105).
10 By the time of the First World War, government aid to the needy in the form of old age pensions (1908), unemployment insurance (1911), and national health insurance (1911) had established governmental responsibility for narrowing material inequalities between the classes. The slow transformation from the Victorian laissez-faire society to the welfare state was consolidated by the Attlee government after the end of the Second World War, only, of course, to be aggressively challenged by "Thatcherism" in the 1980s.

11 Sarah Undershaft and Charles Lomax also are part of the Act I world of Lady Britomart and Stephen, but they are frivolous bright young things. Sarah is bland and inconspicuous, while Charles distinguishes himself with his many inane exclamations of "Ripping" and "Oh, I say"(63). They are never really part of the debate about the fate of England, but appear instead to be a part of the problem.

12 Holroyd reports that Arthur Balfour, the Conservative Prime Minister from July 1902 to December 1905, attended John Bull's Other Island five times; King Edward himself also attended once, and laughed so hard that he broke his chair (II 99).

13 One should note that in spite of his feminism, in this play at least, Shaw relegates his eponymous heroine to the conventional role of inspiring and motivating the man in her life and those around him.
14 As Holroyd explains, the small differences between the first and second version of the play include "Barbara and Cusins [being] less facetious and more decisive" (II 109), and "Cusins accepting Undershaft's bid without consulting Barbara" (II 109). Furthermore, according to Bernard F. Dukore in the Introduction to Major Barbara: A Facsimile of the Holograph Manuscript, Shaw tightened the play up and altered "the scene's structure to dramatize [Cusins' and Barbara's] viewpoints and goals more effectively than before, particularly as these contrast with Undershft's" (xvi). Shaw continued to tinker with the play up to Constable's 1930 Collected Edition (xix).

15 One may note that for much of the first act, Shaw designates him "The Captain" instead of "Captain Shotover."

16 For a detailed chronicling of the reviews of the play, both American and British, see G.B. Shaw: An Annotated Bibliography of Writings About Him, ed. J.P. Wearing. For a history of the academic reception of the play, see Frederick P.W. McDowell's "Apocalypse and After: Recent Interpretations of Heartbreak House."

17 Although one should not be too literal, Heartbreak House has of course some elements that are not explained. How can Ellie and Shotover be "married" when they both effectively have not left the stage for any lengthy period of time? The air raid at the end of the play is another such incident. Never in the play is there any mention of a war.
18 The changes come about so fast that The Saturday Review commented: "When in a single week-end a young lady breaks her heart, changes from a romantic girl to a disillusioned woman and passes by way of fortune-hunting to a state of mysticism, we can only say with the heroines of an older generation: 'Oh, but Mr. Shaw, this is too sudden'" (383).
CHAPTER 2

Nostromo: The Flaws of Vision

"I pin my faith to material interests"

Charles Gould, Part One, Chapter 6

Nostromo, which is set almost entirely in South America, is important for my purposes because in it Conrad transposes to a fictional country themes integral to the Condition-of-England debate initiated by Carlyle. Furthermore, some of the major themes of Nostromo are common to many of the other works I examine: the psychic imbalance of the Captain of Industry, the transfer of power from father to son, and the corroding influence of capital. Charles Gould, the heir and administrator of the San Tomé mine, betrays his deep love of his wife because he is obsessed with redeeming his father by rehabilitating the mine. Holroyd, the American who finances Gould's mining operation, is equally obsessed: his mix of national, religious and financial zeal blinds him to the ethics of his intervention in Costaguana.¹ Nostromo depicts a fallen world where Captains of Industry are neither worthy leaders nor deeply reliable men. Furthermore, some critics have found -- Edward Said, for example -- that the novel "embodies the same paternalistic arrogance that it mocks in characters like Gould and Holroyd" (Culture xviii).
Charles Gould's words (from the epigraph), in response to his wife's misgivings about the incomprehension of their influential backers about the nature of the country they are investing in and seem ready to take over, capture the paradox at the heart of what many regard as Conrad's greatest novel. The aggressive capitalism that is encroaching on new and exotic terrain (Costaguana, Sulaco, the Golfo Placido, the two Isabels, and especially the long-neglected site of the San Tomé mine that is called a "paradise of snakes") is driven as much by intangible quasi-spiritual motives as material ones. "I pin my faith to material interests" (100) invokes in the colloquial "pin" a psychological obliviousness not limited to Gould; in the word "faith," we have a clue to the spiritual dimension of character and the book's complex narrative structure as well as its rich vein of legendary and mythic allusions; and in the phrase "material interests," the historical and economic interests associated with modernization. Conrad sees both Holroyd and Gould as thinking of themselves as hard, practical men, but in his unfolding narrative shows them as almost unconscious visionaries who endow "material interests" with transcendent values. Gould plans to use material interests to satisfy powerful psychological needs of which he is largely unconscious -- and at a price so unconscionable he prefers not to think about it even when he intuitively realizes its enormity. And Holroyd similarly guards his involvement with Gould and the "reclamation" of the San Tomé mine with the zeal and secretiveness of a man involved in the power of illicit passion. Thus, Conrad's view of the Captain-of-Industry figure in what we may call the middle period of its ascendency is mystifying: both the American financial wizard and the transplanted English engineer are seen as propelled by spiritual and psychological forces of which they are only dimly and
fitfully aware. And yet on their visions the fates of whole countries and millions of people depend.

On the surface, Gould and Holroyd\textsuperscript{2} appear to be merely Captains of Industry at different stages of social and economic development. The Captain of Industry in his Victorian prime -- as depicted in Carlyle's \textit{Past and Present}, Mrs Gaskell's \textit{North and South}, and Brontë's \textit{Shirley} -- is an industrialist, a man of creative enterprise and an essentially admirable figure. Early twentieth-century fictional representations, however, record a deterioration of the type -- the Captain of Industry became a target of worried criticism and even an object of contempt. At least on the surface, Gould and Holroyd can be looked at as prototypes of Captains of Industry in these two stages of development. Conrad's fictional study of the role of "material interests" in the political history of Costaguana is in line with my introductory chapter's survey of the industrialization of nineteenth-century Britain. Gould's work in Costaguana is driven, as I shall show, by deep personal need, but he is also committed to saving his country from anarchy by establishing order and prosperity. Holroyd's investment in Costaguana, however, begins as a kind of hobby, but it too is not without its moral and psychological satisfactions.

Charles Gould to all appearances represents the nineteenth-century Captain of Industry.\textsuperscript{3} Holroyd, by contrast, is the twentieth-century version of the Captain of Industry, a financier on a grand scale working from his high sanctuary in San Francisco, and possessed of an almost visionary talent for making and manipulating money. Gould has been trained as a mining engineer -- in France and Belgium, not England -- and supervises much of the mine's work himself. He is not afraid to get his hands dirty, as it
were, unlike Holroyd, who remains far removed from the industries in which he invests. However mixed his motives, conscious and unconscious, Gould is closely involved with Costaguana and shows a sense of personal responsibility that Holroyd lacks; as he reminds Emilia at one point: "I was born here" (73). Though he looks, dresses, and talks like an English gentleman, he is a native Costaguanan.

Such schematization does not, of course, give a full account of the complex and convoluted structure of Nostromo, but it is a convenient way of focusing on how my topic is explored in this novel as well as showing how prototypical these two men are. My Captains of Industry fall into either the Gould or Holroyd mould, both representing, in the words of Fredric Jameson, "the informing centre of Nostromo," "the story of the heroic age of capitalist expansion . . . the end of the era when individual entrepreneurs were giants" (237-8).

Conrad's depiction of the Goulds' marriage intertwines the personal with the political. The influence of the San Tomé mine is paramount in the novel, affecting national and even continental politics as well as overshadowing all relationships, just as the mountain overshadows the surrounding landscape. Nostromo is, of course, a political novel, one in which "political ideas play a dominant role or in which the political milieu is the dominant setting" (Howe 17). It is sceptical about society and the individual's place in it, presenting "the loss of individual self-control and the defeat of will power by anonymous social forces, whether blind or directed by the menacing ingenuity of 'representative' leaders" (Hay 177). Neither Gould nor Holroyd nor even the eponymous Nostromo is the central focus of the book; that role is reserved for the "Treasure." The
silver of the San Tomé mine stands for "material interests" that "have become the rationale of modern economics and politics" (Hay 162). The novel can thus be easily read as a moral allegory about the danger of the relentless forces of materialism that underlies the ideology of progress and modernization.

When we trace the development of Sulaco from an archaic Europeanized city in the vast, ungainly state of Costaguana to the capital of the Occidental Republic, newly independent and underpinned by Anglo-American capital, we can see clearly the novel's complexities. One of the main points of Nostromo is that no matter what political system Costaguana may have -- be it the Presidency of Gould's uncle, the dictatorship of Guzman Bento, or the "Kingship" of Charles Gould -- the country does not "progress," and the people remain ignorant and impoverished. The very idea of "progress" itself is thus called into question as is that of stable happiness whatever that must be. As Jocelyn Baines remarks in his biography of Conrad, "the effect of the time shifts is almost to abolish time in Nostromo . . . . The elimination of progression from one event to another also has the effect of implying that nothing is ever achieved" (301). Conrad's scepticism about human development is in sharp contrast to liberal beliefs of the day; both H.G. Wells and E.M. Forster, for example, in their different ways, are hopeful about the future. As Albert Guerard remarks, Conrad regarded "certain institutions or instruments (notably capitalism, imperialism, revolution, political discourse itself) . . . [as] inherently destructive or futile" (177). Thus, in Sulaco, "where the military band plays sometimes in the evenings between the revolutions" (45) -- note the dismissively ironic tone of this statement -- a change from anarchic feudalism to modern capitalism does not signify any real improvement, only the
worship of a different god. In fact, the apotheosis of silver within the state makes things worse in some ways, as material interests and the capitalist state based on them prove ruthless and unjust in their own way and breed discontent.

Though Gould and Holroyd may be said to represent Captains of Industry at two different stages of economic evolution, they share the delusion that they can "master" the mine and not become obsessed with it. Under the mine's influence, however, Holroyd turns Costaguana from a hobby to a fetish; the urge to maintain the mine's production becomes so strong that he will even foster civil war to help the mine prosper. Similarly, Charles Gould allows his obsession to warp his love for his wife, just as his father's love for him had been warped by the mine. In this novel, as well as others I examine, it is love, conjugal and paternal, that is the first to suffer from social and political as well as psychological crises. For Gould, the mine proves to be a moral, emotional, and spiritual curse; and the silver it produces, valueless in itself, becomes a symbol of the signification process that Conrad suggests robs people of humanity. But as the psychological roots of his quasi-adulterous passion for the mine indicate, materialism is merely the means by which Gould seeks to express his emotional obsession: only through the mine, which destroyed his father and for which his father abandoned him, sending him away in his boyhood to be educated in Europe, can his obsession with his father be channelled.

Gould has been judged harshly by some critics. Martin Seymour-Smith says that "Gould's piety . . . together with his murder of his wife's happiness, is what makes him the most repulsive character in the book" (15). But I would argue that Gould sincerely believes that material progress can bring benefit to his country, and that he is treated with
sympathy, even though it is the force of his own obsession that drives him and not
civic/altruistic dedication. Furthermore, we see that Gould is capable of love, at least up
to a point, whereas we have no reason to think that Holroyd is.

Holroyd's American chauvinism, European roots, and Protestant zeal are the most
important parts of his makeup. John Batchelor claims in The Life of Joseph Conrad: A
Critical Biography that "Conrad the purebred Pole looks down with aristocratic disdain at
the hybrid vigour of this aggressive mongrel" (137). Indeed, the initial description of
Holroyd may give some credence to this supposition. Although the fetish of racial purity
that Batchelor invokes may give us pause, nothing in Conrad's words justifies Batchelor's
pejorative term "mongrel":

He was a big-limbed, deliberate man, whose quiet burliness lent to an
ample silk-faced frock coat a superfine dignity. His hair was iron grey, his
eyebrows were still black, and his massive profile was the profile of a
Caesar's head on an old Roman coin. But his parentage was German and
Scotch and English, with remote strains of Danish and French blood, giving
him the temperament of a Puritan and an insatiable imagination of
conquest. (94)

As in much Edwardian culture, particularly popular culture like newspapers and
magazines, American capitalism is here used as a symbol of impassioned but crass
materialism. To understand Holroyd's role in the novel historically we may recall the 1897
Spanish-American War, the American thrust into Panama, and Theodore Roosevelt's talk
about America as a chosen country. Then we can see Holroyd, based on Frederick M.
Kelley, a New York capitalist (Fleishman 170), as a visionary "Robber Baron" typical of
the "first" Roosevelt and the American expansionism of his era.

American historical documents of the time strikingly confirm Conrad's evocation of Holroyd as an American and a militant Protestant. Here, for example, is a passage from the 1904 Roosevelt Corollary to the Monroe Doctrine:

Chronic wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing, or impotence, to the exercise of an international peace power. (Donovan 147)

As a "civilized" power, the United States claims the right to invade other countries it considers uncivilized and lawless. (The American attitude to Cuba in the last forty years is a familiar case in our own time that illustrates the persistence of that attitude.) Holroyd sees his support of Gould in the same spirit of righteous imperialism. American arrogance, which Conrad condemned in Roosevelt, is also part of his characterization of Holroyd. Roosevelt first became President in September of 1901, after President William McKinley was assassinated by an anarchist. He was re-elected in November of 1904, the month Nostromo was published. In a letter of 26 December 1903 to R.B. Cunningham Graham, Conrad had asked "What do you think of the Yankee Conquistadores in Panama?" (Karl 1903-1907 102). Holroyd believes his money and religion will save Costaguana, bringing it prosperity and good order. While Gould, who can hardly see beyond his own obsession, seems indifferent to Holroyd's grand design, Emilia, who represents the moral centre of
the novel -- she is described as lacking "the most legitimate touch of materialism" (93) --
senses that Holroyd's ignorance about the country and insensitivity to its realities could be
pernicious. Having come to love Costaguana and "to appreciate the great worth of the
people" (103), she warns her husband about the danger Holroyd represents. "This seems
to me the most awful materialism" (99), she tells him, but he has pinned his vision to
"material interests" and cannot afford to let go.

Holroyd is "absent" for much of the novel; only during his one visit to Sulaco in
Chapter 6 of Part One is he at all a "presence." Most of the time, he remains a shadowy
figure on the top floor of his skyscraper in San Francisco. His name appears only
twenty-two times, not much considering his influence on Costaguanan affairs (Parins 99).
The first time his name is mentioned -- in a conversation between Sir John and the
engineer-in-chief -- it has, of course, little significance: "The Holroyd house is in with
[Gould] in that mine, so you may imagine -- " (68). This allusion comes too early to make
an impact, and for many pages we are allowed to forget it; when we read in the next
chapter about "an American, a man from San Francisco" (85) that Gould wants to meet,
we do not at first even make the connection with Holroyd. The first reading of Nostromo
is a process of suspended or deferred signification.

By the time Gould gains his interview with Holroyd, he has just married, his father
is dead, and he is eager to assume his inheritance, despite his father's warnings "never to
return to Costaguana, never to claim any part of [your] inheritance there, because it was
tainted by the infamous Concession" (79). Driven by complicated psychological reasons
to defy his father's wish in order, as he believes, to vindicate him, he needs capital to
realize his project of getting the mine back into profitable working order. Having met Holroyd's brother-in-law in a mining district in Germany, Gould travels to San Francisco to seek Holroyd out. He finds him sympathetic and congenial. From the perspective of later developments in the narrative, we may say that a childless man who in some ways remains child-like -- a "boy" -- has found a father-figure; Holroyd, himself childless, may see in Gould something like a son; we are not actually told so. But there is, as many critics have noticed, a father-son dynamic between them, and it is perverse because it is based not on love but on economics. Holroyd gets a return on his investment, and Gould gets the capital to realize his ambition, which is profoundly private but has enormous public repercussions.

When Holroyd visits Costaguana, at Gould's invitation and encouraged by his own doctor, Conrad allows us to see him only through the impressions of the Goulds:

'Mr Holroyd's sense of religion,' Mrs Gould pursued, 'was shocked and disgusted at the tawdriness of the dressed-up saints in the cathedral -- the worship, he called it, of wood and tinsel. But it seemed to me that he looked upon his own God as a sort of influential partner, who gets his share of profits in the endowment of churches' . . . 'He's at the head of immense silver and mine interests,' Charles Gould observed.

'Ah, yes! The religion of silver and iron. He's a very civil man, though he looked awfully solemn when he first saw the Madonna on the staircase, who's only wood and paint; but he said nothing to me. My dear Charley, I heard those men talk among themselves. Can it be that they really wish to become, for an immense consideration, drawers of water and hewers of wood to all the countries and nations of the earth?'

'A man must work to some end,' Charles Gould said, vaguely. (90)

As an effect of this exchange of impressions we sense the emerging differences between
Charles and Emilia, who had started out apparently inspired by the same vision of not only vindicating the elder Mr Gould's memory but also redeeming Costaguana from chaos and poverty. Charles' intense preoccupation with the mine -- private, but visionary in its way -- makes him blind to Holroyd's essential lack of sympathy for his project and for Costaguana.

Gould's vague response to Emilia almost automatically invokes the Carlylean belief in the redemptive power of work. He pays no attention to his wife's uneasiness, letting it lie unarticulated so as not to consider Holroyd's indifference to his own professed goal of bringing peace and prosperity to Costaguana. Holroyd's "work" -- the manipulation of figures and numbered companies without consideration of the faces or countries behind the numbers -- is not an activity at which Holroyd toils or which might redeem him.

In their commitment to their very different ideals and visions, both Gould and Holroyd are extremists -- zealots in their different ways -- and therefore dangerous. Martin Decoud sees Gould as oblivious to everything except his own "dream." Gould's obsession, with the damage it wreaks on his marriage, is indeed the focus of much of the book. Holroyd's vision is less personal and more global, which makes him more menacing:

The Costaguana Government shall play its hand for all it's worth -- and don't you forget it, Mr Gould. Now, what is Costaguana? It is the bottomless pit of ten-per-cent loans and other foolish investments. European capital had been flung into it with both hands for years. Not ours, though. We in this country know just about enough to keep indoors when it rains. We can sit and watch. Of course, some day we shall step in. We are bound to. But there's no hurry. Time itself has got to wait on the greatest country in the whole of God's universe. We shall be giving the word for
everything: industry, trade, law, journalism, art, politics, and religion, from Cape Horn clear over to Smith's Sound, and beyond, too, if anything worth taking hold of turns up at the North Pole. (94)

His earlier reference to the Atacama Nitrate fields shows that he cares nothing for other countries and governments; they will come and go, but American power, Protestant Christianity, and material interests will prevail. To Holroyd, South American governments are nothing more than corrupt and inefficient nuisances that can and must be bought off whenever it suits him, and one must admit that Conrad's narrative does not offer much evidence to challenge his view.

To the world at large, Holroyd seems blameless: "his lavish patronage of the 'purer forms of Christianity' . . . was looked upon by his fellow-citizens as the manifestation of a pious and humble spirit" (97). His belief in the purity of the Protestant religion as opposed to others (especially the Roman Catholic religion of Costaguana and the rest of South America) corresponds to his belief in the purity of free-market capitalism. His place of business reflects the man himself and his beliefs. The narrator refers to the eleven-story Holroyd building as a "workshop" (97) or "factory" (145), and to the office workers as "insignificant pieces of minor machinery" (97). This edifice, "an enormous pile of iron, glass, and blocks of stone at the corner of two streets, cobwebbed aloft by the radiation of telegraph wires" (97), is described in terms of symbolic suggestiveness: "cobwebbed" compares Holroyd to a spider, and "radiation" implies, whether intentionally or not, the unhealthiness of capitalist ventures. In line with the underlying psychological and quasi-spiritual connection between Charles Gould and Holroyd that I have suggested, it is
significant that Holroyd insists on handling the affairs of the San Tomé mine himself, even to the point of "actually writing in his own hand . . . and, it was supposed, taking a copy in his own private press copybook, inaccessible to profane eyes" (97). We may note in passing the implications and impact on the "signifying system" of the narrative of the word "profane." In keeping before us the large underlying philosophical issues at the heart of the complex plot concerned with "material issues," it reminds us that the energy that drives its two Captains of Industry is at heart visionary, even as it is made increasingly clear to us that the nature of their visions is warped.

His employees attribute to Holroyd the most grandiose designs. The knowledge that Holroyd answers the Costaguanan mail personally is enough to generate whispering among his staff. Those with long service with Holroyd, "full of romantic reverence for the business that had devoured their best years" (98), speculate that he may want to take over the whole country. But Holroyd's interest in Costaguana is at first almost whimsical: he goes in with Gould's project to restore the mine almost as a personal hobby. He will let the mine go without a thought if it fails: "A success would have pleased him very much on refreshingly novel grounds; but, on the other side of the same feeling, it was incumbent upon him to cast it off utterly at the first sign of failure" (98).

But like Gould, he becomes more involved with the mine than he expected. In Chapter 1 of Part Two, we see he is already involved in Costaguanan affairs, financing the Ribierist party, though admittedly at Charles Gould's behest:

In the confidential communications passing between Charles Gould, the King of Sulaco, and the head of the silver and steel interests far away in
California, the conviction was growing that any attempt made by men of education and integrity ought to be discreetly supported. 'You may tell your friend Avellanos that I think so,' Mr. Holroyd had written at the proper moment from his inviolable sanctuary within the eleven-storey-high factory of great affairs. And shortly afterwards, with a credit opened by the Third Southern Bank (located next door but one to the Holroyd Building), the Ribierist party in Costaguana took a practical shape under the eye of the administrator of the San Tomé mine. (145)

Though still relatively disengaged, Holroyd has moved from his rather sinister "hobby" -- the fascination of "running a man" (98) -- to the more ambitious challenge of running a country, which brings him closer to his grand vision as well as the ignorant speculations of his staff. Conrad is ironic in describing Holroyd's views: revolution is "discreetly" supported, while Ribiera, the unruly and incompetent Creole who is the figurehead leader of the "democratic" forces, is called a man of "education and integrity." Holroyd himself is at an impeccable distance from the conflict, secluded in the sanctuary of his work place. Even his banking machinations are discreet: the third Southern Bank and Holroyd's building are separated by another building, as if direct contact between the two might defile the purity of Holroyd's operation.

Charles Gould takes comfort in his distance from Holroyd to exercise his own initiative; it is hinted, as I have suggested, that he is not sure to what extent he and his backer are actually in step in the crisis of the counter-revolution. Would Holroyd support Gould's plan to blow up the mine if there is no hope of keeping it from the Monterist forces? In his conversation with the engineer-in-chief of the railway being built by British interests, Gould implicitly makes clear that the vision that drives him and the priorities that he obeys are different from Holroyd's:
'The Gould Concession has struck such deep roots in this country, in this province, in that gorge of the mountains, that nothing but dynamite shall be allowed to dislodge it from there. It's my choice. It's my last card to play.'

The engineer-in-chief whistled low. 'A pretty game,' he said, with a shade of discretion. 'And have you told Holroyd of that extraordinary trump card you hold in your hand?'

'Card only when it's played; when it falls at the end of the game. Till then you may call it a -- a --'

'Weapon,' suggested the railway man.

'No. You may call it rather an argument,' corrected Charles Gould, gently. 'And that's how I've presented it to Mr Holroyd.'

'And what did he say to it?' asked the engineer, with undisguised interest.

'He' -- Charles Gould spoke after a slight pause -- he said something about holding on like grim death and putting our trust in God. I should imagine he must have been rather startled. But then' -- pursued the Administrador of the San Tomé mine -- 'but then, he is very far away, you know, and, as they say in this country, God is very high above.' (192-3)

But it is interesting to note that Holroyd now wants to hold on "like grim death"; control of the mine is now a battle, not a game, and he does not worry any more about throwing good money after bad. Gould's desperate extremism differs from Holroyd's commitment, but he is confident of support: "Charles Gould felt sure of being understood with precision and judged with the indulgence of their common passion. Nothing now could surprise or startle this great man" (322). As the engineer-in-chief remarks to Dr Monygham, "they have been made for each other" (275).

When we hear about him almost for the last time, we are told that

Costaguana had become necessary to his existence; in the San Tomé mine he had found the imaginative satisfaction which other minds would get
from drama, from art, or from a risky and fascinating sport. (322)

Having originally put Ribiero in power, and watched him routed, Gould and Holroyd, embracing the cynical Decoud's plan, finance a separatist revolution that cuts off Sulaco and the San Tomé mine from the rest of Costaguana. Gould imagines himself writing a letter to Holroyd,

I am forced to take up openly the plan of a provincial revolution as the only way of placing the enormous material interests involved in the prosperity and peace of Sulaco in a position of permanent safety. (322)

Holroyd's assent to this bold scheme (which despite its "progressive" principles is not without presumption) is understood; and, with nine chapters remaining, and the civil war unresolved, he is not mentioned again. But his presence is felt through his influence, as the success of the fledgling Occidental Republic draws to Sulaco Americans and Europeans in the service of material interests.

III

Despite Holroyd's far-reaching power and grandiose vision, it is clear that Gould is the more important character of the two, and even the more important (from a literary point of view) Captain of Industry in the scheme of the novel. As Eloise Knapp Hay says in *The Political Novels of Joseph Conrad*:
There is something heroic in Gould's willingness to bear the brunt of adverse fortune when his utopian dream turns to ashes. He is no foreign exploiter, like Holroyd, nor does he even intellectually repudiate his country as Decoud does. (189)

Furthermore, Gould is a man of action, and through his actions and character and the regard others have for him, he approaches tragic and heroic stature. Even Martin Seymour-Smith, who sees Gould as "simply a corrupt colonialist," says that his "fall is the worst in the novel not only because of his betrayal of his wife, but also because, with his powers, he might have been a truly enlightened man, a liberator" (15-6).

If Holroyd is usually seen holed up in his penthouse office in San Francisco, the dominant image we have of Gould is active, "tall in the saddle," and apparently larger than life, emphatically like the statue of his namesake, the Emperor Charles IV, in front of his house:

Charles Gould, to use the suitably lofty phrase, rode like a centaur. Riding for him was not a special form of exercise; it was a natural faculty, as walking straight is to all men sound of mind and limb; but, all the same, when cantering beside the rutty ox-cart track to the mine he looked in his English clothes and with his imported saddlery as though he had come this moment to Costaguana at his easy swift pasotrote [trot], straight out of some green meadow at the other side of the world. (72)

Gould appears always to be working and intent on making others work. In the early stages of his project, we see him travelling "all over the province in the search for labour" (101) -- in effect, as people recognize, rousing the country from its inertia.
'Ah, Don Carlos! What we want is advanced men like you in the province. The lethargy -- the lethargy of these aristocrats! The want of public spirit. The absence of all enterprise!' (105)

But as the novel emphasizes, the life of action, like the silver of the San Tomé mine, is not necessarily all good. Both the nature of the action and the state of mind in which it is undertaken come to be emphasized as crucial considerations in moral judgement and the quest for happiness.

Gould's first actions are simple, energetic, and have almost immediate results: "The clearing of the wilderness, the making of the road, the cutting of new paths up the cliff face of San Tomé" (116-7). But this imposition of human vision, will, and energy on nature has symbolic implications. As Edward Said remarks, "The real action . . . is psychological and concerns man's overambitious intention to create his own world because the world as he finds it is somehow intolerable" (130). Assessing the novel's bleak vision, Said concludes that the lesson of Nostromo is that "the world created by man is just as intolerable as the world he has attempted to supersede" (130). Thus, the Occidental Republic, the new state created by Gould and his allies, may indeed be a vast improvement on the anarchic and lethargic Costaguana of old, but it is clear that material and political progress has bred new discontents. And Gould himself, although a great success, is a lost soul, not the heroic horseman anymore but a little boy, at least in the eyes of his unhappy but ever compassionate wife. As Ian Watt observes:
He has made a great success of the mine; and the value of the enormous energy and self-discipline that it took should not be underestimated . . . . [but] he is the slave of the mine, and its capitalist allies; he has become only what he does. (60-1)

Although he is proud of being a born Costaguanan, his manner, breeding, education and outlook are, as is often stressed, quintessentially English:

He looked more English than a casual tourist, a sort of heretic pilgrim, however, quite unknown in Sulaco. He looked more English than the last arrived batch of young railway engineers, than anybody out of the hunting-field pictures in the numbers of Punch reaching his wife's drawing-room two months or so after date. (71-72)

Together with Holroyd's distinct brand of American imperialism, Gould's Englishness personifies the global expansion of Anglo-American capital. But as Conrad comes to diagnose his "case," we come to see that his gentlemanly appearance and manners uneasily mask a convoluted and tormented psyche. His elegance, linked above with old numbers of Punch, may be out of date as well as out of place in Costaguana.

