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John Galsworthy's theory of the novel

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JOHN GALSWORTHY'S
THEORY OF THE NOVEL

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

GENERAL IDEAS OF ART AND THE NOVEL

John Galsworthy believed the novel to be an invaluable medium of intellectual control. In his own novels he attempted to direct the social trends of his day toward a more aesthetic form of interaction. He hoped that by means of his novels to develop in the minds of the upper classes such entirely new patterns of thought that the upper-tenth of society would voluntarily adopt an ethical code which would eventually assuage all social unrest. John Galsworthy was fully aware that such a code could only be perfected by time. Therefore, he sought only to design its points of procedure.

> The Man of Property a picture of the soul-destroying effects of property, is taken by nearly all readers as an indication that I would like to forcibly and politically remove from people their wives and property. This is crudely put, but you know what I mean--the political mind (nine-tenths of our minds) cannot abide a spiritual idea without translating it at once into facts. Whereas the very essence of a spiritual idea is that you mustn't force it by machinery from without, but must let it germinate, until it forces the fulfillment from within.[1]

As proof that Galsworthy was interested in arousing the upper classes to a spiritual realization of their faults,

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[1] H. V. Marrot, The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy (To Frank Lucas), (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1936). P. 686.

the following lengthy quotation is offered from his essay, Faith of a Novelist:

> But no novelist who believes in giving value to his temperament will always be soporific. That which gets on his nerves will surely out, and more especially when his theme deals with the honeycomb we call Society. To think that birth, property, position, worldly superiority--in sum--is anything but a piece of good luck may be out of date, but Society takes itself for a genuine 'There, but for the grace of God, go I!' feeling in those who do not have to slave, struggle, and cadge for their livings; little power of seeing themselves as they might so easily have been but for their good fortune, little of the ironic eye, turned in as well as out. Quite modest and unassuming speciment in the upper sections of the honeycomb accept quietly, blindly, blandly, themselves, their clothes, habits, accent, manners, morals. This very deep unconscious Pharisaism is to be found fitting like a skin on aristocrats professing the most democratic sentiments, on pastors proclaiming the most christian doctrines, on intellectuals redolent of culture--so natural it is, so almost physical, so closely connected with the nerves of nose, and eyes, and ears.
>
> The inevitable tendency, then of the novelist who deals with social types, if he sees things in due proportion, will be to skin the knuckles of privilege.[2]

It will be noted that Galsworthy mentions "to skin the knuckles of privilege". He is never opposed to "class" society. In a discussion of The Patricians he says,

> "If I establish the 'drying effect of aristocracy, . . . it's all I care to do because there are points to aristocracy--points of natural merit. . . . One other point which you don't quite grasp is, that in that circle of society--the main line

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[2] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, Selected Essays and Addresses (Faith of a Novelist), (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1933). Pp. 236-46.

> of it there is a kind of fluidity, and lack of mannerism, and elasticity, which can only be conveyed by the negative method of not satirizing manners--and if one started the satirized intimate business one would be hitting the tributary, the side lines, and lay oneself open at once to the charge of ignorance and unfairness, from the other side, which would be more damning to the book than the impatience and even contempt of those who see only red where the aristocrat is concerned."[3]

In fact Galsworthy belongs to the "landed gentry" himself. As he states in a letter to Edward Garnett: "My Dad's forbears were absolutely of the small farmer class for hundreds of years, and all from the same little corner of South Devon. And my mother's absolutely of the provincial Squire class. . . .[4] In another letter he says, "If you knew my mother you's admit that there's quite enough of the dried-caste authority element in me to be legitimate subjects for the attack by my other half."[5]

Galsworthy is definitely not opposed to class society. He merely wishes the upper classes to modify their behavior toward the lower classes by means of more ethical conduct.

> In other words this book, like The Man of Property, The Country House, and Fraternity is simply the criticism of one half of myself [the artist] by the other, [the patrician] the halves being differently divided according to the subjects. It is not a piece of social criticism--they none of them are. If it's

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[3] Op. cit.

[4] Ibid., pp. 133-4.

[5] Ibid., pp. 303-4.

anything it's a bit of spiritual examination.[6]

Galsworthy evidently did not consider his works to be social criticism himself. He says,

> The more I consider these things the more I find that I'm only a social critic by accident. I've neither the method nor the qualities of the social critic. . . . My value from first to last as a critic of social conditions is that there are two men in me, both fairly strong: and the creative man in me up against the other produces a critical effect.[7]

John Galsworthy strove only for harmony between the classes as he states in a letter to P. H. Mottram:

> . . . What you say is in effect: 'This man is a believer in harmony.' You would be answered; 'So are we all--in different ways.' So that in itself is no message. Where and how it becomes a message I propose to indicate. Each man's idea of what is harmony, is different. . . . It appears to me that the work as a whole is an indictment of harshness, intolerance and brutality. I believe it'll all pass that test and practically no other. In a word, and there's no getting out of it, the message is a plea for humanity, for more sympathy and love; conveyed almost absolutely negatively by attack on the opposites of those things. The vision of what is harmonious is distinctly that of a softener of things, as they at present are.' By one who feels that the scales are still weighed down on the side of harshness. You may condemn this message and this view of harmony, but you ought to state it as the upshot of this particular work."[8]

In still another letter Galsworthy seems to stress

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[6] Loc. cit.

[7] Ibid., p. 304.

[8] Ibid., p. 721.

kind behavior as the essence of happiness in human society.

> My purpose in writing? I haven't any purpose except to express myself, my feelings, my temperament, my vision of what life is. I don't address any particular audience--and I don't care what lessons or morals people get out of my writings. Those who have sufficient similarity to myself in their composition will be moved to a sort of general sympathy--those who have not will reject me. If I have a philosophic or religious motto it is contained in Adam Lindsay Gordon's words (quoted in Country House).
>
> Life is mostly froth and bubble. Two things stand like stone. Kindness in another's trouble, courage in your own. There is no such thing to my mind as beauty of life and conduct based on hope of reward. Beauty only lies in worship of perfection for perfection's sake.[9]

To help one understand just what Galsworthy wishes his disciples to perfect, it is necessary to understand what he means by "Beauty."

> The word beauty is not used here in any precious sense. Its precious definitions are without number, or value to speak of. No! It is here used to mean everything which promotes the true dignity of human life.
>
> The dignity of human life demands in fact not only such desirable embroideries as pleasant sound, fine form, and lovely color but health, strength, cleanliness, balance, joy in living, just conduct and kind conduct. A man who truly loves beauty hates to think that he enjoys it at the expense of starved and stunted human beings or suffering animals.[10]

Since, then, "Beauty", to Galsworthy is the promotion

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[9] Ibid., pp. 708-9.

[10] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, (Castles in Spain), op. cit. P. 112.

of "true dignity in human life", and if "dignity in life" demands "just conduct and kind conduct", the following short quotation seems to sum up Galsworthy's philosophy of life:

> The pursuit of beauty includes, then, whatever may be true in the ideal of happiness in a future life.[11]

Though Galsworthy says that he addresses no particular audience, and that he cares nothing about what people get from his writings, a statement in the preface to his A Modern Comedy seems to refute this idea. As stated above he seems to be definitely appealing to the upper-tenth of society for "just conduct and kind conduct."

> All this, of course, refers only to that tenth or so of the population whose eyes are above the property line; below that line there are no Forsytes, and therefore no need for this preface to dip.[12]

All of John Galsworthy's novels are no doubt excellent satires opposing harshness. Some, however, seem to be assigned especially to the task of alleviating "harshness, intolerance, and brutality." For instance, in his novel Fraternity, which so carefully depicts the sterile knowledge of the cultured class, Galsworthy points out the fact that this class, in perfect self-consciousness of conditions, does

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[11] Ibid., p. 114.

[12] John Galsworthy, A Modern Comedy, Preface. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929).

absolutely nothing about changing social conditions because of class-intolerance. One of his characters says,

> "He's so delightfully unconscious, murmured Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace. He didn't even seem to know that there was a problem of the lower classes."[13]

Another character says,

> ". . . There are such a lot of movements going on. It's quite exciting. We all feel that we can't shut out eyes any longer to social questions. I mean the conditions of the people alone is enough to give one nightmare."[14]

But these characters are portrayed as, one by one, shutting their eyes to conditions because they cannot overcome class consciousness. Galsworthy through his character mouthpiece, Martin Stone, seems to point the way toward ethical conduct in these words,

> "He says that we need to shake ourselves free of all the old sentimental motions, and just work at putting everything to the test of Health."[15]

These words of Mrs. Smallpeace again expressed the refusal of this class to act. She says,

> "We have our trained inquirers. That is the advantage of Societies such as ours; so that we don't personally have the unpleasantness. Some cases do baffle everybody. It's such very delicate work."[16]

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[13] John Galsworthy, Fraternity, (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1909), p. 14.

[14] Ibid., p. 13.

[15] Ibid., p. 128.

[16] Ibid., p. 190.

And, then, Galsworthy again has Martin Stone speak for him.

> "Then, if those who have the social conscience and can see what is wrong, have lost their power of action, how can you say there is any light at the end of this dark passage?"[17]

Similarly in his novel, The Freelands, in which Galsworthy opposes all the harshness and brutality imposed by landlordism, he again makes a vivid appeal for a just and kind solution of social difficulties rather than violence from below or a change in the social system. Through a character called Felix Freeland Galsworthy seems to state his demands for more aesthetic action by the upper-tenth.

> "But I detest humbug, and I believe that so long as you and your Mallorings go on blindly dosing yourselves with humbug about duty and superiority, so long will you see things as they are not. And until you see things as they are, purged of all the sickening cant, you will none of you really move to make the conditions of life more and ever more just. For mark you, Stanley, I who do not believe in revolution from the bottom, the more believe that it is up to us in honour to revolutionize things from the top."[18]

Later in this novel Galsworthy has Felix again express the reasons for the selfish lack of action by landlords.

"There it is," thought Felix. "Up to a point,

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[17] Ibid., p. 263.

[18] John Galsworthy, The Freelands, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915), p. 275.

> they'll move--not up to the point. It's all fiddling. One won't give up his shooting; another won't give up her week-ends; a fourth won't give up his freedom. Our interest in the thing is lackadaisical, a kind of bum-fight of pet notions. There's no real steam."[19]

In The Freelands, Galsworthy has a newspaper editor, Cuthcott, speak his demands for a kinder system of interaction very emphatically.

