SIR MAX BEERBOHM
MAN AND WRITER

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A Critical Analysis
with
A Brief Life and a Bibliography

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PREFACE

It is thirty-two years now since Bohun Lynch wrote his little book entitled *Max Beerbohm in Perspective*. As its subject was not quite fifty then and at the height of his creative power, the book naturally lacked the air of finality that one usually associates with studies of this kind. But even apart from the inevitable limitation imposed by the time of writing Bohun Lynch's book leaves much to be desired. It is an informal, sympathetic and well-written appreciation of certain selected aspects of Beerbohm's art, rather than a careful and systematic analysis of all the then available facts. This is especially evident from the author's virtual neglect of such topics as Beerbohm's literary ancestry, his technique, and his place as a critic, and from the scant treatment accorded to his personality and to some of his works.

Bibliographical documentation about the writings and caricatures of Sir Max Beerbohm is equally inadequate. The first important contribution in this field was made by A. E. Gallatin, whose *Sir Max Beerbohm: Bibliographical Notes* appeared in 1944. A revised version of part of this book, by A. E. Gallatin and L. M. Oliver, was serialized in the *Harvard Library Bulletin* in 1951, and published in 1952 as No. III of the Soho Bibliographies under the title *A Bibliography of the Works of Max Beerbohm*. Though we can be grateful for the many good things contained in it, the *Bibliographical Notes* is hardly more than a somewhat perfunctory description of the author's own collection of Beerbohmiana, now at Harvard, and a tantalizing glimpse of riches insufficiently explored. The revision, with its slightly misleading title, is even more disappointing, not only because no serious attempt has been made to unearth the individual essays from the 'inilluminable catacombs' in which Sir Max used to embed them, but also because the compilers have thought fit to ignore the surprisingly large body of uncollected writings and the vast mass of critical material that has been accumulating since Beerbohm first started writing more than sixty years ago. The fact that, in spite of these two bibliographies, the date and place of first publication of about two hundred essays and other writings by Sir Max Beerbohm is still unknown, is characteristic of the present state of studies in Beerbohm bibliography. A fuller justification for attempting a new bibliography is given in the Note on p. 213-4.

Now, at the age of eighty, the Incomparable Max stands at a sufficient distance for his achievement to be seen in a clear perspective. His position was already firmly established when, in 1898, Bernard Shaw applied his famous epithet to him. Since then critics seem to have vied with each other in trying to define the essence of his genius in a pregnant phrase. Some of them, pursuing Shaw's gnomic vein, have called him the Impeccable, the Sprightly, and the Rhada-

manthine; others, more explicitly, have referred to him as the laughing philosopher, a tonic in a jaded age, a pillar of true civilization, the great corrective, the great antidote to our little importances, the most completely distinguished fact in the England of our time, a British Institution, an Emperor Maximilian, and a Pontifex Maximus, a Pope Max and a High Priest of a Europe at peace for good. The same abundant praise has been bestowed on Beerbohm's literary craftsmanship. Hilaire Belloc, in 1936, called him the greatest writer of English prose; nine years later Camille Honig judged him to be the greatest living handler of the English language, while Mr William Empson, in his *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, even included him among the poets. Indeed, Beerbohm's prestige with the cultured few has become so great that a mere reprint of one of his books is deemed worthy of an article in the *Times Literary Supplement*, and that, besides a Brontë Society and a Browning Society, we now have a Maximilian Society also. The growing interest taken in Beerbohm's work is reflected in the wealth of material which has lain untouched in books and periodicals for many years. The time has come, therefore, to attempt a more comprehensive and scholarly survey of this extraordinary phenomenon in the literature of our age than was possible thirty-two years ago.

My purpose in writing this study has been to give an analysis of Beerbohm's personality and of his writings, and to provide students with a badly needed brief Life and a new Bibliography. Just before the Second World War there was a proposal that Ezra Pound should write *The Life and Times of Max Beerbohm*. The book was never written, and the biographical first chapter of the present study does not pretend to take its place. I have been content to list, in section viii of my Bibliography, the materials on which future biographers might draw.

'How comforting for me to think that hereafter somebody may gravely copy out and enshrine in a very large book what I have just scribbled about Miss Ada Reeve.' These words, written by Beerbohm at the beginning of his career as a dramatic critic, show with what awful precision his Young Self foresaw what was to happen to his Old Self after the lapse of more than half a century. At the end of that career Beerbohm knew only too well that it was the critic's task to analyse a work of art by asking certain questions about it. 'It is', he wrote in 1909, 'the tedious duty of the critic to ask such questions, and to mar what has been mere delight by trying to answer them.' These words may be my apology if the presentation of my 'very large' book is not as graceful as the subject warrants.

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CHAPTER I

THE LIFE

Three foreign nations at least have contributed to the formation of that remarkable dual genius known by the name of 'The Incomparable Max'. The ancestors of Sir Max Beerbohm were of mixed German, Dutch, and Lithuanian origin. For generations his sturdy and long-lived forefathers had been leading their quiet lives as corn-merchants on a small estate near Memel, on the Baltic Sea, occasionally entertaining such distinguished guests as the King of Prussia, or even the Czar himself. According to an old family tradition the name Beerbohm was originally Dutch, and was spelt Beerboom. However this may be, there are still many people called Beereboom living in Holland, especially in the northern province of Groningen, and variants of the name (Beerbaum, Bierboom, etc.) also occur. During the last hundred years several Bierbaums (including an Otto *Julius*, a Friedrich *Julius*, an *Ewald*, and even a *Max*) have attained some literary fame in Germany, while the name itself is not unknown in that country to-day (cf. Bibliography Nos. 570, 575 and 579).

Sir Max Beerbohm's Baltic grandfather was Ernest Henry Beerbohm. He was born at Memel in 1763 and married in 1785. His son Julius Ewald Edward Beerbohm, Sir Max Beerbohm's father, was born at Memel in 1810, the youngest of a large family. At the age of eighteen he left Germany and went to live in France, a country which he loved from that time onward. Among his Parisian friends Monsieur Beerbohm was known as a dandy, and, playing upon his name, they christened him 'Monsieur Su-perbe Homme'. When still in his twenties Julius Ewald Edward settled down in the City of London, where he was a corn-merchant for many years. As a bachelor he lodged in St James's Square; after his marriage he lived at 2 Pembridge Villas, 2 Chepstow Villas, and at 1 Courtland Villas, Kensington. He was a good-looking, intelligent, cultured, liberal-minded man with scholarly interests, a Conservative, humorous, industrious, and absent-minded. His strong memory enabled him to learn seven European languages, and when he was over seventy he was trying to master Anglo-Saxon. In 1877 he founded a commercial paper, *Beerbohm's Evening Corn Trade List*, to which, in 1898, was added *Beerbohm's Morning Shipping List*; both papers ceased publication in 1914. After a long bachelor life Julius Ewald Edward Beerbohm (or Beerbohn, as he signed his name in the Register of the Parish of St Marylebone), now a naturalized British subject, married on August 9, 1849. His wife, Constantia Draper, daughter of William Draper, a clerk at Lloyd's Bank and a man of strong literary tastes, bore him three sons—Ernest Frederick William, born April 25, 1851; Herbert Draper,

born December 17, 1852 (not 1853, as his official biographers and the *Dictionary of National Biography* believe); and Julius, born June 2, 1854—and a daughter, Constance Marie, born February 16, 1856. Constantia died on September 3, 1858, in her thirty-second year (not 'before her thirtieth year', as her daughter-in-law thought, cf. 600, p. 39). Herbert, the second son, was sent to a school at Frant, in Kent, from which he passed, together with his two brothers, to Schnepfenthal College, Thuringia, where his father had been before him. The three brothers had to undergo its iron German discipline until they became clerks in their father's office at the age of seventeen or eighteen. But they did not stay there long. Ernest, the eldest, married and became a sheep-farmer in Cape Colony; Herbert turned to the stage, whereas Julius, the youngest, went to explore Patagonia.

After having overcome his father's initial aversion to his choice of a dramatic career by his success in a number of amateur performances, Herbert Draper Beerbohm became a professional actor in 1878. His stage name was Tree, a literal translation of the original *boom* or *baum* of Beerbohm. On September 16, 1882 he married Maud Holt, the actress, who had taken High Honours in Classics at Queen's College, London. There were three daughters, Viola, born in 1884, Felicity, born 1895, and Iris, born in 1897. Viola, who married Alan Parsons, the dramatic critic, became known as an actress and author, while Iris enjoyed some reputation as a poet. In 1887 Herbert Tree became manager of the Comedy and Haymarket Theatres, and ten years later he opened Her Majesty's Theatre, which had been built by him. His magnificent productions include many Shakespeare plays, in which he performed the leading parts. He was knighted in 1909, and died on July 2, 1917, as a result of an accident to his knee. His ashes were buried in the churchyard of Hampstead Parish Church, Church Walk, Hampstead. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was one of the most celebrated actors and stage-managers in London in the early part of this century, and the last representative of the romantic school in acting on the English Stage. His wife, Mrs Maud Tree, contributed a splendid record of her husband's married life to *Herbert Beerbohm Tree*, a collection of memories published by his half-brother Max Beerbohm in 1920. This volume (600), to which the reader is referred for more biographical details about Sir Herbert, includes contributions by his daughters Viola and Iris Tree, and an essay by Max Beerbohm (cf. also 938, p. 607-18, and 945).

In 1879 Julius Beerbohm, the explorer of Patagonia, published a book on the subject of his travels, entitled *Wanderings in Patagonia, or Life among the Ostrich-Hunters*, and the next year Lady Florence Caroline Douglas had her book *Across Patagonia* illustrated with sketches made by Julius Beerbohm (cf. 559a and b). Besides being a great explorer, Julius was a poet—one of his poems called *Butterfly* may be found in *Living Age* (Boston), of August 25, 1906, p. 450—

and a writer of humorous verse, which, however, has never been published. He was a highly gifted man, witty, elegant, fascinating, elusive, and in this, as well as in his outward appearance, he resembled his great half-brother Max, whose work he appreciated. In 1882 'Poet', as he was always nicknamed, married Evelyn Younghusband, daughter of Richard Davies, of Madeira. It was her third marriage, and they made a wonderful couple, always on the wing, travelling from one gay place to another. Fortune, however, did not smile on Julius, and he never saw his dazzling financial projects realized. But he was a good loser, and bore himself splendidly under his misfortunes. He died of acute lobar pneumonia on April 21, 1906. His wife outlived him for a quarter of a century. She died suddenly on November 21, 1931, after having predicted the exact day of her death.

Their son, Clarence Evelyn Beerbohm, was born in London on April 26, 1885. He joined the 2nd County of London Yeomanry in 1904, but discontinued his active career in the regiment after his father's death. In 1909 he married Elizabeth Hamilton Anderson, daughter of David Anderson, of Sydney. The year before, he had created a minor sensation by his first successful appearance on the London stage in Haddon Chambers's comedy *Sir Anthony*, in which he played the part of Morrison, a suburban snob (cf. 352, p. 697). Afterwards he toured the United States, Canada, and Australia, with Lewis Waller, but he never quite repeated his first success. At the outbreak of the war he rejoined the Army in the 3rd Hussars, was then gazetted to the 12th Lancers, and fought at Ypres. In 1915 he went out to German East Africa as artillery staff captain, returned to Ypres in 1916, and joined the R.F.A. in the same year. On September 26, 1917 he was killed in action, leaving a seven-year old son.

Julius Ewald Edward Beerbohm's only daughter by his first marriage, Constance Marie, is known as the writer of a comedietta, called *A Secret*, and of *Charity Begins At Home*, a comedy. In 1897 she published *A Little Book of Plays for Professional and Amateur Actors*, which consisted of plays adapted from the French (cf. 559c, 562a and 569). She was also Treasurer of the 'Necessitous Ladies' Holiday and General Fund', and the files of the *Times* (London) of the years before, during, and after the First World War contain her repeated appeals for donations for this fund. Her last letter written to the Editor of that paper appeared in the issue of July 14, 1921. Robert Hichens (653, p. 86) describes her as a 'pathetically kind and understanding' woman. She died in 1939.

After the early death of his first wife, Julius Ewald Edward married her sister, Eliza Draper, who had been born in 1831. There were four daughters—Matilda Helen, born October 10, 1863; Gertrude and Marie Agnes (twins, born December 5, 1865); and Dora Margaretta (April 16, 1868)—and a son, later to become Sir Max Beerbohm, who, like his father, remained the Benjamin of a large family. Mrs Eliza Beerbohm was a charming woman who, in her old age,

looked like 'a miniature Queen Victoria' (708, p. 272). The only time her name appeared before the public was on November 9, 1910, when the *Times* (London) reported the trial of a bag-snatcher by whom she had been robbed. She died on March 13, 1918. In 1921 her daughter Marie Agnes married Vesey Knox, K. C., the father of Collie Knox, the author (663, p. 157). Dora Margaretta became a Sister in St Saviour's Priory, Haggerston, at the age of nineteen. She was the writer of the Beerbohm chronicle (566b), and died during the Second World War.

Henry Maximilian ('Max') Beerbohm was born at 57, Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, on August 24, 1872, in the same week as his friend Aubrey Beardsley, and exactly 200 years after the birth of his great predecessors in the art of the essay, Addison and Steele. Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Tennyson, Browning and Rossetti were alive then; Thackeray had been dead nine years, and Dickens only two. Samuel Butler was publishing his *Erewhon*, and Browning his *Fifine at the Fair*; Meredith's *Harry Richmond*, and George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, were just a year old. Théophile Gautier had died that year, and Bertrand Russell had been born, to be followed, two years later, by Maurice Baring, Chesterton and Somerset Maugham. In 1873, when Max was still in his cradle, Walter Pater published his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*; Morris's *Sigurd the Volsung* and the second series of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* appeared when Max was in the nursery.

When their youngest son, the 'bearer of a Christian name adjudged eccentric though brief', was four or five years old, the Beerbohms were living in Clanricarde Gardens, a quiet cul-de-sac off the Bayswater Road, near Kensington Gardens, and here Max, 'shod neither with rank nor riches' (cf. Bibliography I, p. 134), lived until his sixteenth year, except of course during term-time at Charterhouse. One can easily imagine the thoughtful little boy gazing from his nursery window at the windows of his neighbours opposite without any great desire to know the children of these neighbours outside their frames (15, p. 114), or, when Julius was away in Spain, acting as best man at Herbert's marriage in Kent (where the Beerbohms had a house for the summer) and eating sillabubs at the wedding-breakfast. Little is known about these early years, but Max must have grown up a quiet, meditative, and somewhat precocious child. Like most children he had a weakness for soldiers and policemen, but unlike most of them he made small, strongly-coloured drawings of the objects of his admiration (*ibid.*, p. 27-8), a habit which he had acquired when he was about seven (600, p. 189). But he had to wait another two years before he got his first, and only, drawing-lessons from Mrs Wilkinson, the wife of Mr Wilkinson, whose day-school in Orme Square he attended from 1881 to 1885. There were only fifteen to twenty boys in his day, and Mr Wilkinson, who must have been the most wonderful of masters, was just one of them. At the end of afternoon school

he used to play 'touch-last' with Max, but he also inspired him with a love of Latin, thereby enabling him 'to write English *well*'. Max always remembered his old master, and in later years he often lunched with him at the Savile (709, p. 370-1).

In *A Small Boy Seeing Giants* (15, p. 27 ff.) Max allows us a charming peep into this happy past. When he was eleven years old his admiration of policemen had given way to an even stronger interest in politicians. For some years already he had been seeing their portraits in *Punch*, the main source of his knowledge of life at that age (II, p. 15 ff.). When he was nearly twelve he studied their faces in the window of the London Stereoscopic Company in Regent Street, and he soon knew them all by sight. They were the old Giants of the days of Gladstone and Salisbury: Lord Kimberley, Mr Shaw-Lefevre, Lord Hartington, Sir William Harcourt and Lord Northbrook; Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Lord John Manners, and Lord Randolph Churchill, his 'chosen hero'; and finally Gladstone himself, whom he heard from the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons when he was twelve years old, and whom he saw in Parliament Square a year later, just before he introduced the first Home Rule Bill. Max's heart throbbed as he met them in the street, and, most important of all, he would draw them when he returned home, and especially in the course of his holidays, thus laying the foundations of his later caricatures of them.