It is interesting to parallel Gould with Hirsch, the trader in hides: both men are involved with business, but characters in the novel look at the two quite differently. Hirsch is an object of contempt, whereas Gould is an object of reverence. The reason is simple: Gould veils his money-making under the guise of the gentleman, whereas Hirsch is more open about his and lacks the suave urbanity of Gould.
Like Gerald Crich in *Women in Love*, Charles wants to succeed where his father failed. He wishes to make a success of the mine that broke his father's spirit in order to vindicate him but also to triumph over him, to express the feelings of thwarted love and neglect that the narrator makes clear to us but not to Gould himself. Gould's desire to "re-write" his father's history elicits great sympathy from Emilia and also from the reader, for it makes his ambition seem noble in its filial devotion. He also genuinely believes that a restored functioning mine will benefit all of Costaguana:

What is wanted here is law, good faith, order, security. Anyone can declaim about these things, but I pin my faith to material interests. Only let the material interests once get a firm footing, and they are bound to impose the conditions on which alone they can continue to exist . . . . A better justice will come afterwards. That's your ray of hope. (100)

His wife is inspired by his vision and commits herself to him unreservedly. These early days of hope and innocence and, as it turns out, delusion, are their happiest time together.

Even Gould's wilful defiance of his father's wishes is at this stage seen as heroic, as when Emilia says to him: "Charley . . . you are splendidly disobedient" (100).

In insisting that "we Goulds are no adventurers" (85), Charles Gould tries to see the whole colonialist project in which he is enmeshed as civilized and rational. Like his father, he insists, he "was of the country, and he loved it, but he remained essentially an Englishman in his ideas" (85). In other words, he says, Costaguana has not essentially changed the Goulds; theirs is not a heart of darkness, but of light. He regards his European education as a safeguard against the torpor of Costaguana: "I've been away ten
years. Dad never had such a long spell; and it was more than thirty years ago" (82).

Labouring under delusions, like so many characters in the book, Charles Gould simply cannot see until it is too late that the mine holds him firm in its grip. He ignores his own warning intimations -- "For a moment he felt as if the silver mine, which had killed his father, had decoyed him further than he meant to go" (101) -- and eventually resigns himself to the fact that "It was impossible to disentangle one's activity from its debasing contacts" (308). He is tricked by the power of the mine, which is described as

more far-reaching and subtle than an honest blade of steel fitted into a simple brass guard. More dangerous to the wielder, too, this weapon of wealth, double-edged with the cupidity and misery of mankind, steeped in all the vices of self-indulgence as in a concoction of poisonous roots, tainting the very cause for which it is drawn, always ready to turn awkwardly in the hand. There was nothing for it now but to go on using it. But he promised himself to see it shattered into small bits before he let it be wrenched from his grasp. (311)

Although he sees himself here with "blinding sight" (as Dylan Thomas wrote in a different context), he can do nothing about it; he must stagger on, like Macbeth, for there is no going back, as he tells his wife when she expresses misgivings about their massive intrusion into "the paradise of snakes." (Conrad alludes to Macbeth frequently in the novel as part of his sustained and intricate attempt to make a link between material interests and the legendary, mythical, and spiritual.) Gould even comes to accept, at least in his behaviour, the swashbuckling aspect of his character that he had once denied:

For all the uprightness of his character, he had something of an adventurer's
easy morality which takes count of personal risk in the ethical appraising of his action . . . something, too, of the spirit of a buccaneer throwing a lighted match into the magazine rather than surrender his ship. (311-2)

His attitude towards wealth, however, is different from Holroyd's; like Gerald in Women in Love, he cares little about it. As Decoud says about him, he is above all a sentimentalist bent on realizing his dream of redeeming his father. He "had been obliged to keep the idea of wealth well to the fore; but he brought it forward as a means, not as an end" (93). By contrast, Holroyd lives to amass wealth, perhaps not altogether for itself but for power -- and apparently not just his own power but the power of the United States of America and Protestant Christianity -- aims so vast and dubious that to pursue them through wealth is almost indistinguishable from the pursuit of wealth for its own sake. Initially, Gould sees himself as so different from Holroyd that, listening to him expound his vision of history and the future, he dismisses the financier as a dreamer:

In comparison to the correctness of his aim, definite in space and absolutely attainable within a limited time, the other man appeared for an instant as a dreamy idealist of no importance. (95)

But through the very contingencies in which he seeks assurance, as well as through his dependence on Holroyd, he soon moves much closer to Holroyd's position. The success of the mine, no matter what the cost, becomes their common aim.

Without an ideology such as Holroyd's, apart from his pragmatic belief in the efficacy of material interest, social order and prosperity, Gould is enslaved by the mine
because of his "splendid disobedience" in rejecting his father's warnings. He recalls for Emilia, "[my father] was a lonely man. Ever since I was ten years old he used to talk to me as if I had been grown up" (92). But grown up is just what he is not: his father's harangues and absence from his son preserve in Charles Gould a quality of boyishness that his wife comes to recognize. It is this quality that drives him to construct himself as a hero out of a G.A. Henty story and to see himself as a pure man who will win against overwhelming odds where his father failed. But the text, as Dorothy van Ghent points out,

ruthlessly subverts all expectations of the kind of realist novel of epic action and exotic escapade which the title, subtitle and opening chapter deceptively arouse. In doing so it embodies an aggressive refusal of the hegemonic "providential" conception of history which finds ready mediation in the heroic and "colourful" historical "yarn". (48)

Although Conrad makes subtle use of these genres in his narrative, Gould's life is not an adventure story, and in patterning his actions according to such narratives, Gould shows a dearth of imagination.

When Gould proposes to Emilia he believes their relationship can remain untouched by the morass of Costaguanan politics that ruined his father, and the narrator, nudging us along, expresses his sympathy for both of them and their plans:

These two young people remembered the life which had ended wretchedly just when their own lives had come together in that splendour of hopeful love, which to the most sensible minds appears like a triumph of good over all the evils of the earth. A vague idea of rehabilitation had entered the
plan of their life. (92)

For a time, their hopeful love functions in harmony with Gould's equally hopeful plans for the mine, and both the love and "the vague idea of rehabilitation" seem to be crowned with success. But Charles becomes obsessed with the mine in a way that he never expected. He suppresses his intimations of what is presented as a quasi-adulterous betrayal, but Conrad indicates the sterility of Gould's vision and its psychological roots in his failure to give Emilia the children she wants. This link is first intimated in the extraordinary scene when the mine yields its first silver ingot:

On the occasion when the fires under the first set of retorts in their shed had glowed far into the night she did not retire to rest on the rough cadre set up for her in the as yet bare frame-house till she had seen the first spongy lump of silver yielded to the hazards of the world by the dark depths of the Gould Concession; she had laid her unmercenary hands, with an eagerness that made them tremble, upon the first silver ingot turned out still warm from the mould; and by her imaginative estimate of its power she endowed that lump of metal with a justificative conception, as though it were not a mere fact, but something far-reaching and impalpable, like the true expression of an emotion or the emergence of a principle. (117)

As the language near the end of the passage makes clear, Emilia at this point is still at one with her husband, and indeed shows her own susceptibility to the seductions of idealization as "she endowed that lump of metal with a justificative conception." She cannot anticipate how the mine will come between her and Charles -- or that this metallic fecundity will be the only one they will ever experience.

Once the mine begins "pouring its treasure down the wooden shoots to the
unresting batteries of stamps" (139), Gould feels that his fate is set and that there is no
limit to the price he will pay to protect his achievement. As he tells his wife, who by now
has an inkling of the true nature of the man she loves:

'I thought you had understood me perfectly from the first,' Charles
Gould said, slowly. 'I thought we had said all there was to say a long time
ago. There is nothing to say now. There were things to be done. We have
done them; we have gone on doing them. There is no going back now. I
don't suppose that, even from the first, there was really any possible way
back. And, what's more, we can't even afford to stand still.'

'Ah, if one only knew how far you mean to go,' said his wife,
inwardly trembling, but in an almost playful tone.

'Any distance, any length, of course,' was the answer, in a
matter-of-fact tone, which caused Mrs Gould to make another effort to
repress a shudder. (193-4)

That Emilia functions as the conscience within the novel is particularly evident
here. Her shudder expresses her foreboding, her sense of his bizarre infidelity. Charles
has of course changed: having enlisted Emilia as a partner in this mission to redeem his
father and help his country, all he knows now is that he must go "Any distance, any
length" to preserve his achievement; he has been transformed from a "sentimentalist" into
something of a madman.

Never fully a husband, Charles Gould remains too much his father's son. As I have
already pointed out, Emilia increasingly comes to see him as a boy:

Charles Gould walked rapidly round the table, and, seizing her hands, bent
down, pressing them both to her lips. Before he straightened himself up
again to his full height she had disengaged one to smooth his cheek with a
little touch, as if he were a little boy. (194)
And near the end of the novel she still refers to him as a "poor boy." It is as if the mine has absorbed his sexual energy as well as his creative vitality, preventing him from growing up, drying up his "hopeful love" for Emilia.

Just as the mine brings out the narrow rigidity of his character, it induces a regimentation of his work force. Described at first in vivid and colourful language -- "infinitely graduated shades of reddish-brown, of blackish-brown, of coppery-brown backs" (112) -- after a few years of service, they are seen (like Gerald Crich's workers) as parts of a vast machine. Modernization, or, as Conrad says, "The material apparatus of perfected civilization . . . obliterates the individuality of old towns" (109). Like a river running over all kinds of stones, material progress erodes away difference and produces homogeneity. 

The miners of the "rehabilitated" San Tomé mine, most of them Indians brought in from the interior of Costaguana, must all wear green and live in villages designated by a number (primero, segundo, tercero). When they appear in Sulaco on feast days, they are marked by garments and insignia purchased from the company store.

over the worn-out antiquity of Sulaco . . . the San Tomé mine had already thrown its subtle influence. It had altered, too, the outward character of the crowds on feast days on the plaza before the open portal of the cathedral, by the number of white ponchos with a green stripe affected as holiday wear by the San Tomé miners. They had also adopted white hats with green cord and braid -- articles of good quality, which could be obtained in the storehouse of the administration for very little money. (109)
The miners "were proud of, and attached to, the mine" (336), accepting conformity with enthusiasm and finding strength in solidarity. At this stage, like Undershaft's workers, it seems that they have never been happier. But in contrast with the situation at Perivale St Andrews, the process of industrialization and modernization as depicted in the novel's fictional new world breeds new tensions here. The mine that at first gave the workers security and solidarity is seen at the end of the book becoming a focus for resentment and hostility fomented by newly organized trade unions.\(^\text{12}\)

Only a few characters apprehend the new instability that the mine has provoked in reaction to its success. Emilia's vision at the end of the novel is full of authoritative foreboding:

> She saw the San Tomé mountain hanging over the Campo, over the whole land, feared, hated, wealthy; more soulless than any tyrant, more pitiless and autocratic than the worst Government; ready to crush innumerable lives in the expansion of its greatness. He did not see it. He could not see it. It was not his fault. He was perfect, perfect; but she would never have him to herself. Never, not for one short hour altogether to herself in this old Spanish house she loved so well! . . . she saw clearly the San Tomé mine possessing, consuming, burning up the life of the last of the Costaguana Goulds; mastering the energetic spirit of the son as it had mastered the lamentable weakness of the father. (431)

As Guerard says, Emilia understands the "fatality of capitalism, which destroys or corrupts even as it creates" (203).

As in Shaw's Major Barbara, capital and industry in Nostromo can assure humanity's salvation or damnation. What is needed is a man strong enough to wield the
power without being corrupted by it -- not men like Gould or Holroyd, who bring to the exercise of power intrinsic character flaws. In showing so many people succumbing to the mine's power, Conrad questions whether such pure individuals exist, whether indeed the whole liberal notion of progress that seems to depend on such idealized figures is at all credible. What Conrad also is questioning is the spiritual reality of historical progress. Even if political and material improvements take place, it seems that no stable human happiness can ever be achieved.

As the novel ends, the political future of the new Occidental Republic is uncertain, even though "progressive" material interests have triumphed and prosperity and order reign. Father Corbelan and Antonia Avellanos, we are told, are hoping to "annex the rest of Costaguana to the order and prosperity of Sulaco" (422), reversing the separatist counter-revolution at the heart of the complicated political plot. The novel's epigraph, from Shakespeare's King John, "so foul a sky clears not without a storm," suggests, as Juliet McLauchlan says, "revolutionary changes are almost cyclical: from Separatism to Federation, to Separatism, to the suggestion of Federation at the end" (10). Father Corbelan, now an Archbishop, resents the influence of Anglo-American and mainly Protestant if not actually atheist technocrats and businessmen. For the time being at least, he is in sympathy with the vaguely Marxist agitation among the new trade unions: "'Let them beware'," he says, speaking of the capitalist ruling class, "'lest the people prevented from their aspirations, should rise and claim their share of the wealth and their share of the power'" (422).

McLauchlan, like other critics, has claimed that this discontent signifies that the
state will undergo another political transformation: a popular rejection of capitalism leading to a just and fair socialist state. But this reasoning seems to me to go against both the book in general as well as against Conrad's basic assumptions about human beings and politics. *Nostromo* implies that dreams for a perfectly just state go against the human condition and the nature of history and politics, and that even if Corbelan and Avellanos together with a politicized working class were to achieve power, they would in turn provoke forces of misrule, anarchy and repression that characterize the history not only of Costaguana, but also of human society in general. The Sulaco that Charles Gould has "rehabilitated" may be materially better in many ways than the old Costaguana, but it has not ushered in a golden age. As David Daiches says in *The Novel and the Modern World*, *Nostromo* is a novel of despair:

*Nostromo* is very far from presenting a picture of a good or even a potentially good society being corrupted by the pressures of modern capitalism . . . So if the novel ends with a picture of the silver mine, symbol of modern capitalism and of material interests as well as economic imperialism, crushing out the reality of human relationships from daily human life, this is not presented so as to suggest that any other possible solution would be more hopeful. It is the despairing politics of the pessimistic conservative. Society cannot work morally. (44-5)

In *The Political Unconscious*, Fredric Jameson makes much the same point as Daiches:

It should be stated that the destructive effects of capitalism, both irreversible and fatal to the older social forms, are not particularly due to conscious planning on the part of the businessmen, who are neither personally wicked nor, in the earlier stages of this process at least, self-conscious efficiency experts. Rather the process is objective, and is
 impersonally achieved, or at least set in motion, by the penetration of a money economy and the consequent need to re-organize local institutions on a cash basis. (227)

Jameson sees the two men I consider Captains of Industry trapped in a process they cannot control. In the prison-house of history, Jameson insists, choices are more apparent than real, which may lead us to feel a sense of helplessness that includes the act of literary analysis, even as rigorous and self-aware as Jameson's own:

Jameson's Marxism assumes that the reified state of capitalist social life excludes practical action, or, as he says, imposes 'structural limits' on 'praxis' (Political, 91) and permits only a speculative utopian critique preserving theoretical norms and scientific neutrality. At the same time, his approach denies that criticism can meaningfully challenge the dystopia of modern life, merge utopia and reality, or open a path from the existential present to the utopian future. (Goldstein 159-60)

Jameson believes that one cannot get outside the ideological system represented in Nostromo, and the historically driven force of the capitalism critiqued in the novel is ultimately caught up in a vision of a tragic cycle beyond personal control.

Terry Eagleton, discussing the political and existential resonance of captaincy as a metaphor and the ship as community, sees as clearly as Carlyle did where the metaphor may lead:

The ship is an organic community which, with its hierarchical structure of stable functions, curtails subversive individualism and anarchic imagination. (133)
Eagleton understands the cultural contradictions inherent in much of Conrad's work:

"Nineteenth-century imperialism demanded the production of a corporate, messianic, idealist ideology; but it demanded this at precisely the point where mid-Victorian faith in progress was being eroded into pessimism, subjectivism and irrationalism" (134). The heavy-handed Captain-of-Industry figure is simply not in keeping with the sympathies of the modern age.

The two Captains of Industry portrayed in this novel -- the grandiose "Yankee" and the distracted "Englishman" -- wield power and realize their aspirations at a cost that may leave us disturbed about the Carlylean reliance on "Heroes and Hero Worship," especially when we realize, with Jameson, that as individuals and as critics we are subject to the very same limitations as Holroyd and Gould.
Chapter 2 -- Notes

1 Norman Sherry suggests that the name Costaguana is an amalgamation of Costa Rica and guano (manure) (190). The symbolic importance of the name becomes greater once we realize that one of the reasons for the War of the Pacific, 1879-83, with Chile fighting Bolivia and Peru, was that there was a dispute about rights to the rich deposits of guano on the shore near Mejillones, in Bolivian territory.

2 Both these names have a symbolic suggestiveness: "Gould" is close to "gold," evoking by association the silver mine; and "Holroyd" is close to "Holy rood," or "Holy rod," which points to his missionary view of his investments in Costaguana and the global rule of the United States.

3 As John Batchelor explains in The Edwardian Novelists, Gould's "high Victorian laissez-faire individualism" is key to understanding his character.

4 Nostromo is considered to be the first of Conrad's three political novels, the other two being The Secret Agent (1907) and Under Western Eyes (1911).

5 For a full chronology, see Cedric Watts, A Preface to Conrad, pp. 171-3.

6 Helen Rieselbach, for example, calls Holroyd "almost a second father to
[Gould]" (18); while Catherine Rising calls him "a substitute father" (105).

7 As we shall see in the Tono-Bungay chapter, Wells frequently uses radiation metaphors in that novel to describe wealth, particularly in the quap episode.

8 It is interesting that as well as being linked with Holroyd, Gould is also associated with Nostromo. Both are men of action, and just as Gould aims to rouse the country as a whole, Nostromo is rousing his company of dockers out of bed and driving them to work; each comes to be called a slave of the mine.

9 The same process of homogenization occurs with the towns of Wiggiston in Lawrence's The Rainbow, Coketown in Dickens' Hard Times and Milton Northern in Gaskell's North and South.

10 This colour is ironic because of its association with nature and the wilderness. Green is the colour of chlorophyll, of natural growth. The mine does grow, of course, but it is inorganic growth. The mechanical mine thus disguises itself as the natural.

11 There is some similarity between this aspect of Nostromo and Aldous Huxley's dystopian Brave New World (1932), where workers wear the colours appropriate to their caste.
12 Nostromo, growing rich "slowly" (417), and now calling himself "Captain Fidanza," associates himself in his disenchantment with this simmering discontent.
CHAPTER 3

Galsworthy and the Captain of Industry
in Strife and The Man of Property

"Democracy, which means despair of finding any Heroes to govern you, and . . . putting-up with the want of them . . . seest well how close it is of kin to Atheism, and other sad Isms; he who discovers no God whatever, how shall he discover Heroes, the visible temples of God?"

Carlyle, Past and Present (214-5)

I

Nowadays, critics think of John Galsworthy more as a novelist than as a dramatist, remembering him for his The Man of Property (1906) or perhaps all of The Forsyte Saga (1922). One of the few works of criticism on Galsworthy published in the last twenty years, Alec Fréchet's John Galsworthy: A Reassessment (1982), for example, deals largely with the novels and only passingly with the plays. During Galsworthy's own life, however, his plays were well thought of, and many critics considered them superior to his novels.

In 1916, Sheila Kaye-Smith was of the opinion, original at that time, that "Galsworthy takes his place in modern literature chiefly by virtue of his plays" (17). She explained her view by going on to say that "his lack of complete success as a novelist is partly due to those characteristics which have made him so successful as a playwright" (52): "the drama is a lawful means of propaganda, the novel is not" (52). Yet in our time,
the novels have made for better "drama" on television than the plays, which are rarely produced. The novels carry only a light burden of "propaganda," which can be omitted without harming at all their potential for giving pleasure and food for thought, while the plays seem to us dated because they are almost all propaganda.

*Strife,* which was produced in 1909, three years after the publication of *The Man of Property,* may be Galsworthy's best play. Unlike the novel, which also is probably his best in the genre, and which is an expansive and leisurely account focusing on the slow breakdown of Soames Forsyte's marriage, the play concentrates on a six-hour period near the end of a mining strike, but also looks at the crisis in the lives of the main characters caught up in the strike. Set in 1907, the play has a sense of a nation in crisis, conspicuously absent in the England of 1887 when *The Man of Property* is set. Much more polemically than in the novel, Galsworthy represents his country as threatened by extremists on both the Labour and Capital sides.

Drama is generally, with its "two hour traffic of the stage," a more compact form than the novel. The playwright has less time than the novelist to express him or herself, and the audience also experiences the work in its entirety, whereas novel readers can pick up or put down a novel at their will. In the words of Stanton B. Garner (discussing the difference between watching a play being performed and merely reading its text) "the theatrical medium" is "characterized by its phenomenal immediacy.... a crucial difference between dramatic performance and the printed text" (Introduction x).

As Garner also says, the playwright must also convey most of his or her meaning through dialogue, while "a guiding narrator of some form ... characterizes most novels,
interposing a mediating consciousness between reader and event" (xiii). Shaw, with his full and exacting stage directions, imposes himself on a performance of his text more than other playwrights. By contrast, Galsworthy the dramatist offers sparse stage direction.

A third basic difference between the two genres is that a play is performed before an audience who have come together to view it, while the novel is intended for private "consumption." Thus, if an author attempts a diagnosis of the ills of a country, the drama directly and publicly engages the audience in this diagnosis, raising the possibility even of public disturbance. Indeed, the danger that a play represents to the public peace was one of the reasons the state decided to license plays. In 1909, when Strife was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, the Examiner of Plays was G.A. Redford, who had prohibited Shaw's Mrs Warren's Profession (1898).

In the history of literature, the novel and drama were both regarded as unworthy cousins to the lyric. Not only was the "make-believe" of acting and staging distrusted by many, but also the social mix of the audience made theatre-going seem a somewhat rakish activity; similarly, reading novels was initially perceived as frivolous and feminine. But since the eighteenth century in England, despite the disapproval of moralists, theatre became increasingly popular across class and gender divisions, and in the late nineteenth and early-twentieth century it also came to serve as a powerful force of social criticism.

II

What did Galsworthy know about industry and the conflict between Capital and
Labour? A graduate of Harrow and Oxford, he did in fact serve as the director of several of his father's companies. In Canada in August 1891, he "investigate[d] the affairs of a certain coal-mining company" in Nanaimo, Vancouver Island. He stayed there a week, inspecting the mines, and talking with the manager (Marrot 70). In 1892, he also visited mines at High Constantia, South Africa (Gindin 66). He clearly, then, had direct knowledge, in a certain sense, about mines and mining that he could draw on for a play about a miners' strike in Wales.

The boat on which Galsworthy sailed to South Africa was called the Torrens, and its first mate was none other than Joseph Conrad. This voyage marked the beginning of a long friendship; as Gindin says, "by the time Conrad married in 1896, both he and his wife, Jessie, regarded Galsworthy as their closest English friend" (66). After leaving the merchant marine, Conrad was sometimes forced to seek financial help from Galsworthy, one of the few friends he had who had money. (Galsworthy himself never had money problems nor any personal cause to resent those with money, which may account for his tempered portrait of the capitalist in Strife.)

In 1907, Conrad read an early version of Strife and wrote to Galsworthy:

I sit here and fret and keep on exasperating myself thinking of your work and mine. No matter. Bad as it is to see one's work misunderstood, the murmurs against Joy shall be drowned in such a shout around Strife as this country has not heard for a hundred years or more. That is not only my conviction but my feeling -- an absolutely overpowering feeling. You've only got to sit tight and watch your glory approaching. . . . In Strife that merit, that "virtue" of your gift, the hidden essence of your great talent reaches an extraordinary force of feeling and an amazing felicity of conception -- a thing infinitely greater than mere felicity of expression. Of that last it can be said that it is just to the conception -- and no more can be
said. Thus nothing jars that obscure sense of the fitness of things we all carry in our breasts -- and the whole drama develops its power over our emotions irresistibly and harmoniously, to a point where the shallower mind must receive the impression of depth and the stoniest heart the impression of pity. (Marrot 212-13)

Although one notes both the vagueness of the praise as well as the typically Conradian lament of not being appreciated artistically, what is impressive and moving is Conrad's empathy for the writer, and his shared way of seeing things with Galsworthy. In his comment that the masses neither understand nor appreciate him or Galsworthy, there is a mildly anti-populist feeling as well as a Jamesian tone, as if the three artists were standing together against the mob that had booed James' *Guy Domville* (1895), dismissed Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* (1900) as too long, and wanted more "action" from Galsworthy's plays.

Lawrence, on the other hand, who barely knew Galsworthy, disliked his plays as well as his fiction, viewing his work as "out-of-date" (Letters III 184). But Galsworthy, by contrast, expressed only a puzzled respect for Lawrence. They first met on November 13, 1917, as Galsworthy noted in his diary: "Lunched with Pinker to meet D.H. Lawrence, that provincial genius. Interesting, but a type I could not get on with. Obsessed with self. Dead eyes, and a red beard, long narrow pale face. A strange bird" (Gindin 382). The two met because Lawrence had hoped to enlist Galsworthy's help with his plan of publishing *Women in Love* by subscription. Lawrence wrote, on 18 November, 1917, to the Irish writer and editor, Joseph Hone, "There is a serious scheme for publishing it here privately by subscription, under the auspices of Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy" (Letters II 183). But the meeting did not go well. Galsworthy had earlier, Autumn 1915,
expressed his dislike of Lawrence's work to Pinker, who served as his agent as well as Lawrence's:

I've read The Rainbow, and will send it back to you in a day. Frankly -- I think it's aesthetically detestable. Its perfervid futuristic style revolts me. Its reiterations bore me to death. And -- worse than all -- at the back of its amazing fecundity -- what is there? What real discovery, what of the spirit, what that is touching, or even true? There is a spurious creativeness about it all, as of countless bodies made with tremendous gusto, and not an ounce of soul within them, in spite of incredible assertions and pretence of sounding life to its core. (R. Draper 108)

Eleven years later, in the essay "John Galsworthy," this "strange bird" would turn on him and start the pecking away at his reputation that has continued for decades.

III

The dramatic situation of Strife is simple: John Anthony, Chairman of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works, is pitted against David Roberts, leader of the miners, in a strike that has been going on all winter, and both are strong-willed ideologues who refuse to give in to the other's demands until their supporters desert them, with the Board voting against Anthony, and the workmen voting for terms that Roberts refuses to accept. The play takes place on February 7th, from noon to 6:00 p.m.

At the time Strife was written, labour unrest was feverishly high, just as in the time of Carlyle's Past and Present.² The period 1889-1890 was so plagued with strikes that one economic historian labels it a "strike wave" (Cronin 89). According to R.S. Sayers, in A
History of Economic Change in England, 1880-1939, the Dockers' Strike of 1889 was a "turning point" for industrial relations in Britain because the Dockers, along with the London match-girls, who had struck a year earlier, were not unionized: "These successes by workers not previously organized encouraged the rise of massive trade unions and the total membership of trade unions jumped from . . . a million and a half . . . in the early 1890s . . . to two millions in 1900" (124). In 1909, in Strife, Galsworthy was addressing the social crisis created by the growing militancy of the labour movement of the time since the 1880s.

John Anthony is a twentieth-century Captain-of-Industry figure; he is not a hands-on, up-from-the-ranks entrepreneur, as Carlyle had originally envisioned the figure, but a white collar financier/capitalist, like Mangan, in Shaw's Heartbreak House, is supposed to be. Anthony has vision but lacks the wisdom and compassion necessary to implement his vision in a disharmonious industrial world. His strength, paradoxically, is also his weakness: like Gerald in Women in Love, he lacks the flexibility necessary to survive in the modern world. Both men, like Nietzschean supermen, seem to be flexing their will to power; neither has a taste for compromise.

Unlike Gerald, however, Anthony is an older man (he is seventy-six) and has been in charge of the mine

since its inception two-and-thirty years ago. . . . I have had to do with "men" for fifty years; I've always stood up to them; I have never been beaten yet. I have fought the men of this Company four times, and four times I have beaten them. (150)
He maintains an "us-against-them" mentality that does not allow dichotomies to be broken down. In his speech to the Board at the end of the play, he sounds very Carlylean in his vision of anarchy should the authority of Capital be compromised:

When you have given way here, and given way there -- you will find you have parted with the ground beneath your feet, and are deep in the bog of bankruptcy. . . . I am thinking of the future of this country, threatened with the black waters of confusion, threatened with mob government, threatened with what I cannot see. (151)

Anthony's anti-labour language (he speaks of "mob government") is the same as Henry Wilcox's in Howards End and Mangan's in Heartbreak House. Unable to compromise, or co-operate, he resists any threat to the distinction between leaders and led, fearing revolution or worse, "what I cannot see" (151).

Ironically, Anthony's son, Edgar, embodies the values of co-operation and understanding that his father fears. In Major Barbara, Heartbreak House, and Nostromo, and in Women in Love, fathers and sons frequently appear opposed to one another. Stephen Undershaft in Major Barbara belligerently challenges his father's ideals with platitudes about honour and the principles of the English gentleman. Gerald in Women in Love challenges his father's Christian moderation, but in a brutal utilitarian fashion that leaves him dissatisfied. Edgar in Strife is a strong enough character to suggest that Galsworthy puts him forward as the way of the future; nevertheless, he has a conscience and a sensitivity about the workers as fellow human beings.
In the stage directions, John Anthony is described as "big," and has "eyes [that] are very much alive" (101); his son, by contrast, is merely "an earnest-looking man of thirty" (101). Stephen, the son but not the heir in Major Barbara, is earnest too, we recall, but unlike Edgar is pompous and ignorant into the bargain. The company's man on the spot, Edgar, is a realist who advocates decency and compromise to resolve the strike. It is the older man, however, who, despite his political hysteria, and a streak of megalomania, dramatically overwhelms the voices of moderation, including that of his son, even though he is outvoted in the end.