> "Changing? By gum! It's got to change! This d pluto--aristogratic ideal!"[20]

And, once again in the words of Felix Freeland Galsworthy says,

> "With the masterly inactivity . . . of authority, money, culture, and philosophy. With the disapproval that lifts no finger--winking at tyrannies lest worst befall us. Yes--we-brethren-we--and so we shall go on doing."[21]

In a number of novels, Galsworthy also appeals to men for more dignified behavior in the sex relationships.

> ". . . But while there is tyranny in this land, to laborers, women, animals, anything weak and helpless, so long, will there be rebellion against it and things will happen that disturb you."[22]

The following excerpts from his novel, The Country House are examples of his numerous appeals for kindlier

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[19] Ibid., p. 277.

[20] Ibid., p. 146.

[21] Ibid., p. 404.

[22] Ibid., p. 404.

behavior toward women.

> This episode occures at the birth of his thirteenth child.
>
> The event at the rectory was expected every moment. The Rector, who practically never suffered, disliked the thought and sight of other's suffering. Up to this day, there had been none to dislike, for in answer to inquiries his wife always said: "No, dear; no; I'm all right--really, it's nothing. And she always said it smiling, even when her smiling lips were white. But this morning in trying to say it she had failed to smile. Her eyes had lost their hopelessly, hopeful smiling, and sharply between her teeth she said: "Send for Dr. Wilson, Hussell."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Softly without knowing it was softly, he opened the door; softly, without knowing it was softly, he stepped to the hat-rack and took his black straw hat; softly, without knowing it was softly, he went out and unfaltering hurried down the drive.[23]

Here is the pathetic picture of a women's life in a country house.

> But this was all to be expected, nothing out of the common; the same thing was happening in hundreds of country houses throughout the "three kingdoms," and women were sitting waiting for their hair to turn white, who, long before, at the altar of a fashionable church, had parted with their imaginations and all the changes and chances of this mortal life.[24]

Also, judging from a statement in the preface to The

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[23] John Galsworthy, The Country House, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1907), pp. 213-4.

[24] Ibid., p. 59.

Island Pharisees, it would seem that Galsworthy credits men in the upper-tenth, only, with the proper amount of spiritual courage to change their mode of interaction.

> The Cosmic Spirit, who was very much an artist, knew its work, and previously devised a quality called courage, and divided it in three, naming the parts spiritual, moral, physical. To all the male-bird spirits, but to no female (spiritually, not corporeally speaking), It gave courage that was spiritual; to nearly all, both male and female, It gave courage that was physical; to very many hen-bird spirits It gave moral courage too. But, because It knew that if all the male-bird spirits were complete, the proportion of male to female--one to ten--would be too great, and cause upheavals, It so arranged that only one in ten male-bird spirits should have all three kinds of courage; so that the other nine, having spiritual courage, but lacking either in moral or physical, should fail in their extensions of the poultry-run. And having started them upon these lines, It left them to get along as best they might. Thus, the proportion of the others to the complete male-bird spirit, who, of course, is not infrequently a woman, is ninety-nine to one; . . .[25]

Thus, we see that Galsworthy hoped to inaugurate a kindlier social code for the men of the upper-classes to perfect and bring happiness to all other sections of humanity.

> The pursuit of beauty as a national ideal, the building of that castle in Spain, requires of course foresight, long and patient labor, and steadfastness of ideal. The cult of beauty --a higher and wider conception of the dignity

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25 John Galsworthy, The Island Pharisees, Preface, Revised Edition (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1908), pp. v-vi.

of human life.[26]

That Galsworthy desired to influence future life by means of his satirical novels is evident in this passage from Faith of a Novelist:

> What purpose then will the novelist serve? Well! By depicting a section of life in due relation to the whole of life without fear or favor, he does not cure the section, but he does throw it into proper relief for the general eye, and indirectly fosters evolution.[27]

Again in "A Novelist's Allegory" Galsworthy states his thesis that the function of the artist is to hold up the lantern of truth "without fear or favor".

> . . . the lanthorn did but show that which was there, both fair and foul, no more, no less; . . . And surely, reverend Judges, being just men, you would not have this lanthorn turn its light away from what is ragged and ugly because there are also fair things on which its light may fall; how, indeed, being a lanthorn, could it, if it would. Sirs, that by this impartial discovery of the proportions of one thing to another, this lanthorn must indeed perpetually seem to cloud and sadden those things which are fair, because of the deep instincts of harmony and justice planted in the human breast. . . . --it is not consonant with equity that this lanthorn should even if it could, be prevented from thus mechanically buffeting the holiday cheek of it. . . . The old man has said that he cannot help what his lanthorn sees. This is a just saying.[28]

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[26] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, op. cit., p. 114.

[27] Ibid., pp. 239-41.

[28] John Galsworthy, The Inn of Tranquillity, Part II, (A Novelist's Allegory), (London: William Heineman, 1912), pp. 171-88.

So Galsworthy says,

> . . . and for me Literature only comes into being at all when Life strikes sparks out of a temperament. . . . It is when that action and reaction is vivid enough that there starts forth from some lucky one of us visions chiselled in words; and Literature is born.[29]

If a political reference may be allowed for comparison, it could be said that Galsworthy's form of social readjustment somewhat resembled the political mood of Thomas Jefferson's theory of political democracy. Jefferson spoke of democracy for the common man, but he meant the intellectual common man, and not the garden variety of common man, as is the ordinary notion. Similarly, Galsworthy felt that Art, because of its broader vision and exceptional talents, employed in the field of social science, could effect a benign movement within the upper tenth of society which would bring harmony between the classes and effect a realization of man's goal in life--human happiness.

In his novels Galsworthy advocated the removal of all pressures which class distinction imposed upon a defenseless multitude of less fortunate human beings, and the substitution of any principle evolved from the spiritual realization that all men are brothers. He attempted to arouse this spiritual revelation and cause the powerful upper-tenth of

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[29] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, (Literature and Life), op. cit., p. 275.

society to strive for the perfection of the Christian code of ethics which is embodied in the simple statement--Love thy neighbor. Galsworthy felt that this class could afford to be magnanimous. He thought, also, that the versatility of the novel could best reveal the necessary truths; and he held a faith that the upper classes could answer the challenge of such an awareness.

> The Englishman must have a thing brought under his nose before he will act. . . . He lives very much in the moment because he is essentially not a man of imagination. . . . Want of imagination makes him philosophically speaking rather ludicrous. . . . And yet, he is at bottom an idealist, though it is his nature to snub, disguise, and mock his own inherent optimism. . . . When he does and seize a thing he holds fast. Hence the symbol of the bulldog.[30]

It was such a spiritual awakening in this class toward which all of Galsworthy's novels were aimed. He hoped to inaugurate a code of ethics for the future. This type of leadership was, to Galsworthy, art's only legitimate purpose for existence.

> The course of an art, painting, music, literature, is a pilgrimage. To what shrine? To see whose face does the artist, bearing his gift, trail across the thirsty sands--the face of beauty; the face of truth; or, only the face of a dancing faun, or of a golden calf? What is the aim and end of our arts? For the greater grace and dignity of man.[31]

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[30] Ibid., pp. 52-60.

[31] Ibid., pp. 279-80.

Galsworthy believed that art had always inadvertently controlled civilization, but that its latest form, the novel, would eventually be its most completely satisfactory form of intellectual control. In an essay, Castles In Spain, he makes this claim for arts' civilizing influence:

> . . . art has been the greatest factor in raising mankind from its old savage state. . . . Beauty, alone, in the largest sense of the word . . . has civilized mankind. . . .
>
> It should be our castle in Spain to clear our age of that defect, and put beauty within the reach of all.[32]

Although Galsworthy was sure that art had been the greatest influence toward civilizing mankind, he admitted that it had to develop a more vigorous, or perhaps, one should say, a more definite philosophy and style for greater efficiency in social control. And he concedes that artists are "reaching out to a new faith not yet crystallized, to a New Art not yet perfected; the forms still to find--the flowers still to fashion."[33] He indicates, however, that the novel, a very recent form of art, has in a short period of time changed its form many times. He seems to think that this extremely versatile attribute may establish the novel as the medium for art's perfection of social thought.

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[32] Ibid., p. 110.

[33] Ibid., p. 23.

> Consider the novel--that most recent form of Art! . . . It is no question of better or worse, but of differing forms--of change dictated by gradual suitability to the changing conditions of our social life, and to the ever fresh discoveries of craftsmen. . . . Very slowly, and in face of condemnation, it has been losing that form (biographical) in favor of a greater vividness which places before the reader's brain, not historical statements, as it were, of motives and of facts, but word-paintings of things and persons, so chosen and arranged that the reader may see, as if at first hand, the spirit of Life at work before him. . . .[34]

The great artistic problem, then, to Galsworthy is the necessity for discovering the proper form in the novel in order to present art's point of view on life in such a way as to produce a vital intellectual reaction in the reader. Such "vitality" of thought or new life, as Galsworthy believes it to be, is the one essential quality which he maintains art must produce.

> The seeing of things as they really are-- the seeing of a proportion veiled from other eyes (together with the power of expression), is what makes a man an artist. What makes him a great artist is a high fervour of spirit, which produces a superlative, instead of a comparative clarity of vision.[35]

In a letter to Ralph Mottram, Galsworthy brings to mind another aspect of the same artistic problem a trifle less vaguely than in the essay. Here, one can easily see

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[34] Ibid., p. 27.

[35] John Galsworthy, The Inn of Tranquillity, op. cit., p. 270

that, to the artist, the choice of form is a long and arduous process. Galsworthy says:

> As to moral tendencies we all have them, or philosophies which correspond to them--the thing we writers have to study is how to present our philosophy so that others can assimilate it without nausea--and this gilding of the pill is Art. 'Art for Art's sake'--there is no such thing--only Art for the sake of getting ourselves, our feelings, our visions known, felt and seen by a sort of ideal spectator created by our own instinct and our experience, and who is at once our conscience and our audience.[36]

In the choice of his form the artist evidently expects many failures before he accomplishes the desired "vitality" which he craves.

> "I personally look on the Universe of Creative Purpose as a colossal and immortal artist forever trying to turn itself out in works of art and (failing nine times out of ten, as all artists must); but always moved by the unconquerable instinct toward Perfection as all artists are.[37]

This required intellectual "vitality" produced by a work of art comes into existence between the author and his reader when the reader is excited by an "impersonal emotion", and is receptive of new thought. This "impersonal emotion" is produced for a work of art by a "rhythmic relation of part to part to whole"[38] relationship of ideas, or the stressing

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[36] Mrs. M. E. Reynolds, Memories of John Galsworthy, p. 59.