From 1885 to 1890 Max Beerbohm was at Charterhouse, where three other great English essayists—Addison, Steele and Thackeray—had preceded him. Our main authorities for this period of his life are the *Charterhouse Register*, 1872-1910, and his own essay *Old Carthusian Memories*, first published in the *Carthusian*, and reprinted in *Mainly on the Air*. In 1872 the Rev. William Haig-Brown had removed the old public school to Godalming, Surrey, and when Max was admitted in the Oration Quarter (i.e. Michaelmas Term), 1885, Brown was still Headmaster. Max's House Masters were the music-teacher George Henry Robinson, House Master of Robinites, Max's first boarding house, and Frederic Kennedy Wilson Girdlestone, House Master of Girdlestonites, to which Max subsequently transferred. His proficiency in French Max owed to Monsieur Georges Petilleau, who was French master at Charterhouse from 1881 to 1910. According to the Headmaster of Charterhouse—to whom I am indebted for some of these details—Petilleau was known for his energy in running a French debating society, 'La Société de Controverse en Français', and for producing French plays, in which his own acting was conspicuous. He edited several books and organized the Society of French Professors in England. He was especially an admirer of Victor Hugo. He died in France, at Niort, November 9, 1913. Max always remembered the old jokes that were told about Petilleau (cf. 15, p. 89).

There are no indications that the young Beerbohm distinguished himself in

any particular activity of ordinary school life. In the *Charterhouse Register* his name does not figure in the lists of Head Monitors, School Exhibitioners, Senior or Junior Scholars, or winners of School Prizes, nor in those of Cricket or Football Elevens or of Shooting Teams. In the light of the description he gives of himself as a Carthusian this is not at all astonishing. He was a shy, sensitive, pensive little boy (I, p. 92), modest, good-humoured, and, in his own words, not unpopular (I, p. 136), i.e. very popular, with all sorts in the school—though the incident of the box of sausage-rolls, which he relates in *Hosts and Guests*, might easily have endangered his popularity. In his school, he tells us, it was customary for the receiver of a 'hamper' from home to share the contents with his mess-mates. On one occasion he received a box containing twelve sausage-rolls. 'It happened that when this box arrived and was opened by me there was no one around. Of sausage-rolls I was particularly fond. I am sorry to say that I carried the box up to my cubicle, and, having eaten two of the sausage-rolls, said nothing to my friends, that day, about the other ten, nor anything about them when, three days later, I had eaten them all—all, up there, alone' (IV, p. 134-5). Apart from the fact that Max did not like being a 'host', on account of the dominance it gave him over his school-fellows, we know that even as a boy he was something of a dandy, and that he disliked being a monitor's fag (*ibid.*, p. 180), and later disliked being a monitor. He showed no skill at games. But, as he says, nobody bothered him to play (I, p. 92), and he ended by acquiescing in the daily school routine (I, p. 130), perhaps because there were two things that he really liked: Latin, and drawing caricatures (I, p. 92).

It was especially his form-master, Alexander Hay Tod, who encouraged him in both pursuits, and, sponsored by him, Max completed a splendid gallery of impudent caricatures of his teachers. Several of these are treasured at Charterhouse, and, according to Stanley Parker (885, p. 38-9), Sir Farquhar Buzzard, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, possessed some exercise-books with drawings from this period. Some of these early drawings, such as the *Humours of School Life*, the *Exeat Sketches*, and the *Charterhouse Types*, were published in the *Greyfriar*, a school periodical, between 1888 and 1890.

The writing-instinct first stirred in Max at the age of fifteen. In December 1886 he sent a letter to the Editor of the *Carthusian*, which he signed Diogenes, and in which he complained of the dullness of that school paper (437). Two years later one of his relatives, who wrote a weekly 'London Letter' in a Scarborough newspaper—perhaps the *Scarborough Post*—allowed young Mr Beerbohm to do the job for him (VIII, p. 210-1). The publication of *Carmen Beccerense*, a Latin fragment in elegiacs with explanatory notes by the Author (477), marked his *début* as a satirist. This elusive poem, of which only a few copies were printed for private circulation at the suggestion of Mr Tod, had been written in July 1890; it was inspired by a recital given by Mr Arthur G. Becker, one of the music masters

of the school. When, at the end of the Cricket Quarter (Summer Term) of that year, Max left Charterhouse from the Fifth Form, he did not know much Algebra or Science, his chief academic promise being shown in classical languages and French. The main thing, however, that life at school had taught him was, in his own words, a knack of understanding his fellow-creatures (15, p. 92). And this was the all-important thing, because this faculty was to form the basis of his satirical work. His feelings during this period of his life are best summarized in the sarcastic avowal: 'My delight in having been at Charterhouse was far greater than had been my delight in being there' (*ibid.*, p. 89).

At the age of fifteen Max made a series of six self-caricatures (reproduced in 673, p. 106), suggesting possible future careers for young Mr Beerbohm. One of these is entitled *Drawing*, and another *At the Haymarket*, and both are truly prophetic. But there is also another one called *At the Bar*, which reveals the fact that Max was once going to be a lawyer. When his big brother, Herbert Tree, a shrewd judge of character, asked him what he intended to be, Max answered that he was going to the Bar. 'Ah . . . The Bar', Herbert said, ' . . . You at the Bar . . . I should have thought you'd better be a—a sort of writer, and then, perhaps, drift into Diplomacy' (600, p. 195). But for the final flourish, Time has proved Herbert's vague prognostication true: Max never became a barrister. In the autumn of 1890 he matriculated at Merton College, Oxford—the old College of Sir Richard Steele—where, according to John Lane (668, p. 165), he immediately applied himself to the task he had set before him, namely, a gallery of portraits of the dons. He greatly enjoyed the freedom of Oxford life after all the restrictions of school, and it gave him a thrill being addressed as *Mr Beerbohm* by his tutor. The summer term of 1893 saw the meteoric advent at Oxford of William Rothenstein, the brilliant, twenty-one year old lithographer from Paris, who, after being introduced to Max by Viscount St Cyres, a Merton man, did a portrait of the young undergraduate for his *Oxford Characters*. Nearly forty years later Rothenstein still remembered Max's 'baby face, with heavily lidded, very light grey eyes [*sic*; but Beerbohm's eyes have always been *blue*] shaded by remarkably thick and long lashes, a broad forehead, and sleek black hair parted in the middle and coming to a queer curling point at the neck; a quiet and finished manner; rather tall, carefully dressed; slender fingered, with an assurance and experience unusual in one of his years' (708, p. 144). It was Will Rothenstein who, in his turn, introduced Beerbohm to John Lane, the publisher, and to Aubrey Beardsley, the artist; it was through him, also, that he became acquainted with that dazzling group of *fin-de-siècle* 'Daycadongs' in letters and painting: Hubert Crackanthorpe, Oscar Wilde, Robert Ross, Percy Addleshaw, Lionel Johnson, John Gray, Charles Conder, Stewart Headlam, Victor Plarr, Kaines Jackson, and Theodore Wratishaw. They used to meet at The Crown, a public-house which formerly stood in Charing Cross Road, and

later at the Café Royal, which succeeded The Crown in its function as 'the Mermaid of its period' (698, p. 339). There, with Frank Harris, the prosperous editor of the *Saturday*, entertaining lavishly, and 'fumes of tobacco ever rising to the painted and pagan ceiling' (VII, p. 5), Wilde, drinking absinthe, might be heard talking art, poetry and politics with his cronies Robert Ross, Lord Alfred Douglas, Reginald Turner and Ernest Dowson, while Max laughed consumedly at the wit of Oscar. Beerbohm's story of *Enoch Soames*, published many years later, is a splendid evocation of the 'decadent' atmosphere of those hectic days.

Of Beerbohm's private life at Oxford little is known apart from the details supplied by his intimate friend William Rothenstein. He lived in a very small house at the far end of Merton Street, where the walls of his blue-papered room were covered with Pellegrini prints from *Vanity Fair*, and with some of his own caricatures. Outside Merton he was little known, but his cartoons—which were sometimes to be seen in Shrimpton's window in the Broad—soon won him a certain reputation, while his wit and his writings put him at the head of a little coterie of fellow devotees (663, p. 156). Through his brother Herbert and Rothenstein he had got to know Oscar Wilde, who frequented Oxford during the year 1893-'94. Oscar was intrigued by the personality of Max (694, p. 182); Max, in turn, admired Oscar's prose, especially his *Intentions*, and drew him several times—an attention which Oscar did not *always* appreciate. Most of these caricatures are, however, unpublished, and, for obvious reasons, Wilde was not included in Max's first collection of cartoons. Beerbohm also knew Wilde's brother Willie. Among his closest friends was Reginald Turner who, having just gone down from Oxford, visited him occasionally. Finally, at the table of the Hacons he constantly met people like Conder, Ricketts and Shannon, Laurence Binyon, Harry Reece and William Rothenstein. At Oxford Max played no games, no more than he had done at Charterhouse; the only exercise he took was canoeing on the Cher with L. M. Messell, a Merton friend, though perhaps, accompanied by Beardsley, he preferred watching Rothenstein fencing at Angelo's, in St James's Street. He was never seen at the Union, and hardly ever at lectures. The only lectures that he remembered with pleasure were those given by Dr William Walter Merry on Aristophanes (268, p. 269). While he avoided the amateur theatricals of the Dramatic Society (849, p. 11), there is evidence that he attended the meetings of the Debating Society of his College. According to the *Oxford Magazine* Beerbohm, at its meeting of May 25, 1891, proposed the motion, 'That in the opinion of this House the judicial system of England is in need of reform'; on October 31, 1892 he moved, 'That this House views with pleasure the increasing unpopularity of the Drama'. Both motions were lost. He was also a member of an 'Essay Society'—one of those little Oxford clubs whose atmosphere he recalled in *Groups of Myrmidons* (II, p. 43 ff.)

—where calm little essays on vast themes were read and discussed every Thursday evening (III, p. 180). Though Max would boast that he had never worn cap or gown, he was on one occasion, in consequence of a hoax played upon him by Will Rothenstein, made to appear in them by means of a faked Proctor's notice (708, p. 152). That, in his Oxford days, he was sometimes hard pressed for money, appears from an unpublished letter, written to John Lane in 1894, in which he announces his intention to postpone his candidature for the Hogarth Club, his finances being at a low ebb, 'owing to the great sums [he had] had to disburse in hush-money to tradesmen and bribes to examiners' (591, p. 3).

Max tried to write his first story when he was nineteen. It was in the manner of Guy de Maupassant—who, he says, 'was a good deal older than I, and had observed a good deal more. But it seemed to me that he was not my superior in knowledge of life. I knew all about life through *him*' (IV, p. 8)—and Beerbohm's fruitless endeavours to set it going are ironically, and wistfully, remembered in *A Relic* (*ibid.*, p. 3 ff.). In those days he also contributed to such undergraduate papers as the *Clown* and the *Isis*, and his name appears among the intending contributors of the *Chameleon* (Dec. 1894). In June 1893 he had published his first attempt at an essay in dandyism, entitled *The Incomparable Beauty of Modern Dress*, in the *Spirit Lamp*, an undergraduate journal edited by Lord Alfred Douglas. This was followed, in August 1894, by an interview with the famous Oxford athlete C. B. Fry, entitled '*Fry of Wadham*', in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Two years earlier he had made his first public appearance as a caricaturist in the *Strand Magazine* of September, November, and December 1892, with his thirty-six *Club Types*, pen-and-ink caricatures of types representing members of thirty-six London clubs, drawn by 'H. M[axwell] Beerbohm'. In January 1895, a few months before Max left Oxford, the same magazine reproduced a series of eight unsigned pen-and-ink caricatures of Oxford types, illustrating an article on *Oxford at Home* by Harold George. The most important event of these years, however, was his introduction to Aubrey Beardsley, the art editor of that great new venture, the *Yellow Book*—an introduction which resulted in a warm friendship—and to John Lane, its publisher, 'that poor fly in the amber of modernity', as Max once called him in a letter to Rothenstein. Both encouraged him to write, and Beardsley, who was one of the first to appreciate Max's caricatures, and Henry Harland, his co-editor, were glad to include something from the brilliant Oxford undergraduate.

Beerbohm's contribution for the opening volume of the yellow quarterly, which appeared in April 1894, was the now well-known *A Defence of Cosmetics* (cf. 68). The essay showed Max as the champion of artifice, and, judging from contemporary reactions, the satirist was so successful that he even seemed to have overreached himself. Critics were utterly deceived by his perfect pose, and the Philistine attitude is best illustrated by the flagrant self-assurance with

which *Punch* (552, p. 210), a few days after the publication of the epoch-making essay, parodying Isaac Watts, and hopelessly beside the mark, wrote:

How would the little busy bore
Improve on Nature's dower,
And praise a painted Laïs more
Than maidens in their flower!, &c.,

thus missing Beerbohm's true satirical intent. Max responded by a letter to the Editor, written May 1894, and printed in the second volume of the *Yellow Book*, in which, with demure indignation, he assured the 'affrighted mob' that it had been the victim of a hoax. Of course this first essay in the *Yellow Book* at once classed 'the stumious Beerbohmax' with the dangerous 'Daycadongs', the 'Yallerbock' clique, and the much-abused 'Aub-aub bird', Aubrey Beardsley, against whom *Punch* had just sounded the alarm (cf. *Punch*, 1894, I, p. 189, 197, 201; II, 47; for Mr Punch's reaction to the *Yellow Book* see 1894, I, p. 195, 198, 203, 208, 228; II, 66, 89, 94, 205, 288). Max's second essay for the *Yellow Book* appeared in the October number, under the title of *A Note on George the Fourth*. It was a humorous rehabilitation of that monarch, and it was accompanied by a caricature; Max had written it during a short stay at Brighton (probably in the long vacation), with his eyes on George's own Pavilion. The reaction of *Punch* was again immediate. That very same month the comic weekly printed a parody of the two *Yellow Book* essays and of Max's letter to the Editor, called *A Phalse Note on George the Fourth (A Brown Study in a Yellow Book)*, illustrated with a drawing by 'Mortarthurio Whiskersley' (560, p. 204). The fourth volume of the *Yellow Book*, published in January 1895, contained Beerbohm's essay 1880, a period piece, which called forth *Punch's* parody 1894, by *Max Mereboom* (561, p. 58). This was followed, in the ninth volume, April 1896, by *Poor Romeo!*, another study in dandyism. His last contribution to the *Yellow Book* was his famous story *The Happy Hypocrite*, contained in volume XI, and published in book form in 1897, as No. 1 of the 'Bodley Booklets'. In the following year Max dramatized it, and in December 1900 it was produced by Mrs Patrick Campbell at the Royalty Theatre, London, as a curtain-raiser before Frank Harris's *Mr and Mrs Daventry*. As a three-act play, with words by Clemence Dane [Miss Winifred Ashton] and music by Richard Addinsell, it was revived by Ivor Novello and Richard D. Rose at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in April 1936. Though it did not command much public support, it was a success artistically. With Frank Harris Max also adapted Paul Hervieu's *L'Enigme*, which was produced at Wyndham's on March 1, 1902, under the title *Caesar's Wife*, and with S. Murray Carson he wrote *The Fly on the Wheel*, a comedy, acted at the Coronet on December 4, 1902.

The 'Yellow' movement suffered severely at the time of Wilde's downfall.

The public generally associated Wilde's name with the *Yellow Book*, though he had never contributed to it. John Lane thought that the 'decadent' tone of the quarterly should be abandoned; he became afraid of Aubrey Beardsley's 'shocking' drawings, and the result was the resignation of Beardsley from his co-editorship with Harland. A little later Beardsley and Arthur Symons started the *Savoy*. This was published by Leonard Smithers, who also published Max's first book of caricatures in 1896. The first number, which appeared in January of that year, contained Beerbohm's essay on the little Prince Edward, entitled *A Good Prince*. In the meantime three little essays on dandyism had seen the light in less-known American and English magazines. They were *Dandies and Dandies*, published in *Vanity* (New York), on February 7, 14, 21 and 28, 1895; *Notes in Fopperry*, published in the *Unicorn* (London), on September 18 and 25, 1895, and *De Natura Barbatulorum*, published in the *Chap-Book* (Chicago), on February 15, 1896. Together with *The Incomparable Beauty of Modern Dress* they formed the ground-work for the essay now known as *Dandies and Dandies*.

Beerbohm's father died in 1892. From the *Historical Register of the University of Oxford* it appears that, in the Hilary (Lent) Term of that same year, Max took a third class Moderations 'in Litteris Graecis et Latinis'. In his initial article as dramatic critic he tells us that he had read Aristotle's fragment on the drama, and professed to know that the examination-paper on that subject was marked 'gamma-minus-quercy' by the examiners (VIII, p. 2). The above-mentioned caricature *At the Haymarket*, made at Charterhouse, reveals Max's early interest in the drama. 'Out of my very cradle I stepped upon the fringe of the theatrical world', he tells us. He remembered being really bored by a play on the evening of his tenth birthday, and deeply stirred by Nihilist plays a few years later (80, p. 815). He was personally acquainted with many actors; they had patted him on the back and given him sixpence when he was only a child (VIII, p. 3, 5). In the late Eighties Herbert's fame had become so great that Max's school-fellows no longer ventured to ask him if he had a brother who was an actor. Instead of that he soon became known as 'Herbert Tree's brother', and he even used to say that he was chiefly known as such (663, p. 157). But by the time that he was making his *début* as dramatic critic, his position had become so firm that he could safely propose to write a treatise upon *The Brothers of Great Men*, which was to include Herbert Tree! (743, p. 439).