Edgar, unlike the other executives (his father, Frederic Wilder, William Scantlebury, and Oliver Wanklin), wants the Board to take responsibility for its actions, especially for the death of Mrs Roberts:

Scantlebury. You don't suggest that we could have helped the poor thing? Wilder. [Flustered] The woman was in bad health. Nobody can say there's any responsibility on us. At least -- not on me. Edgar. [Hotly] I say we are responsible. (148)

The way Galsworthy raises here the question of liability anticipates Henry Wilcox's disavowal in Howards End of his responsibility for Leonard Bast's unemployment as a result of his advice:

'What? What's that? Do you mean that I'm responsible? . . . As civilization moves forward, the shoe is bound to pinch in places, and it's absurd to pretend that anyone is responsible personally.' (192)
Edgar confronts the ramifications of the Board's role: "I don't say we meant to be cruel, I don't say anything of the sort; but I do say it's criminal to shut our eyes to the facts" (148).

Wanklin, a member of the Board, when he asserts that "we're not free agents. We're part of a machine" (147), invokes the notion of impersonality in much the same way as Henry Wilcox does. This rhetorical obfuscation contrasts greatly with the clear, unadorned words of Edgar: "Mrs. Roberts is dead! . . . She had no coals, or food, or anything. It's enough!" (147).

Edgar's father, not unmoved by Mrs Roberts, sees industrial relations as combative and adversarial:

I am not aware that if my adversary suffer in a fair fight not sought by me, it is my fault. If I fall under his feet -- as fall I may -- I shall not complain. That will be my lookout -- and this is -- his. I cannot separate, as I would, these men from their women and children. A fair fight is a fair fight! Let them learn to think before they pick a quarrel! (152)

He emphatically dismisses Wanklin's metaphor of the machine (one that Lawrence uses in Women in Love, and in his poetry): "It has been said that the Board is only part of a machine. Cant! We are the machine; its brains and sinews; it is for us to lead and to determine what is to be done, and to do it without fear or favour" (151). Implicit in the phrase "brains and sinews" is the suggestion that the Board is more than an automaton: it has the power and ability to be both the agent of both force and control.

We may also be reminded at this point of the very different stance taken in a similar situation by old Jolyon Forsyte in chapter 5 of Part 1 of The Man of Property.
Chairman of the Board of the New Colliery Company, he insists on awarding compensation to a widow of an employee against the wishes of his tightfisted colleagues.

But that is back in 1886, which Galsworthy depicts as the still stable twilight of the Forsyte class. Jolyon is not haunted by a vision of class warfare and can afford to be generous in an almost feudal fashion. But old Anthony can see the future and trembles at the possibilities if he and his class show a sign of weakness.

Behind his strong talk lies a fear of the power of the masses. The play is about the danger of extreme positions, but it is also about the confrontational understanding of class warfare that leads to extreme positions. Arguing with his daughter, Anthony voices his sense of the magnitude of the crisis in which they find themselves:

Anthony. What do you know about necessity? Read your novels, play your music, talk your talk, but don't try and tell me what's at the bottom of a struggle like this.
Enid. I live down here, and see it.
Anthony. What d'you imagine stands between you and your class and these men that you're so sorry for?
Enid. [Coldly] I don't know what you mean, father.
Anthony. In a few years you and your children would be down in the condition they're in, but for those who have the eyes to see things as they are and the backbone to stand up for themselves.
Enid. You don't know the state the men are in.
Anthony. I know it well enough.
Enid. You don't, father; if you did, you wouldn't --
Anthony. It's you who don't know the simple facts of the position. What sort of mercy do you suppose you'd get if no one stood between you and the continual demands of labour? This sort of mercy -- [he puts his hand up to his throat and squeezes it.] First would go your sentiments, my dear; then your culture, and your comforts would be going all the time! (115)
In London, Anthony had treated Roberts with derision:

What did the Chairman tell me up in London? That I didn't know what I was talking about. I was a foolish, uneducated man, that knew nothing of the wants of the men I spoke for. (111)

In Galsworthy's depiction, Roberts represents exactly what Carlyle meant by "Master-Workers, Leaders of Industry" (268). Roberts has invented something (it is never specified what) that has made 100,000 pounds for the firm. He is the very type of man the Board should be promoting; instead, he was granted a paltry seven-hundred pounds for his invention. In the England of 1909, strife-ridden and angry as the play depicts it, it seems there is less opportunity than there was in Carlyle's time for the self-made man to rise from the industrial ranks. Times have changed, and working-men of talent and energy like Roberts seem to be driven more by class resentment -- and consequently by class solidarity -- than by individual ambition. This turn towards ideological conflict is made understandable by the defensiveness and resentment of the capitalist class as represented by Anthony, who is, to say the least, unwelcoming to the talent emerging from the working class. He cannot imagine a relationship of trust and co-operation with the workers -- unlike Mr Thornton, say, at the end of North and South. Carlyle had declared in Past and Present that "Man, little as he may suppose it, is necessitated to obey superiors" (241), but had insisted on the responsibility of leaders to those they lead -- and whom ultimately they are meant to serve through their leadership:
The main substance of this immense Problem of Organising Labour, and first of all of Managing the Working Classes, will, it is very clear, have to be solved by those who stand practically in the middle of it; by those who themselves work and preside over work... Look around you. Your world-hosts are all in mutiny, in confusion, destitution; on the eve of fiery wreck and madness! They will not march farther for you, on the sixpence a day and supply-and-demand principle. They will not, nor ought they, nor can they. (267, 272)

Note again the martial tenor of Carlyle's trope of the Captain of Industry and the portrayal of workers as "soldiers." Galsworthy's Anthony is a Captain of Industry driven by self-interest rather than responsibility or regard for his workers. We see once again the disappearance from serious literature of Carlyle's ideal of the Captain of Industry.

Anthony's adversarial posture is matched in every respect by Roberts' ferocity, especially in his vitriolic anti-Capital speech, in which he reminds his workers what their fight is about:

The fight o' the country's body and blood against a blood-sucker. The fight of those that spend theirselves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of merciful Nature. That thing is Capital! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows and the tortures o' their brains, at its own price. Don't I know that? Wasn' the work of my brains bought for seven hundred pounds, and hasn't one hundred thousand pounds been gained them by that seven hundred without the stirring of a finger? It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can. That's Capital. A thing that will say - - "I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows -- you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one sixpence of its dividends to help you have a better time. That's Capital! Tell me, for all their talk is there one of them that will consent to another penny on the Income Tax to help the poor? That's Capital! A white-faced, stony-hearted monster! Ye have got it on its knees; are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain? When I went this morning to those old men from London, I looked into their very 'earts. One of them was sitting there -- Mr. Scantlebury, a
mass of flesh nourished on us: sittin' there for all the world like the shareholders in this Company, that sit not moving tongue nor finger, takin' dividends -- a great dumb ox that can only be roused when its food is threatened. I looked into his eyes and I saw he was afraid -- afraid for himself and his dividends, afraid for his fees, afraid of the very shareholders he stands for; and all but one of them's afraid -- like children that get into a wood at night, and start at every rustle of the leaves. I ask you, men -- [he pauses, holding out his hand till there is utter silence] -- Give me a free hand to tell them: "Go you back to London. The men have nothing for you!" (136-7)

It is worth quoting this speech in full because of its central significance in the play. Galsworthy makes Roberts as persuasive as Anthony. His speech utilizes repetition ("It is Capital!"), variation of sentence length, rhetorical questions, and vivid imagery in a very effective manner. Yet Roberts' respect for Anthony is also evident: "all but one of them's afraid" (136). Although on opposite sides in the struggle between Capital and Labour, the two men are similar in their zeal for their respective causes.

Roberts characterizes Capital as a "white-faced monster with . . . bloody lips . . . that has sucked the life out of ourselves, our wives and children, since the world began" (137), just as Anthony had earlier represented Labour as a rapacious murderer. By calling the members of the Board "those old men from London" (136), he defines it as metropolitan and imperialist -- the centre against the margin, English London against Welsh Trenartha. (He also stresses a generational divide -- young men against old men -- that was to become a common motif a few years later, during the Great War.)

Roberts makes Scantlebury a symbol of the gross inequality produced by the free market system at full throttle. He is described in the stage directions as "a very large, pale, sleepy man" (101), and his corpulence easily serves Roberts as symbolic of the
parasitic quality of Capital, preying off an enfeebled host. Oblivious of Carlyle's gospel of work — "Idleness is worst, Idleness alone is without hope: work earnestly at anything, you will by degrees learn to work at almost all things" (148) — Scantlebury (the name is ironic, for it suggests paucity) represents a second-generation industrialist, a kind not envisioned by Carlyle. In his lethargy and inactivity he resembles Carlyle's idle aristocracy: "There they sit and chatter, to this hour . . . looking out, through those blinking smoke-bleared eyes of theirs, into the wonderfulest universal smoky Twilight and undecipherable disordered Dusk of Things" (154). Fat and tired, and at the end of his day, so to speak, Scantlebury is a caricature of the Captain-of-Industry figure as much as the selfishly vigilant Anthony is a distortion of it. Both represent exactly what Carlyle had desperately sought to avoid by his inspirational rhetoric.

Galsworthy's perspective on the conflict between Capital and Labour appears dramatically balanced, as some critics have argued. Leon Schalit, for example, writes that "the assertion 'everything has two sides' was probably never so justified by any modern drama as by Strife" (232). And R.H. Coats maintains that "It is impossible to say on which side Galsworthy's own sympathies lie" (151).

Such critics may have been influenced by Galsworthy's comments, in "Some Platitudes Concerning Drama" (1909), about his dramatic method. Of the "three courses open to the serious dramatist" (190), his is the third:

To set before the public no cut-and-dried codes, but the phenomena of life and character, selected and combined, but not distorted, by the dramatist's outlook, set down without fear, favour, or prejudice, leaving the public to draw such poor moral as nature may afford. This third method requires a
certain detachment; it requires a sympathy with, a love of, and a curiosity as to, things for their own sake; it requires a far view, together with patient industry, for no immediately practical result. (190)

But if we "trust the tale, not the teller," as Lawrence famously instructed us, Strife, like all the primary works examined in this thesis (except perhaps for Major Barbara), questions the credibility of Carlyle's Captain-of-Industry ideal, if not the economic system in which the Captain of Industry operates.

One way that Galsworthy tips the scales in favour of the miners is in his emphasis on the gross difference between the living conditions of the Board members and the workers. In the opening scene of the play we see the Board ensconced in comfortable lodgings that contrast sharply with Roberts' cottage in the opening scene of Act II:

*It is noon. In the Underwoods' dining-room a bright fire is burning. On one side of the fireplace are double doors leading to the drawing-room, on the other side a door leading to the hall.* (101)

*It is half-past three. In the kitchen of Roberts' cottage a meagre little fire is burning. The room is clean and tidy, very barely furnished, with a brick floor and white-washed walls, much stained with smoke.* (119)

Such obvious contrasts (indicating a parallelism deriving probably from the well-made play genre) have the effect of evoking sympathy for the miners and their desperate living conditions. Roberts' own grievance against the Board for their exploitation of his invention also makes the workers' complaints seem more reasonable and just than the
Board's, and Anthony's fear of the class struggle exaggerated.

In *Major Barbara*, Shaw had envisioned Carlyle's Captain of Industry as a figure of evolving human potential; in *Strife*, by contrast, Galsworthy shows little hope that society can "take the great leaps expected of it by Shaw" but works simply to advance a "a more truly civilized England" (Glasspool 187). Despite being the most commanding figure in the play, Anthony is depicted as a rigid, ideologically entrenched bully -- Galsworthy's way of indicating his rejection of the hopes Carlyle had invested in the Captain of Industry as a strong man. Instead, he sees "a more truly civilized England" as moderate, fair, and democratic. Almost alone among my authors (with the one likely exception of Forster), Galsworthy is a strong proponent of the democratic process.

As we see in *Strife*, the rigidly hierarchical world on which Anthony's leadership is predicated -- "Masters are masters, men are men" (151), as Anthony says -- is rejected by both Capital and workers, indicating Galsworthy's sensitivity to the social and political changes in the offing as Britain moved, however slowly and fitfully, towards more open and accommodating ways of negotiating problems thrown up by the class struggle. Even the grudging nature of these changes is suggested at the end of the play: the terms on which the strike is at last settled are exactly the same as were originally rejected by both parties:

Tench. *[Staring at Harness -- suddenly excited]* D'you know, sir -- these terms, they're the *very same* we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this -- all this -- and -- what for? Harness. *[In a slow grim voice]* That's where the fun comes in! (156)
The "rags to riches" subtext of the Carlylean Captain of Industry construct has been left far behind in Galsworthy's dramatic re-affirmation of an emerging co-operative political process more low-keyed, less dramatic, but more realistic than the enlightened authoritarianism that was Carlyle's ideal.

IV

The figure of the Captain of Industry in literature and the popular imagination derives, as I have shown, from Carlyle's ideal of the heroic and his attempt to cast the mantle of the hero -- and with it the authority of vision and political power -- around the shoulders of the industrial magnates whose drive and energy were transforming the material, social, and spiritual world of the mid-nineteenth century. Carlyle's exhortations to the entrepreneurial class of his time provoked by the beginning of the twentieth century increasingly sceptical reactions from social thinkers, artists, and above all from dramatists and novelists.

Galsworthy's *The Man of Property*, published in 1906, is set twenty years earlier, in the heyday of Victorian capitalism and middle-class hegemony. This perspective of 1906 looking back to 1886, with the tone shifting between gentle satire and an elegiac sense of loss for a world of prosperity, orderliness and good sense, however smug and narrow, invites us to regard the book as a historical novel recreating the past so as to understand the present. In 1886, as J.D. Wood says in "Social Criticism in the Forsyte Novels of John Galsworthy,"
England stands as the strongest and most secure nation; materially, it is unsurpassed, and the Forsytes, the 'important half' of the country, are at their height of achievement. Never questioning their preconceptions, trusting their principles and purses, they live in a time of naivety and bliss. (70)

The reader of The Man of Property may find this account misleading in its extravagance. The striving and achieving generation headed by Jolyon is getting old, though far from ready to yield, while its sons and daughters, apart from Soames, show worrying signs of slackening in the accumulation of property (what we in North America now call real estate), more interested in spending than making money. The emotional life of the Forsytes is characterized by competitiveness and anxiety as well as pride and smugness. Not one is ever shown experiencing "bliss," but the most sensitive among them, like old Jolyon, do experience moments of melancholy and self-questioning that challenge their ineffable self-righteousness. "It is in the nature of a Forsyte to be ignorant that he is a Forsyte" (330) is the narrator's wry comment, but the typical Forsytes themselves, as Galsworthy shows them, with their sense of clanship (which by no means implies affection or devotion) are all too aware of themselves as Forsytes. Their sense, however, of what it means to be a Forsyte is literal, not satirical like the narrator's or ruefully ironic like young Jolyon's.

Above all, the marital defection twenty years earlier of young Jolyon, with the alienation from his father and the rest of the family that followed the scandal, and the parallel emotional and sexual haplessness of Soames are signs of unease and instability that
flesh out the narrator's view of this world as not only far from blissful but under threat --
and from the perspective of 1906 already "history" in every sense of the expression. In
the light of this historical perspective, it is all the more striking that in this novelistic
account, once and again terrifically popular, of the Victorian upper middle classes at what
is still the height of their power, there is no character, in contrast with the other texts I
study, who really resembles the Captain of Industry, even in the negative that old Anthony
in Strife does. Whereas Nostromo, which Conrad had dedicated to Galsworthy, his first
literary patron, examines the corrupting influence of material interests on a global scale
and focuses this examination on two contrasting but complementary Captains of Industry,
Galsworthy's novel has a more narrow perspective, geographically, socially, and
psychologically. In some ways, this perspective places it closer to Howards End, the book
I will discuss in the Forster chapter. But unlike either Nostromo or Howards End, or
indeed any of the other texts studied here, The Man of Property avoids questions of
political power to concentrate on family life, on individual quirks and desires, and on love,
sexuality, and the ties between generations.

It may seem surprising, therefore, that I include The Man of Property in my study
of the Captain of Industry. But because of its popularity as well as its impressively
sustained social interest, however controlled by the familial and personal focus, I find the
book relevant and important -- as well as superior to Strife in displaying Galsworthy's
skills as a writer. My subject in this thesis -- the Captain of Industry -- is conspicuous by
his absence, but the characters with their interrelationships, and the richly and
systematically presented social context help us see all the more clearly through this
absence the symbolic importance the Captain-of-Industry figure had in the discourse of class and power that preoccupied most of the major writers of the time. (Indeed Galsworthy comes viscerally closer than most of them to engaging with issues of sexual politics in terms that have preoccupied us in at least the last thirty years, with Soames' marital rape of Irene as the crucial example of this engagement.8) What we have here is a deeply familiar, powerfully felt, and extremely skilled representation of English society of the time, with its acute sense of class, concern with property and its dependence on the culture and economics of capitalism. What we do not have, in contrast with the texts actually dealing with the Captain of Industry (in contrast as well, it may be noted, with some of Galsworthy's plays), is any real interest in politics or the question of leadership of an England in a state of crisis that had provoked Carlyle in the mid-nineteenth century to write his prophetic tracts.

Galsworthy's focus in The Man of Property is on the way the obsession with property and capital has come to dominate, constrict, and ultimately undermine the private lives of the Forsytes -- both the family and the class they represent -- without ever sparking any interest in them, let alone vision, that might help them see how their private success might serve as a stepping stone to social power, leadership, and improvement. It can be argued, however, that contrasted with characters like Shaw's Undershaft and Cusins, Shotover and Mangan, with Conrad's Gould and Holroyd, Wells' Teddy Ponderevo, and Lawrence's Gerald Crich, the Forsytes, for all their aggressive stodginess, are models of temperance and sanity. But such an argument would have to allow for the historical nature of their world as Galsworthy has sought to represent it: apparently still
riding the crest of middle class success, the Forsytes, unlike those Captains of Industry, are still in accord with the world in which they live. That world as seen by the narrator in 1906 is changing, but the characters cannot yet see that in 1886. It is left to the larger-than-life protagonists of Shaw, Conrad, and Lawrence to recognize and react to these changes and their ramifications, including the cataclysmic upheaval of the Great War. Galsworthy himself, speaking through the narrator and some of his characters such as young Jolyon and occasionally Bosinney, sees the changes but chooses to focus on the way they were disregarded by the upper-middle class.

V

The Forsytes are self-made, only a generation or two away from their farming roots in Dorset — "small beer" (25), as old Jolyon Forsyte says. They have pushed their way into wealth and society by sticking doggedly and shrewdly to conventional routes (business, auctioneering, the law) and certainly have no ambition to lead or change the world, but simply to belong and protect their hard-won wealth and status as gentlemen and ladies. But despite their limited ambition, the Forsytes are not unrelated to the archetypal figure of the Captain of Industry. We can understand that figure better and how it functioned as a focus of ideological debate in early twentieth-century English literature if we contrast the Forsytes' intense but conventional ambitions with his extravagant idealism, their conformity with his visionary and over-reaching drive, as well as his urge to lead and dominate.
It is in this sense that *The Man of Property* is in this study the exception that proves the rule, and that the absence of the Captain-of-Industry figure can be termed conspicuous. The book is full of characters and situations, for example, that parallel characters and situations in my other texts but are handled differently; the differences are instructive. The repeatedly emphasized typicality of the Forsytes, with their prudence and aversion to risk, can be posed against the exceptionality of the reckless but inspired protagonists of the other texts.

On one occasion, for example, we get a rare glimpse of a Forsyte at work: old Jolyon is chairing The General Meeting of the New Colliery Company, and the one issue we see him handling in this capacity is that of an award to be made to the widow of a superintendent employed by the company who has committed suicide.

Largely through Soames' grudging admiration we appreciate "the power of will that was in that old man" (254). But despite this sense of Jolyon Forsyte's charisma, the contrast in the way that he over-rides the sanctimonious parsimony of his colleagues could not be greater with the way the management of mining enterprises is presented in *Nostromo* and *Women in Love*, say. Not only is crusty old Forsyte doing the decent and compassionate thing in the face of his challengers' ungenerous bluster --"The words 'it is not business' had moved even the Board" (253) -- but the issue is essentially trivial compared to the momentous matters that are at stake when mine management becomes the focus of Conrad's and Lawrence's narratives.

The contrast with *Howards End* is not quite so sharp when we see Soames at his Uncle Roger's dance stepping out on the balcony to get away from the revellers. He sees
bystanders, obviously poor people, looking up into the brightly lit windows and listening to the music. They become the transformed focus of his resentment of Irene and Bosinney: "Why were they allowed to hang about; why didn't the bobby move them on?" (304). What is noteworthy here again is what is absent: any awareness by Soames of the political nature of his annoyance. Like the novel (which, of course, takes its title from him and the condescending name by which his Uncle Jolyon refers to him, as if suggesting that is all he is), poor Soames is too obsessed with his failure to win his wife's love to engage in social and political reflection; neither does he try to take a hand himself in chasing off the poor whose "hanging about" bothers him. It is 1886, after all, a year before the Queen's Golden Jubilee, and the Forsytes and their class feel comfortably entrenched in their privileged position in what they consider the most privileged nation on earth.

In Forster's novel, the time is the early part of the twentieth century (the book came out in 1910) and the air is filled with restlessness and anxiety and apprehensions of war. Even the Wilcoxes, whom Forster treats as a representative breed almost, very much as Galsworthy treats the Forsytes, are feeling beleaguered in their prosperity and are easily provoked to anger and even violence against challenges from the lower orders. Thus when some young men, one evening on a London street, overhear Henry Wilcox's intimate remarks to Margaret Schlegel, they mock him, and his reaction is instantaneous, furious, and political: he feels not only personally insulted but politically threatened. I shall deal with this passage more fully when I discuss Howards End, but it is worth noting here how much more symbolic and wide-ranging in conception, design, and execution Forster's novel is than Galsworthy's blend of limited social realism and satire, and personally
charged\textsuperscript{10} concern with the politics of love, marriage, and sexuality. Henry Wilcox, despite his ultimate collapse and despite the more hectic, anxious climate in which he lives, enters the novel with the air and grandiose claims of a Captain of Industry, whereas Soames Forsyte, a generation earlier, comes across, despite his quintessential "Forsyteism" and concern with property, largely as a resentful, inadequate husband -- a long way from even the appearance of a Captain of Industry.

In his agonized chagrin as a spurned husband, Soames can also be compared to Lawrence's Gerald Crich, who is driven to near-murderous and suicidal rage by Gudrun's rejection of him as a lover and her attraction to the sinister German sculptor Loerke. But whereas Gerald engages with his crisis in the spirit of the heroic Nordic figure that he is built up to be from his first appearance in \textit{Women in Love}, and his despair and self-destruction have an apocalyptic weight, Soames, filled with shame and confusion at his violation of his wife, is ultimately helpless in the face of her revulsion from him. He gives her up with ill grace, and then settles in later volumes of \textit{The Forsyte Saga} into the dual role of cuckold to his second wife and doting father to his daughter Fleur. Irene's return home after the shock of Bosinney's death is only temporary, leaving Soames almost pathetically frustrated and helpless -- certainly nothing like a Captain of Industry, which Gerald clearly is even in defeat and death.\textsuperscript{11}

Conrad's Charles Gould, with the tragic anti-climax of his private life, offers yet another contrast with Soames and the way that Galsworthy conspicuously avoids the trope of the Captain of Industry and its reverberations. Having made a great success of the mine that his father had warned him to avoid, having achieved the modernization and
improvement of his immediate Costaguaman community, as well as a metaphorical identity
with the statue of his imperial namesake just outside his house, he is the quintessential
Captain figure. Yet what we remember of him at the end of Nostromo is an emptiness: his
wife's loneliness, her compassion for him, her sadness, and the childlessness that defines
the sterility and self-ignorance of his ambitions. The final effect feels tragic, separating
him from the average and mediocre as he is left enveloped in the aura of his wife's loving
pity. But in Galsworthy's The Forsyte Saga (as distinct from The Man of Property)
Soames Forsyte ends up the complaisant husband of a brazenly unfaithful wife and the
indulgent father of a spoiled daughter. The focus, as I have said, is domestic and familial12
rather than cosmic, and the aversion to grandiose egos and arenas may be seen as
redeemptive. Galsworthy's characters, in contrast with the "Captainly" protagonists of my
other writers, do not ask for anything more than financial security and a happy home --
and as time goes on and generation follows generation, find even that a considerable
achievement.

VI

Galsworthy's conspicuous lack of interest in the Captain of Industry can also serve
to alert us to the inadequacy of the social and historic aspect of his novelistic project.
Despite the density of the social texture in The Man of Property and the vividness of its
satiric realism, its portrait of upper-middle class mores offers too narrow a perspective for
political and cultural analysis with the kind of sweep and power that we find in Shaw,
Conrad, Forster, Wells, and Lawrence. All of them -- and certainly in the texts discussed
here -- are concerned with what Carlyle had defined as the Condition-of-England question. In his The Forsyte Saga and especially in The Man of Property, Galsworthy is interested only in "Forsyteism," and his interest is essentially aesthetic rather than political in any immediate sense: good taste and a refined sensibility would seem to be all that the country requires. By contrast, in such works as Heartbreak House, Howards End, and Women in Love, it is abundantly clear that the national crisis -- indeed the crisis of Western civilization, as Lawrence certainly presents it -- is systemic and radical, running both deeper and wider than Galsworthy intends to show in his novel.

In Howards End, for example, "Forsyteism" is alive and if not well then certainly kicking in the world of anger, motor cars, and telegrams associated with the Wilcox clan. But despite his insistent symbolic structure, Forster's attack on Forsyteism goes deeper, spreads wider, and is more scathing in effect, less complicit in spirit, and certainly more serious than Galsworthy's direct, massive, and somewhat nostalgic and sentimental examination of the men of his father's generation. And at the centre of Forster's book and its symbolic vision is not only a passionate concern with the state of English culture expressed in the metaphor of connection, but a sustained analysis of the social type that Carlyle had put forward as the man for and of the times: the Captain of Industry. Even though, as I will argue, Mr Wilcox is not an impressive example of this type, he is associated nonetheless with the language of power, inheritance, leadership, and navigation that so often characterizes the Captain of Industry. 

The absence of such language in Galsworthy's novel points to the lack in the book of a sense of social crisis characteristic of my other texts. Many years ago, Louis
Cazamian said that "by social novel we mean 'novel with a social thesis' . . . its author must expressly have demanded positive action, either from the State, or organised institutions, or private persons" (7-8). By such a criterion, The Man of Property qualifies only in a limited way as a social novel, a novel with a "thesis." It was in his plays that Galsworthy gave full vent to his reformist instincts, using them (as in Strife and Justice) to intervene on behalf of specific causes with results that were more impressive practically than artistically.15

But if the concern with "Forsyteism" can be said to constitute a thesis, that thesis is both too simple (because it is uncontextualized and lacking polemical drive) and too confusing in that we are never certain whether Galsworthy thinks Forsyteism is still the problem in 1906 that it was in 1886. He assures us in the 1922 Preface that it is a timeless problem, "the possessive instincts ... the sense of home and property" (vii-viii), but the narrative itself, as I have said earlier, seems to point to its coming dissolution. It is also worth recalling that Galsworthy had said that he wished to "defeat Forsyteism" (Garnett 74), which implies that he thought it still posed a challenge when he made that statement around the time of the publication of The Man of Property.

Moreover, Galsworthy's critique of "Forsyteism" is somewhat obscured and qualified, as I have already suggested, by being the critique of an insider, the Forsyte who unlike most of his ilk knows himself to be a Forsyte and whose satiric exposure of his target is humanized by intimate knowledge, softened by affection, and given a special twist by his personal need to justify -- in the character of young Jolyon -- his own violation of the "tribal" code. When Virginia Woolf criticized Galsworthy as well as Arnold Bennett
and Wells for being materialists, what she had in mind was their techniques of representing "life or spirit, truth or reality" ("Modern Fiction" 188), especially in the depiction of character. But we see in The Man of Property that materialism in narrative technique is intertwined with materialism of content and of vision. Galsworthy not only represents the materialism of the Forsytes in a materialistic way, but he is himself implicated in it and seeks only to propose a modification of values that he regards as intrinsic to the English temper and indispensable to the survival of the country. When young Jolyon "lectures" Bosinney on the Forsytes, he affirms that

They are . . . half England . . . and the better half too, the safe half . . . the half that counts. It's their wealth and security that makes everything possible; makes your art possible, makes literature, science, even religion, possible. Without Forsytes, who believe in none of these things, but turn them all to use, where should we be? My dear sir, the Forsytes are the middlemen, the commercials, the pillars of society, the cornerstones of convention; everything that is admirable! (337-38)

One may note the similarity of this passage to one in Howards End where Margaret Schlegel defends the Wilcoxes: "They knew so well what to do . . . They led a life that she could not attain to . . . It fostered such virtues as neatness, decision and obedience, virtues of the second rank, no doubt, but they have formed our civilization" (111-2). We are not far here from Carlyle's mid-nineteenth century cry for a hero from the growing ranks of the industrialist class, nor from Undershaw's arguments in Major Barbara. But the important difference, once again, between Galsworthy on the one hand, and Carlyle, Shaw and Forster as well as my other authors on the other, is that Galsworthy's
representation of this useful and busy and influential class makes no mention of the Captain of Industry.