[37] H. V. Marrot, The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy, (To Sir Michael Sadler), p. 728.

[38] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, pp. 17-18.

of a single thought throughout the work. The reader's thought when excited by the truth of the artist's premise, is then changed by the artist's point of view; and through mutual emotion a new intellectual convection is conceived. Galsworthy compares this process with the sexual process in physical life.

> The creative principle--moved by the implicit instincts for Harmony and Perfection--uses, so far as I can see, a certain force that we call sexual instinct for the production of its failures and its occasional masterpieces, from the amoeba up to man, from the lowest plant to the highest--in a word, for all forms of life; and perhaps even for the formations of what we do not recognize as life, for it uses vibration and conjunction, which is the essence of the sexual act.[39]

Thus it is, Galsworthy thinks, that, by a universal process, the individual can be reconciled to a universal truth, and after a period of germination, perhaps, react in perfect harmony with his fellow man. In his novels Galsworthy planned a related whole, guided by a single idea in order to produce his ethical code of behavior, because he believed that--

> Art is that imaginative expression of human energy, which, through technical concretion of feeling and perception, tends to reconcile the individual with the universal, by exciting in him impersonal emotion. And the greatest Art is that which excites the greatest impersonal

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[39] Op. cit., pp. 757-8.

emotion in an hypothetical perfect human being. . . .[40]

Galsworthy was confident that the novel was the perfect medium for the transfer of his theory of spiritual examination which would at some future time result in ethical behavior. He thought the novel presented the most effective design for such evolutionary thought for two reasons.

> . . . The novel is the most pliant and far-reaching medium of communication between minds --that is it can be--just because it does not preach, but supplies pictures and evidence from which each reader may take that food which best suits his growth. It is the great fertilizer, the quiet fertilizer of people's imagination.

The following statement explains his second reason for the novel's great influence:

> . . . the novel, supplies revelation in, I think the most secret, thorough, and subtle form--revelation browsed upon, brooded over, soaked up into the fibre of the mind and conscience. I believe the novel to be a more powerful dissolvent and reformer than even the play, because it is so much more slowly, secretly, and thoroughly digested; it has changed the currents of judgment in a man's mind before he even suspects. . . .[41]

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[40] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, pp. 17-18.

[41] H. V. Marrot, The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy, pp. 719-20.

CHAPTER II

RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE ARTIST

Since John Galsworthy believed that it has been the Arts which have civilized mankind down through the ages, he had very definite ideas about the responsibilities of Art and Authorship. He believed that art should now consciously exert every effort to inspire future conduct especially in times of social change. The following quotation expresses Galsworthy's great faith in art's civilizing influence:

> The contemplation of beautiful visions, emotions, thoughts, and dreams, expressed beautifully in words, stone, metal paint, and music, has slowly, generation by generation, uplifted man and mollified his taste. . . . Even the uplifting part of religion is but the expression of exalted feeling. . . . Beauty, alone, in the largest sense of the word--the yearning for it the contemplation of it--civilized mankind.[42]

That Galsworthy felt a keen responsibility for influencing the chaotic intellectual conditions of his era is expressed in the foreword to Hudson's Green Mansions:

> His work (W. H. Hudson's), is a vision of natural beauty and of human life as it might be, quickened and sweetened by the sun and the wind and the rain, and by fellowship with all other forms of life--the truest vision now given to us, who are more in want of it than

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[42] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, (Castles In Spain), pp. 110-1.

any generation has ever been.[43]

Galsworthy felt almost to physical pain the apparent lack of social responsibility for the future of the present generations in their blind gropings for new modes of behavior in a world of revolt against the injustices of the traditional mores.

> The generation which came in when Queen Victoria went out, through new ideas about the treatment of children, because of new modes of locomotion, and owing to the great war, has decided that everything requires re-valuation. And, since there is, seemingly, very little future before property, and less before life, it is determined to live now or never, without bothering about the the fate of such offspring as it may chance to have. Not that the present generation is less fond of children. . . .--but when everything is keyed to such a pitch of uncertanity, to secure the future at the expense of the present no longer seems worth while.[44]

Galsworthy saw, also, the failure of modern art to form new designs for living.

> I'm not sure that much, if any, hidden relation exists between the extravagances of modern artistic expression and the extravagances of modern conduct. . . . Conduct, on the other hand is, I think, among the young mostly dictated by new ideas of hygiene, and is really a physical business.[45]

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[43] John Galsworthy, Castles In Spain (Green Mansions, Foreword), p. 158.

[44] John Galsworthy, A Modern Comedy, Preface, pp. vii-viii.

[45] H. V. Marrot, The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy, p. 605.

In these times of great change Galsworthy thought it the duty of art to furnish the proper patterns of thought around which mankind could rally, and by point of direction evolve a more just and beautiful mode of life. Accordingly, Galsworthy thought the artist was dutybound to write whenever he felt such a strong inspirational urge of "moulding what came after him."[46]

Galsworthy admits of only two worthy purposes in art--"those of romance and revelation."[47] Romance, he says, is written for pleasure and pictures life as it might be; revelation pictures life as it is in such a way that just criticism will lead to the formation of new modes of behavior. Galsworthy thought that it is the responsibility of every artist to decide definitely just what his purpose is to be and then to write according to the dictates of that purpose. Having decided upon his mission in life, the artist, then, must publish only the works which will, in his opinion, best accomplish the most for humanity. If his purpose is delight--then he must entertain and picture life as it could be in truth--if his purpose is revelation, then, he must strive for truth and facts regardless of the whimsical desires of humanity.

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[46] Ibid., p. 714.

[47] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, (Faith of a Novelist), pp. 31-2.

In short an artist must be true to him "temperamental antecedent motive"[48] before publishing anything.

> Writers--not merely spinners of yarns to pocket pennies--require to be moved before they can write; some match must strike against the surface of their hearts or eyes. As a rule it is the unexpected, the peculiar, the so to say--dramatic, that moves them, or it is something that violates their sense of proportion, or sets free the emotions of love, of admiration, of anger, or of pity. And when a writer is moved by the dark things of life, rather than by the bright and heroic, it means very likely that he lives secretly in a world where things that are lovely and admirable seem natural, and things that are cruel and dark seem abnormal and therefore catch his eye, so that he is powerfully moved to paint pictures of them, and express his feelings about them, and give the impression that only such exist.
>
> The position, as you see, is a little ironical. But this is the point: a writer needs fuel for his fire, and is unable to dictate to his nature the kind of fuel that fire requires.[49]

Galsworthy says that:

> Unless a man has lived and felt and experienced and generally found out what life means, he has nothing to say that's worth hearing.[50]

Galsworthy thought that a writer without clear vision could never be classed as an artist.

> But for the purposes of Art there are no such things as truths of Nature, apart from

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[48] Loc. cit.

[49] Marrot, op. cit., pp. 732-3.

[50] Ibid., p. 776.

> the individual vision of the artist. Seer and things seen, inextricably involved one with the other, form the texture of any masterpiece. And such subtle intermingling of seer with things seen is the outcome only of long and intricate brooding, a process not too favored by modern life, yet without which we achieve little but a fluent chaos of clever insignificant impressions, a kind of glorified journalism.[51]

An author then, should decide whether he is to be a Romanticist or a Realist.

In order to accomplish his goal Galsworthy was convinced that no author should publish too soon. He should serve an author's apprenticeship. An author, in Galsworthy's opinion, should impose upon himself a schooling course in practical experience before he publishes.

> Authors serve no apprenticeship, have no school, have no examination, obtain no standard, have no diplomas, need not study, and have no requirements. . . . We time them, not to the key of: 'Is it good? but to the key of: Will it pay?'
>
> Here and there among us is a genius. . . . But those who do not publish until they can express and do not express until they have something worth expressing, are so rare that they can be counted on the fingers of three or four hands.
>
> . . . And since we cannot train ourselves except by writing, let us write, and burn what we write; then we shall stop writing or produce what we need not burn! For as things are now, without compass, without snap, we set out into twilight forests of fiction; without path, without track--and we never

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[51] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, op cit., p. 235.

emerge.[52]

Again, Galsworthy emphasizes the necessity for much study before publishing.

> It is like that too for the novelist who pastures in the fields of human life. No patterns, no theories guide his efforts. He must discover. He must forge for himself out of life's raw material the design which suits.[53]

The fact that Galsworthy realized that he himself had published too soon probably accounts for his insistence upon a period of apprenticeship for authors. In a list of "morals" for authors Galsworthy says this about himself:

> "The fifth moral is that to begin too young is a mistake. Live first, write afterwards. I had seen, unself-conscioulsy, a good deal of life before I began too young. The spiritually stressful years of my life came between then and 1904. That is why The Island Pharisees and The Man of Property had in crescendo, so much more depth than the earlier books."[54]

In discussing his first story, Dick Denver's Idea, he says,

> You can tell how much of it can be traced to the inspiration of Bret Hart and how much to the influence of Rudyard Kipling. . . . In those days I had not one single literary

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[52] John Galsworthy, The Inn of Tranquillity (Wanted Schooling), op. cit., pp. 215-9.

[53] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, op. cit., p. 154.

[54] Marrot, op. cit., pp. 136-7.

friend except Joseph Conrad.[55]

About his second book Jocelyn, published in 1898, H. V. Marrot, his biographer says,

> But at this point we find clearly visible one of the lines along which his gifts were to develop, for the preoccupation with "chagrin d'amour" which we shall notice again and again is already a motive of his work; and Jocelyn (the heroine) is the prototype of a number of similar but more completely evolved figures such as Gyp in Beyond. However, though one side of his development is already laid down, of the other--the ironical--there are not many traces.[56]

Jocelyn was printed in 1898 and Beyond in 1917. It took all of those intervening years for Galsworthy to develop completely "chagrin d'amour" theme. As evidence of his own apprenticeship Galsworthy says,

> "In two years I wrote nine tales. They had every fault. Kiplingesque, crudely expressed, extravagant in theme, deficient in feeling, devoid of philosophy with the exception of one or two perhaps, they had no temperament."[57]

As still more evidence of his long apprenticeship let us examine the history of Villa Rubein, the first novel published as John Galsworthy. This novel was first published in 1900, but was revised three times before the final publication

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[55] Ibid., p. 131.

[56] Ibid., p. 114.