Max has always been fully alive to Tree's excellence. In the holidays the young Carthusian had haunted Herbert's own theatre in London, not only witnessing productions like *The Red Lamp* (which he saw seventeen times), or *Partners*, or *The Pompadour*—and occasionally, when he felt annoyed, talking art or philosophy with some school-fellow (VIII, p. 19)—but also meeting many theatrical celebrities backstage, or in the dressing-room, where Herbert allowed him to sit during the intervals. These must have been grand moments

for the Second or Third Form boy, and it need not surprise us that, even during term-time, Max's soul was often in the Haymarket. Oxford did not make much change, and the vacations were spent between the theatre, Herbert's house in Hampstead, and the music-halls, where he might be seen with Arthur Symons, Ernest Dowson, Herbert Horne, Selwyn Image, or Beardsley (600, p. 194; 708, p. 237).

In view of this it is not surprising that, when Tree was planning his first American tour in 1895, he asked the brilliant undergraduate to accompany him. Accordingly on January 16, 1895 Max sailed for America, with a view, John Lane informs us, 'to establish a monarchy in that land' (668, p. 166), or, more plausibly, to act as Tree's salaried private secretary during his stay there. As most of the members of the troupe had embarked a week before, Max's party consisted only of Mr and Mrs Tree and Lionel Brough. Young Mr Beerbohm proved as bad a secretary as he was a sailor. Many of the letters sent to Herbert were never answered, so that, while retaining his salary, he was soon exonerated from this fearful task—Max has always loathed answering letters—and left to enjoy the New World with nothing to cloud his happiness. For six weeks Herbert was fêted in New York; Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and finally Washington, with presentation to the President, followed in due course (600, *passim*). Though Max, too, had his share in this giddy life of ovations, interviews and farewell performances, he did not altogether neglect writing. For the *Chap-Book*, a semi-monthly, published by Stone and Kimball, Chicago, he wrote *De Natura Barbatulorum*, and when, after three months, Max alighted again in England he had in his pocket the MS. of his much quoted *Be it Cosiness*, written in Chicago. In it the author revealed his plans for a quiet, contemplative future, far from the madding crowd. The essay appeared in the Christmas number of the *Pageant*, 1896 [1895], and was promptly parodied by *Punch*, under the heading *Be it Cosiness, by Max Mereboom* (562, p. 297).

The spring of 1895 saw Mr Beerbohm at Bath, where, as he tells us, he found the materials for his sketch of the famous Bath hero 'Romeo' Coates in *Poor Romeo!* In July of that year he left Oxford, and his family moved to 19, Hyde Park Place, London, a little late eighteenth-century house facing the Park, and overlooking the former burial-ground of St George's, Hanover Square. In this house A. W. Kinglake had written his history of the Crimean War (743, p. 439). This might seem significant, since contemporaries, like John Lane, looked upon Max as a 'famous historian' (668, p. 166) on account of his studies of the history of the year 1880, and of George IV. Soon after Mr Beerbohm moved to 48, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, where he lived with his charming old mother, his half-sister Constance, and his sisters Dora and Agnes. Mrs Beerbohm had placed the top floor at his disposal (734, p. 222), and here, in his sky-blue sitting-room—which, as at Oxford, was full of books and hung

with Pellegrini prints—Max spent most of his time (708, p. 284). Of his outward appearance in his undergraduate days Frank Harris gives us a delightful glimpse: 'When I first saw him, Max Beerbohm reminded me of one of those lunar creatures, visitants from some other planet, with more brains than we, earth-born folk, and no passions. A large round head and goggly, round eyes were accentuated, so to speak, by a very slight, youthful figure of middle height, peculiarly well-dressed . . . His manners, too, were curiously like his dress: of the best conventional pattern, a little quiet, perhaps, as befitted his youth, and reserved . . .' (651, p. 127).

When he came down from Oxford the brilliant, dandyish, well-mannered essayist and caricaturist who, in Chesterton's words, 'exhibited the cheek of a guttersnipe in the garb of a dandy' (620, p. 94), while graciously granting interviews to ladies from *Woman* and the *Sketch*, captured the town at once. In 1896 the then twenty-three year old author had the impudence to publish his first collection of essays under the imposing title of *The Works of Max Beerbohm*. The slender volume in square 16mo., printed in beautiful 10-point Caslon (Max always selected his own type, bindings, margins, labels, etc., cf. 639, p. xii), was provided with an elaborate author-bibliography by its publisher John Lane who, in 1890, had done the same for Meredith in Richard Le Gallienne's *George Meredith: Some Characteristics*. It contained the essays mentioned above. 1880 had been re-written; the four essays on Foppery had been amalgamated into *Dandies and Dandies*; while *A Note on George the Fourth*, *A Defence of Cosmetics*, and *Be it Cosiness* appeared, with some revision, under their new titles *King George the Fourth*, *The Pervasion of Rouge*, and *Diminuendo*. Along with the English edition John Lane had placed an edition with the American firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. In October 1896 Lane opened a branch house in Fifth Avenue, and thus introduced to the American public such varied writers as Beerbohm, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Kenneth Grahame and W. J. Locke (682, p. 158). However, the American edition of *The Works* was a trade failure, perhaps on account of its forbidding (to Americans) title (613, p. 66), and rumours that the remainders of one of his first books were destroyed by the publisher to save storage room refer to this edition (cf. 12; 779, p. 254; 817, p. 209-10).

The year 1896 also saw the publication of Beerbohm's first gathering of caricatures, entitled *Caricatures of Twenty-Five Gentlemen*. The book was dedicated 'To the shade of Carlo Pellegrini'—or 'Ape', the caricaturist of *Vanity Fair*, for whose work Max had a profound admiration—and had an introduction by L. Raven-Hill, the *Punch* cartoonist. His victims in this collection range from Balfour, Beardsley and Beerbohm Tree to Paderewski, Pinero and the Prince of Wales. Some of these caricatures—as, for instance, the drawing of Beardsley with the poodle (for which, it may be noted, he asked £3, cf. 591,

p. 3)—had already been published in the *Savoy* in 1896. But by that time Max, the caricaturist, was putting his eggs in more baskets than one, and before the turn of the century his drawings had graced the pages of numerous magazines and papers, American as well as English. Starting from the year 1894 the principal beneficiaries, in a roughly chronological order, were the *Sketch* (London), the *Pall Mall Budget* (London), *Pick-Me-Up* (London), the *Strand Magazine* (London), the *Yellow Book* (London), the *Octopus* (Oxford), *Vanity Fair* (London), the *Savoy* (London), the *Chap-Book* (Chicago), the *Academy* (London), the *Budget* (Horsmonden School, Kent), the *Daily Chronicle* (London), the *Idler* (London), the *Page* (Carshalton, England), the *Butterfly* (London), and the *World* (London). An extensive check-list of Beerbohm's uncollected and unpublished caricatures may be found in A.E. Gallatin's *Bibliographical Notes* (639, p. 55-67). But if Gallatin's catalogue of published, but uncollected caricatures is far from complete, his list of unpublished material is, necessarily, even more inadequate, because a considerable number of Beerbohm's caricatures are privately-owned. In March-April 1944 Mr Gallatin (of Lenox, Mass., U.S.A.) exhibited his own collection (now at Harvard) at the Grolier Club, New York (cf. 640). Another important collection of Beerbohm caricatures on the other side of the Ocean is the one owned by Mr Alfred A. Knopf, of New York. The chief private collection of Beerbohm drawings, however, including several from *The Poets' Corner* series, belonged to the late Philip Guedalla. After being exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, London, in September-October 1945, the collection, consisting of 164 caricatures, was dispersed, but sixty of the drawings were presented by Mrs Guedalla to the Department of Fine Arts at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The collection of Reginald Turner, comprising about thirty caricatures, was included in the sale of his books held by Sotheby & Co., London, on July 24-25, 1939; the buyers were the antiquarian booksellers Frank Hollings, Maggs Bros, Elkin Mathews, Bernard Quaritch, Charles Scribner's, and others.

As an undergraduate Beerbohm had breathed the atmosphere of the Café Royal group; together with Aubrey Beardsley and Somerset Maugham he had moved in the orbit of Oscar Wilde's 'Sphinx', the clever journalist Ada Levenson who, after publishing an interview with Max in the *Sketch* of January 2, 1895, became one of his closest correspondents (cf. 590a); he had been a familiar figure in the studios of his Chelsea friends Wilson Steer and Walter Sickert, D. S. MacColl and William Rothenstein (15, p. 82); he not only counted Fred Brown, Henry Tonks, Roger Fry, George Moore, Gordon Craig and Robert Hichens among his friends (cf. 631, p. 96; 653, p. 85), but he also knew Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, to whom he was introduced in 1890 and who remained his friend ever afterwards (430, p. 7), and Henry James who, when he first met him in 1895, impressed him as 'a Russian Grand Duke of

the better sort' (409, p. 7); and he always had Will Rothenstein to accompany him to first nights at the Haymarket or at Her Majesty's Theatre (708, p. 274). In the later Nineties the circle of his *intimi* was ever widening. We know that about this time he frequented the evenings of Henry Harland in Cromwell Road, where people like Kenneth Grahame, Hubert Crackanthorpe, Evelyn Sharp, Netta Syrett, Ethel Colburn Mayne, the Marriott-Watsons, Victoria Cross, Charlotte Mew, George Moore, Richard Le Gallienne, Arthur Symons, and, occasionally, Henry James and Edmund Gosse would be eloquent (682, p. 78). In the summer of 1896 the latter introduced him to Andrew Lang, the scholar, poet and novelist, at an afternoon party at his house in Delamere Terrace (70, p. 1). The August of 1897 found Max at the Berkeley Hotel, Bognor, Sussex, from where, during one of his former stays there, he had visited the Harmsworths in Kent (708, p. 300). We also know that, together with Grant Richards, he was one of the very few intimate friends of that tragic poet John Davidson (699, p. 221). Most of these people, and many others who came into his net, he immortalized in his caricatures, and the motley company of his victims reveals the wide range of his acquaintances, or rather friends. For he never drew from the life. His subjects never sat for him. He met them on the social plane where, as L. Raven-Hill tells us in his Preface to *Caricatures of Twenty-Five Gentlemen*, his habit of looking his friends full in the face was often taken to denote his frank and honest nature; his caricatures, drawn from memory, were always the projection of an 'emotion recollected in tranquillity'.

One of the celebrities caricatured by Max was G. B. Shaw, at that time dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, and one of Max's earliest well-wishers. Shaw must have swum into his ken in or before 1896, since there is a drawing of G. B. S. in *Caricatures of Twenty-Five Gentlemen*, published in that year. Two years later, when he was laid up with an injury to his foot, Shaw decided to resign his post in favour of a younger man. His last dramatic criticism for the *Saturday* appeared on May 7, 1898, and in the meantime Frank Harris, the owner and editor, and Shaw himself, had asked Max to fill his place. Perhaps, Shaw tells us, he was influenced in his choice by seeing Mr Beerbohm's caricatures (651, p. 129), though Max's essays had already been in evidence in the *Saturday* since, on September 19, 1896, it had printed his letter to the Editor entitled *An Unhappy Poet*, written over the signature 'A Lover of Fair Play'; they had even occasioned Whistler to congratulate the Editor on his latest acquisition—'your new gentleman—a simple youth, of German extraction—"belockter Jüngling"' (520, p. 592). However this may be, the issue of May 21, 1898 contained Shaw's valedictory article, in which he introduced his successor with these memorable words: 'The younger generation is knocking at the door; and as I open it there steps spritely in the incomparable Max . . . For the

rest let Max speak for himself. I am off duty for ever, and am going to sleep'. To be the successor of such a dominating figure was no enviable task, and Max himself felt that the dramatic critic's mantle hung as yet rather loose upon his shoulders. Accordingly his first article, which appeared the week after, was apologetically called *Why I ought not to have become a Dramatic Critic*. For twelve years Max continued to write his weekly contribution, treading in Shaw's footsteps, and on his colleagues' corns (430, p. 9), and, armed with his long cane, he soon became a familiar figure at London first nights (718, p. 42). His last article, entitled *Habit*, was written a few weeks before the death of Edward VII; it was published on April 16, 1910, on the eve of his own marriage and of his departure to Italy. Some 470 articles, of which the best 153 were reprinted in the Collected Edition of his works in 1924, constitute the harvest of his hebdomadal exertions. On his resignation his work on the *Saturday* was taken over by the novelist John Palmer, who, in his turn, was succeeded by James Agate.

From December 5, 1896 to April 17, 1897 Max wrote a weekly article for the *Daily Mail*, under the heading *A Commentary by Max Beerbohm*. Though Alfred Harmsworth, the founder of the paper, had invited him to do the job (cf. 40, p. 4), the Editor was careful to supply each article with the following notice printed in heavy type: 'Our readers will understand that we do not accept the very wide responsibility of identifying ourselves with Mr. Beerbohm's opinions'. That this was not utterly superfluous was proved by the reaction of an indignant reader to Max's commentary on the 'Kensington Parliament', a private debating-society for middle-aged gentlemen. The article in question appeared in the number of January 2, 1897. The issue of January 7 contained a letter from a certain H. Crouch Batchelor, who denounced the jesting author as a 'masquerading German' and a 'foreign-named "literary" mountebank'! Besides his articles for the *Daily Mail* and the *Saturday Review* Mr Beerbohm, in these years, also contributed to such 'inilluminable catacombs' as the *Outlook*, *To-Morrow*, the *Musician*, and the *Budget* (Horsmonden School, Kent), and when the time had come to look out for a suitable title for his next bunch of essays, Max, remembering his solemn profession, made in 1895, to 'write no more' (I, p. 138), very characteristically named it *More*. The book was published in 1899, and dedicated 'To Mlle. de la Ramée, with the author's compliments, and to Ouida, with his love'. The titles of his two following collections, *Yet Again*, published in 1909, and *And Even Now*, published in 1920, sprang from the same pedigree. The essays of *Yet Again* were gathered from periodicals as various as the *Saturday Review*, the *New Quarterly*, the *New Liberal Review*, *Vanity Fair*, the *Daily Mail*, *Literature*, the *Traveller*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the *May Book*, the *Souvenir Book of the Charing Cross Hospital Bazaar*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, and the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Besides many others, the sources of *And Even Now* include the *Times*

Literary Supplement, which first printed the essay on *Books within Books* in its issue of March 12, 1914.

In the first decade of the new century some of Max's caricatures appeared in *Town Topics* (New York), the *Critic* (New York), *John Bull* (London), the *Idler* (London) and the *English Review* (London); a few others had appeared as illustrations of books. But his best work, perhaps, was seen at his one-man exhibitions at Carfax's, a small art gallery in Ryder Street (afterwards Bury Street), St James's, founded by More Adey, Arthur Clifton, Robert Ross and William Rothenstein. Besides Max, such varied artists as Rodin, Conder, John, Orpen and Rothenstein in turn showed their work there (708, p. 344-5). Beerbohm's first exhibition at Carfax's, held in November 1901, comprised a hundred cartoons of politicians, writers, artists, actors, etc., and also a series of satires on the British national character entitled *The Second Childhood of John Bull*; the latter were collected in 1911 in the book of that name. There was another exhibition in 1904. The next two exhibitions, held in April 1907, and in April and May 1908, each comprised fifty-three caricatures of various personalities. Seven cartoons were on view in a group exhibition held at the Bailie Gallery, London, in February 1907. This decade also saw the publication of two collections of caricatures. The first, entitled *The Poets' Corner*, appeared in 1904, and contained the twenty coloured cartoons of poets shown at the Carfax Gallery in 1904. In it the artist turns the bright torch of his wit on some unillumined absurdity in the lives or works of the great, victimizing Homer as well as Yeats, and Burns, Byron and Browning along with Dante and Omar Khayyam. The other collection, *A Book of Caricatures*, published in 1907, contained the majority of the drawings exhibited at the Carfax Gallery in 1907, so that between its scarlet covers politicians like Arthur Balfour and Winston Churchill may be seen rubbing shoulders with artists like Walter Sickert and Wilson Steer, and writers such as Shaw, Wells, Henry James and St John Hankin.