The reason for this conspicuous absence, I suggest, is not unconnected with Virginia Woolf's modernist analysis of the style of the men who were major figures in the world of English letters when she began to write. She found their work too materialist to do justice to the radically new sense of reality of the twentieth century, its visionary sense of adventure, uncertainty, and experimentation.¹⁷ And the Captain of Industry, as is clear in Carlyle's exhortations (it is implicit also in the passage I cite as an epigraph at the head of this chapter), is essentially a spiritual concept -- a visionary hero/leader to save us from a life governed by machinery, both actual and ideological. Unlike the other authors here -- even Wells -- Galsworthy seems to lack a spiritual dimension. We need only recall the most resonant scenes in the book -- Aunt Ann's funeral, old Jolyon brooding in his study, the lavish dinners, the Forsyte fondness for good wine, especially champagne -- to see that Galsworthy's view of life shifts between the stoic and epicurean and is as immersed in the worldly comforts of life as his characters are.

Not only is religion not taken seriously in the novel, but Galsworthy's secularism is uncomplicated by any visionary impulses or intimations -- very different from Carlyle, Shaw, Conrad, Forster, Wells, and Lawrence, none conventionally religious but all of them spiritually hungry and restlessly seeking. And in this search the Captain of Industry is an archetypal figure, a hero who aspires in one way or another to lead the material world out of the mechanical wilderness that is overtaking it. Like Thackeray in Vanity Fair, Galsworthy sees himself as writing "a novel without a hero," and even anticipates in
the 1922 Preface objections to his use of the word "Saga," which "connotes the heroic," by acknowledging that "there is little heroism in these pages," and explaining that the word "is used with a suitable irony" (vii). Concerned with showing up the limitations of Forsyteism and its insecure hold on affluence and influence, Galsworthy exposes the Philistine chinks in its armour and defines it as unheroic in its aspirations and effect. Susceptibility to Beauty (as with Soames' attraction to Irene, whose beauty makes most of his family uneasy, but also old Jolyon at the opera, which traditionally used to celebrate beauty and heroism) is the crucial exception to the complacent but competitive materialism of the Forsytes. Thus, even though the heroic ideal as personified by the Captain-of-Industry figure (however flawed, enfeebled, or ultimately discredited and defeated he may prove to be) is missing from Galsworthy's ironically termed "Saga," the world of Forsyteism is marked by its traces.
Chapter 3 -- Notes

1 The biographies I have consulted do not name these companies. The official biography, the building block of all the others, is H.V. Marrot's *The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy*: it is conservative and reverential. Dudley Barker's *The Man of Principle: A View of John Galsworthy* is anecdotal and less thorough than Marrot's. The editors of *John Galsworthy: An Annotated Bibliography of Writings About Him* claim that "the book displays a definite animus against Ada Galsworthy" (371). The Barker book also links John Galsworthy's criticism of society with the fact that Ada and Galsworthy had been ostracized as a result of their affair. R.H. Mottram's *For Some We Loved: An Intimate Portrait of Ada and John Galsworthy* is uncritical of Galsworthy as a writer. Catherine Dupré's *John Galsworthy* is the first biography to be critical of Galsworthy, claiming he is "didactic" at times (143). James Gindin's *John Galsworthy's Life and Art: An Alien's Fortress*, the latest biography, is an impressive and thorough document, but Gindin's zealousness gives the biography a generally partisan air.

2 Altick, for example, writes about the early 1840s:

the anger of the laboring class, already vented over the past several years in sporadic mass meetings and disturbances, exploded in a series of strikes and riots during July and August, 1842. Although centering in the industrial Midlands, and more specifically in the factory city of Manchester, they reached also into Scotland and the Welsh collieries. ("Introduction" v)

3 For the use of the machine metaphor in Lawrence's poetry, see Patricia L. Hagen's *Metaphor's Way of Knowing: The Poetry of D.H. Lawrence and the Church of*
Mechanism. She claims that Lawrence's opposition to the machine is, of course, well-documented and frequently acknowledged as the central tenet of his social criticism and his "prophetic" poetry . . . Of course, it is not merely the machine that Lawrence tries to subvert but rather the entire conceptual framework, the entire epistemology, of mechanism. (19)

4 Galsworthy can, however, also be critical of this process. In The Mob, for example, completed as The Patriot in June 1913 (Gindin 338), and first produced in March 1914 Galsworthy depicts the objection of a Member of Parliament, Stephen More, to an unnamed war -- presumably the Boer War. More than one critic has heard in the play, with its description of a mob as "a motley crew, out for excitement," "all in the mood of hunters," "having tasted blood" (397), a Carlylean anti-democratic note, showing, as Alec Fréchet claims, Galsworthy "was not completely sure that he trusted ordinary people" (181). Indeed, in "Speculations (1917-1918)," published in Candelabra, his support of Democracy is made in positively Carlylean spirit and language:

Unless Democracy -- government by the people -- makes of itself
Aristocracy -- government by the best people -- it is running steadily to
seed. Democracy to be sound must utilise not only the ablest men of
affairs, but the aristocracy of spirit. (98)

5 See for example the description of old Jolyon, which stresses omnisciently from
the outside his obliviousness of the forces of history -- and mortality -- that are working
on him and over which, like any other ordinary human being, he has no control:

In his great chair with the book-rest sat old Jolyon, the figurehead of his
family and class and creed, with his white head and dome-like forehead, the
representative of moderation, and order, and love of property. As lonely an
old man as there was in London. There he sat in the gloomy comfort of the
room, a puppet in the power of great forces that cared nothing for family or class or creed, but moved, machine-like, with dread processes to inscrutable ends. (55-6)

This is clearly no Captain of Industry any more than is Soames, his nephew, brooding over his conjugal dilemma:

In this house of his there was writing on every wall. His business-like temperament protested against a mysterious warning that she was not made for him. He had married this woman, conquered her, made her his own, and it seemed to him contrary to the most fundamental of all laws, the law of possession, that he could do no more than own her body -- if indeed he could do that, which he was beginning to doubt. If anyone had asked him if he wanted to own her soul, the question would have seemed to him both ridiculous and sentimental. But he did so want, and the writing said he never would. (104-5)

6 Galsworthy was the most popular among contemporaries of all my authors and suffered the sharpest fall in reputation, only to be dusted off again, indeed to be widely bought and read as well as watched on television with the BBC dramatization of The Forsyte Saga in 1967. For accounts charting and interpreting the ebbs and flows of his popularity, see John Galsworthy: An Annotated Bibliography of Writings About Him (1980) by Earle and Ray Stevens as well as Fréchet, Burgess, and Donald Wilson (who wrote, directed and produced the BBC series).

7 In the Preface to The Forsyte Saga, written in 1922, Galsworthy (employing a mortuary metaphor that goes some way beyond the elegiac) says that the whole multi-volume chronicle (of which The Man of Property is only the first part) "cannot be absolved from the charge of embalming the upper-middle class. . . . here, pickled in these pages, it lies under glass for strollers in the wide and ill-arranged museum of Letters" (xi-
8 That his audience was in some ways not ready for such a "visceral" engagement with this issue in particular can be gauged from the review in The Spectator, edited at the time by St. Loe Strachey, a cousin of the far from starchy Lytton: "the resultant impression in the main is so distressing that, while respecting the remarkable talent displayed by the author, we cannot but regret the use to which he has felt constrained to turn it" (186).

9 In John Galsworthy: A Reassessment, Alec Fréchet says that Galsworthy "would not, or could not, pursue satire and realism to any extreme. This would have meant describing the professional activities of Old Jolyon and his brothers when they were still making their fortunes during the period of English industrialization and uncontrolled urbanisation" (68). This almost Jamesian avoidance of the world of work echoes Martin Wiener's historical argument, mentioned in the Introduction, that accounts for the economic decline of Britain in modern times by the distaste for industry and appetite for gentrification of the English middle classes. But Galsworthy's identification of the Forsytes as driven by a passion for "property" shows them as hard-headed and practical men of business, though each has his "romantic" quirk. While Soames creates a sensation in the family by building an expensive country house, he tries desperately to control the costs, begrudging every extra penny and in the end taking his architect to court over a few hundred pounds. He is not taking to the project of gentrification easily, but rather is
compelled by what Galsworthy called "impinging Beauty" (meaning here perhaps Bosinney's artistic standards as well as Irene's beauty). It is to win his wife's love as well as to keep her out of harm's way in the country that Soames is inspired to build Robin's Hill.

10 The biographers and Galsworthy's correspondence confirm that the novel is grounded in the author's own life, with old Jolyon based on his father, and the Irene-Soames-Bosinney triangle suggested by his own romantic experiences: an affair with his cousin's wife that eventually led to his marriage. Galsworthy himself, of course, defines the subject of his novel more in personal than public terms, focusing on the clash between the "aesthetic" Irene and Bosinney and the materialist Forsytes: "disturbing Beauty impinging on a possessive world" (Preface x). Although, as I have said, the book invites to be read as historical fiction with a richly evoked social texture, at its heart it is an autobiographically based love story. But in all fairness to Galsworthy, as I point out again later, it must be said that for all his gestures toward evoking the Victorian period, he denies outright that it was ever his intention to write a full-fledged historical novel -- "a really scientific study of transition" (Preface ix). It is interesting that the narrative structure of Howards End could also be described quite accurately as depicting a similar clash between the aesthetic and materialist approaches to life, but such a description would miss the book's unmistakable emphasis on national crisis and the question of who shall "inherit" England.
11 A similar contrast can be drawn between Irene and Gudrun as "women in love" and between Bosinney and Loerke as artists; in each case, Galsworthy's characters are drawn "realistically" rather than symbolically like Lawrence's and seem relatively helpless and weak in managing their lives.

12 Conrad's essay about Galsworthy takes its cue from the novel itself: it is called "A Middle Class Family." (When it was published in book form, in Last Essays, the title was changed to "John Galsworthy.") In this essay, Conrad wrote: "Mr. Galsworthy selects for the subject-matter of his book the Family, an institution which has been with us as long, I should think, as the oldest and the least venerable pattern of fairy tale" (188). I confess that I find the last phrase of this remark cryptic, but it certainly does not sound complimentary.

13 In a letter to Edward Garnett, Galsworthy admitted to a cause, a polemical aim, when he explained his decision to leave Soames apparently triumphant at the end of The Man of Property as "The only way to enlist the sympathies of the readers on the other side, the only way to cap the whole purpose of the book," which was to advance his "desire to defeat Forsyteism" (Garnett 74).

14 The father of the Schlegels is also part of this metaphorical cluster focusing on "Captaincy"; an intellectual but also a fighter for liberty and justice in Germany, he sought refuge in England because he saw it as a congenial home for his romantic ideals. His German captain's sword, which is his children's prized heirloom, is a material emblem of
Continental idealism (harking back to the tradition of English idealism) which Forster poses against the Wilcox materialism.

15 According to Marrot, Galsworthy's play *Justice* (1912), for example, helped to bring about prison reform. Winston Churchill, who was then Home Secretary, was so moved by it that he brought in laws to improve the conditions addressed in the play, announcing the reforms three or four days after a meeting with Galsworthy (261-262).

16 See "Mr Bennett and Mrs Brown," "Character in Fiction" (an extended version of that essay), and "Modern Fiction." D.H. Lawrence's attack on Galsworthy, much more ill-tempered and unfair than Woolf's, nevertheless seems to have done less damage to Galsworthy's status as a serious writer than hers. But riding the crest of the modernist wave, both helped to change the terms for the discussion of fiction, with the result that no major critic of the twentieth-century has taken on Galsworthy as a subject. Of course, "high art" as well as serious criticism are often out of touch with popular interest, and after the Galsworthy revival of the 1960s, people once again knew more of his characters and knew them better than they did Woolf's or Lawrence's. (Lawrence's essay, "John Galsworthy," was published originally in 1928 in *Scrutinies* and can be found reprinted in *Phoenix*; Lawrence exaggerates, I think, the shamefaced animality of Galsworthy's representation of middle class sexuality.)

17 Virginia Woolf saw the work of the artist as at heart spiritual -- a metaphysical
adventure -- and in "Modern Fiction" expressed her disappointment that "Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Galsworthy" "are concerned not with the spirit but with the body . . . the sooner English fiction turns its back upon them, as politely as may be, and marches, if only into the desert, the better for its soul" (185-6). And she goes on to add:

If we fasten, then, one label on all these books, on which is one word, materialists, we mean by it that they write of unimportant things; that they spend immense skill and immense industry making the trivial and the transitory appear the true and the enduring. (187)

It may be worth noting that rather than what I call the language of "Captaincy," she characteristically uses a tacit feminist rhetoric of gender in which the "art of fiction" is figured as female and presented implicitly as neglected and abused by male practitioners and male conventions that imprison the vitality of art and tyrannize writers. She says that a writer like Galsworthy is "constrained" by convention (a "powerful and unscrupulous tyrant")

to provide a plot, to provide comedy, tragedy, love, interest, and an air of probability embalming the whole so impeccable that if all his figures were to come to life they would find themselves dressed down to the last button of their coats in the fashion of the hour. (188)
H.G. Wells had a long and varied career, beginning it with what he called "scientific romances." After he had completed his studies, and stints at Holt Academy, as teacher, and University Correspondence College, as Tutor, Wells became a full-time writer in 1893. What interests us here about his early works, still widely read and celebrated, is the sense of anxiety about the future not just of society but of humanity itself. Nevertheless, despite this pervasive anxiety, in such works as The Time Machine (1895), The Island of Dr Moreau (1896), The Invisible Man (1897), The War of the Worlds (1898), and When the Sleeper Wakes (1899), we can see not just the emergence of a genre -- science fiction -- but a remarkable writer with exuberant confidence in his powers and in the relevance to the times of the new kind of writing he was pioneering. As Bernard Bergonzi says,
Wells's romances are something more than the simple entertaining yarns they are generally taken to be . . . Romance is more likely to be symbolic . . . than realistic fiction, and this is true of Wells. (16-18)

These early works of Wells dialogue with important thinkers of the time, including Nietzsche. Nietzsche's works began appearing in English translation in the mid 1890s, and it is generally agreed that by 1898 Wells had read and was absorbing the German writer's ideas. In *The Island of Dr Moreau*, which came out in 1896, there are strong indications of this interaction. In Dr Moreau we may find, as Bergonzi suggests, "a symbol of the Nietzschean 'transvaluation of values'" (107), as the scientist attempts to play God and "make a new man on his own terms" (Bergonzi 107) -- an Overman unconcerned with the ethical -- or practical -- implications of his project.

Similarly, in *When The Sleeper Wakes* (revised in 1911 as *The Sleeper Awakes*) Wells imagines a society 200 years in the future, the leader of which, Ostrog, delivers himself of utterances that seem to combine -- and simplify -- Darwin's ideas with Nietzsche's:

The hope of mankind -- what is it? That some day the Over-man may come, that some day the inferior, the weak and the bestial may be subdued or eliminated. Subdued if not eliminated. The world is no place for the bad, the stupid, the enervated. Their duty -- it's a fine duty too! is to die. The death of the failure! That is the path by which the beast rose to manhood, by which man goes on to higher things. (166-7)
By 1921, when he published a preface to the novel, Wells was less sure about the validity of such crude, Darwinian premises or the possibility of his fictional worlds coming true:

The thesis of a gradual systematic enslavement of organised labour presupposes an intelligence, a power of combination and a *wickedness* in the class of rich financiers and industrial organisers such as this class certainly does not possess, and probably cannot possess. A body of men who had the character and the largeness of imagination necessary to combine and overcome the natural insubordination of the worker would have a character and largeness of imagination too fine and great for any such plot against humanity. (3-4)

This passage intimates that by 1921 Wells had given up on the idea of the Captain of Industry providing a "worldwide constructive plan." This is also the case with my other writers: by the 1920s, they no longer believed in the ideals of the Captain of Industry and ceased to write about him.

The vigour of Wells' early writing combines with his gloom about our prospects to make a strange and unsettling combination that looks ahead to *Tono-Bungay* (1909), Wells' best novel. In the Preface to *The Sleeper Awakes*, Wells expressed his explicit disenchantment with the capitalist class, which had taken place since the publication of the original book in 1899:

I was young in those days, I was thirty-two, I had met a few big business men, and I still thought of them as wicked, able men. It was only later that I realised that on the contrary they were, for the most part, rather foolish plungers, fortunate and energetic rather than capable, vulgar rather than wicked, and quite incapable of worldwide constructive plans or generous combined action. "Ostrog" in *The Sleeper Awakes*, gave way to reality when I drew Uncle Ponderevo in *Tono-Bungay*. The great city of this story is no more than a nightmare of Capitalism triumphant, a nightmare that was dreamt nearly a quarter of a century ago. It is a fantastic possibility no longer possible. (4)
**Tono-Bungay**, a **Bildungsroman** in the realistic tradition, utilizes the tensions that are at play in the scientific romances: bluster and hesitation, confidence and despair. Like much of the writing of this time, **Tono-Bungay** is concerned with the uneasy and unequal balance between power and sensibility. In the society shown us in **Tono-Bungay**, just as in **The Time Machine** ten years earlier, but presented in realistic and insistently historicized terms, we see an enfeebled, obsolete upper class still enjoying its privileges amidst the increasing clamour and rumble of an ugly and ignorant lower class majority.

Parliamentary democracy is in effect, but the system is out of control, as the imagery of boiling cauldrons and fizzing rockets emphasizes. If **The Time Machine** is, as W. Warren Wagar remarks in *H.G. Wells and the World State*, "the most obvious illustration from Wells' earliest work of his disbelief in inevitable progress" (83), then **Tono-Bungay** expresses the same misgiving about progress using the story of a very modern Captain of Industry.

**Tono-Bungay**, published serially in Ford Madox Ford's *The English Review* from December 1908 to March 1909, and as a book in 1909, offers a more accessible and direct critical examination of capitalism and its temptations than **Nosromo**; at the same time, its view of the Captain of Industry is less apocalyptic and dark. Whereas Holroyd is shadowy and vaguely sinister, almost always hovering in the background, Edward Ponderevo is fully fleshed out in his nephew George's account. Edward dies in the novel, but George survives as his inheritor and problematizes our notion of the Captain of Industry and his place in the modern world. As an engineer and technologist, George represents Wells'
attempt to revitalize the Captain-of-Industry figure by refiguring him as a scientist (anticipating the same move by Shaw with Captain Shotover in *Heartbreak House*).

It is clear that Wells intended in his novel to explore the issues addressed by Carlyle, whose call for heroic leadership and belief that the Captain of Industry could fill that role are examined and revised in the novel. The Captains of Industry we see in *Tono-Bungay*, Teddy Ponderevo in particular, have none of the nobility of spirit in them that Carlyle required. Even George, the hard-headed but idealistic scientist, is no more a figure of redemption than his uncle, and his uncertainty about the future at the end of the novel as well as the menacing expression of this commitment to science signal Wells' frustration at his failure to find a worthy leader amidst the boisterous chaos of Edwardian consumerist society.

The Captain of Industry at his best belongs to a hegemonic elite, primarily commercial or industrial, engaged in ambitious projects, whether directly or through large-scale investment. Teddy Ponderevo does not fit neatly into this category; George makes no bones about the fact that his uncle even at the height of his success is a "confidence man." Giving a mock heroic twist to journalistic jargon, George calls him "The Napoleon of Domestic Conveniences." He makes his money by getting the public to buy vast quantities of his sham product — literally the kind of "Morrison's Pill" decried by Carlyle. It is his rhetorical and advertising skills, combined with the newly emergent mass media and consumer society, that make him rich and powerful, though only after a long struggle and for a relatively short period.

As the would-be socialist sculptor Ewart says to Teddy and George:
"You are artists. You and I, sir, can talk, if you will permit me, as one artist to another. It's advertisement has -- done it. Advertisement has revolutionised trade and industry; it is going to revolutionise the world. The old merchant used to tote about commodities; the new one creates values. Doesn't need to tote. He takes something that isn't worth anything -- or something that isn't particularly worth anything, and he makes it worth something. He takes mustard that is just like anybody else's mustard, and he goes about saying, shouting, singing, chalk ing on walls, writing inside people's books, putting it everywhere, 'Smith's Mustard is the Best.' And behold it is the Best!" (129-130)

The vulgar energy of commerce in a mass society driven by capital pulls all things into its force-field: art (Ewart's sculpture), literature (advertising is "a department of literature"), and science (Teddy's first venture into the stock market is inspired by the graph paper upon which George does his mathematics homework). Even social and sexual relations are based on commercial considerations: "Would you marry on three hundred a year?" (117) the infatuated George asks Marion, his future wife, whose view of love, sex, and marriage is clear-headed and calculating. The imagination Teddy applies to promote Tono-Bungay is visionary, but his vision is crass. The patent-medicine serves as a metaphor for the whole capitalist system; and the general belief in it says something about the susceptibility of the masses in modern capitalist society to manipulation by false prophets as well as hucksters. Tono-Bungay is in part a satire on the new but rapidly-expanding commodity culture of the Edwardian age and on the men who led it.

In its structure, the novel follows the Bildungsroman tradition. George Ponderevo begins as the son of a servant in a grand country house, Bladesover. It is worth noting that in Tono-Bungay, written before the First World War and Shaw's Heartbreak House,
Wells presents a stately house, Bladesover, as a composite symbol of the cultural and social forces that Shaw depicted through his two "houses." It is a sign of the decay of the old order that in the narrator's childhood, Bladesover is ruled by two frail octogenarian women, Lady Drew and Miss Somerville. It is of course a sign of the times that when George Ponderevo is forty, Bladesover is "let furnished to Sir Reuben Lichenstein. . . . Hawksnest, over beyond . . . had its pseudomorph too . . . Redgrave was in the hands of brewers" (14). It is interesting that more modest homes, like Howards End, are shown as having a better chance of retaining their English character than the grand aristocratic properties. Crest Hill, on the other hand, the opulent mansion that Teddy builds in order to keep pace with his own progress, is used by Wells as a symbol of the chaotic modernity that is beginning to transform England, as well as an ironic symbol of his uncle's insignificance:

[all] the world has heard of that extravagant place which grew and changed its plans as it grew, and bubbled like a salted snail, and burgeoned and bulged and evermore grew. I know not what delirium of pinnacles and terraces and arcades and corridors glittered at last upon the uplands of his mind; the place, for all that its expansion was terminated abruptly by our collapse, is wonderful enough as it stands, -- that empty instinctive building of a childless man . . . . There he stands in my memory, the symbol of this age for me, the man of luck and advertisement, the current master of the world. There he stands upon the great outward sweep of the terrace before the huge main entrance, a little figure, ridiculously disproportionate to that forty-foot arch, with the granite ball behind him. (221)

Wells' critical assessment of Crest Hill and the culture it represented serves as an ending point in Wells' depiction of social changes in his lifetime and the nature of the modern
world in which George writes his retrospective "memoir."

Disgraced early on for not knowing his "place" in the rigid hierarchy of Bladesover, George tells how he was eventually apprenticed at thirteen to his uncle, a small town pharmacist. He finds Edward, still a young man, married to the jolly and vivacious Susan, and driven by ambition to make a "killing" on the stock exchange. Teddy has grasped the dynamic principle of popular capitalist democracy and is passionately, religiously committed to it and certain of being "saved" by it.

Eventually the bubble bursts and George, driven by loyalty as well as adventure and self-interest, journeys to Africa to steal a boatload of quap, a potentially radioactive waste -- certainly an intimation of Wells' sense of science as holding the key to the future. But the gamble fails, Teddy's business fails, and he dies bankrupt and humiliated. This leaves George free to return to his original vocation, science. At the end, we see him speeding down the Thames on a destroyer he has designed and built in his own firm. Science seems to provide him with personal salvation, but figured forth in this grey, powerful warship (anticipating Captain Shotover, as well as echoing Andrew Undershaft), it is presented as ominous in its possibilities.

Like many protagonists of novels of maturation, George has grown up without a father, allowing Uncle Teddy to play that role. But by example he encourages George to operate on the fringes of the law and bleed the public of as much money as possible. In evoking his hero's fatherless state, Wells uses standard nineteenth-century conventions to propel his narrative and raise readers' expectations, but these expectations are frustrated: "at the conclusion George knows no more about his father than he does on the opening
George is nineteen at the time but has few illusions left about his uncle:

By this time I had really grasped the fact that my uncle had, in plain English, robbed me; the little accumulations of my mother, six hundred pounds and more, that would have educated me and started me in business, had been eaten into and was mostly gone into the unexpected hollow that ought to have been a crest. (66)

George is freed to move to London, where he meets his old school chum Ewart. Together they explore what the metropolis has to offer. The city seems ripe with meanings he cannot define: "The whole illimitable place teemed with suggestions of indefinite and sometimes outrageous possibility, of hidden but magnificent meanings" (87). For a time, Ewart remains both friend and mentor:

He made me feel clearly, what I had not felt at all before, the general adventurousness of life, particularly of life at the stage we had reached, and
also the absence of definite objects, of any concerted purpose in the lives that were going on all round us. He made me feel, too, how ready I was to take up commonplace assumptions. Just as I had always imagined that somewhere in social arrangements there was certainly a Head-Master who would intervene if one went too far, so I had always had a sort of implicit belief that in our England there were somewhere people who understood what we were all, as a nation, about. That crumpled into his pit of doubt and vanished. He brought out, sharply cut and certain, the immense effect of purposelessness in London that I was already indistinctly feeling. (91)

Sixty years earlier, Carlyle, as well as other Victorian sages, had been crying out for a political leader who "understood what we were all, as a nation, about"; now Wells shows us his protagonist exhilarated rather than dismayed by the apparent chaos and purposelessness of modernity.

Amid the confusion, however, one shining light beckons. As Ewart tells George, "After all, all this confounded vagueness might be altered. If you could get men to work together" (92). He is talking about socialism, and his sculpting is a metaphor for this hope: George describes him as always "working at some chunk of clay that never got beyond suggestion" (92). Socialism may have the power ultimately to shape and build a new society, but in this book it remains a fantasy, like Ewart's ambitions as a sculptor: he ends up being "a monumental artist at Woking" (26), a fate and an occupation replete with irony.

Although Wells, like Shaw, had been for a while a leading member of the Fabians, in the novel the society's significance is mocked. "[A] discursive gritty paper on Trusts and one of the most inconclusive discussions you can imagine" (94) is all that George and Ewart are given when they visit the Fabians' headquarters. George's contact with
socialism fails to satisfy his yearning for a totalizing system. It is interesting that Wells himself resigned from the Society in 1907 (Smith 108), and his ironic treatment of it in the novel may derive from his own experience. But at this stage, George's "socialist proclivities" (114) fill him with qualms about joining his uncle in his new business:

You see, it's just to give one's self over to the Capitalistic System . . . it's surrendering all one's beliefs. We may succeed, we may grow rich, but where would the satisfaction be? (115)

Like Helen Schlegel in *Howards End*, George here thinks about business in polarized and melodramatic terms, equating it with a betrayal of ethics and idealism.

II

But his faith in socialism has been eroded by his sense of ineffectiveness, and George joins his uncle because of curiosity and a zest for adventure as well as the desire to win and support the woman he loves. Capitalism now offers itself seriously as a source of meaning. George is transfixied by the material changes money has made to his uncle and aunt's lives:

Directly I came into the room I appreciated the change in outlook that the achievement of Tono-Bungay had made almost as vividly as when I saw my uncle's new hat. The furniture of the room struck upon my eye as almost stately. The chairs and sofa were covered with chints which gave it a dim remote flavour of Bladesover; the mantel, the cornice, the gas pendant were larger and finer than the sort of thing I had grown
accustomed to in London. (117)

As his uncle's assistant and eventual partner, George is duly rewarded by the world of commerce:

All that my uncle promised me proved truth and understatement; Tono-Bungay carried me to freedoms and powers that no life of scientific research, no passionate service of humanity could ever have given me . . . (120)

But freedom and power, it turns out, are not exactly what he is looking for; what he wants is a goal to which he can dedicate his life, and Capitalism, which he sees always as aimless and fraudulent, fails to satisfy that need any more than sex, love and marriage. He sees his uncle, even now that he is rich and famous, without illusion:

he created nothing, he invested nothing, he economised nothing. I cannot claim that a single one of the great businesses we organised added any real value to human life at all. Several, like Tono-Bungay, were unmitigated frauds by any honest standard, the giving of nothing coated in advertisements for money. (180)

As second-in-command to Teddy, George acknowledges his complicity in his uncle's fantastically lucrative chicanery. But he notes that the public they catered to and manipulated never felt cheated:

We gave them a feeling of hope and profit; we sent a tidal wave of water
and confidence into their stranded affairs. "We mint Faith, George," said my uncle one day. "That's what we do. And by Jove we got to keep minting! We been making human confidence ever since I drove the first cork of Tono-Bungay." (181)

Studying the transmutations of the Captain of Industry, we cannot help hearing in this speech of Teddy's the element of caricature. Wells is here parodying Carlyle's hope that the industrial capitalist has the creative energy and vision that can save society. The words "faith" and "hope" imply that commerce -- what Ruskin in a similar analysis had called "Traffic" -- is now a substitute for Christianity, a new religion and in this case an opiate for the masses.