[57] Ibid., p. 135.

in 1908.

> I proceeded with the four short-long stories which are now bound up with Villa Rubein. . . . but they too had to be severely dressed down before they were reissued with Villa Rubein years later . . .but even this thrice written book wasn't written. It underwent a thorough Spring cleaning before it assumed its final form in 1908.[58]

The Man of Property was Galsworthy's most successful novel. Before he accomplished this success he had written The Island Pharisees and revised it twice. According to his bibliography[59] The Man of Property was revised three times in 1907, 1911, and in 1915. Galsworthy says this about his early publications.

> In 1906, therefore, before The Man of Property had appeared I had written eleven years. The Man of Property had taken nearly three years, but it was written.[60]

And so the evidence of apprenticeship grows as one examines the works of John Galsworthy. The Man of Property, which finally developed into his great masterpiece, The Forsyte Saga, was composed over a period of years from 1906 to 1921. During these years it was rewritten and revised many times; some forms of it never having even been published,

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[58] Loc. cit.

[59] Sheila Kaye-Smith, John Galsworthy, (New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1916), pp. 115-7.

[60] Marrot, op. cit., p. 136.

for example Danae' and The Mouth of Brass.[61] Even the great memorial edition of 1933 contained many revisions.

In a letter Galsworthy set down a list of rules for authors which he lists as "morals". This terminology evidently indicates that a writer who disobeys the rules has artistically sinned in Galsworthy's opinion. These rules or "morals", completely sum up the need for a long period of practice necessary for artistic success in literature. The list follows:

> "The morals of this are not easy. The first moral is that some writers at least are not born. The second moral is that, such writers need either an independent income, or another job while they are learning to write. The third moral is that he who is determined to "write" and has the grit to see the job through, can "get there" in time. The fourth moral is that the writer who steadily goes his way never writes to fulfill the demands of public, publishers, or editor, is the writer who comes off best in the end. The fifth moral is that to begin too young is a mistake. Live first, write afterwards. I had seen, unself-consciously, a good deal of life before I began too young. The spiritually stressful years of my life came between then and 1904. That is why The Island Pharisees and The Man of Property had in crescendo, so much more depth than the earlier books. The sixth moral is that a would-be writer can probably get much inspiration and help from one or two masters, but in general, little good, and more harm from the rest. Each would-be writer will feel inspired according to his temperament, will derive instruction according to his needs, from some older living master akin to him in spirit. And as his wings grow stronger under that inspiration, he will shake

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[61] Ibid., p. 174.

of any tendency to imitate.[62]

Galsworthy, in his essay Six Novelists in Profile, pays tribute to Turgenev for the inspiration of his own apprenticeship. "I, at least, acknowledge a great debt. To him and to De Maupassant I served that spiritual and technical apprenticeship which every young writer serves."[63]

With a twinkle in his eye Galsworthy says, "Mine indeed was a deep dark youth, an apprenticeship cheered on by some driving quality within me, and by a belief that I would some day be a real writer."[64]

Following is a letter to an aspiring young writer which excellently sums up Galsworthy's ideas about apprenticeship:

> I think my advice to you would be: Don't be in a hurry to get into print. Unless a man has lived and felt and experienced and generally found out what life means, he has nothing to say that's worth hearing. Writers generally begin too young, and very few who begin very young come to anything.
>
> Now, as to style: Style is simply the clear, short expression of things seen originally, and of strongly individual feelings. Practice setting down what you see and feel as shortly and clearly as you can. If you describe a tree or haystack, try and make others see it as you personally see it; it's your vision of it and feeling about it which will make it of value. Live with animals, trees, birds, hills and the

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[62] Ibid., p. 136-7.

[63] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, (Six Novelists in Profile), op. cit., p. 139.

[64] Marrot, op. cit., p. 132.

> see as much as you reasonably can. Talk to, and watch the lives of simple people. Distrust all arty groups, and, if you mix with them do it with your tongue a little in your cheek.
>
> It sounds trite, but read the Bible, Shakespeare, and W. H. Hudson, the Nature-writer. Learn French well and read Prosper Mérime'e and Maupassant (say three years hence); their economy of words and clearness is wonderful. Read Anatole France, also three years hence. Read Russian Turgenev not for his style, because it suffers in translation, but for the way he sees human life, and constructs his stories. Read Walter Pater and Stevenson, but beware of their tendency to preciosity. Read Dickens and Samuel Butler. Practice verse writing; it helps toward good prose style. Take it as a rule that anything you write must be interesting sentence by sentence. Of modern poetry read Masefield and Sassoon. But if you really want to be a writer who counts, alongside all this live a normal life with some normal occupation for some years after you come to man's estate. See the workaday world as it is before you give others your vision of it or anything else.[65]

Thus Galsworthy feels that true art should publish only masterpieces. He thought that a great many successful contemporary authors had so prostituted real art to the desire for monetary reward as well as to publisher and the public's approbation that they had failed in two important responsibilities. First, in their desire to satisfy the public's insistence upon "happy-endings" they were casting aside Art's opportunity as an evolutionary directive of thought in a needy world. He felt it the duty of all sincere authors to do something about the bales of false and flimsy reading materials

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[65] Ibid., p. 776.

which were found in the bookstalls. To him, the true artist would picture life as it is. Second, he claimed that for the sake of monetary reward this type of journalism thrives and was directly responsible for the continued mental confusion and vacuity which characterized the age. Galsworthy felt this responsibility so keenly that he wrote a very convincing essay on the need for "schooling."

> It is a twilight forest in which we writers of fiction wander, and once in a way, . . . why the light is so dim; why there is so much bad and false fiction; why the demand for it is so great. Living in a world where demand creates supply, we writers of fiction furnish the exception to this rule. . . . We must lay the blame where it clearly should be laid, on ourselves. We, ourselves create the demand for bad and false fiction.[66]

The artist, then, must have the mental and moral courage of his plan of action to produce only those things which will bring him to his desired goal in writing.[67] He must plan this regardless of fear or favor, depending only upon his artistic technique for attracting the eye of the public. Masterpieces are born only by careful planning. Galsworthy's plan of a masterpiece seems to have four equally important characteristics. First, an author must have an infinite truth as the central idea for his life's work.

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[66] John Galsworthy, The Inn of Tranqullity, op. cit., pp. 215-9.

[67] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, (Novelist's Allegory), op. cit., pp. 171-2.

Around this eternal idea he must devise an orderly plan for its development. This gradual development must engender in the reader a genuine desire for the acceptance of the proposed opinion. This desire must bring about, at the author's insistence, a change in living modes leading, he hopes, to more aesthetic forms of social interaction in future life. Galsworthy's masterpiece of novels is developed according to this plan.

> "Cethru!" said the Prince. "Let it be your duty henceforth to walk with your lanthorn up and down this street all night and every night."[68]

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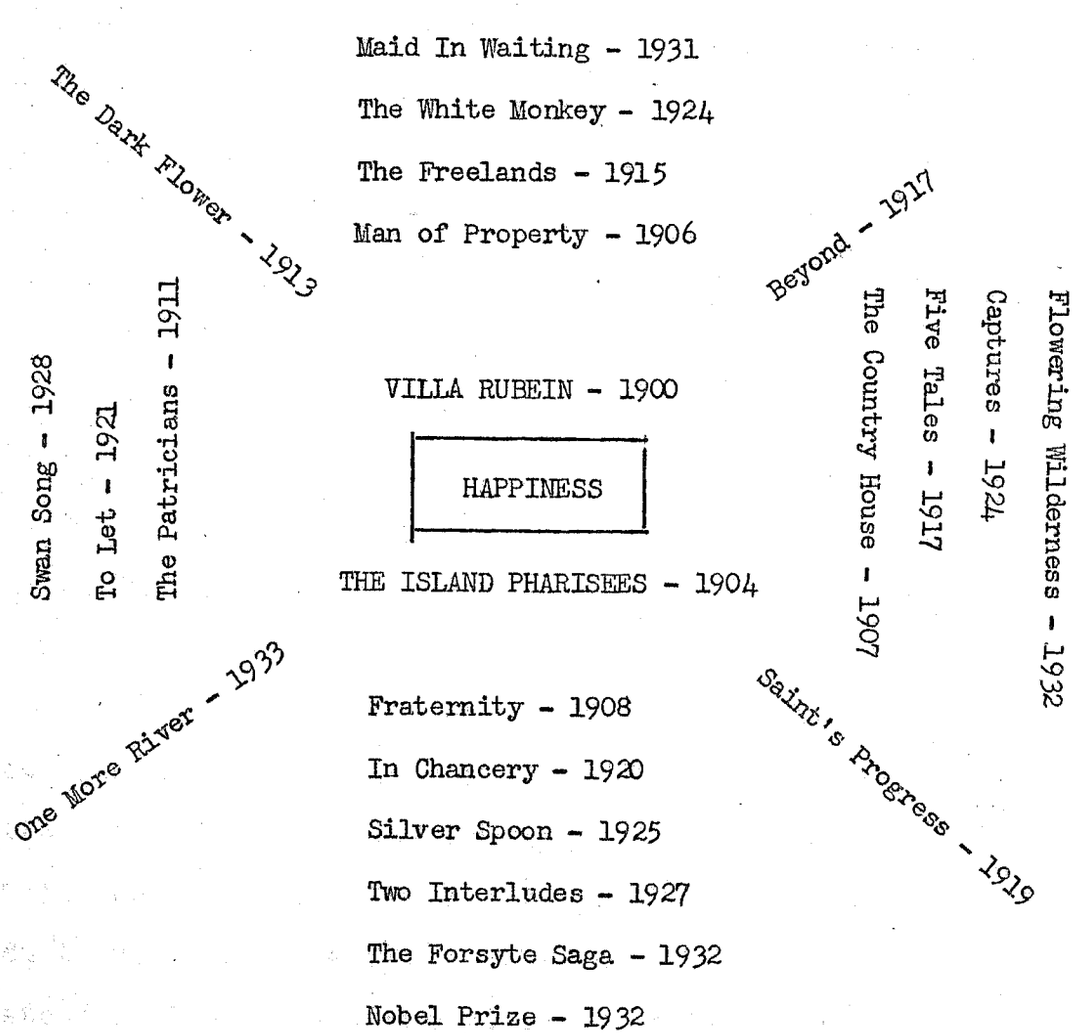
[68] John Galsworthy, The Inn of Tranquillity, op. cit., p. 173.