There are no spectacular incidents to record in this, or, for that matter, in any period of Max's life, which, on the whole, was quite uneventful. Until 1910 he stayed in his mother's house at 48, Upper Berkeley Street, managing, it has been said, on the £5 a week he got from the *Saturday Review* (601, p. 170). His tastes were not extravagant; they did not exceed a few hansom cabs and telegrams, coffee at the Café Royal, and, in the evening, a visit to a music-hall to hear Chevalier or Eugene Stratton or his admired Cissy Loftus, or dinner at Solferino's, a restaurant in Rupert Street, which was then frequented by William Henley and the staff of the *National Observer* and the *Pall Mall*—Harry Cust, Iwan-Muller, Charles Whibley and George Street—the Henley Regatta, as Max used to call them (708, p. 284-5). His club, in those days, was the Savile (in later years he was elected under 'Rule 2' to the Athenaeum). His Easter or summer holidays he spent in France, mostly at Dieppe (VIII, p. 49, 74,

p. 967)—which, according to Evelyn Sharp (717, p. 65), was really discovered by him and a few others, and might have been termed the summer holiday resort of the *Yellow Book* group—or on the English coast, from which he returned to the duties of dramatic critic, his face ‘a bronze mask’ (86, p. 308); his Christmas holidays on the seaside (cf. *The Sea-Side in Winter*, II, p. 65 ff.), or, occasionally, at some old rustic inn (IX, p. 487). Of course he was constantly seeing all sorts of people. In the Nineties he and Hichens had stayed together more than once in a charming hotel at St Margaret’s Bay, not far from Dover (653, p. 86). The Christmas of 1896 he spent at Windermere with Mr and Mrs Barnard; John Lane and William Watson were also of the party (cf. 682, p. 79). At Solferino’s he met G. S. Street, who had been with him at Charterhouse, and once the ice had been broken a close friendship began between the two dandies (708, p. 287). In the spring of 1899 he attended Will Rothenstein’s marriage to Alice Knewstub, in London, accompanied by Will’s brother Albert, Charles Conder, and Robert Ross, the literary executor of Oscar Wilde (*ibid.*, p. 345; 704, p. 168).

About the same time Max sent a copy of his new book *More* to Theodore Watts-Dunton, whom he had met several times in London, and this resulted in an invitation to come down to Putney and ‘have luncheon and meet Swinburne’. The visit, which took place in the spring of 1899, was repeated more than once, and when in the early part of 1914 Edmund Gosse asked Max to contribute a little pen-portrait of the Master to his forthcoming biography of Swinburne, the memory of those happy meals inspired him to write that little gem No. 2. *The Pines*, an unconventional tribute to the genius of both Swinburne and Watts-Dunton. The MS. of the extract from this essay, which Beerbohm sent to Edmund Gosse, is now in the Ashley Library (British Museum), press-mark 4695. It is written on fourteen folio-sheets, bound by Riviere, and accompanied by a holograph letter written to Gosse from Rapallo, December 15, 1914; the gist of this letter is given in the Note prefixed to the text of the original essay, IV, p. 57. In June 1899, a few months after that memorable first visit to *The Pines*, Max made the caricature of Swinburne reproduced in Bohun Lynch’s *A History of Caricature* (Plate XIV, p. 102).

It was also about this time that Max introduced himself to Chesterton, suggesting a luncheon together. This meeting, which took place shortly after G. K.’s marriage in 1901, marked the beginning of another long and warm friendship, of which Beerbohm’s presence among the mourners at Chesterton’s grave-side in 1936 was the last token (620, p. 94; 732, p. 153-4; 856, p. 3). In 1902 he also met Hall Caine while spending a week-end at his brother Herbert’s house on Shooter’s Hill. Max knew this house very well, for he had stayed there several times when it was still tenanted by Nat Goodwin, the famous American comedian (cf. 74). On Sundays he often lunched or supped with the

Gosses, while, after 1906, we see him associating with Stanley Makower and Frederic Whyte (734, p. 227). His friendship with Charles Conder, which dated from 1895, had ripened with the years, and the latter's florid oil-painting of Mr Beerbohm, made in two postprandial sittings in the artist's studio in Cheyne Walk in the early Nineteen-hundreds (704, p. 191), is still eloquent of those happy days. But oil-painting was not invariably the natural conclusion to a supper-party, nor did Max's innate boyishness *always* find a convenient outlet in his caricatures. On one occasion at least—it must have been in 1902, or thereabouts—it even tricked the faultless dandy into committing a mild form of hooliganism. His friend, Will Rothenstein, tells us how one evening, on walking home, he and Max rang and knocked violently at a couple of solemn Georgian doors, and then ran as hard as they could—straight into the arms of a policeman—who would not see the joke and threatened to take them to the nearest police station (709, p. 31). But for the rest it was only his hat which, 'tilted at a gay angle' (II, p. 135), betokened the inner frivolity of those days. To his younger contemporaries Max always was a person of almost mystical importance (678, p. 57-8). As for himself, he was 'closely in touch with things now' (IX, p. 2); he was 'smoking *la cigarette d'appétit*', and quite happy (II, p. 135).

In the autumn of 1906 Beerbohm paid his first visit to Italy. When Alfred Harmsworth, the founder of the *Daily Mail* and later Viscount Northcliffe, heard that he had never been there, he suggested that he should go and write something about that country for his paper. It was on this visit, which included Venice and Padua, that he first saw the tavern described in *In an Italian Music Hall* (IX, p. 337). The outcome of this Italian journey were a series of articles for the *Daily Mail*. The first appeared on November 8, 1906, when he had just concluded his tour in Northern and Central Italy; the last on December 27. Max, however, did not like them, and in his *Collected Works* he only reprinted an amalgamation of the best passages—those dealing with Venice—under the title of *A Stranger in Venice* (X, p. 171 ff.). But another, more important, result of this first visit to Italy was that it opened his eyes to the charm of the country. In December 1907 he was again 'on the coast of Italy' (IX, p. 329), and after his marriage in 1910 he made his home there, because he loved the sun, the climate and the people (908, p. 38).

His future wife Beerbohm met about the year 1908, in the person of the American actress Miss Florence Kahn, 'the greatest interpreter of Ibsen's heroines on the Anglo-Saxon stage', as she has been called (608, p. 32). She was the daughter of Louis Kahn, a merchant of Memphis, Tennessee, had acted on Broadway with Richard Mansfield, whose leading lady she was in *Cyrano* and many other plays, and was now living at Hampstead. She had met Beerbohm with a letter of introduction presumably intended to help her in her stage career (908, p. 39). When Max introduced her to his friend Rothenstein, the latter

wondered how the shy, red-haired beauty could dominate a stage; but his doubts were resolved when he saw her as Rebecca West in *Rosmersholm* (709, p. 174-5). The play was given at Terry's in February 1908, and Max's criticism for the *Saturday*, entitled *A Memorable Performance*, is a fine tribute to the genius of Miss Kahn. He was touched by her face, her voice, by the subtlety of her acting, and by her mystery. 'I know not how, one is kept mindful that Rebecca is something more than the lady residing at Rosmersholm' (IX, p. 357), was one of the last sentences of that article. Two years later Miss Kahn became his wife. The marriage between Max and his thirty-four-year old bride took place at the Registry Office, Paddington, on May 4, 1910, in the presence of his mother and Reginald Turner. After spending their honeymoon in Italy the couple finally settled down at Rapallo, about twenty miles from Genoa, on the Riviera di Levante, where Max bought the 'Villino Chiaro', their future home. As far as I know Miss Kahn's marriage virtually put an end to her dramatic career, though more than twenty years later she made a brief and successful *rentrée* in a play of Pirandello's, *The Life I Gave You*, which was produced by Alfred Wareing at the Theatre Royal at Huddersfield. This was in 1931. The part in which she appeared was originally written for the Duse, and, according to a contemporary critic, who hailed her as 'an actress who unites the claims of rare beauty with a spiritual intelligence only seen once or twice in a century' (577, p. 426), she seems to have equalled her great predecessor. Four years later she appeared at The Old Vic, London, as Aase in Ellis Roberts's new version of *Peer Gynt*. She died at Rapallo on January 13, 1951.

The 'Villino Chiaro' stands on the Chiavari road, a mile and a half uphill from Rapallo. It looks straight out to the sea and is enclosed by terraced gardens of oranges, camellias and olive-trees. Max's study, a small tower room with walls painted a brilliant blue and two French windows, stands upon the paved roof. It commands a magnificent view of the bay, the green hills, and the azure sea. In the garden there is a big studio and a smaller *villino*, formerly a pig-stye, but now converted into a beautiful cottage by Mrs Beerbohm. The hall and the bedroom of the main building Max decorated with frescoes of the Rossettis and Swinburne, and of his contemporaries—'the easiest things I could think of on the top of a ladder', as he once confided to a visitor (833, p. 801; 608, p. 33; 849, p. 10-1; 908, p. 38). It was in these idyllic surroundings that the Beerbohms lived, on a very modest income, with only a dog, two or three Italian servants, and a good many books (such as the *Poems* of Alfred Lord Tennyson, Queen Victoria's *Leaves from the Highlands* and George Moore's *Memoirs of my Dead Life*) from 1910 until early in 1915. As long as he was in London he had been filled with an irrepressible longing to travel; now that he had found this island of rest, where he could make his own wine, his *Wanderlust* had died out, and he just wanted to be out of London, and do nothing all day long (cf.

833). The privacy of his Ivory Tower was not even encroached upon by the coast-road, on which a motor-car in those days still created excitement (15, p. 51), nor was it imperilled by the proximity of too many friends—Edward Gordon Craig, who occupied the Villa Reggio within a stone's throw of his own house, being his nearest neighbour (628, p. 27).

This then was Italy, the land of his adoption, which he loved; this the place where, according to himself, the stranger lost his sense of life, where a trance softly enveloped him (IX, p. 329). 'You are the nearest approach to the Yogi that our western civilization produces; and I want to hear your *apologia* for withdrawal from the world', Galsworthy wrote him in 1912 (680, p. 353). I do not know whether Beerbohm ever answered that letter, but remote Rapallo seems to have meant to Max even more than that other lotus-land described in *Zuleika Dobson*—Oxford—which, while sapping the will-power and the power of action, clarified the mind (VI, p. 181). In fact, the place seems to have given him the necessary perspective which made his view of his fellow-creatures really 'uninterrupted'; and his best apology is perhaps to be found in the little essays that he wrote, and the drawings that he made, at his plain writing-desk behind those two French windows. Yet he did not altogether lose contact with England. Every two or three years he would come to London, with his portfolio under his arm, to give an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, or visit Bognor, when it was still 'dowdy and deserted, and not yet Bognor Regis' (875, p. 89). But even then he felt like 'a simple, gaping, alien sight-seer' (429, p. 3), and he would take great pains to bamboozle his friends as to his whereabouts, hiding in some obscure Pickwickian inn during the bustle preceding the opening day of his exhibitions, or, after many passionate adieux to his friends, staying on *incognito*, for weeks and months, at the Great Western Hotel at Paddington (863, p. 14; 875, p. 88-9). For though he could not abide the noise of the traffic, he always liked to stay at a railway hotel on account of the delight he experienced in seeing his luggage 'wheeled upstairs direct from the platform' (663, p. 162).

Between 1910 and the outbreak of the First World War Max held two exhibitions of cartoons at the Leicester Galleries, one in April-May 1911, the other in April-May 1913, comprising respectively 118 and 68 caricatures of various personalities. From October 24 to November 15, 1912 sixteen of his drawings were shown in the rooms of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York. In August 1911 he published a series of caricatures in the *Bookman* (London); one or two others appeared in periodicals like the *Blue Review* (London), or in books by various authors. Besides these he published two new collections of them. The first, a series of fifteen cartoons in colour entitled *The Second Childhood of John Bull*, appeared in 1911; they are a satire on the national character of John Bull as shown in his attitude towards the Boer War, Ireland, ritualism,

and the arts, and had been drawn and exhibited in 1901. Another collection representing political, literary and other personalities of the day, appeared in 1913, under the title of *Fifty Caricatures*. This period also saw the publication of two of his best books. His 'novel' *Zuleika Dobson, or An Oxford Love Story*—which had been partly written in the Nineties—appeared in 1911. Its publication marked the beginning of Beerbohm's lifelong connection with the firm of William Heinemann, who paid him £400 in advance of royalties for the book (709, p. 143). An American edition did not appear, and the fact that Scribner's, of New York, remembering the trade failure of *The Works*, declined *Zuleika Dobson*, must have been one of the very few setbacks in Beerbohm's literary career. 'Zuleika', wrote Lemuel W. Bangs, the English representative of the firm, 'I did not think would interest us. The author is more highly estimated by himself than by anyone else, and has never reached any high standard in his literary work' (613, p. 66-7). Nearly forty years after this verdict *Zuleika Dobson* was still being reprinted in America as well as in England. The 'novel' may be described as a caricature of Oxford in the guise of an extravaganza, depicting the ravages wrought by the impact of female Beauty on 'that little city of learning or laughter' (I, p. 129). It was followed, the year after, by *A Christmas Garland Woven by Max Beerbohm*, a series of parodies of contemporary authors, who are supposed to have taken Christmas for their central theme. The idea had been first given shape by the author in 1896, when he published a similar series in the *Saturday Review*, under the same title (394). Finally Max's second one-act play, the skit entitled *A Social Success*, was produced by Sir George Alexander at the Palace Theatre, a London music-hall, early in 1913; the next year it was again performed at the St James's Theatre, as a curtain-raiser to Alfred Sutro's *The Two Virtues*. It is the comedy of a man who tries to escape the boredom of social engagements by cheating at cards.

On April 25, 1914 Arnold Bennett called at the Villino Chiaro, where he found Max 'in whites, no waistcoat, and a calico sort of jacket'; on December 4, 1915 he lunched with him at the Reform Club in London (602, p. 86, 149). Between these two dates lies the outbreak of the War, and Max's removal to England, where he lived from early in 1915 to 1919, because in war time he wanted to be 'where the English language is spoken, and English thoughts and feelings are expressed' (15, p. 51), and because he hoped he might be of some use to his country. An invitation to Queen Anne's Chambers led to his being enrolled as No. 131853, from which he gathered he was up against 'a formidable amount of competition'. Later Charles Masterman, of the Propaganda Department, asked him to try his hand at propagandist cartoons, but with his usual reserve he declined, pointing out that Raemaekers was their man. At first the Beerbohms were the guests of William Rothenstein—whose memoirs are our main source for these years—and his wife Alice at Far Oakridge. Soon after

they took a furnished cottage at a stone's throw from their friends' house. Here they spent the winter, sleeping in their own house and having their meals with the Rothensteins, so that every day, during frost or snow, the caricaturist could be seen walking the little distance between the two cottages 'with socks over his boots, (still begloved and carrying his cane) lest he should slip, and the precious drawings be scattered in the lane'. And in the evening there was great fun, Max entertaining the company by caricaturing people, by reading what he had written during the day, or by inventing words to be sung to current tunes, or playing the sonnet game. An amusing example of Beerbohm's skill at this game is the sonnet *To Henry James* (481). The game was played between him and Edmund Gosse in the spring of 1908, by return of post, the odd-numbered lines being written by Beerbohm, the even-numbered lines by Gosse. When the Beerbohms left, the cottage was taken by John Drinkwater, who wrote a charming poem on his life there. Max, remembering his own tribulations during a winter in the country in war time, promptly parodied it (487). For other examples of Beerbohm's skill in writing humorous occasional verse the reader is referred to section iv of the Bibliography.

It was also at Far Oakridge that Max, on his favourite Wessex Antique paper, began his series of caricatures of *Rossetti and His Circle*, of which the original water-colours are now in the Tate Gallery. It was here, too, that in 1917 he wrote, on the same ribbed paper and stimulated by the laughter of his friends, the story of *Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton*, and the burlesque play '*Savonarola*' Brown (709, p. 312-3, 364-5; 710, p. 2-3). Both items were published in *Seven Men* (1919), a collection of imaginary portraits, or rather, memories, of six 'types', literary and otherwise, with the author himself as the unobtrusive, though omnipresent, seventh. '*Savonarola*' Brown was performed at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on February 25, 1930, on behalf of the Oxford Preservation Fund. The Oxonian cast included Robert Speaight and Sir Herbert Tree's daughters Viola and Iris, and the priceless stage directions were read by Sir Nigel Playfair, who produced the skit. The year 1918 was equally fertile. Out of the twenty essays of *And Even Now*—which, published in 1920, contains the harvest of the preceding decade—eight belong to that year, three to 1919, and another three to 1920.