But as he grows in wealth and power, Teddy declines in health. Peddling medicine that promises to cure all ills, he himself succumbs to illness -- a distemper of the spirit as well as body that his medication cannot relieve and that is symptomatic of social crisis: through his decline, his society itself is "represented as a sick body, contagion spreading through its fibres, corrupting individuals and institutions" (Chialant 99). This image of disease, like other clusters of imagery, helps to organize what is frankly but perhaps disingenuously presented as an artless and sprawling memoir.6

When George first encounters Teddy, he sees no signs of his eventual decline. It is Teddy's energy, what George calls his "go" (the word is also applied to Gerald Crich by Ursula and Gudrun), eccentricity, and informality that strike George:

I thought of my uncle as Teddy directly I saw him; there was something in his personal appearance that in the light of that memory phrased itself at once as Teddiness -- a certain Tedinity. To describe it in any other terms
is more difficult. It is nimbleness without grace, and alertness without intelligence. He whisked out of his shop upon the pavement, a short figure in grey and wearing grey carpet slippers; one had a sense of a young fattish face behind gilt glasses, wiry hair that stuck up and forward over the forehead, an irregular nose that had its aquiline moments, and that the body betrayed an equatorial laxity, an incipient "bow window" as the image goes. (45)

Except for these hints of "laxity" and imbalance, Teddy is in good health. But the changes in Teddy's condition noted by George over time constitute a kind of motif that serves to signal the moral pathology that accompanies his ambition and fraudulent success:

It came into my head that he had shrunken very much in size since the Wimblehurst days, that the cannon ball he had swallowed was rather more evident and shameless than it had been, his skin less fresh and the nose between his glasses, which still didn't quite fit, much redder. And just then he seemed much laxer in his muscles and not quite as alertly quick in his movements. But he evidently wasn't aware of the degenerative nature of the changes as he sat there, looking suddenly quite little under my eyes. (110)

George's retrospective narration is obviously freighted with dramatic irony and symbolic significance. He is well aware of how his uncle's health and appearance are related to his increasingly grandiose and complicated business practices:

The little man plumped up very considerably during the creation of the Tono-Bungay property, but with the increasing excitements that followed that first flotation came dyspepsia and a certain flabbiness and falling away. His abdomen -- if the reader will pardon my taking his features in the order of their value -- had at first a nice full roundness, but afterwards it lost tone, without however losing size. (171)
Eventually, Teddy himself can no longer ignore his pains and discomfort:

"My stomach isn't what it was . . . One finds it -- these times. How did it all happen, George? Your Marconigram -- it took me in the wind a bit."

I told him concisely. He nodded to the paragraphs of my narrative, and at the end he poured something from a medicine bottle into a sticky little wine-glass and drank it. I became aware of the presence of drugs, of three or four small bottles before him among his disorder of papers, of a faint elusively familiar odour in the room. (279)

It is the "sickness" of his business straining to express itself. The medication he relies on may be an actual opiate, perhaps opium itself. George, with his laboratory experience, finds it "elusively familiar" in odour. By the time he declares bankruptcy -- "It's all up" (284) -- George is touched by the pathetic whining wreck his once lively and ambitious uncle has become:

He stood swaying and then came forward with a weak motion of his arms like a man who cannot see distinctly, and caught at and leaned upon the stile. . . . He put up his little fat hand and clawed [his glasses] off clumsily, felt inefficiently for his pocket-handkerchief and then to my horror, as he clung to me, he began to weep aloud, this little old world-worn swindler. It wasn't just sobbing or shedding tears, it was crying as a child cries. It was -- oh! terrible! . . .

"It's not a fair game, George. They tire you out. And I'm not well. My stomach's all wrong. And I been and got a cold. I always been li'ble to cold and this one's on my chest. And then they tell you to speak up. They bait you -- and bait you, and bait you. It's torture. The strain of it. You can't remember what you said. You're bound to contradict yourself." (285)
His collapse calls to mind Mangan's confessions of his hollowness in *Heartbreak House*.

The "panic and emptiness" that Forster's narrator detects within the Wilcoxes seem also to lie in wait for the Captain of Industry as well as his society.

George attempts to help his uncle flee from his creditors by going with him to France in an air balloon, but the escapade only exacerbates Teddy's illness and hastens his death. As George looks at Teddy cowering on the floor of the balloon's wicker basket, he notes once again the diminution of the "Napoleon of domestic convenience":

I was struck now by the flushed weariness of his face, and the look of age the grey stubble on his unshaved chin gave him. He sat crumpled up, shivering and coughing, munching reluctantly, but drinking eagerly, and whimpering a little, a dreadfully pitiful figure to me. (292)

Despite his distaste for Teddy's grandiose but shady schemes, George is genuinely fond of him as well as fascinated by him. His account of Teddy's death is sympathetic and even moving:

I have tried to make you picture him, time after time, as the young man of the Wimplehurst chemist's shop, as the shabby assistant in Tottenham Court Road, as the adventurer of the early days of Tono-Bungay, as the confident preposterous plutocrat. And now I have to tell of him strangely changed under the shadow of oncoming death, with his skin lax and yellow and glistening with sweat, his eyes large and glassy, his countenance unfamiliar through the growth of a beard, his nose pinched and thin. Never had he looked so small as now. (293-4)

We see him "as much a victim as a manipulator of the Edwardian economic order"
(Bergonzi *Turn* 94), and in this important respect at least he resembles Charles Gould -- as well as Henry Wilcox and Gerald Crich.

III

Teddy's decline is presented in such a way that we see in it as complete a repudiation of the Captain of Industry as hero as in *Women in Love* with the death of Gerald. George Ponderevo's commitment to science and technology marks Wells' attempt to put forward a new type of man as hero for the modern age -- the scientist. Having outgrown his engagements with socialism and capitalism, George commits himself to science, the true and pure "mistress" (note how the sexualized language is applied to intellectual passion very much as in the case of Gould in *Nostromo*, whose "passion," however, is psychological) in an impure world of "crumbling and confusion, of change and seemingly aimless swelling, of a bubbling up and medley of futile loves and sorrows" (316). It holds the promise of his heart's desire -- to explain everything:

Scientific truth is the remotest of mistresses, she hides in strange places, she is attained by tortuous and laborious roads, *but she is always there!* Win to her and she will not fail you; she is yours and mankind's for ever. She is reality, the one reality I have found in this strange disorder of existence. She will not sulk with you nor misunderstand you nor cheat you of your reward upon some petty doubt. You cannot change her by advertisement or clamour, nor stifle her in vulgarities. Things grow under your hands when you serve her, things that are permanent as nothing else is permanent in the whole life of man. That I think is the peculiar satisfaction of science and its enduring reward. . . . (226)
In science there is the discipline, certainty and sense of definite purpose for which he has always yearned. At the end, as he stands on the deck of his destroyer, George is aware that the future is uncertain, but he has "come to see [himself] from the outside...without illusions" (317).

The drive for knowledge through science proves stronger than the desire for justice, wealth and power, or the physical desire he has for Marion and later his mistress Effie. The kind of radical commitment to a relationship with a woman that Lawrence celebrates through Birkin and Ursula in *Women in Love* is never entertained here. Indeed, despite the expressions of affection for Teddy, human relationships, including intimate and sexual relationships, do not significantly figure in George's quest for meaning, as they do for the protagonists of Conrad, Forster, Lawrence, and even Shaw. As Lucille Herbert says, in *Tono-Bungay* there is an underlying attitude which I find to be morally vicious. . . . The value of human life lies in the achievement of collective and suprahuman aims. Individual persons are 'irrelevant' except in their relation to such aims, even while the ultimate purposes of the impersonal force remain unknown, marked by an X. (154)

George's realization of the sterility of his capitalistic society comes in fits and starts. While his uncle's fortune is still rising, for example, George reflects on "the bishops and statesmen" who flock around Teddy at the height of his success:

I could look at them all the better because for the most part they were not looking at me but at my uncle, and calculating consciously or
unconsciously how they might use him and assimilate him to their system, the most unpremeditated, subtle, successful and aimless plutocracy that ever encumbered the destinies of mankind. (210-11)

The quap episode shows the extent of exploitation to which the market system can drive even an essentially disinterested man like George, honest and intellectually vigorous. As Anthony West explains, in the unequivocal tone that characterizes his whole biography of his father, the episode is allegorical,

intended ... to demonstrate ... the inevitability of the progression from peddling the mildly harmful to the exploitation of the wholly lethal that had to follow on the general acceptance of the principle doctrine of market-place capital that profit justified all things. (327-8)

The metaphors of brigandage and invasion prevalent throughout the novel are most emphatic in the quap episode, actualizing in a sinister way Teddy's self-deluding rhetoric:

"The romance of modern commerce, George!" my uncle would say, rubbing his hands together and drawing in air through his teeth. "The romance of modern commerce, eh? Conquest. Province by province. Like sogers [sic]." (124)

When George goes to Africa to get the quap, the language of trade and commerce used to describe Teddy's business as well as George's involvement in it gives way to the language of theft and pillage. But quap is a lurid symbol not only of wealth but also of the double-edged nature of science, which seems to call into question the purity that George
attributes to science. While it holds out the promise of "the perfect filament," "Fifty tons of quap and . . . [w]e'd make the lamp trade sit on its tail and howl" (252) -- it is radioactive, causes sores to appear on hands that touch it, produces a malaria-like fever, and disintegrates the ships that carry it. In other words, like science -- and the battleship built by the application of scientific knowledge -- quap can be used for harmful as well as useful ends. George must pay a price in the service of his "true mistress." He comes to understand his own potential for depravity when he shoots down a man in cold blood during the adventure. And in more subtle ways too the book illustrates the compromises and limitations of his humanity exacted by his devotion to science. The totalitarian ideologies that Wells, like Shaw, lived to see emerging in the thirties are foreshadowed in this acceptance of over-riding impersonal values. Wells' vision -- like that of Carlyle, one of many writers from whom he takes his lead (and only implicit in the novel) -- is of a strong man leading society not to satisfy his ambition but as an act of service -- as it were providing a head for the shoulders of society. George's growth, from his involvement first with socialism, then capitalism, and finally to his commitment to science, culminates, it seems, in his sitting down to write the book we are reading. This also gives him, Wells asks us to believe, a visionary power of the kind that Carlyle and other Victorians required in social leaders. But the last scene in the novel, which has provoked a variety of responses, complicates such a simple positivist reading. In Season of Youth, Buckley writes that

at the last [George] is more or less content henceforth to be the dedicated scientist, or at least resigned to that role, and virtually unconscious of the
fact that as such he may be less than the complete human being. (203)

John Batchelor goes further, claiming that through science George "is well on the way to becoming in reality the 'overman' or 'Napoleon' that Teddy liked to imagine himself" (H.G. Wells 80). Batchelor notes that George is willing, just like Shaw's Undershaft and Shotover, to sell his ship to any foreign power. But the passage in question expresses simply George's commitment to invention and technology as well as the short-sighted -- that is, lacking in vision and imagination -- policies and practice of the British government:

as a matter of fact, X2 isn't intended for the empire, or indeed for the hands of any European power. We offered it to our own people first, but they would have nothing to do with me, and I have long since ceased to trouble much about such questions. (317)

Back in 1948, focusing on technique rather than content, Mark Schorer went as far as any recent critic has done in emphasizing the contradictions of the novel, pointing to the apocalyptic despair indicated by its formal looseness. Tono-Bungay, he says:

ends in a kind of meditative rhapsody which denies every value that the book has been aiming toward. For all the kinds of social waste which Wells has been describing, this is the most inconclusive, the final waste. Thus he gives us in the end not a novel, but a hypothesis; not an individual destiny, but a theory of the future; and not his theory of the future, but a nihilistic vision quite opposite from everything that he meant to represent. With a minimum of attention to the virtues of technique, Wells might still not have written a great novel; but he would at any rate have established a point of view and a tone that would have told us what he meant. (11)
Nowadays, such contradictions or **aporia** in the organization of a text are not always regarded so negatively. Nor is it by any means clear that articulating a theory of the future is Wells' main concern in the novel; after all, he has George present himself as telling the story of his life in the form of a novel even while he disclaims the skills of a novelist. Wells may have pre-emptively anticipated Schorer's Jamesian criticisms of his work. Even if such an intention could be demonstrated, it may not be as persuasive or effective as Wells desired. But in his formalist discussion of the book, Kenneth B. Newell finds **Tono-Bungay** both coherent and optimistic, and sees the destroyer as an instrument of change, "a 'destroyer' just as the universal process of Change is a 'destroyer' -- and the instrument is as unconcerned with its effects upon civilizations as is the universal process it represents" (105-106). Going along with this, we can try to view the destroyer as George himself views it, an amoral but not immoral force that can be controlled by a moral man, a man of knowledge and understanding. Clearly, the Captain of Industry as Carlyle envisioned him would be such a man, but in most of the texts examined in this thesis such men are lacking. In **Major Barbara**, the Captain-of-Industry figure, Andrew Undershaft, is endorsed as a vital and practical visionary ready to serve (in a different spirit from George Ponderevo) the destructive power of technology in the interests of social evolution. But his hard-headed gusto is itself about to be overtaken by history and evolution. He is gracefully ready to step aside as soon as he has found and trained a suitable heir. Cusins, though he is steeped in the classics and sees himself as a poet, accepts Undershaft's "Mephistophelian" challenge out of admiration for Undershaft's vision as well as his love
for Barbara (strikingly different in this respect from the austerely self-denying George) and agrees to step into the shoes of the play's Captain of Industry. At this point in his career, Shaw was suggesting that the heroic nature of that archetype could be updated. But Wells, stressing George's uncertainty, instability, and almost amoral exasperation with human nature and institutions, as well as his view of himself as a kind of "lone wolf," consigns the Captain of Industry, together with the feudalism of Bladesover, to the dustbin of history.

The themes I have examined in this chapter -- George's life as a search for meaning, the disease of modern capitalism as represented by the financial and physical decline and fall of Teddy Ponderevo, and the emphatic assertion of the primacy of science -- are central to the ending, making it difficult to support Schorer in his claim that the ending denies the values of the book, however ambivalent we may feel about these values. Throughout the novel, George has commented on the aimless waste of bloated capitalism; here, his final vision is of a "spectacle of forces running to waste, of people who use and do not replace, the story of a country hectic with a wasting aimless fever of trade and money-making and pleasure-seeking" (311). This is perfectly in accord with the vision of a rapidly changing society in the opening as is the statement by George when he says that "kingship and chivalry, spite of this wearing of treasured robes, are as dead among it all as that crusader my uncle championed against the nettles outside the Duffield church" (313). It is his faith in science and understanding of it that have given George the confidence to make these generalizations as he dismisses religion, aristocracy, capitalism, and personal relations. His search for meaning has culminated in his rejection of all of these values in
favour of the intellectual promise offered -- a promise in his experience made good, more or less -- by science. At the end of the novel, George's language about science is quasi-religious and almost obfuscatingly mystical:

But through the confusion sounds another note. Through the confusion something drives, something that is at once human achievement and the most inhuman of all existing things. Something comes out of it. . . . How can I express the values of a thing at once so essential and so immaterial? It is something that calls upon such men as I with an irresistible appeal.

I have figured it in my last section by the symbol of my destroyer, stark and swift, irrelevant to most human interests. Sometimes I call this reality Science, sometimes I call it Truth. But it is something we draw by pain and effort out of the heart of life, that we disentangle and make clear. Other men serve it, I know, in art, in literature, in social invention, and see it in a thousand different figures, under a hundred names. I see it always as austerity, as beauty. This thing we make clear is the heart of life. It is the one enduring thing. Men and nations, epochs and civilizations pass, each making its contribution. I do not know what it is, a something, except that it is supreme. It is something, a quality, an element, one may find now in colours, now in forms, now in sounds, now in thoughts. It emerges from life with each year one lives and feels, and generation by generation and age by age, but the how and why of it are all beyond the compass of my mind. (316-7)

Confronted with the confusing and dismaying spectacle of modern life, Wells allows George a degree of modesty that he himself nearly achieved in this expression of what can only be called faith -- faith, like Shaw's, in the "Life Force" and human creativity. The First World War, followed by the Depression, the rise of Fascism, and the Second World War, sapped such optimism, leading Wells to entitle his last work Mind at the End of Its Tether.
The image of George on the deck of his destroyer is not of a captain drunk in his cabin, as Shotover in *Heartbreak House* says, while his ship is heading for the rocks. (*On the Rocks* is the title of a play published by Shaw in 1933; it, like *Heartbreak House*, was concerned with issues of "navigation.") But the art of navigation that Shotover urges on the other characters in *Heartbreak House* and Shaw himself on his audience seems still to be elusive. We may recall that one of the lessons that George learns and that he tells us about early on is that "life was to consist largely in the world's doing things to me" (62). What I have called modesty in this "rhapsody" of George's may indicate a significant degree of uncertainty about the future that contrasts strongly with his confident generalization about the past and the present. As the type of new man who takes over from the Captain-of-Industry figure -- now seen as ignorant and self-destructive -- George does not seem to be in charge of his ship, which, we are told, "bored her nose under the foam regardless of it all like a black hound going through reeds -- on what trail even I who made her cannot tell" (314). What hope is there for England, and indeed the Western world, when the man in charge of the ship feels swept along by the forces of science and technology and uncertain about where he is being taken? For contrast, see Wells' *The World of William Clissold* (1926), where the Captain of Industry appears in control of science and technology. *9*

Wells' *Tono-Bungay*, then, can be regarded as a kind of obituary for the hopeful vision of the Captain of Industry as hero that Carlyle put forward, but the novel fails to suggest a convincing alternative, though not for lack of trying on the author's part. Although there is a progression of sorts in the scientist taking over from the capitalist, the
change can be seen as implying a continuation of the leaderless irresponsibility of which Shotover complains. The scientist/engineer may be the man of the future, but the present seems to have little regard for him: "our people," George says, "would have nothing to do with me." The ambiguity of George as hero is the very ambiguity of science: it can bring enlightenment and understanding, but it can also unleash forces it cannot control. The sound of "voices prophesying war" can almost be heard as George celebrates his "black hound" of a ship. As a writer, Wells himself moved more and more away from the novel and turned towards polemics, history and autobiography. Perhaps, after all, Schorer was essentially right: Tono-Bungay fails to deal satisfactorily with all the questions it raises, and its author felt driven to address these questions through other kinds of writing.
Chapter 4 -- Notes

1 Wells was a student from 1884 to 1887 at the Normal School of Science, in South Kensington, where he studied biology under T.H. Huxley. Of that time, Wells said "I believed [Huxley] was the greatest man I was ever likely to meet, and I believe that all the more firmly today" (Frank Wells 24). Huxley's most important work was *Evolution and Ethics*, "a powerful summary of the moral dilemmas with which the theory and practice of Evolution confronted the late-Victorian world" (Bergonzi 106). Wells took from Huxley the idea that Evolution did not have to include moral development, and humankind was not evolving towards a higher ethical state. In many ways, *Tono-Bungay* is the fictional working out of this idea. Teddy is no more developed morally than his ape-man ancestors, the skeletons of which Wells had examined while working on his diploma at the Normal School of Science. In the novel, Wells also is intellectually sparring with Herbert Spencer, the nineteenth-century sociologist, whose doctrine of inevitable moral progress he challenges.

2 Richard Hauer Costa, for example, calling *Tono-Bungay* the "best" of Wells' books, observes that "the ambivalence of his position" towards science, which he learned from his mentor, T.H. Huxley, provides "the subject matter for every book he wrote after" *Tono-Bungay* (60).

3 In his polemical and speculative writing, Wells did deal explicitly with his idea of
an elite. In *A Modern Utopia*, published in 1905, four years before *Tono-Bungay*, Wells attempted, unconstrained by the demands of fictional form, to proclaim "the coming of a world which is clean, light, sexually sane, intelligent, aristocratic and beautiful" (Batchelor H.G. Wells 64). Examining the book helps us better understand *Tono-Bungay* and its interest in the question of who should govern England. Much of the book does not concern us, but its chapter on the Samurai is essential to an understanding of Wells' thoughts about a natural aristocracy that should govern England. Wells tells us that "this order is open to every physically and mentally healthy adult in the Utopian state who will observe its prescribed austere rule of living" (259). However, every Samurai must possess a "Technique," a talent, must be twenty-five or older, and must follow a strict regimen: no tobacco, wine, alcohol, or sex. Most important to the idea of the Captain of Industry at the heart of this thesis is Wells' lack of emphasis on wealth. When the visitor to the Utopia described in the book is surprised to hear that wealth is not a prerequisite to becoming a member of the Samurai, he is told: "'Wealth . . . is no sort of power at all unless you make it one. If it is so in your world it is so by inadvertency. Wealth is a State-made thing, a convention, the most artificial of powers'" (288-9).

4 Ingvald Raknem has suggested that Teddy Ponderevo is a composite of the chemist Wells apprenticed under, Mr Cowap; the financier Whitaker Wright; and the press baron, Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe (255-261). His first name may also be a glancing reference to Edward VII, whom many viewed as a decadent monarch, while his last name may refer to his tendency to "ponder" about England and what is needed to
revitalize it, to give it some "go." But it is also close to "ponderous," perhaps suggesting that his approach to industry and money-making is awkward and ungainly.

5 In "The Hero as King," Carlyle had lauded Napoleon. But Wells, in An Outline of History, tacitly repudiated Carlyle's admiration for Napoleon, who, he said, "could do no more than strut upon the crest of this great mountain of opportunity like a cockerel upon a dunghill" (739). In repudiating Carlyle's view of Napoleon, Wells is also calling in question the very idea of the hero as social leader. Nevertheless, his active mind continued to cast about relentlessly for alternatives. In the midst of the First World War, he was calling for co-ordination between science and technology on the one hand, and capital, industry, and labour on the other. In The Elements of Reconstruction (1916), originally a series of articles in The Times, Wells argued for an education system based on science, and advised a group of educational reformers of the British Science Guild to "take counsel with and understand those captains and organizers of industry and those labour leaders whose primary function should be the reinstatement of the national economic life after the war" (42).

6 In Structure in Four Novels By H.G. Wells, Kenneth Newell shows how four themes are organized into a pattern within the novel and give it structure: the flight of a skyrocket, the life-cycle of an organism, the transformation of reality into illusion, and the theme of change (73).
7 Anthony West says in *H.G. Wells* that the death scene of Teddy was modelled on the death of Wells' good friend, the late-Victorian novelist, George Gissing (262-3).


9 In October of 1926, the indefatigable Wells published the first volume of *The World of William Clissold* (the next two volumes were published in November and December of that year), in which Clissold, an optimistic Captain of Industry, conceives the idea of "the Open Conspiracy" of industrialists, scientists and financiers, who would cooperate to construct a kind of "New World Order." It was, as Dickson says, "one more attempt, nearly the last, to establish the New Republic of mankind" (344). Although it represents an interesting point on the graph charting the shifts of Wells' mood and the development of his ideas, it is not successful as a work of literature. As D.H. Lawrence put it with uncharacteristic restraint when he reviewed the first volume, "If *Tono-Bungay* is a novel, then this is not one" (346). He ends the review on this note: "Mr Wells has given us such brilliant and such very genuine novels that we can only hope the Clissold 'angle' will straighten out in Vol. II" (350). Lawrence found the work "altogether a poor book" (349), this coming from a man who had declared: "You [Blanche Jennings] must, must read *Tono-Bungay* . . . It is the best novel Wells has written -- it is the best novel I have read for -- oh, how long?" (*Letters* I 119).
CHAPTER 5

Howards End:

Mr Wilcox Takes Early Retirement

"England was alive, throbbing through all her estuaries . . . Does she belong to those who have moulded her and made her feared by other lands, or to those who have added nothing to her power, but have somehow seen her, seen the whole island at once, lying as a jewel in a silver sea, sailing as a ship of souls, with all the brave world's fleet accompanying her towards eternity?" (178)

Despite obvious superficial differences between them, Henry Wilcox in Forster's Howards End belongs with Edward Ponderevo in Tono-Bungay as a late degraded type of Captain of Industry. By the end of the novel, his decline is dramatic, although it raises more questions than it answers about the full meaning and ramifications of Forster's famous epigraph, "Only connect."

For the purpose of this study, the novel is particularly useful in its clear if sometimes crude binary oppositions: head versus heart, male versus female, middle class versus working class, and above all, business versus culture. But despite this schematic tendency, Forster succeeds in avoiding simplistic and invidious contrasts, insisting that both the Wilcox and Schlegel families and the mentalities they represent are needed to lead the country economically, morally, and spiritually. One may at times be tempted to regard Henry Wilcox as the villain of the piece, but I think Forster wants to avoid that, even if he
does not quite succeed.

As a mere speculator as well as an imperialist (what many critics label the worst form of capitalist) Mr Wilcox is easily condemned. He has investments in Greece and Africa, where he has "bought forests from the natives [of Africa] for a few bottles of gin" (277). A thoroughly conventional man and blatant materialist, he is conscious of little beyond his singleminded and fully self-approving devotion for accumulating worldly goods; he seems to act solely to advance his family's position. He is so repressed, so alienated from his emotions, that even with the help of Mrs Wilcox and later Margaret, he cannot recognize his own flawed humanity or make any real change. By the end of the novel, we see him in a wheelchair, crippled and collapsed into himself, under the indulgent authority of the Schlegel women. His lack of vision defines him, together with Shaw's Mangan, as a drastically diminished version of the Captain of Industry.

At the start of the book, Henry Wilcox is a brisk, vigorous, and successful head of a typically Philistine English upper-middle-class family -- diminished Forsytes in spirit -- with whom the Schlegels, as the representatives of culture, are destined to have a love-hate relationship. Wilcox is a director of "The Imperial Rubber Company," and his two sons are also associated with colonial investments. Only his wife is untouched by commercial, materialist, and imperialist coarseness. Her purity is all the more impressive for her longstanding devotion to her domineering if usually genial husband. The fact that she is a loving wife and mother to this robust but unappealing clan is a sign of her incorruptibility, but her name -- Ruth (pity) -- suggests that she is an alien among them.
Although not childless, she may be linked to Emilia Gould in *Nostromo*: both women represent a "kinder, gentler" way of living that is rooted in its connection to nature. Ruth's weakness and early death are Forster's ways of signalling his anxiety about the English values with which he identifies her. The ancient Howards End, which immediately enchants Helen Schlegel and stands for the quintessential soul of old England, is her inheritance. Although her husband and sons do not really like the house, it is property, and like the true Forsytes-in-spirit that they are, they fight to keep it after her death. The question of who shall inherit Howards End, as critics, starting with Lionel Trilling, have recognized, focuses on the bigger issue of who, as the book itself puts it, shall inherit England.

The Wilcoxes treat houses as property and do not have special feelings or an attachment to Howards End. Forgetting his complicity in the crucial act of keeping Howards End from its rightful inheritor, Henry Wilcox sounds insufferably self-righteous when he identifies his cupidity with moral principle:

"I cannot let this kind of thing continue without comment. I am morally certain that she [Helen] is with her sister at Howards End. The house is mine -- and, Charles, it will be yours -- and when I say that no one is to live there I mean that no one is to live there. I won't have it." He looked angrily at the moon. "To my mind this question is connected with something far greater, the rights of property itself." (317)

It may be significant that he looks angrily at the moon, the barrenness of which reflects his own sterility and coldness as well as a natural force that is beyond the reach of his will. Because the moon is subject to change, it can be
thought of as a symbol of mutability: "above all it is the being which does not keep its identity but suffers 'painful' his head from the world. At times it had the effect of a blank wall. He had dwelt behind it, intact and happy, for fifty years (100). A curtain, a bastion, and a blank wall are images of struggle and defence, of the conventional aggressiveness of the upper-middle-class Englishman, that indicate the hollowness and weakness that in the end bring down the house of Wilcox. The wintry garden suggests his frozen emotional life and rigid, self-serving conventionality. Surprising everyone, including himself, by his attraction to Margaret Schlegel, he barely realizes its significance or the impact on him of marrying his opposite. The blank wall crumbles, the bastion breaks, and Henry collapses physically as well as inwardly, suffering a loss of power and authority. But he does mellow, gaining in kindness, which until the very end remains an almost unrealized potential in his character.

The imagery of siege warfare persists throughout the novel. When the family is discussing Ruth Wilcox's note leaving Howards End to Margaret, the narrator comments that Henry speaks to Dolly "from out of his fortress" (106). And this strand of imagery is taken up again in the scene immediately after his old liaison with Jacky has been discovered when we see him desperately retrenching as his first line of defence crumbles:

Expelled from his old fortress, Mr Wilcox was building a new one. He could no longer appear respectable to her, so he defended himself instead in a lurid past. It was not true repentance. (241)
To Mr Wilcox life is a battle, and everyone but his own family is a potential adversary.

The war imagery reinforces the view of Wilcox as a capitalist/imperialist, the modern incarnation of the warrior, as Margaret perceives in Chapter 18:

The room suggested men, and Margaret, keen to derive the modern capitalist from the warriors and hunters of the past, saw it as an ancient guest-hall, where the lord sat at meat among his thanes. Even the Bible -- the Dutch Bible that Charles had brought back from the Boer War -- fell into position. Such a room admitted loot. (167)

The word "loot" expresses Forster's view of business, capitalism, and colonialism. As in Shaw's Heartbreak House, where Boss Mangan is lumped in with the burglar, big business is here also presented as a form of robbery.