GALSWORTHY'S MASTERPIECE DESIGN



CHAPTER III

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S THEORY OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MASTERPIECE

John Galsworthy's idea of a work of art was very much akin to that of Henry James. James felt that an artist's individual works should blend and fit together into a single pattern of thought as the colors and threads are woven meticulously into the design of a beautiful carpet. And, just as an individual studies the entire carpet in seeking its pattern, so does one study an artist's lifetime production in order to capture and understand his all-pervasive theme in writing. Galsworthy held a similar conception. He thought that any work of art was slowly and painstakingly developed around an eternal truth--an idea of importance to all of the human race--as a puzzle is pieced together into an harmonious whole. He believed that in a true masterpiece this central theme must pervade every single artistic effort of the artist as well as contribute to the growth of the theme. This general thesis is thereby intensified with each new production. This gradual development of one great idea lends a steadfastness of purpose to an author's labors which Galsworthy labels as its "rhythmic vitality."[69]

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[69] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, op. cit., pp. 17-18.

Such vitality Galsworthy held as inseparable from a work of art. In his essay called Vague Thoughts on Art[70] Galsworthy says that this rhythmic vitality leads to the perfection of the infinite thought and is therefore absolutely necessary to the work of art. Galsworthy, also says that the perfection of this rhythmic vitality around the central theme brings about harmony, proportion, and balance to the entire artistic effort. By harmony he means the adjustment of the parts to one another so as to form a connected whole; by proportion he means that the artist will make the parts suitable to each other, and by balance he means that the theme will give the artist a steadiness of mind with which to accomplish his purpose in writing. Without his infinite idea with which to amalgamate his great plan no author can be considered an artist.

> . . . its essence--that which makes it a work of art--is the presence of the mysterious quality called 'life'; and the conditions of 'life' are: a sufficient relation of part to whole, and a sufficient flavouring of the artist's temperament. For only these elements give to a piece of work the essential novelty of a living thing.[71]

The Theme, then, of a masterpiece to Galsworthy was a most important and necessary development. Its careful development necessitated the arduous apprenticeship which

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[70] Loc. cit.

[71] Ibid., p. 152.

Galsworthy insists every author serve. To Galsworthy the theme of a masterpiece consisted of the temperamental reactions of the author toward the practices in life which prevented the accomplishment of his central idea. As we have seen in Chapter I, Galsworthy thought that all men unconsciously desire happiness. His experiences in life brought him to the conclusion that certain ancient thought crystallizations within the sections of society imposed innumerable harsh and ugly forms of interaction which prevented human happiness. Galsworthy sought to relax these behavior patterns by means of sharp satire. The core idea, then, of Galsworthy's masterpiece is happiness. His theme is the extinction of all thought patterns which are barriers to that idea. As Galsworthy expresses it in his explanation of the critical essence of The Patricians his theme is his temperamental reactions to all forms of unpleasant behavior

> The critical essence . . . consists in an opposition of authority and dry high-caste life . . . with the emotionalism and dislike of barriers inherent in one half of my temperament.[72]

Into the design of his masterpiece Galsworthy first set down in two volumes his objections to certain practices of his day which interfered with happiness. His first novel

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[72] Marrot, op. cit., p. 303.

Villa Rubein became "a kind of long awakening to the home truths of social existence and national character. . . . And the book, after all, became but an introduction to all those following novels which depict--somewhat satirically--the various sections of English 'Society' with a more or less capital "S."[73]

Villa Rubein presented the irritations of life from the artist's point of view. In this novel Galsworthy says, "One starts in life with some notion of the ideal [happiness]. A man must do the best there is in him. If he has to suffer--let him suffer."[74]

In this volume he presents the artist's great problem.

> 'Ah! Doctor--if I don't paint what the public likes, I starve; all the same I'm going to paint in my own way, and in the end I shall come out on top.'[75]

In the following quotations he emphasizes the need for sincerity in the novelist:

> You mean that if it does not matter enough, one had better not do it at all. I don't know if you are right--I think you are.[76]

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[73] Ibid., p. 152.

[74] John Galsworthy, Villa Rubein (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, The Knickerbocker Press, 1908) p. 4.

[75] Ibid., p. 3.

[76] Ibid., p. 13.

Here, he insists on truth in literature.

> 'By Heavens!' said Harz, striking one hand into the other, 'if more truth were spoken there would not be so many shams. . . . Work is what matters and to try and see the beauty in the world.'[77]

A trifle later, he continues the idea.

> It's only that he hates shams and can't bear meanness; and it is mean to cover up dislikes and pretend that you agree with people.[78]

In this quotation he scores the worldly evaluation of art.

> If I were the finest painter in the world, he wouldn't think anything of me for it, I'm afraid; but if I could show him handfuls of big cheques for bad pictures I had painted, he would respect me.[79]

Following are other ideas which Galsworthy wished to establish:

Crime is but the hallmark of strong individuality.

> A sane community never yet asked a man to tread upon his self-respect. If I get my fingers skinned over my marriage, which I undertook at my own risk, what's the community to do with it? And as to rights, it'd be a deuced sight better for us all if there wasn't such a fuss about 'em.
>
> Society! What is Society--a few men in good coats? What has it done for me?

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[77] Ibid., p. 53.

[78] Ibid., p. 55.

[79] Ibid., p. 78.

> 'Only fools,' he said, 'take things for granted. As for discipline, what do you aristocrats, or you bourgeois know of discipline? Have you ever been hungry? Have you ever had your soul down on its back?'
>
> I'm proud to come straight from the soil--I wouldn't have it different; but they are the people, everything's narrow with them--they only understand what they can see and touch.
>
> Yes, it drives me mad even now to think of people fatted with prosperity, sneering and holding up their hands at poor devils who have suffered ten times more than the most those soft animals could bear. I'm older; I've lived--I know things cannot be put right by violence--nothing will put things right, but doesn't stop my feeling.[80]

This quotation seems to sum up Mr. Harz's [Galsworthy] ideas with a stamp of temperamentalism:

> Mr. Harz is an artist of unusual ability; a little rash perhaps, but that is a matter of his temperament.[81]

Galsworthy's second novel, The Island Pharisees, seems to enlarge upon his general theme. A general note from his note-book about The Patricians makes this statement of its purpose:

> The Patricians finishes the series of novels that began with The Island Pharisees, whose statement of a temperamental point of view has now been worked out in critical review of the four sections of society. . . .[82]

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[80] Ibid., pp. 80, 86, 96, 98, 107, 112.

[81] Ibid., p. 279.

[82] Op. cit., p. 285.

In the preface of this novel Galsworthy clearly suggests that English society drop ancient forms of behavior and thought and strive to make them consonant with human happiness.

> The Institutions of this country, like the institutions of all other countries are but half-truths; they are the working daily clothing of the nation; no more the body's permanent dress than is a baby's frock. Slowly but surely they wear out, or are outgrown; and in their fashion they are always thirty years at least behind the fashions of those spirits who are concerned with what shall take their place. The conditions that dictate our education, the distribution of our property, our marriage laws, amusements, worship, prisons, and all other things, change imperceptibly from hour to hour; the moulds containing them, being inelastic, do not change, but hold on to the point of bursting, and then are hastily, often clumsily, enlarged. The ninety desiring peace and comfort for their spirit, the ninety of the well-warmed beds will have it that the fashions need not change, but morality is fixed, that all is ordered and immutable, that every one will always marry, plan, and worship in the way that they themselves are marrying, playing, and worshipping. They have no speculation, and they hate with a deep hatred those who speculate with thought. . . --the other ten--chafed by all things that are, desirous ever of new forms and moulds, hate in their turn the comfortable ninety. . . . But now and then--ah! very seldom--we find ourselves so near that thing which has no breadth, the middle line, that we can watch them both, and positively smile to see the fun.[83]

In a letter to Edward Garnett, his publisher, written in 1902 concerning The Island Pharisees Galsworthy made this

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[83] John Galsworthy, The Island Pharisees, op. cit., pp. vi-viii.

statement as to what he thought this novel should do:

> With regard to chapter iii where you feel the break in continuity, I deliberately don't want to discard it for it seems to me that it strikes early and plainly, too plainly perhaps, the note of the under the harrow multitudes which is intended to be heard throughout my theme, and without which the note of the safe and complacent is deprived of its echo.[84]

In The Island Pharisees, itself, he ironically suggests the changes needed in social relations in order to inaugurate a more beautiful future. The two characters of the novel, Shelton and Ferrand, apparently speak for Galsworthy as to his aim in writing his novels in this quotation.

> "Complacency!" repeated Shelton, "do you call that a great quality?"
>
> "I should rather say, monsieur, a great defect in what is always a great people. You are certainly the most highly-civilized nation on the earth; you suffer a little from the fact. If I were an English preacher my desire would be to prick the heart of your complacency."[85]

After a long tirade of open criticism of the arts and amusements of the day, Galsworthy sums it all up with this satirical barb: "How would the world go round, how could Society exist, without common-sense, practical ability, and the lack of sympathy!"[86]

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[84] Edward Garnett, Letters From John Galsworthy, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1934), p. 44.

[85] John Galsworthy, The Island Pharisees, op. cit., p. 10.

[86] Ibid., p. 37.

After a long discussion of the treatment of women both as prostitutes and as unhappy wives, Galsworthy comments in this cutting fashion: "Society has an excellent eye for the helpless--it never treads on people unless they're really down." And a little later he adds to the comment in this mood, ". . . the more Christian the nation, the less it has to do with the Christian spirit."[87] Later, in the novel, as Galsworthy airs his views on morality with a minister he makes this comment through Shelton, his character mouthpiece: "What I hate," said Shelton, "is the way we men decide what women shall bear, and then call them immoral, decadent, or what you will, if they don't fall in with our views."[88]

In order to bring out the fallacy of the "open mind" in education Galsworthy has a college professor speak these words in discussing a novel of the day: "I really don't care," said he, "to know what a woman feels when she is going to the dogs; it doesn't interest me."[89]

Also, in this novel, he has Shelton [his mouthpiece] express this reaction upon witnessing a policeman arresting a prostitute:

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[87] Ibid., pp. 131 and 145.

[88] Ibid., p. 163.

[89] Ibid., p. 167.