Among Beerbohm's war-time activities proper the following two may be singled out for special mention. Early in 1916 he presented the Red Cross sale held at Christie's with a copy of *A Christmas Garland*, in which he had introduced sixteen caricatures of the authors parodied in the text, and which was designed expressly for the Red Cross, it fetched seventy guineas. Between August 1918 and February 1919 he contributed three drawings in water-colour, representing British artists at the Front, to *Reveille*, the new quarterly under the editorship of John Galsworthy, devoted to the cause of disabled sailors and soldiers.

Other, more important work, was to follow as soon as the war was over. In the autumn of 1919 William Heinemann, the publisher, suggested to Mr Beer-bohm that he should bring out a collected edition of his works. The idea of publishing an English and an American edition of the 'splendid old lion' (I, p. xii) had been conceived by Mr Macrae, of the firm of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. The English edition, limited to 780 sets, numbered and signed by the author, came out between 1922 and 1928. It consisted of ten beautifully printed volumes, bound in variously-coloured covers. The first seven volumes were reprints of the original editions of his books; the eight and ninth, under the title of *Around Theatres*, contained a selection of his dramatic criticisms; the tenth, entitled *A Variety of Things*, included *The Happy Hypocrite* and eleven essays and stories which had not hitherto been published in book form. Of the American edition only two volumes, *A Christmas Garland* and *And Even Now*, were published by Messrs Dutton & Co.

The war well over, the Beerbohms left No. 12 Well Walk, Hampstead, for Italy, and by the end of 1919 they were again at the Villino Chiaro. 'It is lovely to be back here with Florence, I had forgotten how perfect life here could be', Max wrote in a letter to William Rothenstein (709, p. 365). And so perfect he found life in his newly discovered Arcady, that in the following twenty years he saw little of London apart from his sporadic visits in connection with his five Leicester Galleries exhibitions. The inter-war period was indeed pre-eminently a period of caricatures. For a time the pencil seemed to have paralysed 'the hand that wields the pen'. Apart from a few broadcasts and an occasional uncollected essay, review, letter to the Editor, or introductory note to a book there is little more than a dozen essays and stories to counterbalance the 184 caricatures published in five volumes between 1921 and 1931, not counting another dozen or so reproduced in such places as the *Illustrated Review* (London), *Farrago* (Oxford), the *Spectator* (London), the *Colophon* (New York), the *Times* (London), or in books by other writers. This decline of creative power in the literary medium is manifest in *A Variety of Things*. The book, published in 1928, contains twelve essays and stories; of these only four had been written since the last collection was made in 1920; the rest are reprints of older work.

Max's first post-war exhibition at the Leicester Galleries was held in May and June 1921. It comprised sixty-five caricatures of various personalities, and eighteen 'Doubles', that is, a blotch of colour, or various colours, on a piece of folded paper, worked up, with 'a little cheating', into a figure. The latter were innocuous enough, but certain of the cartoons proper were directed at Labour—though Aristocracy and Business were not spared the rod. Reaction, in those days, was bound to come, and in an article of May 18, signed J. Q. X., the *Daily Herald*, the official Labour mouth-piece, voiced Labour feelings about these drawings by singling out one of them and calling it 'vulgar'. 'Vulgar is

precisely the word for at least one of the caricatures . . .', the paper wrote. 'A creature of swinish countenance, called a Labour Minister of Education, is saying to a poet: "Wot! You'll dedicate your mon-you-mental translation of Pett Rark's sonnets to me if I'll get you out-door relief for six months? Oh, really? And you say *you're* one o' the Workers yourself? Worker? Blackmailer—that's what *you* are! . . . Outside!"' To this Max replied by a letter to the Editor of the *Daily Herald*, written from Rapallo, and dated May 21, in which he contended that it had been reserved for J. Q. X. to call him 'vulgar'—a thing he had never been called before—and that the well-being of skilled and unskilled manual workers was not quite all that should matter to Labour leaders. Gerald Gould, the literary editor of the *Daily Herald*, then contributed 'An Open Letter to Max', in which he denied that the ideals of Labour were 'restricted to the betterment of its own material lot', and with this the incident was closed. The last serene reverberations of it are to be found in *A Survey* (1921), the new collection of fifty-two cartoons chosen, for the greater part, from those exhibited that year. In the 'Epistle Dedicatory to Britannia' Max, addressing that august lady, says that, this year, he gathered 'from a certain mild downward curve of your lips . . . that you thought me guilty of not the very best of taste in failing to bow my knee to your new Baal', and winds up by suggesting to Britannia to tell Labour not to blame *her* for some drawings 'done by an utterly absurd man who lives ever so far away in a country shaped like a jack-boot'. These words were written in September 1921, when another exhibition had already been opened in the same Galleries, under the title of *Rossetti and His Friends*. The series, which had been drawn during the years 1916 and 1917, included water-colours of Rossetti, Millais, Swinburne, Browning, Ruskin, Whistler, Holman Hunt, Coventry Patmore, and other people moving in Pre-Raphaelite circles. In 1922 twenty-three of them were collected in *Rossetti and His Circle*.

In the spring of 1923 Max, after an absence of two years, returned from Italy, bringing with him a new collection of caricatures, which were shown at the Leicester Galleries the next June. They included sixteen *Studies in the Eighteen-Seventies*, the series entitled *Tales of Three Nations*, and eight proposed illustrations for Sir Sidney Lee's forthcoming biography of King Edward, representing 'the gradual expansion of a pale over-tutored red youth into a heavy, shrewd man of pleasure, with an exquisite changing feminine figure in the background of each decade' (807, p. 237). On May 25, 1923 Mr and Mrs Beerbohm had left town to stay with friends in Devonshire. The private view took place on May 29, and was attended, according to the *Times*, by the Duchess of Westminster, the Hon. Venetia Baring, Sir Gerald and Lady Du Maurier, Mr Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley, Lady Tree, Countess Russell, Sinclair Lewis, Gordon Selfridge, John Drinkwater, Alfred Sutro, Mr and Mrs Nigel Playfair, Aldous Huxley, St John Ervine, Edmund Gosse, G. S. Street, and

many other celebrities. That same evening the newspapers raised a general outcry against the Royal Family drawings. Special exception was taken to caricature No. 49, entitled *Long Choosing and Beginning Late*, in which the Prince of Wales—Mr Windsor, residing at 'Balmoral', 85, Acacia Terrace, Lenin Avenue, Ealing—was depicted as a wasted old man marrying the only daughter of his landlady in 1972, after an imaginary Bolshevik revolution, and to the drawing entitled *Angel Edward*, an attempt to ridicule the popular conception of the late King by representing him as a fat, haloed angel, playing the lyre in heaven. The *Morning Post* called the cartoons 'an offence to good taste', the *Daily Chronicle* spoke of 'a scarifying exhibition', the *Times* referred to them as 'Teutonically brutal'; Mr Hannen Swaffer published an article in the *Daily Graphic* under the heading *The End of Max Beerbohm*; other papers wrote of a 'dastardly attack on Royalty', and of 'infamous bad taste', while the popular Press suggested that Mr Beerbohm was either a stealthy Bolshevik or a shameless bounder (cf. 811, p. 462). As soon as Max heard of the indignation of the Press he, with the consent of Messrs Brown & Phillips, withdrew the King Edward drawings, and also the notorious No. 49, because, as he put it in a Note prefixed to his next book of caricatures, 'it seemed that they were likely to be misunderstood by the general public and to worry it', and replaced them by a series entitled *The Future as beheld by the 18th, 19th, and 20th Centuries* (already published in *A Survey*), and certain others. The new collection of cartoons appeared in 1923 under the title of *Things New and Old*; it contained the series *Tales of Three Nations*, *Various Persons and Ideas*, and *Studies in the Eighteen-Seventies*, but did not include the offending cartoons.

The next book of caricatures, *Observations*, came out in 1925: It was dedicated to Max's old friend Edmund Gosse, and contained thirty-four cartoons representing *Various Persons and Ideas*, and eighteen others entitled *The Old and the Young Self*. They were the record of an exhibition of fifty-six drawings held at the Leicester Galleries in April and May 1925. As usual, Max had arrived from Rapallo to direct the preparations for the exhibition from some remote, Wellerian City hostelry (cf. 820, p. 12b). The private view was held on April 17. Visitors that day included many literary figures, such as Edmund Gosse, Somerset Maugham, H. G. Wells, Lytton Strachey, Henry Arthur Jones, and Arnold Bennett—this last bought a fine caricature of G. B. Shaw, not included in the exhibition, for twenty-five guineas (603, p. 283)—but the nobility was conspicuously absent. Another exhibition was opened at the Leicester Galleries in November 1928. It was called *Ghosts*, and contained 109 caricatures of people that the Artist had known. In 1931 Max published his last collection of caricatures entitled *Heroes and Heroines of Bitter Sweet*. It was a portfolio containing five coloured drawings of characters in the play of that name written by Noel Coward in 1929; they had been done during a recent visit to England.

When Max came to London from Rapallo, his evasive habits enabled him to see only those people whom he really liked. We know that on April 17, 1925 he dined with Arnold Bennett—whom he had not seen since he lunched with him at the Reform Club in 1915—and that he was then ‘more delightful than ever’ (603, p. 82), and that, on December 5, 1928 he paid a last visit to his old friend Henry Arthur Jones, who died a month after. One of his favourite haunts was always the house of another old friend, William Rothenstein, who had become head of the Royal College of Art in 1920. Every week the Professor had an evening, when his students would come and sit listening to Max Beerbohm, or to Ralph Hodgson, James Stephens, or Gordon Craig. It was also at Rothenstein’s house that, in 1928, he met Ramsay MacDonald, whom he liked at once (710, p. 82, 129, 155). At times he attended private dinner parties in London, amusing the guests by his witty and wise conversation. On two occasions at least he appeared in public. The first was when he presented the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize for 1936 to L. H. Myers for his novel *The Root and the Flower*; the second, when, in 1937 or thereabouts, he read selections from his writings for some charity, together with Aldous Huxley, Philip Guedalla, and T.S. Eliot (*ibid.*, p. 289, 297).

At Rapallo there was no need for Max to surround himself with the same elaborate veil of secrecy. Here he could keep open house to his friends. Ezra Pound was among the frequent callers, and Max and he were on very amicable terms. In the winter of 1926 William Rothenstein was with the Beerbohms, and on Max’s roof terrace the old friends gossiped and jested until laughter would overwhelm them. Rothenstein also introduced Max to the Hauptmanns, who were then living nearby, and though Max spoke no German and Gerhart no English, they soon became close friends, each recognizing the other’s genius through the interpretative skill of Florence. It is easy to visualize the picture Rothenstein draws of the two great men: the German poet talking abundantly, and Max, ‘capacious of wine . . . responding with gentle cooings and glowing looks’. ‘He also is one of the grains of gold which remained in the sieve’, Hauptmann later wrote to Rothenstein, remembering Beerbohm’s ‘constancy, his philosophy and his perfect form of existence’ (710, p. 48-50).

But the idyll was not to last. While Rothenstein was staying at the Bristol Hotel at Rapallo in 1926, Austen Chamberlain and his family were also staying there, and one day Mussolini, being in the neighbourhood, visited them (710, p. 48). When Osbert Sitwell asked Max what he had thought of the dictator, he replied: ‘My impression was of a larger and darker Horatio Bottomley’ (717a, p. 157). In August 1935, owing to the uncertainty of whether there would be another war, the Beerbohms returned to London, where they lived, for more than a year, in Tavistock Square, Bloomsbury. At the end of that year ‘the most fastidious and least expansive of Cockney essayists’—the

quotation is from the *Times*—spoke from Broadcasting House, thus inaugurating his series of six Sunday evening talks, printed in the *Listener* (London), and collected, with some other, non-broadcast pieces, in his latest book, *Mainly on the Air* (1946). These broadcasts were simpler, less ornate in style than what he called his 'narrowcasts', because, in them, the artist could trust 'the inflexions of his voice to carry the finer shades of his meaning and of his feeling' (15, Note); and so perfectly well adapted was the measured tone of his beautiful, soft voice to the special requirements of the new medium that he at once became one of England's leading broadcasters. The first of his talks, delivered on December 29, 1935, bore the significant title of *London Revisited*. In it he gave an account of his impressions of the city as it now appeared to him, 'a bright, cheerful, salubrious Hell' (*ibid.*, p. 7). The second, on *Speed*, was given on April 19, 1936; part of it was published by the Pedestrians' Association, London, of which Beerbohm is a vice-president. The third, a series of impressions of Victorian statesmen, was read in the Regional Programme on July 26, 1936, under the heading *A Small Boy Seeing Giants*. This was the last of his broadcasts during this stay. After the League of Nations sanctions had been removed the Anglo-Italian horizon soon cleared, and in October 1936 the 'veteran exile' returned to his home in Rapallo. But the September crisis of 1938 again forced him to come back, and he now settled in Inverness Terrace, Bayswater, near the place where he had lived as a boy. The differences between the two districts form the subject of *From Bloomsbury to Bayswater*, written in 1940 (*ibid.*, p. 79 ff.).

During the first years of the war Beerbohm lived in a little Tudor house, Abinger Manor Cottage, at Abinger Common, near Dorking, Surrey. It had been lent him by his friend Sydney Schiff, better known as 'Stephen Hudson', the author of *A True Story* (884, p. 352). In August 1944 Max and his wife escaped death when a flying bomb descended very near this cottage. He then moved to the neighbouring Flint Cottage, Box Hill, the house in which Meredith had written his finest work. In September 1947, when the sun was shining again, the Beerbohms were back at their beloved Villino.

The only thing that Max liked about war-time London was that by night it was no longer 'vulgarised and debased by those loathsome red-hot-coal illuminations' on the roofs and fronts of its buildings. This he announced in his broadcast *Advertisements*, delivered on the evening of Sunday, September 20, 1942. His two broadcast talks *Music Halls of My Youth*, given on January 18, 1942, and *Playgoing*, of October 7, 1945, reflect two of his older interests. The first of these was most remarkable for the fact that in it the septuagenarian gave evidence of his vocal skill by singing some of the old ditties. But apart from his visits to Broadcasting House he did not see much of London in these years, though he was always easily the most important person in any room he entered (875, p. 89). Yet the Beerbohms had their own modest share in the war effort.

In 1940 Max, in response to the Lord Mayor's appeal, presented the MS. of *Enoch Soames* to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St John's Fund; it was sold by Christie's and realized £126. On June 9, 1944, three days after the invasion of Normandy, he opened an exhibition of children's pictures organized by the Civil Defence Artists at the Cooling Galleries, New Bond Street, while Lady Beerbohm—'exquisitely petite and simply charming', as a Polish soldier described her—was doing all sorts of things for a small searchlight group located near her cottage in 1945 (884, p. 351-2). When his old friend Sir William Rothenstein died early that year, Beerbohm delivered the memorial address at a service held at St Martin-in-the-Fields on March 6. For the rest Max rarely appeared in public now, and he always took care to efface himself when the limelight of publicity threatened to be turned on to him. One of these occasions was when he was knighted in 1939.

By the end of the war, Max had become an institution, and he had already received many public honours. As early as November 28, 1913 he had been elected a member of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature, together with Mrs Margaret L. Woods, John Masfield and Dean Inge. The address of reception was delivered by Laurence Binyon, who, according to the *Times*, paid homage to Max both as a writer and a caricaturist. As 'Max', the artist, Mr Binyon said, he had made serene fun of the most august reputations, but in such a way that the ambitious aspired to be his victims; as a writer he masked a delicate effrontery with an imperturbable decorum. I do not know if Beerbohm enjoyed this new function, but we may be sure that he was really 'touched and pleased and honoured' when, in 1924, John Galsworthy dedicated *The White Monkey* to him (680, p. 548). Academic honours followed in due course. In March 1930 Edinburgh made him an honorary Doctor of Laws, together with Monsieur J. A. A. J. Jusserand, formerly French Ambassador at Washington and author of works on English Literature, and Professor G. Baldwin Brown, of Edinburgh University. When, in 1907, Kipling had just been made a D. C. L. of Oxford, Max protested against this on the ground that 'the idols of the market-place need no wreaths from an university'. According to him a university might fittingly crown a writer 'whose mastery does but win him the quiet homage of the finer critics' (320, p. 12). Thirty-five years later the University of Oxford seemed to act on his recommendation when it proposed to honour him with the degree of D. Litt. *Honoris Causa*. This happened on November 17, 1942. The degree was conferred on him in Congregation on November 21, 1942. The Public Orator's deputy on that occasion was Mr J. G. Barrington-Ward, student of Christ Church, who presented Max as *urbanitatis antistitem, insulsitatis irrisorem*. The next year Cambridge honoured Max by asking him to deliver the Rede lecture for 1943. He spoke on Lytton Strachey for whose work he had an unbounded admiration. Max had first seen him when

lunching at the Savile Club in 1912. He felt temperamentally related to Strachey, and had forestalled his method of attacking his subject in unexpected places, both as a writer (in his biographical essays) and as an artist (in many of his cartoons). Two years later, on December 21, 1945, Beerbohm was elected to an honorary Fellowship at Merton College, Oxford. We know that, in 1936, and also after his return from Rapallo in 1938, he went back to his old haunts at Oxford, and that the undergraduates lionized him. But in later years it was seldom that he dipped more than the very tip of his wing into the Isis (cf. 885, p. 38). In America the National Institute of Arts and Letters has honoured Max by making him an Honorary Associate.