In Howards End, the victim of robbery is the lower class, particularly in the person of Leonard Bast. Although Leonard is not hurt deliberately, Wilcox's patronizing smugness and his refusal to acknowledge any responsibility for the bad advice that costs Bast his job show him to be a demeaned and diminished version of Carlyle's heroic Captain of Industry. Aggressively indifferent to the poor and downtrodden in his society, Wilcox, "in his moral and sociological ideas," combines "the laissez-faire tenets of Manchester economics and of utilitarian ethics with "the struggle and survival pattern of Social Darwinism" (McDowell "Mild" 457). Lecturing Helen, he speaks with bullying complacency about the inequities of free market capitalism:

"A word of advice. Don't take up that sentimental attitude over the poor. See that she doesn't, Margaret. The poor are poor, and one's sorry for
them, but there it is. As civilization moves forward, the shoe is bound to pinch in places, and it's absurd to pretend that anyone is responsible personally. Neither you, nor I, nor my informant, nor the man who informed him, nor the directors of the Porphyrian, are to blame for this clerk's loss of salary. It's just the shoe pinching — no one can help it; and it might easily have been worse." (192)

But the narrator reminds us even when he lets Wilcox be a mouthpiece for reactionary ideology and unregenerate self-interest that he is not at bottom hard-hearted: "It was hard going in the roads of Mr Wilcox's soul. From boyhood he had neglected them" (187).

Henry Wilcox's Darwinian views on economics are related to his views about democracy. And at a time when women's suffrage was a prominent issue, he "says the most horrid things about women's suffrage so nicely" (21). In Chapter 20, having accepted his marriage proposal in her direct and high-spirited way, Margaret "rais[es] her voice" as she asks "'When do you want to marry me?'" (183). The snide jeers from some passers-by evoke Henry's jittery pompousness and snobbery, which have a political dimension:

[S]ome youths, who were also taking the evening air, overheard her. "Getting a bit hot, eh?" said one. Mr Wilcox turned on them, and said sharply, "I say!" There was silence. "Take care I don't report you to the police." They moved away quietly enough, but were only biding their time, and the rest of the conversation was punctuated by peals of ungovernable laughter. (183)

Acknowledging his helplessness in the face of lower-class irreverence, Henry lapses into bitterness, only to be reproved by the narrator:
"And these are the men to whom we give the vote," observed Mr Wilcox, omitting to add that they were also the men to whom he gave work as clerks -- work that scarcely encouraged them to grow into other men. (184-5)

And as is the case so often, Mr Wilcox wants things both ways: efficient workers, kept down by low wages and insecurity, but somehow also well-bred, deferential but confident and judicious. He himself is part of the ruling classes that exploit these workers, giving them little opportunity to become articulate and intelligent. And when they show themselves rude and uncouth, he sees his anti-democratic position vindicated. Wilcox, like Boss Mangan in Heartbreak House, is sceptical of British democracy, dismissing the House of Commons as the talking shop that many Victorians had thought it:

Mr Wilcox glanced at Parliament contemptuously. The more important ropes of life lay elsewhere. "Yes, they are talking again," said he. (165)

The "ropes of power," a nautical image, is frequently evoked in the book in the service of the metaphor of the ship of state and the tradition of England as a maritime nation. At this stage he does not yet respect Margaret enough to engage her in serious debate. When he sees her at Simpsons, he is characteristically patronizing about her political and intellectual interests: "How's your discussion society getting on? Any new utopias lately?" (157).
But Forster never sees Wilcox as beyond redemption, let alone socially useless (as
Shaw regards Mangan and "the practical men of business" he represents). Indeed,
Lawrence told Forster, in a letter dated 20 September 1922: "I think you did make a
nearly deadly mistake glorifying those business people in Howards End. Business is no
good" (Letters IV 301). But Forster, with his sensible "two cheers for democracy," even
as he presents business as ruthless, narrow and unconcerned about people, nevertheless
strives to give it due credit as a creative and necessary worldly force. And it is Margaret,
especially in her debates with her sister, who comes to speak in the novel for the validity
of the Wilcoxes and their energy, enterprise, and -- in the word used by Wells and
Lawrence -- their "go":

[Henry] was not a rebuke, but a stimulus, and banished morbidity. Some
twenty years her senior, he preserved a gift that she supposed herself to
have already lost -- not youth's creative power, but its self-confidence and
optimism. He was so sure that it was a very pleasant world. His
complexion was robust, his hair had receded but not thinned, the thick
moustache and the eyes that Helen had compared to brandy-balls had an
agreeable menace in them, whether they were turned towards the slums or
towards the stars. Some day -- in the millennium -- there may be no need
for his type. At present, homage is due to it from those who think
themselves superior, and who possibly are. (165)

"Possibly" qualifies this affirmative endorsement of "practical men of business";
"homage," however, is a stronger expression than Forster first used: in the manuscript of
the novel, he originally had "some homage" (Stallybrass 159). Qualified or not, homage
is related to the language of feudal warfare already noted, and has an archaic ring to it: in
an ideal, non-hierarchical world -- "in the millennium" -- there would be no need for
Henry and his kind. In the world of the novel, however -- characterized by struggle for survival at every level -- he and his class remain necessary. Eager to connect and teach connection, Forster wants to save the "Philistine" class they represent by dramatizing the terrible price they pay for their strengths and accomplishments.

In Chapter 12, even before Margaret accepts Henry, she sees the arrogance of the Schlegel idealism in which she has been raised, showing herself ready to respect the Wilcox practicality, ready to accept Henry's offer of marriage:

She had seen so much of them in the final week. They were not "her sort," they were often suspicious and stupid, and deficient where she excelled; but collision with them stimulated her, and she felt an interest that verged into liking, even for Charles. She desired to protect them, and often felt that they would protect her, excelling where she was deficient. Once past the rocks of emotion, they knew so well what to do, whom to send for; their hands were on all the ropes, they had grit as well as grittiness, and she valued grit enormously. They led a life that she could not attain to -- the outer life of "telegrams and anger," which had detonated when Helen and Peter had touched in June, and had detonated again the other week. To Margaret this life was to remain a real force. She could not despise it, as Helen and Tibby affected to do. It fostered such virtues as neatness, decision and obedience, virtues of the second rank, no doubt, but they have formed our civilization. They form character, too; Margaret could not doubt it: they keep the soul from becoming sloppy. How dare Schlegels despise Wilcoxes, when it takes all sorts to make a world? (111-12)

Despite the cliché of "it takes all sorts to make a world," there is wisdom and balance in Margaret's statement; Helen, on the other hand, although she was the one first taken in by the Wilcox's virile dynamism, rejects them just as strongly and impetuously as she once embraced them: "What a prosperous vulgarian Mr Wilcox has grown! I have very little
use for him in these days" (143). Earlier, when she tries to understand her short-lived infatuation with Paul Wilcox, her memory of Paul's psychological haplessness anticipates Henry's condition at the end: "'I remember Paul at breakfast,' said Helen quietly. 'I shall never forget him. He had nothing to fall back upon'" (41). As she elaborates later, affirming the Bloomsbury gospel of personal relations, in Paul's collapse there was manifest the emotional emptiness of the whole clan. We see that Ruth Wilcox's uncanny, quasi-mystical aloofness is not really effective as a guiding force in the family, despite its benevolent aura, which her children as well as her husband depend on but take for granted:

"Paul was frightened -- the man who loved me frightened and all his paraphernalia fallen, so that I knew it was impossible, because personal relations are the important things for ever and ever, and not this outer life of telegrams and anger." (176)

It is just such a collapse that Henry himself later experiences "'I don't know what to do -- what to do. I'm broken -- I'm ended'" (324). When Charles is arrested in connection with Leonard Bast's death, Henry is badly shaken, feels personally disgraced, and becomes a mere shadow of himself, dividing up his property and hoping that no one will come "'later on . . . complaining that I have been unfair'" (330). He speaks in a "weary voice," not in the brusque confident tones characteristic of him.

But even before this collapse, we are shown that even at the height of his powers Mr Wilcox is less than impressive, filled with bluster rather than visionary authority. In the fictional heyday of the Captain of Industry in the 1840s and 50s, writers showed these
larger-than-life figures at work to illustrate their leading role in society and the system: it was the Captain of Industry who was in charge, not the machine. But when Margaret visits Henry's office we see how far his "labour" has devolved from the nineteenth-century "heroic" tradition. To begin with, Henry is secretive about his business; as a rule, he discloses little information to anyone, unless asked. It is amusing to see him shocked by Margaret's forthright question about his income -- "How much have you a year?" He can only mutter in response, "What a question to spring on a fellow!" (182).

His money seems to be made secretly, obscurely, and almost shamefully -- echoing a remark of Captain Shotover in *Heartbreak House*: "Money is not made in the light" (91) Margaret leaves his office no better informed about his work than she was before, Henry having "implied his business rather than described it" (196):

Not that a visit to the office cleared things up. There was just the ordinary surface scum of ledgers and polished counters and brass bars that began and stopped for no possible reason, of electric-light globes blossoming in triplets, of little rabbit hutches faced with glass or wire, of little rabbits. And even when she penetrated to the inner depths she found only the ordinary table and Turkey carpet, and though the map over the fireplace did depict a helping of West Africa it was a very ordinary map. Another map hung opposite, on which the whole continent appeared, looking like a whale marked out for blubber, and by its side was a door, shut, but Henry's voice came through it, dictating a 'strong' letter. She might have been at the Porphyrian or Dempster's Bank, or her own wine-merchant's. Everything seems just alike in these days. (196-7)

"A helping of West Africa" and "a whale marked out for blubber" present the colonial enterprise once again in terms of pillage and exploitation, implying perhaps that men who
make their money in this way may need to conceal its indecencies behind "polished
counters and brass bars." While the setting itself is unremarkable in its dreary
orderliness, it is evoked in language meant to disturb with its suggestiveness. Its
ordinariness disguises the ruthless exploitation that is part and parcel of imperialist
activity. While the scene itself is peaceful, the metaphors describing it resonate with
ideas of violent exploitation and consumption.

When Margaret enters the outer office, she does in a way find a god within the
machine, but it is only the disembodied voice of Henry dictating a strong letter from
behind a closed door. This in itself is significant, for in this scene, characterized by
absence, Henry is dictating a letter -- a symbol of authority and presence, but only a
symbol (a letter, that is, presupposes a figure but an absent one). Henry speaks from an
inner chamber, and from behind a closed door, suggestive perhaps of Margaret's inability
to penetrate to the core of the "meaning" of his business enterprises. Margaret's quest for
meaning is deferred, leaving her only with the feeling of "formlessness and vagueness"
(196) which she had had when she entered the office.

Henry is as secretive about sexuality as he is about his business, revealing a guilty
prudishness and hypocrisy when Jacky Bast turns up at the most inopportune moment to
remind him of their "fling" years ago (and his infidelity to the saintly and almost iconic
Ruth Wilcox):

Outwardly he was cheerful, reliable and brave; but within, all had reverted
to chaos, ruled, so far as it was ruled at all, by an incomplete asceticism.
Whether as boy, husband or widower, he had always the sneaking belief
that bodily passion is bad, a belief that is desirable only when held
passionately. Religion had confirmed him. The words that were read aloud on Sunday to him and to other respectable men were the words that had once kindled the souls of St Catharine and St Francis into a white-hot hatred of the carnal. He could not be as the saints and love the Infinite with a seraphic ardour, but he could be a little ashamed of loving a wife. (188)

Incapable of really enjoying bodily pleasure, he is also shown here to be without any real moral conviction, completely out of touch with his desires and needs, and radically ignorant of himself. Only his embrace of convention has enabled him to stave off such a crisis for so long.

Confronted with his hypocrisies, he can only retreat into denial and moralistic platitudes that with defiant shamefulness invoke the sexual double standard in the difference between men and women: "I am a man, and have lived a man's past" (230). Later he tells Margaret, "'You, with your sheltered life, and refined pursuits, and friends, and books, you and your sister, and women like you -- I say, how can you guess the temptations that lie round a man?'" (242). When he at last believes that Margaret forgives him, he banishes the memory of Jacky Bast, dismissing her and his intimacy with her like his other unsuccessful investments. Jacky rejoined Howards End and Ducie Street, and the vermilion motor-car, and the Argentine Hard dollars, and all the things and people for whom he had never had much use, and had less now. (244)

After Henry Wilcox has been thrown into confusion by Jacky's appearance at his
wedding, it is someone like him and Charles -- a type that Forster calls "the Imperial" -- that passes Leonard Bast on his hike into the country:

At the chalk-pit a motor passed him. In it was another type whom Nature favours -- the Imperial. Healthy, ever in motion, it hopes to inherit the earth. It breeds as quickly as the yeoman, and as soundly; strong is the temptation to acclaim it as a super-yeoman, who carries his country's virtue overseas. But the Imperialist is not what he thinks or seems. He is a destroyer. He prepares the way for cosmopolitanism, and though his ambitions may be fulfilled the earth that he inherits will be gray. (314-15)

This glimpse of "the Imperialist" in the flush of mastery reminds us of historical forces that come close to confounding Forster himself and his hopes for England. The narrator's rueful comment at the end of this passage betrays a sense of helplessness -- only precariously countered by his sustained demolition of the Imperialist Wilcox type in the novel. In answer to his own question -- "To whom shall England belong?" -- Forster relies on the apparently idyllic pastoralism of the final scene as he puts forward the illegitimate but cherubically robust son of Helen and Leonard as his hope for the future.

Mr Wilcox himself, pathetically confined to his wheelchair, gazes benignly on the child playing in the grass. He is flanked by Margaret, on whom he is now completely dependent, and Helen. If he once "saw life more steadily," we are told (as Forster, echoing a line from Matthew Arnold's "To A Friend," continues his interrogation of Victorian hopefulness), it was only "with the steadiness of the half-closed eye" (314). With his debilitation, the vision of this distinctly un-visionary man is less steady now, but it may be somewhat more clear. He has at least seen things clearly enough to accept
Helen’s child as the eventual heir of Howards End, thus making the baby — a product of social and sexual connection -- the symbolic inheritor of England. This reading of reconciliation through the principle of clear vision is reinforced by the apparently casual observation of the narrator, speaking about the past: "One usen’t always to see clearly before that time. It was different now" (326). But as Margaret and Helen, once again loving and close, "the black abyss of the past" (326) behind them, appraise the events that have led to this happy ending, each needs to emphasize the positive for the other; we are reminded in their exchange of the pain, dissonance, and fragility that lie behind this rustic tableau. Henry’s confession of having once tried to cheat her as well as Ruth -- which has the effect of shaking Margaret’s "life in its innermost recesses" (332) -- is the most personal of these jarring notes. This final picture of pastoral activity and familial bliss rests on the experience of death, betrayal, and anxiety as well as hope. The child's father is dead, as is Margaret’s love for her husband, the Wilcox children are aggrieved and absent, and above all, the urban menace of London is "creeping" nearer every day. And as Helen says vaguely but ominously, "'London is only part of something else . . . Life's going to be melted down, all over the world'" (329). This "meltdown" image strikingly echoes the radiation metaphor in Tono-Bungay in its apocalyptic resonance. Forster shifts the last few lines of the book in the direction of hope and vitality, but his own sight and sense of foreboding remain steady. And the delicate balance that he strives for in the novel between realism and a defiant optimism rooted in rural life -- "[o]ne’s hope was in the weakness of logic," Margaret thinks, "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" (329) --
depends very much on the "forced" retirement of his Captain of Industry, a softened and complaisant Henry Wilcox.

It is interesting and significant, especially in the light of the gender issues of our own day, that Forster's return in 1910 to the Victorian Condition-of-England question envisions the emasculation of "macho" Captaincy and points to a kind of feminization of culture and a retreat, at least in the kind of writing I am discussing, from the world of power and action. This disenchchantment was powerfully reinforced by the Great War and its aftermath. No one articulates it more powerfully than D.H. Lawrence in *Women in Love*. One may note in passing that in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, his last novel, Lawrence returns not only to the English Midlands, but to the pastoral alternative embraced with trembling hope in *Howards End* to represent his own struggle against postwar anomie. In Lawrence's hand, however, not only is Clifford Chatterley -- a Captain of Industry as well as a soldier -- confined to a wheelchair like Henry, but he is paralysed from the waist down and apparently impotent. What I call the pastoral alternative is sexualized, as if Lawrence in 1928 were anxious to insist on what Forster had downplayed in 1910. But *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a lesser work in the Lawrence canon, representing not only a return to an English setting, but also a variation in a minor key on some of the themes of *Women in Love*. 
Chapter 5 -- Notes

1 See, for example, *Imperialism and the Accumulation of Capital*, by Rosa Luxemburg and Nikolai Bukharin, edited by Kenneth J. Tarbuck.

2 This is the type of attitude -- the poor somehow deserve their lot, or at least should be left to starve in peace -- that the Asquith Liberal government of 1906 to 1916 had to defeat before it could get recognition for its many new pieces of social legislation including the Mines Eight Hours Act (1908), the National Insurance Act, Part One (Health) and Two (Unemployment) (1911) and the Shops Act (1911), which guaranteed a half-day for shop workers.

3 As Henry Wilcox's wording may imply, the loiterers may well have not yet had the vote, for it was not until the Representation of the People Act of 1918 that universal male suffrage was established. In his remark, we hear the reactionary middle class fear of the masses.
D.H. Lawrence and the Extinction of the Captain of Industry in *Women in Love*

"These monsters failed creatively to develop, so God, the creative mystery, dispensed with them"

Birkin, in *Women in Love*, Ch. 32

Women in Love marks the climax of D.H. Lawrence's search "for an antidote" to the loosening of communal ties caused by industrialism (Kirkham 79-80). In focusing chiefly on the sexual relationship between men and women "as a substitute for the network of social relationships that constitute a community" (80), Lawrence examined in corrosive detail the potential of the industrial/military class for social leadership only in order to dismiss it utterly. Gerald Crich, a fuller and more formidable version of Skrebensky, Ursula's young lover in *The Rainbow*, is challenged by and in turn challenges Gudrun's problematic modern womanhood, bold but as desperate and disoriented as his masculinity.

When Gerald and Gudrun become lovers, his fatal emptiness increasingly wears her down by its overweening dependence; to survive, she must resist him. In the ensuing
struggle, he is thrown off, humiliated, and in the end driven to suicide. His worldly success, Nordic good looks, athleticism, and virility -- his "go," as Ursula and Gudrun call it -- are all shown to lack the real vitality that might help control the revolution in Western civilization in which Lawrence's protagonists are caught up. Great stress is placed on his executive ability and his achievement in reorganizing the family mining business into an efficient machine. But it is the bankruptcy of this achievement that is finally highlighted, as Gerald wonders about the point of all this efficiency; he himself feels no fulfilment, nor do the miners who have submitted to his will in order to play their role as parts of the machine. The death of Gerald Crich effectively marks the extinction of the Captain of Industry as a literary species.

The definitive onslaught on the Captain-of-Industry figure is not surprising, despite Lawrence's authoritarian politics, which might suggest that he would celebrate Carlyle's hero for his time. And Lawrence indeed was fascinated by the heroic. More and more, after the publication of The Rainbow, Lawrence became increasingly soured on women as well as human kind in general and began to look for "personal salvation . . . in submission to a male leader, a natural hero possessed of wisdom and power" (Nixon 4).

But his hatred of the "machine age" was far greater than his attraction to the ideal of the male hero. In his early work -- The White Peacock (1911), for example, with its pastoralism and frequent lightness of tone -- mining, business and industrialism are treated with a freshness of interest and without marked criticism. But from The Rainbow (1915) on, with its richly textured account of the social changes affecting the bucolic life of the Brangwens, Lawrence attacks the emergence of industry with a visionary fury.
combined with cold, ruthless analysis that begins and ends with his sense of the human psyche as being under assault by the mechanical forces of twentieth-century civilization.

Both *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* examine a world in crisis and how relationships are damaged in such a world. *The Rainbow* deals with the search for love in the face of changing conditions that distort the relation between men and women even as they do the nature of men and women themselves. Industrialism makes the search for love increasingly difficult — we see this happening over three generations — turning it into a fierce life-or-death struggle. In the third generation, Anton Skrebensky, Ursula's lover, together with the younger Tom Brangwen, her uncle, are precursors to Gerald Crich in *Women in Love* and Sir Clifford Chatterley. Skrebensky, an engineer in the army, cannot dissociate himself from the collective: "I belong to the nation and must do my duty by the nation" (289) He anticipates Gerald at his bleakest and most utilitarian: "What did a man matter, personally? He was just a brick in the whole great social fabric, the nation, the modern humanity" (304). Tom Brangwen, a manager of a colliery in Yorkshire, also finds a perverse fulfilment in losing himself in the collective:

His only happy moments, his only moments of pure freedom, were when he was serving the machine. Then, and then only, when the machine caught him up, was he free from the hatred of himself. (325)

Through Skrebensky, Lawrence, like Shaw before him, links war with industry: in both spheres, the individual must bow to the collective. Lawrence sees the industrial system as part of the same impulse as the military one; when the First World War broke
out, Lawrence viewed it as a culmination of industrialism. In "With the Guns," a piece published 18 August, 1915, in the Manchester Guardian (and later published in Twilight in Italy), he uses language that suggests a powerful link between industrialism and modern war:

Last autumn I followed the Bavarian army down the Iser valley and near the foot of the Alps. Then I could see what war would be like -- an affair entirely of machines, with men attached to the machines as the subordinate part thereof, as the butt is the part of a rifle. (81)

In this "unnatural world" (84), people are "no more than the subjective material of the machine" (84); the soldier, like the industrial worker, serves his master and gives up his identity: "There were no individuals, and every individual soldier knew it" (82). The metaphor of the "Captain" of Industry now seems particularly apt: he leads his men into the battlefield, whether it is a killing field or the arena of industrial competitiveness.

At the end of The Rainbow, Ursula leaves Skrebensky, even though she is pregnant by him. He marries the daughter of his Colonel, an alliance that further emphasizes the link between industry, the military, and imperialism. Ursula hopes to find a better future than the one represented by Skrebensky and Tom Brangwen:

Repeatedly, in an ache of utter weariness she repeated: "I have no father nor mother nor lover, I have no allocated place in the world of things, I do not belong to Beldover nor to Nottingham nor to England nor to this world, they none of them exist, I am trammelled and entangled in them, but they are all unreal. I must break out of it, like a nut from its shell which is an unreality." . . . And the rainbow stood on the earth. She knew that the sordid people who crept hard-scaled and separate on the face of
the world's corruption were living still, that the rainbow was arched in
their blood and would quiver to life in their spirit, that they would cast off
their horny covering of disintegration, that new, clean, naked bodies would
issue to a new germination, to a new growth, rising to the light and the
wind and the clean rain of heaven. She saw in the rainbow the earth's new
architecture, the old brittle corruption of houses and factories swept away,
the world built up in a living fabric of Truth, fitting to the over-arching
heaven. (456, 458-9)

The ending of the novel has prompted great debate: has this final image of
integration been adequately prepared? With her miscarriage, Ursula is free to begin a
new life. She will throw off society's shackles and become fully individuated. The
passage goes beyond even the ending of Howards End in its emphatic idealism.

II

Touch and Go (1920), written after Women in Love -- the play was finished by
November 1918 (Letters III 6), or perhaps the spring of 1919 (Nehls I 488) -- represents a
rethinking of the labour relations issues raised in the first half of the novel, and reworking
of the Gerald Crich character. In his Preface, Lawrence focuses on labour unrest,
dismissing Galsworthy's Strife as a paltry attempt to deal with the issue: "As yet no one
tackles [the strike situation]. . . . Mr. Galsworthy had a peep, and sank down towards
bathos" (86).

His effort in Touch and Go to succeed, where he perceived Galsworthy to have
failed, is not really dramatically or artistically impressive, but its "bitter sense of the stale-
mate of values characteristic of the mid-twentieth century" (Sklar 185) repudiates
Galsworthy's well-meaning humanism. But compared with the densely apocalyptic vision of *Women in Love*, to which it is related rather in the manner of a discarded second thought, *Touch and Go* offers us a more hopeful view of the conflicts inherent in industrialism.

After writing the play, Lawrence was approached by Douglas Goldring, novelist and man of letters (frequently associated with the circle of Ford Madox Ford), with the proposal that the play be the first as part of the People's Theatre Society. Goldring apparently thought that *Touch and Go* was a socialist play along the lines of his own plays. (Goldring's autobiography is entitled *Odd Man Out: The Autobiography of a 'Propaganda Novelist'*. ) However, upon reading it, he was not particularly pleased with the play, relegating it to the second in the series. Lawrence, unlike Goldring, wanted a state that was above or beyond politics, one that relied on a natural order; he certainly did not believe in compromising his art in order to make it a vehicle for a particular party or ideology. When he read Goldring's *The Fight for Freedom*, the play that replaced his as first in the series, he called it "a pamphlet play with a detestable and inartistic motive" (*Letters* III 469), the inference being that politics, not art, was its main impulse.

*Touch and Go* fits into the general pattern of Lawrence's non-fiction surrounding *Women in Love* (like "The Crown," for example) in depicting a struggle between opposites that may produce peace. Industrial strife, Lawrence suggests, has the redemptive potential to sweep away corruption and to clear the ground for a better future. (This is how some writers thought of the war in its early stages; Shaw, in *Heartbreak House*, strikes this note, but not Lawrence, who experienced the War as a nightmare.)
The play's Gerald Barlow is not quite the novel's Gerald Crich, nor is Anabel quite Gudrun. She has returned to Gerald, after living with a Norwegian with many of the characteristics of Gerald Crich: "Baard was beautiful -- and awful. You know how glisteningly blond he was. . . . He was as cold as iron when it is so cold that it burns you" (110). Anabel wants to fight against the hatred in her relationship with Gerald and "come through" to a purified state. Gerald wants this too, but he sees how difficult it will be. Voicing Lawrence's view of life as a process, a becoming, a struggle, he says to Anabel:

I've known you long enough -- and known myself long enough -- to know that I can make you nothing at all, Anabel: neither can you make me. If the happiness isn't there -- well, we shall have to wait for it, like a dispensation. It probably means we shall have to hate each other a little more. -- I suppose hate is a real process. (155)

There is no solution to the labour crisis, as Lawrence says in his Preface, any more than there is to the love crisis. But what solution there is can be achieved only through conflict, genuine and profound conflict:

then the struggle might have dignity, beauty, satisfaction for us. If it were a profound struggle for something that was coming to life in us, a struggle that we were convinced would bring us to a new freedom, a new life, then it would be a creative activity, a creative activity in which death is a climax in the progression towards new being. (89-90)

It is Gerald, rather than the Birkin-like Oliver, who represents the hope for the future, and who speaks with Lawrence's voice when he compares the workers to "vicious children,
who would like to kill their parents so that they could have the run of the larder" (163), and wishes that bloodshed might come and "clear the way to something" (146). Like Lawrence, Gerald wants a system that will transcend all "isms" -- Capitalism, Socialism, Fascism -- and allow the two sides not to squabble over the bone, as Lawrence phrases it in the Preface, or the carrot, as Oliver does in the play: "All our lives would be better, if we hadn't to hang on in the perpetual tug-of-war, like two donkeys pulling at one carrot. The ghastly tension of possessions, and struggling for possession, spoils life for everybody" (123).

The play cries out for a third way, one beyond politics, with hope found in the relationship of Anabel and Gerald, in contrast with their counterparts in Women and Love. Politically, like Gerald, Lawrence can do no more than say "we ought to be able to alter the whole system."

Emile Delavenay sees in the play (and the Preface) signs of proto-fascism and antipathy towards the masses (444). But as Eleanor Green argues, comparing Lawrence with Nietzsche, Lawrence is not

trying to inflict a totalitarian system on mankind merely for the sadistic or self-interested purpose of establishing an arbitrary rule of law and order over . . . social and intellectual inferiors (though this concealed desire for revenge does clearly play some part in . . . periods of bitter frustration) but rather with the aim of establishing a system which Lawrence . . . at least, sincerely believes will bring these masses of ordinary people their greatest possibility of happiness and which both men see as necessary if the higher specimens of mankind are to be preserved for the profit of the entire species. (151)
While he was still working on *Women in Love*, and even after that work was completed, Lawrence was also writing ancillary pieces, mostly non-fiction, and dealing with political matters. These are worth examining for the light they cast on his great novel and his treatment in it of the Captain-of-Industry figure as a sham hero.

Lloyd George, who had co-ordinated the integration of Britain's military-industrial complex during the war, he despised:

There is hardly an Englishman living who can bear to remember the [voice of this gentleman] when [it was] uplifted in full blast. Or, if he remembers, can remember without shame. Why? -- Because [he] said things that were not true, and because [he] urged us to actions that were meaner, smaller, baser, crueler than our own deep feelings. (*Movements* 259)

Oxford University Press refused to print this passage from the Epilogue to *Movements in European History*, which was not published until the 1972 reprint. In this Epilogue, after despairing of democracy, aristocracy and plutocracy -- "dismal" (264), "hollow" (265), and "irresponsible" (265), respectively -- Lawrence urges his readers (the book was aimed at schoolchildren) not to expend their faith and energy on organized activity but to look at their own souls:

Every youth, every girl can make the great historical change inside himself and herself: to care supremely for nothing but the spark of noblesse that is in him and in her, and to follow only the leader who is a star of the new
natural noblesse. (266)

Lawrence was anti-democratic throughout his life. In a famous exchange of letters in 1915 with Bertrand Russell, he so exasperated the older man because of his anti-democratic tendencies that their friendship effectively ended. In a manner that Carlyle would have found agreeable, Lawrence told Russell, in a letter of 14 July, 1915:

You must drop all your democracy. You must not believe in "the people." One class is no better than another. It must be a case of Wisdom, or Truth. Let the working classes be working classes. That is the truth. There must be an aristocracy of people who have wisdom, and there must be a Ruler: a Kaiser: no Presidents and democracies. (Letters II 364)

Although both men shared a hatred of the war -- at one point, they discussed giving a joint lecture series against it -- they were curiously divided about the ideal political state: "the earl's son believed in democracy, the miner's son in aristocracy" (Meyers 167).