> The cold certainty of law and order upholding the strong, treading underfoot the weak, the smug front of meanness that only the purest spirits may attack seemed to be facing him. . . .
>
> 'One or the other of us,' he reflected, 'we make these women what they are. And when we've made them, we can't do without them; we don't want to; but we give them no proper homes, so that they're reduced to prowl the streets and then--we run them in. Ha! that's good--that's excellent! We run them in! And here we sit and carp. But what do we do? Nothing! Our system is the most highly moral known. We get the benefit without soiling even the hem of our phylacteries--the women are the only ones that suffer. And why shouldn't they--inferior things?'[90]

In his effort to awaken a sympathetic attitude toward the drudges in this the world, the following quotation is an example of his treatment in The Island Pharisees:

> It suddenly came home to him that life for three quarters of the world meant physical exhaustion every day, without a possibility of alternative, and that as soon as, for some cause beyond control, they failed thus to exhaust themselves, they were reduced to beg or starve. And then we who don't know the meaning of the word exhaustion, call them 'idle scamps', he said aloud.[91]

Also, in this volume Galsworthy makes a statement which explains the mood in which his book was conceived and why he felt the need to write in opposition to the meannesses in the world. "He was in that hypersensitive and nervous state favorable for recording currents foreign to itself.

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[90] Ibid., p. 185.

[91] Ibid., p. 155.

Things he had never before noticed now had profound effect on him, . . ."[92]

Galsworthy pictured the absurd cruelties of conventions which in his opinion caused untold misery to unfortunate people. He tried to show people in general that very often circumstances control infractions of convention not unholy desires; and that many virtuous ones would react to like circumstances in identically the same way if faced with them. He wished his novel to show that modern circumstances call for a different type of conventional judgment than is present in the traditional mores. He wished to excite just such thought. In the novel he has a young French man, Ferrand, speak for him in this way:

> "Yes," said the young foreigner as if reading all his thoughts, "what's called virtue is nearly always only luck. . . . Ah! La, Conventions? Have them by all means--but don't look like peacocks because you are preserving them; it is but cowardice and luck, my friends--but cowardice and luck![93]

And upon witnessing some older women moving away from an unfortunate and penniless girl who had accepted her transportation from Shelton, the foreigner says, "--they take good care not to let their garments touch her. They are virtuous women. How fine a thing is virtue, sir! And finer to know

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[92] Ibid., p. 212.

[93] John Galsworthy, The Island Pharisees, p. 13.

you have it, especially when you are never likely to be tempted."[94]

In such a manner Galsworthy presented his suggestions for changes in thought and manners of living in order to increase human happiness. His first two volumes, then, are mere expressions of these temperamental reactions to society in general. They were word paintings of manners which, in life, he wished were different. He was simply outlining for his public the points of his attack on society, and endeavoring to formulate his means to happiness. These "Temperamental Novels" were shortly succeeded by a group of four novels in which he specifically assaults four different classes of society in an effort to crack their assumed class-consciousness in favor of self-consciousness and human sympathy for all people. In an essay called Literature and Life Galsworthy said, "Only one who experiments out of the necessities of his theme will create that which will last."[95]

Also in an essay Six Novelists In Profile Galsworthy states the importance of the theme in this way:

> Art when it has life and meaning, comes from an artist possessed by his theme. The rest is just exercise in technique, which helps artists to render the greater impulses

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[94] Ibid., p. 9.

[95] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, p. 277.

when they come too seldom.[96]

However, in Galsworthy we find this exercise in technique exceedingly well developed.

This is Galsworthy's version of the universal plan in a masterpiece. By his plan he means the development piece by piece of each single viewpoint needed to round out or perfect his infinite idea into a complete masterpiece of thought patterns, producing, when his life's work is finished, a completely new design for aesthetic living or, at least, beautiful action. These individual works are so designed that the artist hopes they will fit one by one into his great idea with perfect harmony as well as efficiently awaken the reader to the importance of the central theme. The author also hopes that the works will produce a mounting crest of emotion toward a change of attitudes of mind and manners of living so strong that when the final design for ethical action presents itself in his work the reader will be in an emotional ferment to mend his ways for a kindlier mode of life.

> Art, even the art of the novel, has always been the subject of a tug-of-war between two schools of thought--the school that demands of it a revelation or criticism of life, and the school that asks of it nothing but pleasure--giving invention. Both schools, however, in the heat of their struggle for the possession of art tend to forget that, whether

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[96] Ibid., p. 144.

> a work of art be critical and revealing, or a bit of decorative invention, its essence--that which makes it a work of art--is the presence of the mysterious quality called 'life'. And the conditions of 'life' are: a sufficient relation of part to whole, and a sufficient flavoring of the artist's temperament. For only these elements give to a piece of work the essential novelty of a living thing. . . . Whether, then, the picture be painted in seeming aloofness, or whether the novelist's self swoops onto and off the canvas really doesn't matter so much, for creative power and force of expression are the only real essentials.[97]

In his essay Faith of a Novelist Galsworthy gives one his idea of how precisely the artist arranges this scheme of works.

> But for the purposes of Art there are no such things as truths of Nature, apart from the individual vision of the artist. Seer and things seen, inextricably involved one with the other, form the texture of any masterpiece. And such subtle intermingling of seer with things seen is the outcome only of long and intricate brooding, a process not too favored by modern life, yet without which we achieve little but a fluent chaos of clever insignificant impressions, a kind of glorified journalism.[98]

In Six Novelists In Profile Galsworthy expresses the responsibility a novelist accepts for his plan.

> Using the stuff of real life for the purposes of his art a great novelist can, by the light he throws, forward the organic growth of human society, and colour the ethics of his time. He

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[97] John Galsworthy, Candelabra, op. cit., p. 152.

[98] Ibid., p. 235.

> need not be conscious rebel. He need see widely, feel deeply, and be able to mould what he has seen or felt into that which has a new and significant life of its own. . . . It is like that too for the novelist who postures in the fields of human life. No patterns, no theories guide his efforts. He must discover. He must forge for himself out of life's raw material the design which suits.[99]

Galsworthy's remark about plot in Some Platitudes Concerning Drama seems to form a basis for his great plan too. "A good plot is that sure edifice which slowly rises out of the interplay of circumstance on temperament, and temperament on circumstance, within the enclosing atmosphere of an idea."[100]

These two novels, Villa Rubein and The Island Pharisees, which were the expression of his temperamental theme were Galsworthy's first step in his universal plan of a masterpiece. His second step consisted of an elaboration of his criticism of the national character by means of the specific unhappy crystallizations of thought which characterized the four sections of upper-class society. His first novel in this section of his plan satirized the unhappiness of greed as displayed by the "sense of property" in Soames Forsyte. This novel called The Man of Property finally grew into the epitome

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[99] Ibid., p. 154.

[100] Galsworthy, The Inn of Tranquillity, op. cit., p. 193.

of Galsworthy's masterpiece idea, The Forsyte Saga.

> "I originally called 'The Man of Property' by this name, and had no intention of continuing that book with sequels. Some three years, however, after it was published I became haunted by the notion of Old Jolyon's Indian Summer which ultimately got itself written in the spring of 1917. Not until one Sunday in July, 1918, did the full scheme of development come to me. And almost at once I began 'In Chancery' which, . . . was not finished till November 4, 1919.[101]

Incidentally, The Indian Summer of a Forsyte is an arresting wordpainting of the beauty of life devoid of the "sense of property." It is the picture of Galsworthy's ideal life.

Returning, now, to the discussion of The Man of Property and Galsworthy's other "Class" novels it might be said here that these four novels have the earmarks of a search for style as well as development of theme. By that is meant that each of the four novels exposes different degrees of sublety in its symbolism. For example, in Fraternity the symbolism is so starkly obvious that it is boring. Mr. Stone, the symbol of authorship, is rather ridiculous. Miltoun, The Patrician is rather too obvious, also, for interest. The squire, and the minister of The Country House are a trifle too exaggerated to be effective. However, in The Man of Property, Galsworthy's most successful novel, his rather dramatic use of symbolism

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[101] John Galsworthy, The Forsyte Saga, (Preface by Ada Galsworthy) Memorial Edition. (New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1933), p. vii.

is both effective and exceedingly subtle. Soames Forsyte is a gifted man of affairs, but Galsworthy very adroitly produces the effect that Soames is secretly yearning for something of which he is not aware. He has it within his grasp but cannot forget his sense of possession--and beauty cannot be possessed. Irene, the wife, is vaguely portrayed as forever out of his grasping reach. In limning the figure of Soames thus against the beautiful figure of Irene (as a figure is limned against a backdrop on the stage) Galsworthy accomplishes an effect of sympathy for Soames in his unconscious quest of happiness. He typifies mankind's unconscious desire for happiness which is Galsworthy's core idea. Galsworthy's style is very effective.

In The Man of Property Galsworthy attempts to arouse repugnance for the cruelties caused by the "Sense of property." The following quotation from In Chancery from The Forsyte Saga expresses the characteristics of this class which Galsworthy hoped to change:

> It was as if he were boxed up with hundreds of thousands of his countrymen which had always been to him revolting, something which he knew to be extremely natural and yet which seemed to him inexplicable--their intense belief in contracts and vested rights, their complacent sense of virtue in the exaction of those rights. Here beside him in the cab was the very embodiment, the corporeal sum as it were, of the possessive instinct--his own kinsman too! It was uncanny, and intolerable! But there's something more in it than that! he thought with a sick feeling. The dog, they say, returns to his vomit. The sight of her has re-awakened some-

thing. Beauty! The devil's in it![102]

Soames's inhibited sense of beauty when aroused always caused him trouble and unhappiness. And with all his cleverness Soames never became aware of the means to his primary desire--happiness--"uncapturable save by a devotion which thinks not of self."[103]

> Soames life figure of Investment--refused their restless sounds [The Waters of change] . . . He might wish and wish and never get it--the beauty and the loving in the world.[104]

Next Galsworthy endeavored to awaken the Squirearchy to their excessive provincial bigotry. In the preface to this second novel of class satire Galsworthy says,

> The constant endeavor of his [Galsworthy's] pen has merely been to show Society that it has had luck; and if, those who have had luck behaved as if they knew it, the chances of revolution would sink to zero. . . .[105]

In the same preface Galsworthy speaks of The Country House and its kindred novels, and explains their intentions as follows:

> The Country House and its kindred novels, whether works of art or no, can hardly be challenged for not being criticisms of life. They are tragi-comedies which, treating ironically of character and manners, made but a dubious appeal to Anglo-Saxons though in speech the least expansive and most ironic in the

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[102] Ibid., (In Chancery), p. 459.

[103] Ibid., (To Let), p. 915.

[104] Ibid., p. 921.