In the meantime official recognition had come in 1939, shortly after his return from Italy. On June 8 of that year the name of 'Beerbohm, Max, Esq., LL.D., Writer and Caricaturist' could be read in the Birthday Honours list, published by the *Times*. It occurred under the heading of 'Knights Bachelor', and on July 13 next he, who did not crave knighthood (cf. I, p. 138), having once referred to it as 'a cheap commodity in these days', as 'modern Royalty's substitute for largesse', and as a 'dingy patent' (II, p. 119), graciously accepted it at St James's Palace. His satiric temperament had overreached itself, and very soon was to be avenged in the other medium, too. In *The Poets' Corner* (1904) Max had satirized literary hero-worship in his cartoon *Robert Browning, Taking Tea with the Browning Society*. On his seventieth birthday, August 24, 1942, the wheel of irony came full circle, when the caricaturist himself was the guest of the Maximilian Society at the Players' Theatre, London. Sir Desmond MacCarthy, who acted as chairman to this group of admirers—founded by a committee of seven 'Men' (now increased by two, because Sir Max recently added two characters to his famous collection, *Seven Men*; cf. 7n), and strictly limited to seventy-seven members—expressed the Society's appreciation of his works and made him a present of seventy bottles of wine with names that would have delighted Huysmans, or Oscar Wilde. Sir Max answered in a short and amusing speech, after which the Late Joys gave a performance of Victorian burlesque (cf. 872, p. 140).

In the last few years Sir Max Beerbohm's voice has been heard in the Third Programme at infrequent intervals (cf. 74, 75 and 75a). During the same period some of his stories have been adapted for broadcasting, e.g. *A. V. Laider* (1939) and *Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton* (1950, both by Douglas Cleverdon), and *Not That I Would Boast* (1948, by Christopher Sykes; for a fuller documentation see Bibliography, section v). *Death in the Hand*, Douglas Cleverdon's adaptation of *A. V. Laider*, was made into a film in 1948 by Proudlock Bros.

At the moment of writing the Leicester Galleries have arranged a large, representative exhibition of Sir Max Beerbohm's caricatures to celebrate his

eightieth birthday. The exhibition, which opened on May 1, 1952 under the title of "Max" in Retrospect', comprises 152 drawings. Though two of them are dated 1949, the vast majority belongs to what has been called the 'Maximilian Period'. This period roughly covers the years 1900-1932. It came to an end when Max realized that he 'was no longer seeing people in terms of caricature, was seeing them as they were, was tending to make pleasant likenesses of them, and had better lay aside [his] pencil' (516, p. 3). Sir Max Beerbohm will not leave his Italian hermitage to visit the exhibition. And when, a few months hence, the birthday tributes come pouring in from all parts of the world, he will not even be at his beloved Villino. He will be staying on Montallegro, a mountain not far away, alone.

CHAPTER II

THE MAN

I. INTRODUCTORY

In a letter to a prospective biographer, Beerbohm once gave a warning that his life was 'without a single point of general interest' (673, p. ix), and perhaps the foregoing biographical summary only goes to prove that he was right. However, in the same letter he suggested that, for a good understanding of his personality, it would be wiser to address oneself to his works. That is what I propose to do in this chapter.

There seem to me no grounds for quarrel with Beerbohm's suggestion; indeed, I consider that, generally speaking, an artist can best be known from his works. That is not to say that all artists respond equally to this treatment, for they are not equally self-revealing, but by common consent Beerbohm possesses this quality in a very high degree, so that his advice is all the more pertinent and felicitous. It is perhaps labouring what should become obvious during the course of this work that in him, more than in anyone else—with the possible exception of Montaigne, and one or two others—the works are the man, so that 'to know him is, before everything else, to realise how perfectly the man is reflected in the works' (703, p. 210).

I think that John Rothenstein was right when he wrote these words. Yet his statement cannot be allowed to pass without comment, because Beerbohm's case is quite different from that of Montaigne. Among other things Max is a caricaturist and a writer of fiction, which Montaigne was not. This means that his works cannot invariably be taken at face value, a consideration which calls for a critical inquiry into the nature of the material available. Besides this, there is a difficulty which emerges from the scope of the present book.

That I should be concerned in this book mainly with Max Beerbohm as a writer, might seem at first to be making it difficult for me to follow his own advice. But even a superficial study of his works as writer and artist should reveal the organic identity of the two roles. Even when the two media, essays and caricatures, are taken separately, they disclose essentially the same man. I may start, then, from the assumption that his writings alone provide a sufficient basis for a reconstruction of his personality. Like the collection of labels on his hat-box (cf. III, p. 137), they are, to a certain extent, a private autobiography, a record, not only of his physical wanderings, but of his mental make-up; a map, which provides its own reference in the unmistakable, because all-pervading, note of candid intimacy.

The best way, therefore, of approaching Max Beerbohm, the Man, would seem to be to let him draw his own picture, i.e. to describe his personality in his own terms, using his own words as far as possible. This procedure would result in a kind of verbal self-portrait, a character sketch on the pattern of the familiar 'Max'-by-'Max' formula, only with the caricatural sting taken out. But how are we to distinguish between the caricatural, and the non-caricatural, or objective elements? Of course, there can be no reasonable doubt that Max is giving us an objective representation of reality when, in one of his essays, he describes his posture in the midnight express in these words: 'Mechanically, comfortably, as I sank into a corner, I rolled my rug round me, laid my feet against the opposite cushions, twitched up my coat collar above my ears, twitched down my cap over my eyes' (III, p. 27-8). But what are we to think of another passage in the same essay, in which he stamps himself as a coward, not possessing an ounce of physical courage (*ibid.*, p. 30)? This is clearly a caricaturist's exaggeration, or rather, understatement, apparently employed to achieve a certain artistic effect, namely to create the appropriate atmosphere and pave the way for the desired *dénouement* of the story.

There are two ways of distinguishing between the subjective, or caricatural, and the objective elements in the self-revealing passages. The first is by means of the internal evidence provided by the writings themselves; the second by means of the external evidence of those who knew the author. A close study of the writings of Max Beerbohm shows that caricatural understatements like the one referred to above are never repeated in the same characteristic form in other, dissimilar situations. Statements of the objective type, however, tend to crop up again and again, even under the most heterogeneous circumstances. Thus the theme of the midnight traveller is again referred to in another context. The words, it is true, are different: 'The collar of my ulster is above my ears, my cap is pulled over my eyes, my feet are on a hot-water tin, and my rug snugly envelops most of me' (III, p. 125), but the picture evoked is essentially the same and there can be no doubt about the objectivity of the author's treatment, or the authenticity of the underlying experience. Utterances like these, consistently repeated under widely varying circumstances, may therefore be taken as representative of an objective reality, if only on cumulative grounds, and thus provide legitimate material for an objective approach to Beerbohm's personality.

But even artistic, or purely caricatural exaggerations, or understatements, like the one referred to above are not utterly worthless for our picture. Max is right when he says that the essence of caricature is exaggeration of what is 'salient' (X, p. 214). This means that, apart from their purely artistic value, these exaggerations or understatements may have some objective value. It will often be found that they correspond to some deeper-lying inner reality, and the

caricatural form may have been conditioned by the author's unconscious desire to purge himself of an unpleasant feeling, caused by some inherent weakness or other, by ridiculing it. Such a conception would certainly fit in with Beerbohm's theory of caricature, which he sets forth in his essay on *The Spirit of Caricature*. According to him the main function of caricature is to purge us of superfluous contempt of our subject (*ibid.*, p. 212). In one of his essays Max tells us that, in the presence of persons inferior to himself, he sought to veil *intense shyness* under a most elaborate urbanity (39, p. 4). These, and similar overstatements may acquire some positive value by shedding light on certain obscure parts in the character structure which could not otherwise be assessed, or, by providing some missing link, may enable us to visualize the picture as an integrated whole. Very often they may be proved by internal evidence to be based on fact. In this particular case the underlying quality—something like 'shyness', or 'modesty', or irony at his own expense—can be inferred from such scattered references as 'I am no hero' (VII, p. 133), and 'I never trusted myself as a leader' (IV, p. 135), and from many situations in his essays, where 'Mr. Beerbohm is perpetually a hero in distress' (841, p. 78).

This brings us to the second criterion, namely that derived from external evidence. By this I mean any definite statement about the author's personality made by those who knew him. Such statements are based on observation, and, with the very natural proviso that they have a reliable source and occur frequently, may be assumed to have an objective value in themselves. In other words, they provide legitimate material for a reconstruction of the personality. This evidence is particularly useful when it corroborates a reality vaguely hinted at by a caricatural exaggeration, or emphasizes an inference made from the writings. To return once more to the theme of Mr Beerbohm's essential shyness: this feature is not only suggested by his own ludicrous exaggeration of it in the passage discussed; it is also evident from many other places scattered throughout his writings and from the part he allows himself to play in his essays; and finally it is borne out by external evidence such as the testimony of friends and acquaintances. Thus both Arnold Bennett and A. S. Frere-Reeves, to mention only two, are struck by Max's peculiar 'modesty' (603, p.82; 833, p. 800)—a quality which, transposed to the caricatural plane, may be equated with cowardice.

Incidentally it may be remarked that external evidence is, of course, our main source for the description of a person's outward appearance. In the scanty and scattered references to this aspect of his personality Beerbohm's stature is sometimes described as 'smallish' (678, p. 59), 'very small' (596, p. 188), or 'rather short' (628, p. 27; actually Max is five feet, eight and a half inches); his hands and feet were proportionate (697, p. 66). As a young man he had been clean-shaven; later, perhaps to hide his 'somewhat amiable mouth' (III, p. 29),

he affected a moustache, an embellishment which, in others, he thought 'suggestive of levity' (15, p. 34). His head was round (628, p. 27), his brow 'slightly bulging' (678, p. 60) and 'prominent' (628, p. 27; 849, p. 10), his face 'preternaturally wise-looking' (651, p. 130). His cool, calm eyes, whether pressing forward in their eagerness (697, p. 66) or looking rather cold and stony (678, p. 60), were large (557, p. 140), round (651, p. 130) and of a childish grey-blue (884, p. 352). At the age of sixty his skin was still 'as clear as a child's' (697, p. 67; 628, p. 27), so that he put one of his friends in mind of a little Chinese dragon made in porcelain (697, p. 66), and another of 'a choir boy on Easter morning' (628, p. 27). But after the Second World War this chubby, though somewhat unworldly and dainty impression, had given place to one of ethereal and seemingly incorporeal frailness (885, p. 39). These descriptions are confirmed by the portraits and caricatures listed in the Bibliography.

In spite of the complementary and corroborative character of the information supplied by internal and external evidence, it is worth while realizing the specific difference between the two. Whereas external evidence naturally restricts itself to the more superficial and less complicated characteristics as revealed by the subject's behaviour in the social sphere, internal evidence is capable of showing the more delicate texture of his mind. This implies, among other things, that, for a description of the subject's personal appearance, we may very well turn to the memoirs of the man who once sat next to him at dinner; but also that, for a statement of his philosophy, we had better meet him at his writing-desk. Connected with this is the problem of the comparative reliability of the two kinds of evidence. External evidence is the record of the impressions received by contacting the subject on the social plane. As such it is indirect, subjective, superficial and anecdotal; not direct, objective, penetrating and vital like the evidence furnished by the writings themselves. Therefore the picture composed of its materials may sometimes come dangerously near to the 'perfect' caricature, which Max himself defines as 'the epitome of its subject's surface' (X, p. 215). Again, by this I do not mean to say that these elements are *ipso facto* utterly worthless for our purpose. As in the case of the obviously caricatural elements in Beerbohm's own writings the subjective, and therefore more or less distorted, elements provided by all sorts of memorial books and essays may contribute to the complete picture. I think Macaulay was right when, in his essay on Machiavelli, he wrote that the best portraits are perhaps those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature. But the most subtle features can only be filled in from the writings themselves which, according to Beerbohm, generally express something from the author's nature of which not even he himself would otherwise be conscious (248, p. 651).

It may be taken for granted, then, that both the writings themselves and the judgments of friends and acquaintances provide legitimate material for the re-

construction of an author's personality. On *a priori* grounds the two sources may be assumed to be free from conscious factual misstatements. This general assumption may turn into practical certainty when, in individual details, the two sources corroborate each other, or, with a view to the whole, complete each other by rounding off the picture into a complex unity, without any serious inconsistencies. As we have seen, the caricatural or subjective elements contained in them need not materially impair the objectivity of the picture; on the contrary, they may even add to its verisimilitude.

At this stage, however, it is necessary to make an important reservation with regard to the writings themselves. What if they should be a conscious and masterly attempt at concealing the personality instead of revealing it? Or, in other words, what if our author should be a mere *poseur*, and his writings nothing but an ingenious mask? The extreme view of the problem in general was stated by Frank Swinnerton when, in his book on *The Georgian Literary Scene*—in which he also deals with Beerbohm—he wrote that 'it is never safe to believe a word an author says, whether he speaks in the first person singular or writes about a young man's growing pains' (722, p. 150). Another modern critic, Virginia Woolf, discussing the problem in connection with Max Beerbohm, seems to take up the same position when she concludes that he has brought personality to literature 'so consciously and purely that we do not know whether there is any relation between Max the essayist and Mr. Beerbohm the man' (740, p. 216). But from what follows it appears that Mrs Woolf is mainly thinking of Beerbohm's personality as reflected in his style. Unlike Mr Swinnerton she is not concerned with the self-revelatory or factual content of his writings, so that her statement may be left for what it is. For a better understanding of the problem it is helpful to compare Mr Swinnerton's sweeping assertion with another one made by the same writer in the Preface to the same book, namely that 'the authors of books should ever be traced and found in their books' (722, p. viii). How are we to reconcile these conflicting statements? How can we ever hope to find an author in his books, if we cannot believe a word of what he says? And if we cannot find an author in his books, where are we to find him then? It is evident that Swinnerton's first quoted statement cannot be accepted at face value. Reservations must be made, not only as to the art form employed, but also with regard to the personality of the author, and to his individual works.

Mr Swinnerton's anathema clearly falls into two elements, each involving two more or less definite art forms. The first part obviously refers to writings of the autobiographical and self-revelatory type; the second to those of the fictional type. I think it will be seen at once that his dictum can only apply, in its broad implications, to works of fiction. It may hold good for works like *Gulliver's Travels*, *Pamela*, or *Frankenstein*, which are based on fancy, but cer-

tainly not for such autobiographical, self-revelatory and biographical writings as the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys, the *Religio Medici*, or the *Life of Samuel Johnson*, which are concerned with fact. Not only the art form employed, but also the personality of the author and the nature of his individual works should be taken into account. Nobody will deny that there are more autobiographical elements in the novels of Dickens than in those of Scott, while *David Copperfield* in its turn is more self-revealing than *A Tale of Two Cities*. Now before setting out to discuss the relevance of Swinnerton's verdict to the writings of Max Beerbohm it is necessary to relate them to the categories implied in his words.

Professor H. N. Hillebrand once wrote that all the works of Max Beerbohm might be described as a *fantasy founded on facts* (779, p. 261). In spite of this assertion I think it is possible to bring to light other dominant, common features in his writings by narrowing down the meaning and consequently restricting the range of Professor Hillebrand's descriptive tag. I would suggest that, apart from his critical work, Beerbohm's writings may be roughly classified under four headings which, for convenience sake, I shall call the fictional type, the autobiographical type (descriptive of his own life), the 'mixed' type, and the self-revelatory type (showing the man). The fictional type, as represented by tales like *Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton* (VII, p. 51 ff.), may be dismissed at once, because, by its very nature, it is not concerned with facts, but with fiction disguised as fact, so that only the last three types remain to be dealt with. The autobiographical type is represented by such essays as *Going Back to School* (II, p. 135 ff.) and *Old Carthusian Memories* (15, p. 89 ff.), and my justification for using the data supplied by them in Chapter One lies in the fact that they often provide an interesting confirmation or amplification of the external evidence available. Thus Mr Beerbohm's picturesque assertion that he preferred the fireside in Writing School and the plot of Miss Braddon's latest novel to swimming in the frost after dark (II, p. 137) is epitomized in Rothenstein's bare statement that 'Max took no exercise' (708, p. 152).