When Russell, in 1914, sent "The Danger of Civilization" to Lawrence for inclusion in The Signature, a literary magazine Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield and Middleton Murry were putting together, Lawrence brusquely dismissed the philosopher's contribution:

"You are simply full of repressed desires, which have become savage and anti-social. And they come out in this sheep's clothing of peace propaganda" (Letters II 392). This rude rebuke, however, did not end the friendship, but it was not long before it collapsed under the weight of temperamental and class differences.

As Paul Delany, Jeffrey Meyers and others have stressed, Lawrence veers wildly
in his political beliefs because of moodiness, alienation, his reading, and the state of his personal relationships. When he began his friendship with Russell, he was a collectivist - "there must be a revolution in the state. It shall begin by the nationalising of all [...] industries and means of communication" (Letters II 282). By the summer he is advocating the rule of the strong: "The whole must culminate in an absolute Dictator (Letters II 365). The closest he comes to indicating how to achieve this is in "Education of the People," where he outlines the means whereby an elite could rise to the top of society.

Lawrence wrote in fictional terms about democracy and power in what are called the leadership novels, Aaron's Rod (1922), Kangaroo (1923), and The Plumed Serpent (1926), the discussion of which lies beyond the scope of this thesis. The non-fictional prose concurrent with Women in Love, however, helps us understand the novel's aesthetic and ideological concerns. These works include "The Crown" (1915), "The Reality of Peace" (1917), "Democracy" (1917), the first version of Studies in Classic American Literature (written in 1917-8 but not published until 1962, under the title The Symbolic Meaning), and "Education of the People" (written in 1918 but not published until 1936). "Savage in tone," as Rick Rylance says, they "suggest, in formal attitude and matter of expression, a sensibility alienated from . . . the culture in which . . . [he] participated" (166). Rylance continues, "This acerbic alienation is found in the major novel of this phase, Women in Love, which savagely indicts the intellectual and artistic culture of the war years" (166).

Mark Kinkead-Weekes says that in the six essays collectively called "The Crown,"
"we can now watch the author of *The Rainbow* visibly turning into the man who would write *Women in Love*" (269). The essays were to be published in *The Signature*, but due to a lack of interest in the magazine, only three issues were published. (The fourth to sixth essays of "the Crown" were eventually published in 1925 in *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*. ) The essays, however, are obscure and obtusely philosophical, the product of an encounter between Lawrence's war-weary mind and a copy of John Burnet's *Early Greek Philosophy*, lent to him, which encouraged Lawrence in his anti-democratic bias.

The crown in the title is the object of a fight between the Unicorn and the Lion, which Lawrence makes symbolic of Germany and England and of any number of other oppositions. As Daleski remarks about Lawrence's interest in duality:

> in the expository writings which deal specifically with his theory of duality he is for the most part content to make his point metaphorically or symbolically. That is to say, duality is viewed as an all-pervading principle, but no attempt is made to demonstrate or argue the intuition systematically. Instead, the opposed forces are seen symbolically, in terms of the dark and the light, the eagle and the dove, the tiger and the lamb, or the lion and the unicorn. What is insisted on, however, time and again, is both the fact of opposition and the necessity for its existence, to the point indeed of turning the conflict itself into a *raison d'être*. (20-1)

Embracing a theory of dualities, Lawrence in "The Crown" argues that conflict may bring about peace; for him, "the fight of opposites . . . is holy" (262).

Lawrence urges us to admit "the darkness" within us (that is not of our making) to discover our true self. Stephen Miko summarizes Lawrence's argument:
We are dropped in the womb of our era, because the opposing eternal forces of flesh and spirit, darkness and light, sensual power and chastity have not achieved sufficient balance within us. Each seeks to dominate the other, as the lion seeks to devour the unicorn, and vice-versa. (207)

The conflict itself is holy, and it does not matter who wins. In fact, in a passage that has implications for *Women in Love*, Lawrence writes:

He who triumphs, perishes. As Caesar perished, and Napoleon. In the fight they were wonderful, and the power was with them. But when they would be supreme, sheer triumphers, exalted in their own ego, then they fell. Triumph is a false absolution, the winner salutes his enemy, and the light of victory is on both their brows, since both are consummated. (269)

Gerald triumphs over his workers in *Women in Love*, but by winning, he loses: in trying to seize the crown, he reveals an ego that has, as the essay phrases it, a "spuriousness" (269). Thus, Lawrence seems to be calling for a leader driven not by egocentricity and vanity, but by "natural" superiority -- something Carlyle would have understood at once. Lawrence envisions a world of leaders and led, far removed from a democratic ideal:

The ego is the false absolute. And the ego crowned with the crown is the monster and the tyrant, whether it represent one man, an Emperor, or a whole mass of people, a Demos. A million egos summed up under a crown are not better than one individual crowned ego. They are a million times worse. (270)

The third essay in "The Crown," called "The Flux of Corruption," uses as its central idea the Heraclitean notion of flux and criticizes the reformers of the world:
"Fools, vile fools! Why cannot we acknowledge and admit the horrible pulse and thrust of corruption within us" (276). If "we" admit our corruption, the light and dark struggling within us will reach towards "consummation, towards absoluteness, towards flowering" (276). Lawrence's thinking seems dialectic — thesis, antithesis, synthesis — but really goes to first principles, especially the idea of corruption that leads to salvation:

And the road of corruption leads back to one eternity. The activity of utter going apart has in eternity, a result equivalent to the result of utter coming together. The tiger rises supreme, the last brindled flame upon the darkness; the deer melts away, a blood-stained shadow received into the utter pallor of light; each having leapt forward into eternity, at opposite extremes. (277)

Two years later, still in war-time, Lawrence wrote seven essays he called "The Reality of Peace," the last four of which Austin Harrison agreed to publish in The English Review (Kinkead-Weekes 365, 368). But the first essay, "Whistling of Birds," did not appear until 1919 -- and then in Middleton Murry's Athenaeum; the next two were lost (368). Many parts of these essays, which were published in Phoenix, read like Birkin's misanthropic and provocative rants. They also continue the same themes of corruption and anti-democracy as "The Crown":

The righteousness of the living dead is an abominable nullity. They, the sheep of the meadow, they eat and eat to swell out their living nullity. They are so many, their power is immense, and the negative power of their nullity bleeds us of life as if they were vampires. Thank God, for the tigers and the butchers that will free us from the abominable tyranny of these greedy, negative sheep. (41-2)
Going beyond the euphoria of Shaw's characters at the end of *Heartbreak House*, Lawrence rejoices in the war that caused him so much personal misery, for it will sweep away some of the detritus of his civilization: "Sweet, beautiful death, come to our help. Break in among the herd, make gaps in its insulated completion. Give us a chance, sweet death, to escape from this herd and gather together against it a few living beings" (44).

Lawrence sees in the common people a great selfishness and lack of concern for the collective good: "they have the base absolution of the I" (42).

Confined to St Ives, suspected of spying for the Germans, and angry about having to undergo a medical examination in order to be declared unfit for service in the war, Lawrence in these essays vented his rage against England. It is unclear what was in the two lost essays of "The Reality of Peace," but the ones that survive are "strongly marked by Nietzschean themes" (Delavenay 453). Lawrence wishes for "a few pure and single men -- men who give themselves to the unknown of life and death and are fulfilled" (45).

Lawrence wrote *The Symbolic Meaning*, the first version of *Studies in Classic American Literature*, in Cornwall in 1917-18; eight of the original twelve essays were published in the *English Review* in 1918 and 1919 (Arnold 4) and express an outlook of a piece with most of his non-fiction of the time: prophetic, anti-democratic, mystical, and full of "blood-consciousness," provocatively challenging the democratic mainstream of the time in a way that is inescapably Carlylean:

Democracy as we have seen it is mere falsity. It is true that the aristocratic system of the past is arbitrary and false. But it is not so arbitrary and false
as our present democratic system. . . . Some men are born from the mystery of creation, to know, to lead, and to command. And some are born to listen, to follow, to obey. (84)

After being ordered out of Cornwall, Lawrence wrote "Democracy" for The Word, a journal whose "political principles" were, according to James Boulton and Andrew Robertson, "strongly pacifist and Socialist" (Letters III 6), "an across-the-board dismissal of the political apparatus and assumptions of capitalism (Rylance 166). Only three of the original four parts were published, on 18 and 25 October, and 6 December 1919 (Letters III 7); the essay continues many of the same themes as "The Reality of Peace" and the letters to Russell in 1915. The four sections of the essay are entitled "The Average," "Identity," "Personality," and "Individualism." Lawrence begins by claiming that the average man is "a pure abstraction" (Herbert 63) and "a loathsome little idol" (64). The abstraction, Lawrence says, encourages "dead [ideals]" such as Democracy, Socialism and the state (66). The realization of individuality can be achieved only outside of collective activity:

When the people of the world have finally got over the state of the giddy idealising of Governments, Nations, Internations, politics, democracies, empires, and so forth, when they really understand that their collective activities are only cook-housemaid to their sheer individual activities, when they at last calmly accept a business concern for what it is, then at last we may actually see free men in the streets. (68)

The second essay, "Identity," argues that any attempt at capturing self is futile, as "your mental consciousness is not you" (70). Furthermore, it claims that to say that "the
Whole is inherent in every fragment" (70), as Whitman did, is to be misguided by myths. Instead, we must realize that identity precedes knowing, and only in worship of our "primal, spontaneous self" can we find freedom. The third essay, "Personality," builds on this by claiming that personality is merely a second self "dictating" issues "which are quite false" to a "true, deeper, spontaneous self" (75).

The last essay, "Individualism," which was not published in The Word, comes full circle to the collective title of the essays: we see that Lawrence does indeed believe in democracy, but a kind that the world has not yet witnessed, one where "each living self has one purpose only: to come into its own fulness of being, as a tree comes into full blossom" (78-9); such a state would have no need for laws because "agreement would be spontaneous" (81). Offering "no political idea, let alone system, since these are the enemy of the spontaneous self" (Kinkead-Weekes 525), these essays are remote "from concrete social experience" and expressive of "Lawrence's angry and alienated mood" (Rylance 167).

"Education of the People," written for the Times Educational Supplement (Letters III 291), is of a piece with "Democracy". The first four essays of "Education of the People" were rejected on the grounds that they were "very interesting, but too deep, rather matter for a book than a supplement (Letters III 316). Lawrence, however, liked the project and ended up with twelve essays, most of them probably written in June 1920.

The title of the essays is misleading, since Lawrence believes that not all people should be educated, as least not in the formal sense. What he argues for is an educational system that recognizes personal difference and does not seek to educate people into what
they are not. Just as he argued in "The Crown" that we must acknowledge the corruption in ourselves, so he argues now that we must acknowledge the limitations in our capacity to educate ourselves: "the uninstructible outnumber the instructible by a very large majority" (Herbert 96). Lawrence believes that "Each individual is to be helped, wisely, reverently, towards his own natural fulfilment" (99). If we ask how to decide what this fulfilment may be, we ask in vain.

As a former schoolteacher, Lawrence felt that "Teachers, school-masters, school-inspectors, and parents" (97) must decide when the child is twelve if he or she should continue schooling. As Delavenay says, referring to Women in Love, "Thus, as inspector of schools, a Birkin will be a dictator of human destinies, an archangel designating the elect" (486). Lawrence actually believed, it seems, that a student's nature will mark him or her out as belonging to one of four classes: the workers, the clerkly caste, the class of higher professions, and the class of supreme judges (107). It is telling that Lawrence places Carlyle's "masters of industry" in the first class, for he argues that in judging individuals, "technical capacity is all the time subsidiary" (108); what should be emphasized is a mysterious "profound life-quality, the very nature of the child, that which makes him ultimately what he is" (107-8). Like Carlyle, Lawrence wants classes based neither on money (the "cash-nexus") nor heredity but on natural talent, and envisions an organic state in which each man and woman will have a proper place.

Leaders, then, according to Lawrence, should not be elected, appointed, or anointed but should rise to the top naturally as a result of their creative life force. His theory of education "aims at a renaturalization of denaturalized man and his society"
Many critics, including Bertrand Russell, believe that "Lawrence's views on social leadership are inherently close to the fascist conception of society" (Harrison 187), but this is to forget the benevolence and altruism that Lawrence posited for his select few; furthermore, Lawrence sees his leaders ruling as part of a natural order of things, not as an assertion of their own will. His movement from The Rainbow to Lady Chatterley's Lover signals a turning away from politics towards the redemptive potential of intimate human relationships. It is as if in his political non-fiction and leadership novels Lawrence tried to articulate his vision of an ideal state but could not really go beyond the challenge of intimacy.

IV

In the political sphere, Lawrence always believed there must be leaders and followers; tension between them is inevitable. In personal relations too, there is struggle, but here the chances of finding the peace of equilibrium, of a "natural" state, can be found, as Lawrence seeks to show in Lady Chatterley's Lover, his last novel. The book's working title had been "Tenderness" (Britton 258), which focuses on the root of all relationships, according to Lawrence, the personal, the intimate, the sexual. All the same, as Gordon Speirs insists,
Lady Chatterley's Lover is a political novel. . . . Unlike most of Lawrence’s works, [it] offers a solution for social problems. The solution is tenderness. On the personal level tenderness means frank acceptance of one's sexual role and the crumbling of artificial, cerebral barriers to fulfillment. Mellors and Connie discover tenderness, and the outlook for them is bright at the end of the novel. (264)

This idyll, however private and fragile, has clear social implications in the novel: Mellors and Connie represent a merging of two classes and a transcendent coming together that goes much further than the Birkin-Ursula union in Women in Love. In Women in Love, Birkin's wish for "two kinds of love" (481) hints at the inadequacy of his relationship with Ursula; at the end, they leave England as well as Europe. Lady Chatterley's Lover, by contrast, ends in Britain: Mellors on a Midlands farm and Connie in Scotland, looking forward to their reunion and the birth of their baby.

Lawrence had returned to England on 30 September, 1925 after six years abroad, and channelled his impressions of the country -- the industrialism, materialism, the ugliness, and the unjust class system -- into the three versions of Lady Chatterley, which he worked on in Florence from October 1926 to March 1928 (Meyers 356). As Derek Britton explains,

The three different versions of Lady Chatterley seem faithfully to reflect the chronology of Lawrence's changing moods, as attested in the letters of the period 1926-8. The original draft, The First Lady Chatterley, was begun in October 1926, during the time of Lawrence's insouciance. . . . The writing of the second version, John Thomas and Lady Jane, probably between December 1926 and February 1927, coincided with the beginning of the time when the easy passivity of insouciance came to be challenged by a resurgence of pugnacity that had grown out of feelings of isolation and alienation from humanity. . . . When Lawrence began the final
version of the novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, in late November 1927 . . . [w]hat had been a tender, lyrical evocation of the mystery of the phallus became an acerbic, rather arid polemic against contemporary English society and the prudish, middle-class, money-grabbing values which had shaped it. (3-4)

Sir Clifford Chatterley, another version of the officer-class industrialist embodied in Skrebensky, the younger Tom Brangwen, and Gerald Crich, changes in the three versions from "a sympathetic, credible personality to a negative stereotype" (Britton 56), while the gamekeeper changes from Parkin, secretary for a Communist league, to Oliver Mellors, with no link to any political organization.² (It is interesting to note that Mellors shares his first name with Oliver Turton, the Birkin/Lawrence figure from *Touch and Go.*) Lawrence uses Nietzsche's concept of *Wille zur Macht*, "will to power," to drive the character of Clifford Chatterley -- as well as Gerald Crich.³ He had first read Nietzsche in the public library at Croydon in October of 1908 (Milton 2), and he was also influenced by *The New Age*, which under the editorship of A.R. Orage was "a hotbed of Nietzschean ideas" (Thatcher 250). As Colin Milton says,

Nietzschean ideas underly and determine the large-scale patterns and structures of Lawrence's writing . . . a creative absorption and development of them . . . issues in a richly detailed and specific fictional world. (19, 21)

The will to power, Nietzsche proposed, was "the primitive form of affect" and all other affects are only developments of it; . . . it is notably enlightening to posit *power* in place of the individual "happiness" (after which every
living thing is supposed to be striving): "there is a striving for power, for
an increase in power"; -- pleasure is only a symptom of the feeling of
power attained, a consciousness of a difference (-- there is no striving for
pleasure: but pleasure supervenes when that which is being striven for is
attained: pleasure is an accompaniment, pleasure is not the motive -- ); that
all driving force is the will to power, that there is no other physical,
dynamic or psychic force except this. (Nietzsche Will 366)

Lawrence condemns Clifford Chatterley -- as well as Gerald Crich, although not as
severely -- because his "will to power" is conscious rather than arising naturally. In
principle, Lawrence was opposed to the kind of will to power that Nietzsche proclaimed,
seeing it as ethically and psychologically destructive. As we have seen in the non-fiction
surrounding Women in Love, Lawrence stressed the necessity for each individual to
"come into being" in a process which cannot be forced or conscious. The urge to
dominate and shape industry to their will that Chatterley and Gerald share is diagnosed as
unhealthy.

The description of Chatterley's attitude to his workers is less sympathetic (in its
stress on their humanity) than the corresponding comments about Gerald in Women in
Love: "The miners were, in a sense, his own men: but he saw them as objects rather than
men, parts of the pit rather than as parts of life, and crude raw phenomena rather than
human beings along with him" (15-16). Unlike Gerald, Chatterley, who is a writer and
something of an intellectual, is "not in actual touch with anybody or anything" (16). His
"clever, rather spiteful" (16) stories and his cultured friends indicate his insensitivity to
the natural world around Wragby Hall, which he values only because it is his: "He loved
the old oak trees. He felt they were his own through generations" (42). In keeping with
this dynastic pride, he wants an heir so badly that he proposes to Connie that she get pregnant by another man.

In "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover," penned in October 1929, less than a year before Lawrence died, Lawrence wrote:

When I read the first version, I recognized that the lameness of Clifford was symbolic of the paralysis, the deeper emotional or passionnal paralysis, of most men of his sort and class, today. (333)

Chatterley comes to depend on his nurse, Mrs Bolton, to such an extent that she becomes more like a wife to him than his actual wife: "She now did almost everything for him, and he felt more at home with her, less ashamed of accepting her menial offices, than with Connie" (98). This morbid intimacy with Mrs Bolton thrills him: "Yes, he was educating her. And he enjoyed it, it gave him a sense of power" (100).

With Mrs Bolton's help and encouragement, Chatterley begins to take an active interest in the mines, turning, like Gerald — and Conrad's Gould — to Continental technological expertise:

He began to read again his technical works on the coal-mining industry, he studied the government reports, and he read with care the latest things on mining and the chemistry of coal and of shale which were written in German. (107)

In contrast with this openness to advanced scientific and engineering views is Chatterley's sentimental and reactionary "Englishness," which recalls the Forsytes and Wilcoxes:
"What is quite so lovely as an English spring!" (184), he exclaims to Connie as she accompanies him in a stroll through "his" woods. This proprietary pride brings out the aggressive conservative in him: "This is the old England, the heart of it," he says about his Midlands estate, "and I intend to keep it intact" (42). A defensive belligerence about the class system is part and parcel of his will to power (which seems only reinforced by his impotence): "The masses were always the same, and will always be the same" (182). His class too is part of "fate": "Aristocracy is a function, a part of fate" (183). Whereas Lawrence believed in the individual, Chatterley claims -- perhaps disingenuously -- that "industry comes before the individual" (180).

Ironically, in the midst of his blustering assertions, his wheelchair becomes stuck, and he is forced to accept help from Mellors. Together, he and Connie get it up the hill: "It was curious," Lawrence comments, "but this bit of work together had brought them much closer than they had been before" (192).

Earlier, he describes Chatterley in hard crustacean terms reminiscent of the beetle imagery in *Women in Love* and suggestive of decadence. Lawrence describes Chatterley as drifting off to this other weirdness of industrial activity, becoming almost suddenly changed into a creature with a hard, efficient shell of an exterior and a pulpy interior, one of the amazing crabs and lobsters of the modern industrial and financial world, invertebrates of the crustacean order, with shells of steel, like machines, and inner bodies of soft pulp. (110)

Industrialism changes people, Lawrence seems to be saying, and Chatterley is a victim of
this process he thinks he has mastered. When Mellors mourns that he has re-entered the world, Lawrence comments: "It was not woman's fault, nor even love's fault, nor the fault of sex. The fault lay there, out there, in those evil electric lights and diabolical rattlings of engines" (119).

Unlike Chatterley, Leslie Winter, a coalmine owner at near-by Shipley, recognizes that he has lost control of the system:

He used to feel, in a good-natured but quite grand way, lord of his domain and of his own colliers. Now, by a subtle pervasion of the new spirit, he had somehow been pushed out. It was he who did not belong any more. There was no mistaking it. The mines, the industry had a will of its own, and this will was against the gentleman-owner. (157-8)

After his death, his home, Wragby Hall, is torn down and replaced by housing estates, which may remind us of the urban sprawl that threatens the idyl at Howards End with which Forster's novel concludes.

Driving into Uthwaite, Connie looks with dismay at the townspeople milling about: "What could possibly become of such a people, a people in whom the living intuitive faculty was as dead as nails, and only queer mechanical yells and uncanny will-power remained" (152). Like Wells' George Ponderevo sailing down the Thames, she sees the national culture in decay and is perplexed about what may lie ahead:

The country! It had once been a proud and lordly country. In fact, looming again and hanging on the brow of the sky-line, was the huge and splendid bulk of Chadwick Hall, more window than wall, one of the most famous Elizabethan houses. Noble it stood alone above a great park, but
out of date, passed over. It was still kept up, but as a show place. . . . That was the past. The present lay below. God alone knows where the future lies. (155-6)

Whereas Wells in *Tono-Bungay* qualifies his gloomy vision "of crumbling and confusion, of change and seemingly aimless swelling, of a bubbling up and medley of futile loves and sorrows" (316), Lawrence places his hope for the future in human relationships; if we can make them thrive, we may yet escape the brutal mechanization of the age. In his letter to Connie that closes the novel, Mellors writes of "the little glow there is between you and me. . . . the little flame between us" (300). Similarly, in "A Propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover,*" published posthumously 24 June 1930 by Mandrake Press, Lawrence called the bond between man and woman the "true flame of real loving communion" (314), an image of vitality that contrasts with Chatterley's "perverse" "Madonna-worship" (291) of Mrs Bolton. After Connie leaves him, he reverts to being a child, rather like Henry Wilcox at the end of *Howards End.* Because his whole life has been a quest to get "out of himself" (108), he is happy with the change, and his work actually improves. Lawrence's sarcasm is unmistakable: "This perverted child-man was now a real business-man; when it was a question of affairs, he was an absolute he-man, sharp as a needle, and impervious as a bit of steel" (291). Like Skrebensky and the younger Tom Brangwen and rather like Gerald (who, however, tries to resist the process), he gives up his individuality and is swallowed by the system.
In *Women in Love*, however, Lawrence's initial depiction of the Captain of Industry is of a man who appears to have great vitality and "go." The process of reading the novel, however, peels Gerald like an onion and leaves him not only defeated and diminished but dead. His manliness proves to be an emptiness, his authority over his workers the expression of mechanical vision, and his union with Gudrun a last attempt to escape his despair.

Like *Heartbreak House*, *Women in Love* was published after the Great War but begun before and completed during it. Lawrence had called his massive novel in progress "The Sisters"; it combined the material of *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*. This was split in two in January 1915, with *The Rainbow* published 30 September 1915 by Methuen (Letters II xxiii). Lawrence then returned to the remaining part that became *Women in Love*, writing and revising in the spring and summer of 1916, while the war raged -- "the spear through the side of all sorrows and hopes" (Letters II 268). It confirmed for him, as Scott Sanders says,

> the triumph of the mechanical principle. The organization of men into armies to slay one another and lay waste the earth was simply industrialism writ large. (109)

Working in a mood of despair in his beleaguered seclusion in Cornwall, he wrote "a terrible and horrible and wonderful novel" (Letters II 669), "so end-of-the-world" that he said it frightened even him (Letters III 25). The focus of *Women in Love* is declared in
its title, which addresses the problem of love from the woman's point of view: in the twentieth century, who is there for women to love? Gerald Crich, the most worldly of the four central characters, is offered as a prime candidate -- successful, wealthy, distinguished, strikingly attractive, and attractively dangerous. If he fails as a lover, it is because he has defined his being too much in worldly terms as a Captain of Industry. His public "success" is discredited by his private failure as a lover and ultimately as a human being. In representing the course of their fatal love affair, Lawrence encourages us to view the conflict between Gerald and Gudrun not merely as a battle between personalities as well as the sexes, but also between social types, between ideologies or at least between different degrees of an essentially similar, vaguely proto-fascist ideological orientation. As a Captain of Industry and former soldier, Gerald is a figure of will-driven masculine authority; Gudrun, a modern artist, unfulfilled as a woman and on the brink of desperation, is just as will-driven. Her sculptures are exquisite but disturbing in their smallness, anticipating the full-blown expression near the end of the book of her cynicism, nihilism, and the indications of her underlying despair. These two young but experienced, hard-edged and brittle people, equally striking and strongly drawn together almost from the first, cannot in fact offer each other the solace, support, and meaning that they both crave. Lawrence sees them as creatures of a mechanical, dying civilization, without the imaginative vitality to recognize and struggle against their condition: the sickness of the times festers within them. Only Birkin and Ursula, with whom they are systematically paired and contrasted, are endowed with the instinct for life and clarity of vision to make the extreme and on the face of it absurd decision to "hop off" the doomed
The novel begins with a wedding -- an inversion of the "traditional" romantic novel culminating in a marriage -- and ends with a death. Ursula and Gudrun, observing the wedding, see the protagonists almost aping life, acting according to predetermined ritual rather than behaving naturally. G.M. Hyde, in D.H. Lawrence, points to the roles and postures adopted by the actors in this hieratic drama [the wedding]. . . . The hypertrophied social forms are simply irrelevant to the business of living; but what else is there? The question, as we have said, hangs heavy over the novel and its protagonists, whom we continually perceive as performers improvising the drama of their lives with a minimal script. (66-7)

Inversion and unnaturalness are prevalent throughout the almost surreal drama of the first chapter. On their way to see the wedding, the sisters walk through what Frank Kermode calls "a landscape of ghouls . . . The machine has turned England and its people into [a] kind of underworld" (64). We are plunged immediately into the novel's world of personal and social crisis. As Kermode says,

Before the first chapter is over we have seen Gudrun choose Gerald, master of the ghouls . . . and we have seen Hermione as an image of the passional life corruptly led in the mind . . . and rejected by Birkin as he struggles against this corruption. (64)

Lawrence, like Forster in Howards End, is quick to establish his book's ethos and "narrative grammar." Like Hermione, neither Gerald nor his father can "stop up the
terrible gap of insufficiency" (16). All three can be said to suffer from what Hardy in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* called "the ache of modernism" and Matthew Arnold in "The Scholar Gypsy" "this strange disease of modern life." The elder Crich, "a tall, thin, careworn man, with a thin black beard that was touched with grey," (18) is slowly dying, but his son has an aura of glamour and strength: "a fair, suntanned type, rather above middle height, well-made, and almost exaggeratedly well-dressed" (14). But Lawrence gives this wholesome picture an ironic twist through identifying Gerald with the fatality of Nordic mythology:

But about him also was the strange, guarded look, the unconscious glisten, as if he did not belong to the same creation as the people about him. . . . In his clear northern flesh and his fair hair was a glisten like cold sunshine refracted through crystals of ice. (14)

The yellowness of Gerald's parents suggests decadence: "Careworn [and] sallow . . . mute and yellowish," Mr Crich looks "as if his spirit were absent" (18), and his wife's pale face is "yellowish, with a clear, transparent skin. . . . She looked like a woman with a monomania, furtive almost, but heavily proud" (14).

Her first name, which is rarely used in the book, is Christiana. Her husband is a zealous Christian, trying, much to her annoyance, to reconcile his status as "a large employer of labour" and "a great mine-owner" with his yearning — "in Christ" — to be "one with his workmen":

He had always the unacknowledged belief that it was his workmen, the
miners, who held in their hands the means of salvation. To move nearer to God, he must move towards his miners, his life must gravitate towards theirs. They were, unconsciously, his idol, his God made manifest. In them he worshipped the highest, the great, sympathetic, mindless Godhead of humanity. (215)

When the ungrateful workers organize a strike, Mr Crich is tormented by the now manifest contradictions in his situation:

He, the father, the patriarch, was forced to deny the means of life to his sons, his people. . . . It was this recognition of the state of war which really broke his heart. He wanted his industry to be run on love. Oh, he wanted love to be the directing power even of the mines. And now, from under the cloak of love, the sword was cynically drawn, the sword of mechanical necessity. (224-5).