[105] Galsworthy, The Country House, op. cit., Preface.

> world, are conservative and sentimental at heart, and little inclined to brook disturbance of cherished images.[106]

Galsworthy's satirical Squire's creed from The Country House seems to sum up the characteristics of this group which were repellent to Galsworthy's temperament.

> I believe in my father, and his father, and his father's father, the makers and keepers of my estate; and I believe in myself and my son and my son's son. And I believe that we have made the country, and shall keep the country what it is. And I believe in the Public Schools, and especially the Public School that I was at. And I believe in my social equals and the country house, and in things as they are, forever and ever. Amen.[107]

The third allied novel Fraternity scored the cultured class for the utter sterility of their knowledge. Through this novel Galsworthy hoped to inspire this group to forget class-consciousness and inaugurate more ethical conduct. Knowledge unaccompanied by action to Galsworthy is only a static influence on progress rather than the dynamic force it should be.

> . . . one sees how the human mind, by its habit of continual crystallizations, had destroyed all the meaning of the process. Witness for example, that sterile phenomenon, the pagoda of caste.[108]

Galsworthy, very pointedly, in Fraternity, indicates the reason for the Intelligensia's failure to lead in

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[106] Loc. cit.

[107] Ibid., p. 194.

[108] Galsworthy, Fraternity, op. cit., p. 24.

social change.

> In social effort, as in the physical processes of Nature, there had ever been a single fertilizing agent--the mysterious and wonderful attraction known as Love. To this--that merging of one being in another--had been due all the progressive variance of form, known by man under the name of life. It was this merger, this mysterious, unconscious Love, which was lacking. . . . They were full of reason, conscience, horror, full of impatience, contempt, revolt, but they did not love the masses of their fellow men. . . . man had yet to wait for his delirious impulse to Universal Brotherhood, and the forgetfulness of Self.[109]

Galsworthy brings Fraternity to a close upon a wailing note:

> My brain is clouded. Great Universe! I cannot discover to my brothers that they are one. I am not worthy to stay here. Let me pass into you, [Death] and die.[110]

The last critical novel of the social thread in his masterpiece was called The Patrician. In this novel Galsworthy hoped to convince the aristocracy that it was necessary that they relax their "sense of power." Galsworthy expresses the idea in these words:

> . . . that the main tendency of aristocracy is to stereotype and dry the poetry out of life, to shrivel a little the faculty for love, by exaggerating the faculty for command.
>
> The book attempts to symbolize the struggle between Love and Force or Power; and the struggle between

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[109] Ibid., pp. 121-122.

[110] Ibid., p. 385.

Liberty and Authority.[111]

In this satirical picture of Lady Casterley, the symbolic character of aristocracy, one can see just what Galsworthy means by crystallization of ideas.

> Lady Casterley let fall the hand which held the letter. Safe? Yes, he was safe! He had done the right thing--the natural thing. And in time he would be happy! He would rise now to that pinnacle [parliament] she had dreamed for him, ever since he was a tiny thing, ever since his little thin brown hand had clasped hers in their wonderings amongst the flowers, and the furniture of tall rooms.[112]

The Patricians completed the heavy thread of satire engendered by his temperamental novels in the pattern of his masterpiece. The following quotation reiterates, somewhat, his aim in writing them.

> The novelist, then, if he deals with Society, and has any thing of the critic in him will unconsciously be something of a satirist. . . . To him each section of Society, professionals and plutocrats, the squirearchy, the intellectual, the aristocrats--each will have its weakpoint, its doom; the negative, so to speak of its virtues.[113]

In Galsworthy's own words one finds that he thinks that he has finished at least one phase of his plan. He indicates, however, that more is to come from his pen which involved a spiritual change of ideas.

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[111] Marrot, op. cit., (A diary note on a visit to Fortingal) pp. 285-286.

[112] John Galsworthy, The Patrician. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911), p. 393.

[113] Galsworthy, Candelabra, p. 240.

> Heaven knows that this book is far short of what I would have it; how far the shortcomings of it are the result of my accidentally finishing with a long job of four class novels, which I have a little outgrown or become tired of, the result in fact of a spiritual change, rather than anything more remediable.[114]

Galsworthy's "spiritual change" did not involve any deviation from his inspirational idea or his universal plan idea. He still sought happiness, and his following novels all stressed the need for love and sympathy in all human relationships. His "spiritual change" merely involved a change in mood in his novels from the satirical painting of unethical behavior to the lyrical presentation of aesthetic behavior in practice. However, while Galsworthy was gathering steam for the mood and thread of his aesthetic behavior patterns, he introduced the first of his love novels which form the woof of his pattern. These love novels definitely belong to the whole scheme because they, too, plead for understanding, sympathy, and aesthetic delicacy of judgments in the problems of human passion. These novels of human affection very effectively gather up the four corners of Galsworthy's design and support its theme as human passion supports life itself.

Published in 1913, The Dark Flower began a series of

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[114] Garnett, op. cit., p. 192.

four novels in which Galsworthy makes an appeal for more understanding and kindlier criticism in matters concerning love, sex, and marriage. In the handling of this question his satire is smoother; and, perhaps, more convincing than in his former works. His technique in this novel impresses one as delicately beautiful and more mature than anything Galsworthy had done before. Its theme is for an understanding of man's passion at all three stages of predominancy. Galsworthy thinks that an enlightened understanding of these natural processes would bring greater happiness in life for everyone. In a letter to Sir A. Quiller-Couch Galsworthy discusses The Dark Flower:

> And first I want to say that I did not intend my book to be anything but a study (I hoped a true and deep one) of Passion--that blind force which sweeps us out of the dark and turns us pretty well as it will. . . . I did not think it an unworthy thing. . . --to try and paint Passion in terms of its spirit rather than as so many have painted it, in terms of the flesh; especially in a land whose life and Art seem in a sort of perpetual conspiracy to blur and sentimentalize all the true values of the greatest force in life.[115]

Galsworthy knew that people understood, from their own experiences, that human beings under the atmosphere of sex reacted quite sentimentally and often detrimentally to themselves; yet, they excused in themselves, the very things which they criticized unkindly in others. This irked

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[115] Ibid., pp. 381-384.

Galsworthy's sense of justice because of the unhappy consequences to those involved; and, so, he wrote to promote understanding and tolerance in the sex relations. In Faith of a Novelist he states this purpose clearly:

> And yet to write grossly of sex, to labour in a story the physical side of love is to err aesthetically. . . . But the atmosphere and psychology of passion are other matters; and the trackless maze in which the average reader wanders where his feelings are concerned is none the worse for a night-light or two. In every artist, moreover, who is not a freak there is a sensibility to the scent and colour of the dark flower, to its fascination and fates lurking within its lure which demands a vent.[116]

Near the close of The Dark Flower itself, Galsworthy gives his idea of how all cases of sex or love should affect other people. In a soliloquy of Lennan's, the hero of the triad of stories, Galsworthy manages gently but deftly to remind all readers that problems of this kind are really none of their affair.

> Yet, all this time, he had a feeling that, since he alone knew all the circumstances, he alone was entitled to blame or excuse himself. The glib judgments that moralists would pass upon his conduct could be nothing but the imbecilities of smug and pharaisaic fools--of those not under this drugging spell--of such as had not blood enough perhaps every to fall beneath it.[117]

In his closing remarks about this novel Galsworthy

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[116] Galsworthy, Candelabra, op. cit., p. 241.

[117] John Galsworthy, The Dark Flower. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913), p. 283.

in point-blank fashion pleads for an understanding of man's polygamous nature by openly admitting the truth of such a charge. He says it like this:

> That was the tragedy--it was all sunk and rooted in the very nature of a man. . . . Man and woman--they both wanted youth again; she, that she might give it all to him; he, because it would help him toward something--new! Just that world of difference.[118]

The second love and marriage novel which he called Beyond, and published in 1917, concerned itself with the psychology of a woman's love. Here, also, he makes a strong case for understanding of a woman's emotions and mistakes. It is an appeal for more elastic marriage arrangements in cases of mistaken emotions because, as he shown in his novels, people of imagination and feeling will go beyond convention when they love sincerely anyway. In Beyond he writes this about Gyp, the heroine:

> Besides, by her very birth she was outside the fold of society, her love beyond the love of those within it--just as her father's love had been.[119]

When people love sincerely, Galsworthy explains, their feelings as follows, and insists that they should have their happiness:

> Now she had given, she would give with both hands--beyond measure--beyond! -- as he himself, as her mother

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[118] Ibid., pp. 298-299.

[119] John Galsworthy, Beyond, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917), p. 406.

had given.[120]

Galsworthy felt that women--especially beautiful women--very often make mistakes because they really do not understand their emotions. This quotation explains Gyp's [Beyond] mistake:

> She was fairly caught in the web of her foolish and presumptious mistake! . . . . Disillusionment is not welcome to a woman's heart; . . . Her great dedication--her scheme of life! She had been going to save Fiorsen from himself! It was laughable.[121]
>
> . . . more and more from her sense that, instead of saving him she was as it were, pushing him downhill--ironical nemesis for vanity.[122]

Continuing his love novels at intervals Galsworthy published his third one in 1919. It was called Saint's Progress. In this novel he made an effort to justify the psychological reactions of the young under the pressures of both war and love. In this novel, also, he combined his appeal for youth's right to love, with an effort to awaken the church to its intellectual decadence in all moral judgments. He said this about Christianity:

> I think, . . . that Christianity is what you do, not what you think or say. And I don't believe people can be Christians when they act like others--

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[120] Ibid., p. 332.

[121] Ibid., pp. 123-

[122] Ibid., p. 203.

> I mean, when they join together to judge and hurt people.[123]

In Saint's Progress Galsworthy states the essence of his theme quite often. Following are a few of the shorter quotations. The first seems to express the rules for ethical character.

> The one thing is to hate tyranny and cruelty, and protect everything that's weak and lonely. It's all that's left to make life worth living, when all the packs of all the world are out for blood.[124]

Again he says, "Beauty is the holy thing."[125]

In this quotation he speaks for the artist. "My mistress, mademoiselle, is not a thing of flesh. It is my art. . . . The tongue and the pen will rule them."[126]

This quotation is his criticism of the church, "to be alive, and yet not living enough to feel reality. . . Would that not be well said of the church in these days!"[127]

In this passage Galsworthy pleads for the thesis of the entire novel: "Is it not natural that Youth about to die should yearn for pleasure, for love, for union, before death."[128]

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[123] John Galsworthy, Saint's Progress. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1919) p. 164.