The 'mixed' type, as exemplified in the story of *Enoch Soames* (VII, p. 3 ff.), includes those essays and tales which, in a more pregnant sense than Professor Hillebrand's, have been composed on the formula 'a fantasy founded on facts'. From this definition it follows that the material of this type is heterogeneous, partaking as it does of both the autobiographical and the fictional type. Yet, though the borderland may be dim, there can be no doubt about the identity of the regions on either side of the line. I shall revert to this widespread type in Chapter Three, section ii, but one example may be adduced here to illustrate my point. The opening pages of *Enoch Soames*, the first and best-known of the imaginary portraits in *Seven Men*, are concerned with solid facts: the arrival, at Oxford, of William Rothenstein, the artist, in the Summer Term of 1893, his lithograph of Max Beerbohm, and his introduction of the latter to Walter

Sickert, Aubrey Beardsley, the Bodley Head and the Café Royal. In this limpid world of facts fancy appears in the guise of a fictitious character, the 'dim', unsuccessful poet Enoch Soames, pausing in front of Mr Rothenstein's and Mr Beerbohm's table in the Café Royal. But after a few pages Rothenstein, the only solid link with reality, is dropped, and we soon find ourselves wandering in an unreal world, with Max and a few familiar landmarks—Henry Harland, the *Yellow Book*, and the British Museum Reading Room—as our only guides. It is evident that, in spite of Beerbohm's use of the first person singular, most of the material provided by this part of the story has no autobiographical value at all, though, of course, the 'familiar landmarks' are real enough. Mr Beerbohm nodding and smiling to the Devil in the Rue d'Antin belongs to the first category; the reference to John Lane and Aubrey Beardsley suggesting to Max Beerbohm to write an essay for the first volume of the *Yellow Book* belongs to the second. On the other hand the introductory part of *Enoch Soames*, by its very nature, provides a wealth of autobiographical material, which is often confirmed by the corresponding external evidence. Thus Max's story of his relations with William Rothenstein, referred to above, is substantiated by the latter's own version of it (708, p. 144 ff.). Finally it need hardly be emphasized that the region between fable and fact does not, as a rule, provide any suitable material. Thus the conversation between Max and Rothenstein about Soames is, of course, fictitious, though similar conversations may have taken place between the two friends. We may say, therefore, that many of the autobiographical passages in what I have called the 'mixed' type are corroborated by external evidence, and are thus lawful material for biography. In this respect they may be equated with the autobiographical type. On analogical grounds the autobiographical elements in the fictional type may be reckoned to have the same objective value.

I think I am now justified in saying that Swinnerton's stricture does not apply to the autobiographical passages in either the autobiographical or the 'mixed' type of Beerbohm's writings—a conclusion upon which parts of my biographical summary have been based. It remains to consider its validity with respect to the self-revelatory type, with which I am concerned in this chapter, and I must grant at once that Swinnerton's warning has a certain relevance here. Protestations as to the author's reliability (such as Beerbohm's 'It is my honesty . . . that is peculiar. So few people have the courage of their opinions', 291, p. 75) are of little value here. For how are we to know whether he speaks the truth about himself or not? What if he wears a mask, or is a mere *poseur*? Verification by external evidence is impossible here, as external evidence itself has to rely for its data on the 'mask' the author chooses to present in his books or in social intercourse. It is, therefore, essential to precede any discussion of Max Beerbohm, the Man, by a critical examination of the part played by the 'mask complex' in the make-up of his personality, not merely on account

of its intrinsic value as an element in the complete picture, but also for the light it throws on the problem of the reliability of his self-revelations.

There is no doubt that, during the decade in which Beerbohm attained maturity, the idea of masks exercised a rare fascination upon society. As early as 1885 Oscar Wilde had written an essay on *The Truth of Masks* in which, applying Hegel's system of contraries to art-criticism, he concluded that 'in art there is no such thing as a universal truth', that 'a Truth in art is that whose contradictory is also true', and that 'in aesthetic criticism attitude is everything' (925, III, p. 383). Six years later he published his novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, which is based on the theme of the mask of Hypocrisy in its interrelation to the Good and the Bad. Towards the middle of the Nineties the popularity of the conceit, inaugurated by Wilde, reached its climax. After Ernest Dowson had borrowed it for the title of his novel *A Comedy of Masks* (1893), written in collaboration with Arthur Moore, Ella D'Arcy employed it in her story *The Death Mask*, a kind of counterpart to Wilde's *Dorian Gray*, written for the *Yellow Book*, whose Beardsley covers in vivid black and yellow helped to impress the conceit upon the minds of its readers. Towards the end of 1893, or the beginning of 1894, Beardsley himself conceived the idea of preparing what he called a Book of Masques, and he was very full of this amongst his friends (924, p. 7). The conceit was finally exploded by the fall of its originator in 1895, and, as I hope to show in Chapter Three, section iii, the last specimen of this literary genre, Max Beerbohm's *The Happy Hypocrite*, published in 1896, is a mere inversion of the fashionable type, being nothing but a subtle parody of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Oscar Wilde, more than any other of his contemporaries, was intrigued by this 'mask complex', this contrast between *persona* and person, which dominated him to such an extent that he began to live up to its utmost consequences. For Dorian Gray as well as for Wilde himself a mask—or, in his own significant words, '*what people call insincerity*'—is merely 'a method by which we can multiply our personalities' (925, I, p. 165). What interests him about people in good society is 'the mask that each of them wears, not the reality that lies behind the mask' (*ibid.*, III, p. 213). At the same time he was so engrossed in his own 'mask' that very little is shown of the 'reality' underneath. He is essentially 'an Artist in Attitudes', as Arthur Symonds once called him, a *poseur*, whose pose did not entirely leave him when writing *De Profundis*.

This typically Wildean affectation provides a link with Max Beerbohm, who, as a young man, had sat laughing at Oscar's witticisms in the Café Royal. But there is a considerable difference of degree. Compared to the mask worn by Oscar Wilde, Beerbohm can only be said to wear a clever make-up. There is also a difference in aim. In the case of Wilde the mask is functional, to the extent that it serves to conceal the real personality, whereas Beerbohm's *maquillage*

is structural, accentuating as it does the natural features of his personality. With Oscar Wilde the pose was so dominant that the personality was completely atrophied by it. For Wilde it is only the intriguing pose that matters, not the insignificant reality that lies behind it. The affectation has become an end in itself, to be pursued for its own sake with a tremendous earnestness, and the recessive personality should not even be allowed to recognize the situation by an objective discussion of it, lest the illusion should be shattered.

It is here that another difference with Max Beerbohm becomes manifest. In him the pose is never found to supersede the personality; on the contrary, if necessary, it is destroyed by the same intelligence that created it. When the Philistines among the readers of the first volume of the *Yellow Book* could not, or would not, understand his burlesque *A Defence of Cosmetics*, he rent with his own hands the thin ironical veil, in which it was wrapped, by assuring 'the affrighted mob', in a quasi-indignant letter to the Editor of that journal, that it had been the victim of a hoax (438, p. 282). Nor did Max ever shrink from disengaging himself from the adopted pose in order to take an objective view of it. His self-irony enabled him to doff it at will and to see it in its true perspective, viz. as a natural extension of an otherwise already strongly marked personality; not as an end in itself, crushing by its own weight the intelligence that created it. Wilde, on the other hand, never considers himself in the light of a *poseur*; he simply could not, because he was nothing but a pose. Max, perhaps on account of his 'philosophic temper' (VIII, p. 252), can detach himself, a quality which he also admired in others (III, p. 143). In one of his essays he tells us how once he 'paid the penalty of the *poseur*' when a letter sent by him to the Editor of a newspaper 'was taken as a joke' (II, p. 75). This easy detachment proves that Beerbohm's pose is certainly not a mask to conceal the personality, but rather a means of accentuating its characteristic features. His is essentially the pose of a man who likes to pose as a *poseur*, but who is not one. His affectation, as Bohun Lynch once put it, is only 'one skin deep' (673, p. 10). It is too slight to warrant the assumption of a 'fake' personality, as in the case of Lamb's Elia, or even to doubt the fundamental oneness of 'Max', the writer, and Beerbohm, the man.

What, then, we may ask, are the features underlying Beerbohm's thin *maquillage*? This is the question which the present chapter sets out to answer, and, after the reservations made, it will be clear that Max can largely answer that question himself. I say 'largely', for it is equally clear, I think, that no writer ever set down the *whole* truth about himself.

ii. THE 'DANDY'

One of the most striking characteristics of Beerbohm's personality is what might

be broadly called his 'dandyism'. Carlyle, in his *Sartor Resartus*, defined a dandy as 'a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office, and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes'. It is not, however, in this narrow sense of the word that Beerbohm can be called a dandy, though it cannot be denied that there was a strain of the 'Clothes-wearing Man' in him. As we have seen, Max's father had been somewhat of a dandy in his younger days, and Max probably inherited this slightly foreign disposition. Apart from an occasional ironical remark—'The drawing-room was very full when, carefully dressed for the part of brilliant young dandy, and very calm, and very shy, I made my entry' (70, p. 1), and a reference to the periodical ironing of his top-hat (an operation which, in later years, he performed himself, cf. 15, p. 102)—Max himself is silent upon this aspect of his dandyism. But there is an abundance of other evidence. We know that, about 1900, he was always 'immaculately dressed and groomed, and looking as though he had just stepped out of a bandbox' (596, p. 188); he had then the reputation of being one of the best-dressed men in London (678, p. 59). In 1921 it was said of him that 'he, above all others, understands the nice conduct of a clouded cane, the right shape and tilt of a silk hat, and the proper point where a frock coat (now unmodish) should artfully bulge in the bosom' (654, p. 40). And as late as 1945 his figure is still described as 'dandy-ish', with 'its double-breasted waistcoat and inclined-to-be-pegtop trousers, its stiff high collar and rakishly tilted hat, its *boutonnière*, cane and general air of the *boulevardier*' (885, p. 39). He also admired dandies, a feature which he shared with his brother Herbert who, in 1901, produced Clyde Fitch's *The Last of the Dandies*.

Yet Max never was, as I have hinted, a dandy in the sense in which Beau Brummell was one. With Max the stress never was on clothes merely. His dandyism, like that of Bulwer-Lytton and Wilde, is intellectual. He parades ideas, not clothes, and that is why, indifferent to the rewards of fame, he has always remained, in Louis Kronenberger's phrase, the 'perfect trifler'—perfect, that is, in the sense that the ideas paraded are invariably subjected to the *aqua fortis* of his hard and keen critical intellect. But this is not all. Beerbohm's was also a dandyism in the wider, philosophic meaning of the term: the dandyism of men like Disraeli and Henry Irving, whose lives, in his own words, were ordered 'with a certain ceremonial, as courtly functions are ordered' (IX, p. 181). This was mainly a question of *deportment*, or, as Barbey d'Aureville calls it, 'une manière d'être' (915, p. 13). D'Orsay was engrossed with it; it was the ruling passion of Beerbohm's hero George IV (I, p. 66); as 'good manners' it was exalted to a cult by the *fin-de-siècle* society, until it was finally ridiculed in *The Green Carnation*, where Robert Hichens makes Mrs Windsor say: 'It would be quite sacrilege, or *bad form*, which is worse' (922, p. 96).

This problem of 'deportment'—or, as Max himself defines it, of 'comporting

oneself with conscious art in real life' (III, p. 93)—has always intrigued Beerbohm. In his own life it resolved itself into the practical alternative—to be, or not to be, a gentleman. This is palpable in such modest understatements as 'Ever since I can remember, I have been beset by a recurring doubt as to whether I be or be not quite a gentleman' (VI, p. 175-6), as well as in caricatural exaggerations like his 'hints as to Deportment in the Motor-Car; the exact Angle whereat to hold the Receiver of the Telephone, and the exact Key wherein to pitch the Voice; the Conduct of a Cigarette . . .' (III, p. 100).

That the cultivation of those qualities that go to the making of a 'gentleman' has played an important part in Mr Beerbohm's life is obvious from his works. But it is the spirit rather than the matter of them that contributes to this impression. In a dainty and high-strung author like Beerbohm, who would 'rather be chidden by Clio than by [his] own sense of delicacy, any day' (VI, p. 177), one will have to seek long before coming across such a 'direct' passage as that in which he writes about staying in country-houses:

When I go up to dress for dinner, I have always a strong impulse to go to bed and sleep off my fatigue; and it is only by exerting all my will-power that I can array myself for the final labours: to wit, making myself agreeable to some man or woman for a minute or two before dinner, to two women during dinner, to men after dinner, then again to women in the drawing-room, and then once more to men in the smoking-room. It is a dog's life. But one has to have suffered before one gets the full savour out of joy (III, p. 13).

But even apart from this confession one might have been sure that Max—like Wilde (cf. 694, p. 83)—would always dress for dinner, even when all alone in the jungle. Like his Duke in *Zuleika Dobson* he was a highly self-conscious artist in life (VI, p. 210), who knew how to map out his days artistically, from the moment that he lighted his first cigarette after breakfast—feeling happy as he watched the blue spirals rising, with nothing in the still air to trouble them (*ibid.*, p. 34)—until the day's uneventful close in the fashionable smoking-room. I like to think of him as a man who, like his Duke, had no rival in Europe in the art of taking and lighting a cigarette (*ibid.*, p. 209). We need not be surprised, therefore, to find a writer in whom this motive occurs more than once, trifling with the idea of a modernized version of the old Georgian Manual for Good Manners, with 'The Conduct of a Cigarette' as the title for one of its chapters. In his essay on *The Decline of the Graces* Max contrasts the finished manners of the Georgian and Early Victorian young lady with the lack of grace in the modern young lady and the boorish conduct of the modern young man, and naturally declares himself to be on the side of the Graces (III, p. 89 ff.).

Beerbohm's attitude towards his fellow-men was conditioned by a natural amiability of character (IV, p. 25), a freedom from malice which informs both

his writings and his relations with his intimates. As a writer this inherent amiability not only made it impossible for him to 'say in print anything against a personal acquaintance' (VIII, p. 5); it even led him to refuse a request of the *Academy* (London) to mention the two books he had most enjoyed in 1901, because that very year six of his personal friends had 'commenced author', and because 'the pleasure of awarding two wreaths [was] not so keen as the pain of inflicting four wounds' (472, p. 569; another example of the trouble he would take to avoid offence is given in 709, p. 149). In spite of his reputation for impudence—which was mainly the result of a carefully studied pose—his friends, too, discovered the essential amiability of the man. Rothenstein testifies to the magnetism of his personality (*ibid.*, p. 157); Robert Hichens, in his old age, declared that he had never met anyone more universally liked by all his friends and acquaintances (653, p. 85), while Chesterton, another of his friends, once expressed the contrast between his reputed acidity and his actual personal charm and modesty in these words: 'He is himself the most subtle of his paradoxes' (620, p. 94). A few stray references in his writings partly disclose the secret of his amiability. He was a 'philosophic, sympathetic person', who never was angry with any one, because he could always see other people's points of view (IX, p. 45); he was not ponderous or dictatorial (II, p. 21), nor *blasé* (IX, p. 322) or good at bluffing (IV, p. 137), neither squeamish (IX, p. 262) nor a prude (VIII, p. 220). Other aspects of the secret are revealed by external evidence. Among these his aversion to disputes of any kind, which is evident from his often repeated remark that after thirty one should quarrel with no man (709, p. 179), is noteworthy. In this he was as wise as Benjamin Franklin who, in his *Autobiography*, states that persons of good sense seldom indulge in disputations, 'except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinborough'. Max was not 'bred at Edinborough', nor was he 'naturally academic' (400, p. 109); and he might certainly say with Franklin: '... perhaps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me'.