These contradictions drive Mr Crich to more ineffectual acts of charity. As the miners challenge the way he has been surreptitiously and only half-consciously waging war against them as their employer:

Thomas Crich was breaking his heart, and giving away hundreds of pounds in charity. Everywhere there was free food, a surfeit of free food. Anybody could have bread for asking, and a loaf cost only three-ha'pence. Every day there was a free tea somewhere, the children had never had so many treats in their lives. On Friday afternoon great basketfuls of buns and cakes were taken into the schools, and great pitchers of milk, the school-children had what they wanted. They were sick with eating too much cake and milk. (226)

When he takes charge of the business, Gerald rejects his father's obsolescent Christian
altruism, embracing instead the idol of efficiency. As Joyce Carol Oates notes:

God being dead, God being unmasked as a fraud, nothing so suits man's ambition as a transvaluing of values, the reinterpretation of religious experience in gross, obscene terms . . . [Gerald] wants to create on earth a perfect machine, an activity of pure order, pure mechanical repetition; a man of the twentieth century with no nostalgia for the superannuated ideals of Christianity or democracy, he wishes to found his eternity, his infinity, in the machine. (93)

Where his father had been embarrassed about his power over his workers, Gerald is ruthlessly pragmatic -- soldierly -- in his logical pursuit of the ends of the business and his commitment to efficiency. Discarding his father's quasi-feudalism, he goes to the extreme in state-of-the-art industrial management: "Putting in a private electric plant, for lighting the house, and . . . making all kinds of latest improvement" (48). He allows his father to retreat to the past of benevolent squirearchy and "give pleasure to his dependents and to those poorer than himself" (155).

Lawrence thus defines Mr Crich as haplessly trying to realize Carlyle's ideal of the benevolent Captain of Industry but managing only to antagonize his workforce as well as his children. The time for such behaviour has passed. His children, we are told, "preferred the company of their own equals in wealth. They hated their inferiors' humility or gratitude or awkwardness" (155). And his wife, Lawrence emphasizes, opposed him like one of the great demons of hell. Strange, like a bird of prey, with the fascinating beauty and abstraction of a hawk, she had beat against the bars of his philanthropy, and like a hawk in a cage, she had sunk into silence. (215)
In Chapter 17, "The Industrial Magnate" (which could refer to both father and son), Lawrence contrasts Gerald with his father, but the focus is clearly on Gerald, who is effectively in charge. In this powerfully analytical portrait of Gerald, Lawrence insists that mechanical efficiency is a spiritual dead end, bringing fulfilment neither to Gerald nor to the community. His stand may strike us as extreme, for in his anti-industrial zeal Lawrence "stacks the deck" against any workable middle path. As A.L. French says, in Women in Love,

the choice is between the squashy and the ruthless, and we aren't offered possibilities of true charity which is not disguised egotism or, on the other hand, efficiency which is not inhuman. (65)

At the end of "The Industrial Magnate," we are left in no doubt that Gerald, despite his striking robustness and charm, is a man at the end of his tether:

But now he had succeeded -- he had finally succeeded. And once or twice lately, when he was alone in the evening and had nothing to do, he had suddenly stood up in terror, not knowing what he was. And he went to the mirror and looked long and closely at his own face, at his own eyes, seeking for something. He was afraid, in mortal dry fear, but he knew not what of. He looked at his own face. There it was, shapely and healthy, and the same as ever, yet somehow, it was not real, it was a mask. He dared not touch it, for fear it should prove to be only a composition mask. His eyes were blue and keen as ever, and as firm in their look. Yet he was not sure that they were not blue false bubbles that would burst in a moment and leave clear annihilation. He could see the darkness in them, as if they were only bubbles of darkness. He was afraid that one day he would break down and be a purely meaningless bubble lapping round a
"Shortly," we are told, "he would have to go in some direction... to find relief... Only Birkin kept the fear definitely off him" (232) -- Birkin and sexual release: "He had found his most satisfactory relief in women. After a debauch with some desperate woman, he went on quite easy and forgetful" (233). Until his moment of crisis Gerald is caught up in the operation of the mechanical process he had perfected (the emblem of which could be Henry Adams' "dynamo") and which satisfied his will for power:

he looked at Beldover, at Selby, at Whatmore, at Lethley Bank, the great colliery villages which depended entirely on his mines. They were hideous and sordid, during his childhood they had been sores in his consciousness. And now he saw them with pride.... He saw the stream of miners . . . all moving subjugate to his will. . . . They were all subordinate to him. They were ugly and uncouth, but they were his instruments. He was the God of the machine. (222-3)

Under his directions, the mine is soon run in a modern, efficient, "machine-like" way. His approach to the business and to life is ruthlessly reductive and utilitarian (which would have made him anathema to Carlyle):

Everything in the world has its function, and is good or not good in so far as it fulfils this function more or less perfectly. Was a miner a good miner? Then he was complete. Was a manager a good manager? That was enough. Gerald himself, who was responsible for all this industry, was he a good director? If he were, he had fulfilled his life. The rest was by-play. (223)
But having succeeded in "the pure fulfilment of his own will in the struggle with natural conditions" (223-4), he is caught unawares by the emptiness that his success -- as distinct from fulfilment -- covers up. First the sexual challenge represented by Gudrun, and then his father's death, drive him to an almost zombie-like compulsiveness that for Lawrence marks the annihilation of the self and which he had already defined as the modern disease in *Twilight in Italy*, in 1912:

continuing in the old, splendid will for a perfect self-less humanity, we have become inhuman and unable to help ourselves, we are but attributes of the great mechanical society we have created on our way to perfection. And this great mechanical society, being self-less, is pitiless. It works on mechanically and destroys us, it is our master and our God. (57)

Ferdinand Tönnies, in *Community and Society* (1887), offered the terms *Gemeinschaft* and *Gesellschaft* for two types of society, organic and mechanical. In the words of Tönnies:

The group which is formed through this positive type of relationship is called an association (Verbindung) when conceived of as a thing or being which acts as a unit inwardly and outwardly. The relationship itself, and also the resulting association, is conceived of either as real and organic life -- this is the essential characteristic of the *Gemeinschaft* (community); or as imaginary and mechanical structure -- this is the concept of *Gesellschaft* (society). (33)

Gerald, like modern humanity, as we have just seen, is deformed and destroyed by his devotion to the machine and views society as *Gesellschaft*, where:
we find no actions that can be derived from an a priori and necessarily existing unity; no actions, therefore, which manifest the will and the spirit of the unity even if performed by the individual; no actions which, in so far as they are performed by the individual, take place on behalf of those united with him. (Tönnies 65)

As we see by the end of the book, Gerald has been almost as much a "slave to the mine" as Conrad's Nostromo and Charles Gould. The money Gerald makes is used to feed the "machine" and make it still more efficient. As for his personal life, Gerald is at a loss. When Birkin asks him "'What do you live for?'" (56), all he can say is: "'I suppose I live to work, to produce something, in so far as I am a purposive being. Apart from that, I live because I am living''" (56). Although Birkin suggests that he might be better off if he were to reverse those terms -- "'I work to live'" -- Gerald, though hungry for answers, seems unable to grasp Birkin's point. His entrenched utilitarianism, which makes him understand his selfhood (in so far as he is capable of understanding it) in terms of instrumentality, has, as I have already mentioned in the Introduction, fatal repercussions for his relationship with Guðrun. Birkin, on the other hand, has the potential to be redeemed by the relationship he has entered into with Ursula, but he, like Lawrence, also longs for a community.9

Unlike Guðrun, Gerald has little aesthetic appreciation, as is perhaps already indicated by his obliviousness to the fact that his coal mining creates "amorphous ugliness" and a "defaced countryside" (11). When he is strangely fascinated by an African statuette, he has to ask Birkin, "'Why is it art?'" (79). He responds powerfully and
painfully to Gudrun's beauty, but both seem driven to express their mutual attraction in aggression and brutality, which may be not unconnected with the fact that the Crich coal mine, which Gerald modernizes (and which Gudrun knows well, having grown up near it) brutalizes both the men and the landscape.

Gerald is an agent of this brutalization, but his miners are also to blame:

they submitted to it all. The joy went out of their lives, the hope seemed to perish as they became more and more mechanised. And yet they accepted the new conditions. They even got a further satisfaction out of them. At first they hated Gerald Crich, they swore to do something to him, to murder him. But as time went on, they accepted everything with some fatal satisfaction. Gerald was their high priest, he represented the religion they really felt. . . . This was a sort of freedom, the sort they really wanted. It was the first great step in undoing, the first great phase of chaos, the substitution of the mechanical principle for the organic, the destruction of the organic purpose, the organic unity, and the subordination of every organic unit to the great mechanical purpose. It was pure organic disintegration and pure mechanical organisation. This is the first and finest state of chaos. (230-1)

As Peter Scheckner recognizes, "Part of the despair of *Women in Love* is apparent in Lawrence's portrayal of the inert or even reactionary political role played by labour. The workers become accomplices to the new capitalist way of life" (65). In the light of Gerald's spiritual and emotional bankruptcy and desperate commitment to sheer mechanical efficiency, it is interesting to note that before committing himself to the mine he was an adventurous and free-spirited young man:

He wanted to see and to know, in a curious objective fashion, as if it were an amusement to him. Then he must try war. Then he must travel into the
savage regions that had so attracted him. (222)

But the variety of experience and boldness of spirit that this suggests are constricted and handicapped by a streak of boyish primitivism that may again remind the reader of Charles Gould. Gerald had yearned for "the days of Homer . . . when a man was chief of an army of heroes . . . The world was really a wilderness where one hunted and swam and rode . . . a condition of savage freedom" (221).

But this phase of youthful experimentation does not signify an imaginatively adventurous spirit. As even Carlyle recognized in celebrating the idea of heroic leadership, the nature of heroism changes with historical circumstances. In the nineteenth century, Carlyle envisioned the Captain of Industry as the man for the times, certainly not as a Homeric or Viking warrior -- the time for such a man had passed. Gerald's dreams of a life of simple epic action indicate a regressive immaturity, and he lays them aside, not without regret, as one "puts away childish things" when he assumes the "manly" responsibility of running the family business. Like Charles Gould, however, he understands manliness as a son reacting against his father rather than as a mature, autonomous individual. Lawrence makes this clear in Gerald's inarticulate reliance (which seems to puzzle him somewhat) on his friendship with Birkin for some other view of life than what his worldly success signifies. We see it also in the great fear that seizes him when his father dies and in his desperate, death-burdened and infantile clutching at Gudrun for reassurance and renewal:
Whilst his father lived, Gerald was not responsible for the world. But now his father was passing away, Gerald found himself left exposed and unready before the storm of living, like the mutinous first mate of a ship that has lost its captain, and who sees only a terrible chaos in front of him. He did not inherit an established order and a living idea. The whole unifying idea of mankind seemed to be dying with his father, the centralising force that had held the whole together seemed to collapse with his father, the parts were ready to go asunder in terrible disintegration. Gerald was as if left on board of a ship that was going asunder beneath his feet, he was in charge of a vessel whose timbers were all coming apart.

He knew that all his life he had been wrenching at the frame of life to break it apart. And now, with something of the terror of a destructive child, he saw himself on the point of inheriting his own destruction. (221)

All these marks of immaturity help to explain the narrow functionalist zeal with which Gerald embraces his role as Captain of Industry and his bewilderment and barely suppressed horror at the consequences of his success. The Captain of Industry, as Lawrence strongly suggests through his narrative voice as well as through Birkin and Gudrun, is no longer "The Man of Destiny." The sinewy Birkin defeats the physically stronger Gerald in their "Gladiatorial" wrestling bout -- significantly it was Gerald who had issued the challenge. And in her gritty ruminations about Gerald, the life he represents, and the future he may have, Gudrun dismisses it all as mechanical, pointless, and sterile: "Let Gerald manage his firm. There he would be satisfied, as satisfied as a wheel-barrow that goes backwards and forwards along a plank all day -- she had seen it" (466). The image of mechanical repetition here echoes especially the scene of the locomotive in "Coal Dust" noisily shunting the rail trucks back and forth while Gerald brutally controls his frightened mare. Ursula and Gudrun watch with horror, combined, in Gudrun's case, with sexual excitement:
Gudrun was looking at him with black-dilated, spell-bound eyes. But he sat glistening and obstinate, forcing the wheeling mare, which spun and swerved like a wind, and yet could not get out of the grasp of his will, nor escape from the mad clamour of terror that resounded through her, as the trucks thumped slowly, heavily, horrifying, one after the other, one pursuing the other, over the rails of the crossing. (111)

Now, however, near the end of the book, the Captain of Industry, on horseback or in the bedroom, no longer impresses Gudrun. For a while, "borne away on the wild wings of ambition," she had thought of pinning her hopes to the life he might have, "with his force of will and his power for comprehending the actual world" (417). Even then, she had understood his nature:

as an instrument, in these things, he was marvellous, she had never seen any man with his potentiality. He was unaware of it, but she knew. He only needed to be hitched on, he needed that his hand should be set to the task, because he was so unconscious. And this she could do. She could marry him, he would go into Parliament in the Conservative interest, he would clear up the great muddle of labour and industry. He was so superbly fearless, masterful, he knew that every problem could be worked out, as in geometry. And he would care neither about himself nor about anything but the pure working out of the problem. He was very pure, really. Her heart beat fast, she flew away on wings of elation, imagining a future. He would be a Napoleon of peace, or a Bismarck. (417-8)

We may remember that Mangan in Heartbreak House was also called a Napoleon of Industry,¹⁰ and Napoleonic language was also used about Teddy Ponderevo in Tono-Bungay. But the power of this vision of Gerald's worldly potential is almost at once shattered by her experience of the stifling intimacy of living with him, which makes all
his worldly potential as well as her own ambition in that direction seem pointless.

Gerald, she sees, has no creative vitality; he is

so limited, there is a dead end to him. He would grind on at the old mills forever. And really, there is no corn between the mill-stones any more. They grind on and on, when there is nothing to grind -- saying the same things, believing the same things, acting the same things -- Oh my God, it would wear out the patience of a stone. (463)

It takes only her triumph in their terrible battle of wills and Gerald's disgusted and to the last uncomprehending surrender of his will to live to complete Lawrence's demolition of the Captain of Industry and the whole project of industrial capitalism that the figure embodies. Although Lawrence sympathetically allows Gerald to sense the accelerating spiritual bankruptcy of Western civilization, he does not give him the power to articulate what he senses, let alone to conceive or understand any alternatives to the mechanical values by which he lives -- and against which he is shown fitfully and unconsciously struggling. He does not heed Birkin's intimations nor his Quixotic and exasperating gestures to define a creative path to salvation.

Nevertheless, it is through Birkin and his debates with Ursula (more successful than those with Gerald) that Lawrence seeks to define a new man for the times -- sensitive, resilient, and confident enough not to yield in the struggle for clear vision in the massively fragmented world shaped by Captains of Industry. Significantly, Lawrence's hero for the times sees life as centred in personal relations but requiring as well a supportive community. Birkin's debates with Ursula as well as the occasional touch of
irony by the narrator limit the authority of his voice, for this is essentially uncharted
territory that Lawrence is exploring. A certain tentativeness and murkiness mark Birkin's
discursive role in the novel. What Frank Kermode calls "the voice of the hectoring
preacher Lawrence" is "prevented by the narrative both from being right and from being
able to say he has come through" (64).

Despite the apocalyptic thrust of the book, the ending of the novel, as most critics
recognize, is open rather than doom-laden, as Ursula and Birkin, agreeing to differ on this
occasion (about Gerald and what he meant to Birkin), are left with the world -- though not
"all the world" -- before them. Unlike Milton's Adam and Eve, they plan to abandon the
part of the world they know best and set out apparently for strange new realms, perhaps
uncontaminated by the accelerating decline of the West that the novel insists on.

Gerald, however, having "failed creatively to develop," goes the way of the
mastodon:

God could do without the ichthyosaurs and the mastodon. These monsters failed
creatively to develop, so God, the creative mystery, dispensed with them. In the
same way the mystery could dispense with man, should he too fail creatively to
change and develop. The eternal creative mystery could dispose of man, and
replace him with a finer created being: just as the horse has taken the place of the
mastodon. (478-9)

But because Birkin is still grieving for him, we are encouraged to regard Gerald with
some sympathy. Putting aside as irrelevant here what some critics regard as a homo-
erotic subtext, we can mourn Gerald Crich and his wasted "potentiality," and in mourning
him recognize that we mourn the passing of the heroic ideal of the Captain of Industry.
Buffeted and toppled as a literary archetype by history and disenchantment, the Captain of Industry certainly lives on in such contemporary incarnations as Rupert Murdoch, Bill Gates, and our very own Conrad Black. But the hopes and ideals that Carlyle invested in this figure, surrounding it for a time with a heroic aura related to the archetype of the Leader/Messiah/Saviour, did not withstand the scrutiny of the writers I have examined. As Birkin and Ursula resume their almost continuous but not fruitless debate over Gerald's coffin, we can hear Lawrence administering the last rites to the figure of the Captain of Industry.
1 The relation of *Women in Love* to *The Rainbow* can be thought of as somewhat similar to the relation of Shaw's *Heartbreak House* to *Major Barbara*: *The Rainbow* and *Major Barbara*, both written before the war, hold out some hope for English society, whereas the other two works are almost apocalyptic in their doom-laden vision of modern life.

2 Parkin is described by one critic as "a politically motivated working-class hero who becomes a communist determined to force the owners to give up their property" (Britton 164-5). Lawrence witnessed the 1926 General Strike, and his portrait of Parkin is obviously coloured by this labour disturbance. It is telling that three of the works examined in this thesis -- *Past and Present*, *Strife*, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* -- were written around the time of major strikes.

3 *The Will to Power* has an interesting history; it consists, one critic says, of "a hodge-podge of notes taken from a variety of contexts and arranged in a fashion that emphasized themes that appeared friendly to the ideas of National Socialism" (Magnus 57). Nietzsche's sister, Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche, edited the book "to produce a philosophical masterwork or centrepiece for a writer whose other publications had been received as too self-contradictory and aphoristic, too 'literary' and poetic for such a demand" (Behler 288) The more than four-hundred notes that comprised the 1901 *Will
to Power were expanded to 1067 notes in the 1910 and 1911 edition of Nietzsche's work.

4 Lawrence also uses this beetle imagery to describe what he considered the "unnatural" homosexuality of some students whom he met in 1915 at Cambridge: to David Garnett he wrote "Never bring B. [Francis Birrell] to see me any more. There is something nasty about him, like black beetles" (Letters II 321).

5 Lawrence's "rewriting" almost always involved writing out a new version of a work, using "the earlier material only when it harmonized with his present mood." In the case of Women in Love, this mood "had, of course, changed radically since 1913-14" (Delany 227).

6 In the words of Scott Sanders' D.H. Lawrence: The World of the Major Novels, "The Industrial Magnate" "is central to any understanding of the novel, whether as diagnosis of England's ills, or as a symptom of Lawrence's own . . . all can be seen as by-products of the general perversion of human effort by industrial civilization" (113).

7 The model for Mr Crich was the father of Lawrence's friend Thomas Philip, while Thomas Philip himself, who modernized the Philip mining operation, suggests Gerald. But Gerald and Gudrun were also based, it is commonly thought, on John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield.
8 An interesting sidenote on Gerald as an industrial innovator is suggested by Hubert Zapf in "Taylorism in D.H. Lawrence's Women in Love," who finds "striking similarities between the new system Gerald introduces in the mines when he takes them over from his father and the system of industrial management proposed by F.W. Taylor in his book The Principles of Scientific Management (1911)" (129). The essence of the system "is to be seen in the change from the personal patriarchy of the individual capitalist to the scientifically organized, production-oriented management of the economy — or, more generally speaking, in the shift from the predominance of the human personality to the predominance of the system; in other words, from an anthropocentric to an instrumental, functional view of economy and, indeed, of society as a whole" (132).

9 Like Lady Chatterley's Lover, Women in Love is filled with a resolutely un-nostalgic dismissal of the past. But in embodying this past through country houses (Breadalby, for example) that are still beautiful and moving, and even old and mangled kitchen chairs that still have the grace of "Jane Austen's England" (355), Lawrence is expressing a yearning for a lost Gemeinschaft. And in Birkin's grief for the loss of Gerald, we can recognize the persistence of this yearning for something beyond the romantic "dyad": not just "eternal union with a man too" (481), as Birkin puts it to the sceptical Ursula, but Gemeinschaft, a vital community.

10 Napoleon was one of Carlyle's heroes in Heroes and Hero Worship. Napoleon's assumption of dictatorial powers and imperial status may have signified to
Lawrence a loss of faith in the liberating potential of a supposedly egalitarian revolution.

Most of the novels and plays studied in this thesis invoke the Napoleonic label -- sometimes outright, often implicitly -- to show the moral and social vacuity of the Captain-of-Industry figure.

The impulse behind Gerald's death as part of a larger evolutionary process owes much to the thought of Darwin and Spencer. Lawrence read The Origin of Species in 1907, and Spencer's First Principles by 1909 (Ebbatson 90).
Conclusion

I conclude my thesis with the discussion of *Women in Love*, a novel that looks to the future, which it finds problematic but not completely closed, as much as to the past, placing its own action and characters richly and excitingly within the flow of history. From my perspective, it is particularly relevant because it does away definitively, though not without sympathy and some sense of loss and disappointment, with the Captain of Industry, the figure that is my focus here. Lawrence is not to be blamed -- or thanked -- if the Captain of Industry has ceased to pre-occupy the attention of major writers, but with the ending of his greatest novel and Gerald's death, he may have driven the stake through the heart of this briefly compelling figure, putting to rest its claims to archetypal status.

To put it another way, if the archetypal figure of the hero has indeed a thousand faces, as the title of Joseph Campbell's book has it, what Lawrence did through Gerald is to unmask and discredit this particular early modern face of the hero archetype.

Since 1920, Capitalism has continued to prosper, and there are today more billionaires and millionaires than ever, their fortunes more often than not made in the post-industrial economy. But the Captain of Industry, whether an actual industrialist or simply a plutocrat who has never seen the inside of a manufacturing plant, has virtually disappeared as a figure of literary interest. The two world wars, the clash and collapse of totalitarian ideologies, the breakdown of colonialism and the emergence of a multi-ethnic global culture with its egalitarian claims could all be said to have contributed to the disappearance -- or perhaps I should say the privatization and domestication -- of the hero
and of the Captain of Industry in particular.

But probably what has contributed most to the disappearance of the Captain of Industry as a literary "species" is that he has failed to "deliver" -- the hopes that Carlyle had for him proved to be wishful thinking. Psychological reality and the tide of history overwhelmed Carlyle's reactionary dream of a society governed by superior men who were men of business. The texts I have examined not only expressed the growing disenchantment with the Captain of Industry as a redemptive figure, but also made it all but impossible for writers who followed to regard him and his aspirations to leadership with anything but suspicion and mockery. Traces of the Captain of Industry remain, but he is vulgarised and reduced, a larger-than-life figure cut dramatically down to size.

After 1920, my authors continued to write, but, except in the case of Lawrence, not about the Captain of Industry. Conrad, before he died in 1924, wrote about honour, justice and what it means to be a gentleman, but did not return in a serious way to the analysis of the dynamics of international capitalism that characterize Nostromo. In Victory (1915), the central character, Heyst, is connected with a firm called The Tropical Belt Coal Company, but Conrad does not concern himself here with the Captain-of-Industry figure.

After the publication of A Passage to India in 1924, which itself followed a long gap in output since Howards End, Forster essentially stopped writing novels; "the social aspect of the world," he said, had "changed so much" that he lost confidence in his ability to engage with it creatively:
I had been accustomed to write about the old-fashioned world with its homes and its family life and its comparative peace. All that went, and though I can think about the new world I cannot put it into fiction. (Bantock 14)

Galsworthy continued to produce many plays and novels, finishing the story of Soames Forsyte in 1929 with the publication of A Modern Comedy. His plays after 1920 are largely concerned with conflict -- between an aristocrat and a manufacturer in The Skin Game (1920), and Exiled (1929), or an imperialist and the government in The Forest (1924) -- but do not return to the question of the leadership potential of the Captain of Industry. Indeed, even the term Captain of Industry seems to lose cachet with Galsworthy: he calls Sir John, the industrialist in Exiled, a "King" of Industry. Shaw, of course, continued to write plays for over another two decades, but though he remained interested in the heroic ideal -- especially the idea of the Nietzschean superman, most notably expressed in the Preface to Back to Methuselah (1921) -- he lost interest in the Captain of Industry as a heroic figure.

H.G. Wells fought to maintain his faith in the industrial class, but not specifically in the Captain of Industry trope. He saw the future of English society in a collective elite he called, in The World of William Clissold (1926), "the Open Conspiracy":

It is only through a conscious, frank, and world-wide co-operation of the man of science, the scientific worker, the man accustomed to the direction of productive industry, the man able to control the arterial supply of credit, the man who can control newspapers and politicians, that the great system of changes that have [sic] got going can be brought to any hopeful order of development. (619)
Wells believed that an alliance of business, industry, technology, and science will
"change the conditions of human life constructively" (618), and events have not proved
him wrong. In his Experiment in Autobiography (1934), he argued that

The Open Conspirator can parallel -- or, if you prefer to put it so, he can
modernize -- the self-identification of the religious mystic: he can say,
"personally when I examine myself I am nothing"; and at the same time he
can assert, "The Divinity and I are One"; or blending divinity with
democratic kingship, "The World-State, c'est moi." (705)

Wells' hope of quasi-mystical transcendence through the collective contrasts with the
steadfast individualism of Forster and Lawrence.

In The Open Conspiracy, a tract published in 1928, and What Are We To Do With
Our Lives?, published in 1931, Wells continued to explore this notion of the Open
Conspiracy and to defend it against his critics. But the outbreak of war in 1939 and the
deaths of several people close to him (his wife, Jane, in 1927, his first wife, Isabel Mary
Wells, and his old friend Arnold Bennett, in 1931), pushed him into an increasingly
gloomy state of mind (although commentators had always seen a pessimistic streak
running through his work). In Mind at the End of its Tether (1945), he does not mention
the Open Conspiracy, and seems to turn against the faith in progress which had carried
him much of his life. But this work has to be seen as an expression of the melancholy
and bitterness that marked Wells' last years.

The critique of the Captain of Industry as an embodiment of values that I have
been examining here has contributed not only to the disappearance of this figure as a focus of literary interest and social hope but, as I have suggested, to a domesticated, privatized notion of the heroic. At the end of *Women in Love*, for example, Birkin is left alone with Ursula, resisting the exclusive claims of the personal life that she makes — "Why aren't I enough for you?" (481) — and arguing instead for a communal ideal. He says he needs a group of kindred spirits with whom he can join in building a new life that goes beyond the dyadic relationship and is centred on a new kind of community that will redeem humanity from the destructive course on which it is bent. The existing world, he says, meaning Europe, with its decadent institutions and perverted mentalities, holds out no hope.

Lawrence did not realize his ideal of an alternative community (which he called Ranim), and as we have seen, he returned in his last novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928), to the English Midlands and a focus on intimate relations almost wholly and in defiance of conventional society. In this tragic pastoral novel, the illicit lovers run away from a world even further "gone" than that of *Women in Love*, turning their backs on seats of power and questions of leadership. There is courage and affirmation of "the flame of life" in their union and rediscovery of the body that could be termed heroic, but it is an entirely private heroism based on a commitment to life when the world as a whole, represented by the emotionally as well as physically crippled Chatterley -- a degenerate Captain of Industry -- seems hell-bent on death.

Chatterley can be seen, essentially, as a realization of Gerald Crich's worst nightmare of his own creeping inner hollowness. Through him, Lawrence suggests that
the complex of ideas and concerns associated with the Captain of Industry has become inextricable from what he calls our "tragic age," with its debilitated culture and damaged planet. Chatterley is perhaps not such a far cry from Carlyle's "Practical hero, Aristocrat by nature . . . in life battle with Practical Chaos (with dirt, disorder, nomadism, folly and confusion)" except that he is now seen as part of the problem, not the solution. The Captain of Industry is left in apparent charge of a world that -- as a world, a society -- is as sick, disfigured, and impotent as he himself. In so far as such a thing is possible, Connie and Mellors "hop off" this world, as Ursula playfully says to Gudrun in Women in Love, but without looking back, without the messianic itch to redeem that so characterized Birkin.
1) Background and General Works


of New Mexico P, 1970.


Gollancz, 1952.


"Thomas Beecham." *The Times* 5 June 1907: 5j 12c.


2) Works on Individual Authors

a) Joseph Conrad


b) E.M. Forster


c) John Galsworthy


Mottram, Ralph. For Some We Loved: An Intimate Portrait of Ada and John Galsworthy.


d) D.H. Lawrence


Gill, Stephen. "Lawrence and Gerald Crich." Essays in Criticism XXVII, 3 (July 1977):
231-247.


e) George Bernard Shaw


f) H.G. Wells


___ What Are We To Do With Our Lives? London: Heinemann, 1931.