[124] Ibid., p. 176.

[125] Ibid., p. 181.

[126] Ibid., p. 237.

[127] Ibid., p. 239.

[128] Ibid., p. 238.

In the last year of his life, 1933, Galsworthy published the novel which completed his love motive in his masterpiece design. This was the novel, One More River. In this novel he again discussed sex problems in the marriage relation. He brought the sadist problem up for an airing. His answer was, "What's wanted is the slogan: 'Fresh air and exercise for good instincts'."[129]

This novel furnished the answer to the marriage problem. Dinny, the heroine, marries not for passionate love, but for mutual respect and affection. This is Galsworthy's picture of the ideal basis for marriage. This quotation from One More River very succinctly explains desire for ethical behavior. "Character's our way of showing the desire for perfection. Nursing the best that's in one."[130]

So it is that an artist drudges on through his intricate planning, striving always for a synchronization of ideas to satisfy his urge for truth and beauty.

> Truth and Beauty are a hard quest, but what else is there worth seeking? Absorption in that quest brings the novelist his reward--unconsciousness of self, and the feeling that he plays his part as best he may.[131]
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> . . . . . .
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> . . . because a writer's business is to get values

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[129] John Galsworthy, One More River (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1933), p. 102.

[130] Ibid., p. 112.

[131] Galsworthy, Candelabra, op. cit., p. 245.

> at least averagely right, to see keenly, to feel and think deeply, and to express more clearly than other people what we see and feel and think.[132]

Because the artist feels that his theme is of such great importance, he plans very carefully to get the proper emotional reaction to each work. We have already seen that Galsworthy feels as if it is through the fusion of strong mental vibration that vitality is produced by art. This, then must be planned perfectly. Galsworthy says,

> When he [the artist] has so selected and arranged his material as to drive home the essential significance of his theme, and pressed out from human nature the last ounce of its resistance to Fate he has done his job, . . .[133]

When Galsworthy wrote the words "and pressed out from human nature the last ounce of its resistance to Fate," he had left the reader of his novels, he hoped, with an aroused emotion for action and speculating on just what to do about it all.

In such speculation abides the artist's fondest desires. All the art at his command has thus far been prodigally spent in arousing this "impersonal emotion." From this feeling Galsworthy hopes will come a new conception of life.

Such emotion is aroused by the presence of "flower of Author."

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[132] Ibid., p. 279.

[133] Ibid., p. 243.

> . . . be it either positive or negative finality are only the temperamental atmosphere created by 'Flower of Author.' Flowers of author is the scent, colour, and form which the author uses to affect the senses of the spirit. . . . Even flower of author is fact in a sort of way.[134]

This great emotion is the sum total of an artist's aspiration. It is the reward which his temperament craves. The greater the artist, the more subtle will be this emotional response to his brain child. To the degree that an artist has aroused this emotional drive so far has he succeeded. As much as the reader is moved by his sympathetic response to the author's main purpose, so, also, will be the measure of the reader's reaction. The artist hopes that through the reader's self-consciousness will come the desired better-life-to-be. "But art of any kind is based on emotion, and can only be duly apprehended through emotional faculties. Letting these atrophy, and adopting the posture of sniff we become deaf and dumb to art's true appeal."[135]

This great emotion which has been passed from author to reader as a result of his long and assiduous planning is the gift of the artist to ordinary humanity and to posterity, because it will, no doubt, at some time effect a modified behavior pattern which is the author's fondest aspiration.

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[134] Galsworthy, The Inn of Tranquillity, op. cit. pp. 205-6.

[135] Ibid., p. 204.

> I would maintain, however, that such finality is not confined to positively discovering the true conclusion of premises laid down; but that it may distill gradually negatively from the whole work in a moral discovery, as it were, of author. In other words, that, permeation by an essential point of view, by emanation of author, may so unify and vitalize a work, as to give it all the finality that need be required of Art. For the finality that is requisite to Art, be it positive or negative, is not the finality of dogma, nor the finality of fact, it is ever the finality of feeling--of a spiritual light, subtly gleaned by the spectator out of that queer luminous haze which one man's nature must ever be to others.[136]

But this emotion must be an "impersonal emotion"--entirely free from the reader's personal wants or desires--it must be an intellectual confirmation in the reader's mind of the artist's convictions as a practical pattern of beautiful behavior in all social intercourse.

It is the artist's ultimate desire that his art will somehow develop, here and there, amidst his readers a disciple to his great idea. For example, Galsworthy's character, Dinny Cherrill, in Maid in Waiting, Flowering Wilderness, and One More River embodies Galsworthy's ideal characteristics of aesthetic behavior. Galsworthy says,

> And the greatest Art is that which excites the greatest impersonal emotion in an hypothetical perfect human being.[137]

In order that his readers should have an exact picture

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[136] Loc. cit.

[137] Galsworthy, Candelabra, op. cit., pp. 17-18.

or, perhaps, it should be called pattern, of ethical character to emulate Galsworthy began to spin the final thread of solution novels for his masterpiece. As we have seen, he had stated his problem in his first two novels; he had satirized the class of society completely in the class novels; now, he wrote four novels in which he pictures ethical character for us very distinctly. In these novels his technique changes also. Here he limns his ideal characters against a vague background of ugly troubles. His first novel of this kind "The Freelands" (1915) is a picture of ideal rural life posed against the problems of bigoted landlordism.

Galsworthy suggests that the landlords consult their consciences a little more thoroughly and allow the conclusions to guide decisions in the "land" question. He words it very subtly.

> There's a sort of metronome inside us--wonderful, self-adjusting little machine, most delicate bit of mechanism in the world--people call it conscience--that records the proper beat of our tempos. I guess that's all we have to go by.[138]

In this novel the land problems are presented against the picture of life as it might be on a return-to-the-land basis. In the book he contrasts the tyrannies of landlordism and the unhappiness of farmer's unions in open rebellion, against the Tod and Kirsteen Freelands' small farm happiness. They are

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[138] Galsworthy, The Freelands, op. cit., p. 87.

living the type of life which Galsworthy thinks is perfection.

Thus, it seems, that with The Freelands John Galsworthy became aware of the fact that an author was duty-bound, not only to criticize life but to offer a substitute pattern of social behavior, and that his time was at hand. The fact that The Man of Property was his most successful novel and The Freelands was "his lowest selling novel"[139] may account for Galsworthy's return to the Forsytes for the production of his most finished work, The Forsyte Saga.

In this masterpiece we become most acutely aware of his theory in writing. Again and again, he pictures the soul-starved unhappiness of Soames because of his ultra-materialism which he does not understand, and then Galsworthy brings to the foreground the beauteous Interludes of The Indian Summer and Awakening. Both are, indeed, provocative arguments for Galsworthy's ethical code. At the close of this production we have Young Jolyon and Irene's serene happiness vividly limned against Soames' utter loneliness. Galsworthy, it seems, also considered this trilogy as representative of his completed purpose. In a letter to H. Granville Barker he expresses his enthusiasm for this work:

> I was delighted to have your letter of Dec. 27, and to think that you enjoyed In Chancery. I think the July Sunday at Wingstone in 1918, when it

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[139] Op. cit., pp. 455-456.

> suddenly came to me that I could go on with my Forsytes, and complete their history in two more volumes with a link between, was the happiest day of my writing life. And on the whole, The Forsyte Saga, when published in one volume containing the Man of Property, The Indian Summer of a Forsyte, In Chancery, Awakening, and To Let, will be my passport, however difficult it may be to get, is vised, for the shores of permanence.[140]

While Galsworthy was completing his two great trilogies, The Forsyte Saga, and the Modern Comedy he was also developing the character of Dinny Cherrill, his work-painting of aesthetic character. The development of Dinny's character was the inspiration for his final three novels. They were called Maid in Waiting, Flowering Wilderness, and One More River. That "Dinny" was Galsworthy's ideal character is proved by Sir Laurence Mont, Galsworthy's mouthpiece in the Novel, Maid in Waiting. Sir Laurence Mont wishes to paint "Dinny" as the ideal English lady.

> You contain the answer to the riddle of the English lady and I collect the essential difference between national cultures.[141]

Dinny Cherrill lives an ethical life based on common sense and a sympathetic and helpful attitude to a series of dire and diverse experiences. This short quotation from Maid in Waiting seems to prove that Galsworthy's purpose is still a change of attitudes! "You believe then in the

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[140] Ibid., p. 497.

[141] John Galsworthy, Maid in Waiting, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1931), p. 109.

passing on of an attitude of life rather than in blood."[142]

In this novel he again makes an appeal for kinder treatment toward women.

> 'They say women are the equal of men now,' the girl went on, 'but they aren't, you know. There wasn't a girl at my place that wasn't scared of the boss. Where the money is, there's the power. And all the magistrates, and judges and clergy are his, and all the generals. They've got the whip, you see, and yet they can't do nothin' without us; and if I was Woman as a whole, I'd show 'em.'[143]

In Flowering Wilderness Galsworthy satirizes English outmoded codes of honor in foreign countries. He delineates the unhappiness such foolish codes cause for no good purpose. Dinny says, "But for tradition, would Wilfred mind being thought yellow?"[144]

And again she says, "But we do despise beauty, Uncle. We connect it with softness and immorality."[145]

Throughout all her troubles and personal tribulations, Dinny preserves a helpful and sympathetic attitude toward all people and a quiet dignity for her own affairs.

Galsworthy says,

We save our old furniture, we have our cult--

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[142] Ibid., p. 156.

[143] Galsworthy, Maid in Waiting, op. cit., p. 178.

[144] John Galsworthy, Flowering Wilderness (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1932), p. 257.

[145] Ibid., p. 274.

> and a strong one--of 'antiques,' and not even the most go-ahead modern thought objects to that. Why not the same throughout our social life? 'The old order changeth'--Yes, but we ought to be able to preserve beauty and dignity, and the sense of service, and manners.[146]

Thus it is that Galsworthy thinks the artist controls evolution, never by violent action, but rather he controls all social change by a serenely intellectual leadership of social thought. In his own words Galsworthy expressed his opinion of the importance of an artist's work.

> To alter a line of action is nothing like so important as to alter or enlarge a point of view over life, a mood of living. Such enlargement is only attained by those temperamental expressions which we know as works of art and not as treatises in fiction form.[147]

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[146] John Galsworthy, One More River. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1933), p. 36.

[147] H. V. Marrot, The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy, op. cit., pp. 719-720.

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