Another thing that contributed to his personal charm was his conversation. I think Max was right when he wrote of himself that he was not 'naturally a brilliant and copious talker' (III, p. 12). This opinion is confirmed by Frederic Whyte, who found that he did not 'scintillate orally', and that his really good things only came to him with reflection (734, p. 171). But external evidence shows that this negative delimitation of his conversational powers leaves plenty of room for his own peculiar talent in this field. Thus Rothenstein ranges him among the great monologists he has known—Whistler, Wilde, Henry James, George Moore, Shaw and Yeats (710, p. 82). His conversation, we are assured, was 'an illustrated edition of his own essays' (608, p. 36), because he talked exactly as he wrote (I have heard him quote long passages from many

of his books, *verbatim et literatim*—a faculty which he may have inherited from his father, who was known for his strong memory). This means that his talk was quiet, charming, polished, humorous, witty, full of self-parody, and ironical, and these qualities were enhanced by his essential modesty (which also made him a good listener), by the 'gentle courteous voice' (697, p. 67) in which the words were uttered, and by the 'superb gestures and facial expressions' which accompanied them—an inheritance, perhaps, of his own continental origin: he always pined for 'a little vivacity, a little boldness, a little variety, a few gestures' (III, p. 56) in his fellow-countrymen. However this may be, Max, the *causeur*, often reminded his friends of 'some grave philosophical comedian talking like Henry James' (884, p. 352). It was this same 'grave' quality in his conversation, perhaps, that impressed others as 'rather depressingly adult' (718, p. 42).

But a closer study of Beerbohm's works reveals more. It reveals his constant preoccupation with the problem of 'deportment', not only in the social sphere, but also on the moral and ethical plane. This is even apparent from a small sketch like 'Harlequin'. Though Harlequin is afraid, because he has seen the thunder-clouds and knows what they presage, he dances on, never swerving from his right posture (III, p. 281 f.). His comportment is quite exemplary, as exemplary as that of Peter the Dominican, the martyr, of whom one feels that he 'will write his motto in the dust with a firm hand' (*ibid.*, p. 295), as he lies dying on the high-road. And what essential difference, really, is there between the martyr's *Credo in Dominum* and the exemplary conduct of the quarrelling Venetians, of whom it might be said that 'it is a greater lesson in good manners than a breach of good manners to stand and watch them' (X, p. 193)? It is all a question of inward culture manifesting itself under different forms, according to the situation.

Max was so engrossed by this idea of gentlemanlike 'deportment' under all circumstances that it even haunted him in his purely satiric moods. He experimented with it in *A Point to be Remembered by Very Eminent Men* (IV, p. 147 ff.), where he gives detailed instructions as to how worshippers should be received; and he finally worked it out methodically, and satirically, in his 'novel' *Zuleika Dobson*, where, as I shall show hereafter, the idea finds its fullest embodiment in the person of the Duke of Dorset. If Wilde's story *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime* was rightly characterized by its author as 'A Study of Duty', Beerbohm's 'novel' might, with equal or better right perhaps, have been sub-titled 'A Study of Deportment'. The unqualified success of this study, or rather caricature, of the idea of *noblesse oblige* is partly due to the fact that its creator had long been thoroughly familiar with the Duke's prototype—Max himself. Even the casual reader cannot fail to be struck by the analogy that seems to exist between the portrait of the Duke and that of the author as it emerges from the rest of his works. The explanation is that, in *Zuleika Dobson*, it was Mr Beerbohm, the

caricaturist, who used 'Beau' Beerbohm, the gentleman, as the model for Dorset, the super-dandy and gentleman *à outrance*.

iii. THE ARISTOCRAT

After what I have said it need hardly be stressed that dandyism, as an attitude, is essentially aristocratic. But unlike the dandyism of men like Barbey d'Aurevilly or Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Beerbohm's dandyism is in no way connected with a real or supposed patrician descent. Max was not born an aristocrat, and this fact seems to find its ironical sublimation in his wish 'to be mistaken by strangers for a member of the *beau monde*' (402, p. 484). Nor, he says, did he 'move in aristocratic circles'; but the bracketed irony of the afterthought, 'though I should like to', is perhaps more self-revealing than it was meant to be. However this may be, Max certainly spoke the truth when, in the same essay, he wrote that 'an aristocratic *milieu* has always charmed my imagination. It is hardly too much to say that a painted coronet on the panel of a barouche or brougham sends the blood coursing swiftly through my veins' (41, p. 654). After this we need not be surprised to read that, if he were a dramatist, his plays would be exclusively about that exclusive world (IX, p. 447), to which he himself did not belong by birth. That he belonged there by nature is proved, not by his 'aristolatry', but by his own view of life, and by his power to render the aristocratic atmosphere.

The most salient aspect of Beerbohm's aristocraticism is its conservative, anti-democratic, anti-socialist and anti-totalitarian bias. It cannot be doubted that, temperamentally, he was a conservative (15, p. 110), or rather a Tory (III, p. 201), a temperament which—in his own dainty phrase—'precluded' him from conversation with Radicals (II, p. 75). Though I grant that there may be a certain amount of caricatural exaggeration in the latter statement, I strongly disagree with Holbrook Jackson, when he seems to imply that Beerbohm's conservatism in an age of revolt was a mere pose. In his excellent book on *The Eighteen Nineties* he writes, referring to Max Beerbohm: '... and so determined was the fashion of the hour to be "out of fashion" that, with those who were *dans le mouvement*, heterodoxy took the sting out of its own tail by becoming a form of orthodoxy' (658, p. 134). This is nicely expressed, and may apply to other writers of the Nineties, but, as I hope to show, certainly not to Beerbohm. With him the Tory temperament was genuine, consistent, innate and ineradicable. Unlike H. G. Wells, who could not be content with what was, Beerbohm was well satisfied with the present state of things, dishonourable though it might be (III, p. 144). In this *laissez-faire, laissez-aller* attitude he again shows himself the typical *palaeo*-Georgian that he really was. He resembled Lamb (cf. the latter's *New Year's Eve*) in that he abominated all alterations, his

mind having been 'ossified' years ago (15, p. 110). Though he hankered after the 'moral force and fervour' of Gladstone (*ibid.*, p. 35), he did not feel called upon to remedy the wrongs of mankind. He took no part in politics, though he was always fascinated by politicians, or rather 'statesmen'—a fascination to which his essay on *A Small Boy Seeing Giants* and his caricatures of the 'Giants' bear witness. 'My mind', he writes, 'is quite open on the subject of fiscal reform, and quite empty; and the void is not an aching one; I have no desire to fill it. The only feeling that our Colonies inspire in me is a determination not to visit them' (III, p. 143). And, though he admired Ramsay MacDonald for 'his good sense and public spirit' (709, p. 129, 240)—perhaps because he himself was somewhat deficient in the latter quality (III, p. 266)—he detested the ideas which MacDonald stood for.

One of the reasons why Beerbohm feared the advent of the Twentieth Century was the progress of democracy. In this he did not stand alone. His fear was inspired by the same feelings that inspired George Gissing in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, when he wrote: 'I am no friend of the people. As a force, by which the tenor of the time is conditioned, they inspire me with distrust, with fear; as a visible multitude they make me shrink aloof, and often move me to abhorrence . . . Every instinct of my being is anti-democratic, and I dread to think of what England may become when Demos rules irresistibly' (926, p. 47). Beerbohm's own views are couched in terms that are strangely reminiscent of those of Gissing. The only difference is that Max could laugh at the excesses of democracy (cf., for instance, I, p. 70), whereas Gissing could not. While voicing his anxiety about the position of beauty in a democratic world (117, p. 11), Max, at the same time, ridiculed democracy as 'snobbishness rampant and triumphant' (402, p. 484). His ideas on such concepts as 'the people', 'democracy', 'the crowd', and 'the mob' are perhaps best expressed in his essay on *Stage Crowds* (379, p. 496), in which he opposes his view to Chesterton's belief in the ideal of democracy; and his reason for despairing of democracy is neatly summed up in his judgment that 'a State can never be more than a kindergarten, at best, and he who would fain rule men according to principles of right reason will fare no better than did poor Plato at Syracuse' (II, p. 9). After this his hit at the mental capacity of the average member of Parliament ('If any one were so sanguine [as to expect a very high average of mental capacity in the House of Commons], a glance at the faces of our Conscript Fathers along the benches would soon bleed him', III, p. 181-2) need not surprise us.

There is plenty of evidence that Beerbohm felt uncomfortable under the growing influence of 'unrestful Labour', which seemed to threaten the very survival of his own caste. The essay on *Something Defeasible*, which was written in 1919, five years before MacDonald's first Labour Government, voices this

anxiety very pregnantly. Those were the days when 'news of a dismissal of an erring workman in Timbuctoo' was enough to make members of Beerbohm's class 'apprehensive of vast and dreadful effects' on their own immediate future. Max knew that the class to which he belonged was at the mercy of Labour. He also realized that Labour did not love that class, and that Labour was not deeply versed in 'statecraft'. He felt like a man who knows 'that very soon he will have to undergo a vital operation at the hands of a wholly unqualified surgeon who dislikes him personally', and nothing could betray his anxiety better than the words: 'Labour is wise enough—surely?—not to will us destruction. Russia has been an awful example' (IV, p. 220-1). On May 14, 1926, just after the General Strike, he could write to H. A. Jones that 'the long-impending big fight' had been fought and won (461, p. 364). But he remained full of misgivings about the future. He dreaded the coming of 'The New Utopia', the ideal egalitarian Socialist State, when all hearths, the symbols of individualism, would have been rased, 'as demoralising relics of an age when people went in for privacy and were not always thinking exclusively about the State' (III, p. 11). The same fear—or should I say prophetic insight?—underlies his ironical reference to a fictitious History of English Literature, written in the barbarous spelling of 1992 and 'published *bi th Stait*' (VII, p. 39), and also the imaginary Bolshevik revolution, which was to transform the Prince of Wales into Mr Windsor, and to reduce his Balmoral to 'Balmoral', 85, Acacia Terrace, Lenin Avenue, Ealing. It may be noted here that, for Max, the combination of 'Acacia' with 'Ealing' (which he used as early as 1898, cf. 89, p. 406) seems to have betokened the essence of bourgeois democracy.

The fact that Beerbohm compared the State to a kindergarten should not lead us to suspect him of totalitarian leanings. He detested totalitarianism in whatever form he found it, and his hatred of it is borne out by evidence from other people. In the Great War he 'took a fiercer view of the Germans' than his friend Rothenstein did (709, p. 315); a few years before the Second World War, when the first German refugees visited his *villino*, he hated the régime with 'a cold ferocity' (608, p. 34); in 1940, finally, he confessed, in the most casual sort of way, that he himself was 'not *very* Russian' (15, p. 81).

Other aspects of Beerbohm's aristocratism are his individualism, his scepticism, his hedonism, and his temperamental inertia. These qualities relate him to Montaigne, to whom, as I hope to show in Chapter Three, he is also related as an essayist. We have seen that Beerbohm's attitude to democracy, socialism, and totalitarianism was determined by an exclusive individualism. This individualism also reveals itself in other spheres. Max not only hated Labour as a system; he also hated 'the public', which made up the mass of its supporters (III, p. 249). As in the case of Gissing a public crowd, 'because of a lack of broad impersonal humanity' in him, rather insulated than absorbed him (IV, p. 296), and, though

he had a 'sociable temperament' (VIII, p. 94), he preferred a fire that burned for himself alone to a family fire (III, p. 11). Another result of his individualism was his extreme fastidiousness, which made him 'one of those travellers for whom the railway bookstall does not cater' (IV, p. 15). This daintiness occasionally degenerated into a Wildean affectation. When he writes that, as far as he could, he avoided 'that channel of all that is unloveliest in London, the Strand' (II, p. 51), we feel that he is speaking the truth. When, however, he advises a butcher to 'put up all his shutters and keep the dreadful secrets of the slaughter-house to himself', or a fishmonger not to 'harrow us with the corpses' given up by the sea (*ibid.*, p. 87-8), belief in his probity becomes more difficult. But when we read how once, to the consternation of his fellow-travellers, he pulled down the blinds of the compartment, lest he should see the Crystal Palace (673, p. 10), we know that he is dangerously near to Wilde's 'Oh, would that I could live up to my blue china!' Yet his individualism was of a higher order than might appear from these quotations. It was not only intrinsic, in the sense of constitutional; it was the *sine qua non* for his creative faculty. As early as 1895, when he was only twenty-four, he divulged his scheme for a life in accordance with this fundamental quality: 'I would make myself master of some small area of physical life, a life of quiet, monotonous simplicity, exempt from all outer disturbance. I would shield my body from the world that my mind might range over it, not hurt nor fettered' (I, p. 135). It was the Ivory Tower at Rapallo—where, like another Montaigne, he spent his life 'among books that charm', tasting the 'pleasures of imagination' (*ibid.*, p. 138, 135)—that guaranteed him his 'small area of physical life' and the desired perspective.

The philosophy of this intellectual dandy and mental aristocrat is the Montaignean *Que sçay-je?*, which induced him to believe that things in general could not be accounted for by any philosophy (IV, p. 292). With his beloved Maeterlinck he believed that to have any positive theory of life, any single dogmatic point of view, any coherent 'message', was an act of impertinence and a sure sign of ignorance (383, p. 656). This general scepticism included his own personality and writings. It prevented him from believing in himself, or trusting himself as a leader (IV, p. 135), or even from taking himself seriously, and contributed to that habit of relentless self-caricature and self-parody which manifested itself in his works as well as in his conversation. A direct outcome of this sceptical attitude was his comparative indifference to questions of principle, except (as he adds with refreshing self-irony) when they menaced his own personal convenience (IX, p. 44). A similar nullifidian Laodiceanism he displays in the matter of ethical and theological questions, on which, he tells us, he was 'singularly ill-informed' (VIII, p. 4). According to his friend Rothenstein discussion of those subjects was far from his orbit (710, p. 289); nor does he ever make them the butt of his wit. He did 'not disbelieve' that people might

meet beyond the grave, and he liked to think that some day he would reintroduce himself to Swinburne and Watts-Dunton in Elysium (IV, p. 85). Of doctrinal religion there is nothing in his writings, and I think Phyllis Bottome was right when she declared that to him Art was Religion (608, p. 37).

In the practical sphere Beerbohm's scepticism led to a kind of conservative *laissez-faire* attitude which made him frown upon all attempts to improve existing conditions, and upon Labour politics and popular education in particular. His attitude is best expressed in his statement that he would like every one 'to go about doing just as he pleased'—but with the significant restriction not to alter any of the things to which he himself had grown accustomed (IV, p. 182). These things included the sea, sunshine, wine, and a little music (*ibid.*, p. 294), books (I, p. 138), pictures (VIII, p. 2), leisure, cultured society, subtle humour (96, p. 813), the aristocratic illusion, and, later, the privacy of his own Ivory Tower, and he enjoyed them as keenly as he disliked uniform editions (I, p. xi), the English Christmas cult (99, p. 14), the meetings of an English folk-dance society (III, p. 159) and of the Shakespeare Memorial Executive Committee (IX, p. 434), the sound of slate-pencil upon slate, the phosphorescence of French matches, a Colonial Bishop, a reproductive etching, and, above all, a Greek sentence printed in English letters (38, p. 4). The circumstance that many of the things he liked represent positive values, while most of those he disliked do not, not only robs his scepticism of much of its pessimism, and of nearly all its negativism (cf. 'If we are but the puppets of destiny, and if destiny is, on the whole, rather unkind, still there seems to be quite enough of joy and beauty for us to go on with', 385, p. 749, and 'there will be, as there has ever been, a general impression that life is worth living', 379, p. 496); it also warrants Professor Hillebrand's description of Max as a 'Bonist', that is, one who found life more good than bad (779, p. 262), and Beerbohm's own description of himself as a 'hedonist' (IX, p. 160).

This hedonistic outlook links him up with the prevailing literary mood of the Eighties, and especially the Nineties, which were Max's formative years. Walter Pater was the first to proclaim this 'New Hedonism' in the Conclusion to *The Renaissance*, published in 1873. His sense of 'the splendour of our experience and of its awful brevity' led him to believe that 'to burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy', to get 'as many pulsations as possible into the given time' was success in life (918, p. 236-8). Oscar Wilde applied this doctrine in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, published in 1891. 'Live! Live the wonderful life that is in you!' he makes his Lord Henry call out, 'Let nothing be lost upon you. Be always searching for new sensations. Be afraid of nothing . . .' (925, I, p. 34). But he also practised it in his own life, and his *De Profundis* proves that he never regretted for a single moment having lived for pleasure (943, p. 92). Lionel Johnson's hedonism was less exuberant, and fun-

damentally sound. In an essay entitled *Tobacco Clouds*, which he wrote for the *Yellow Book* of October 1894, he declared that he would cultivate his place in life, 'nurturing its comelier flowers; taking the little things of time with a grateful relish and a mind at rest'. Beerbohm is another of these 'harmless hedonists', whose vocation it was to live 'along the line of least resistance' (349, p. 573), and whose simple pleasures were not diminished by constant repetition (328, p. 538). In *Diminuendo*, first published in 1895, he turned his back on Pater's attempt to combine both kinds of 'sensations', 'pulsations', and 'exquisite moments'. For him the only problem would henceforth be how to avoid those that were not purely intellectual. He would spend his days 'among books that charm', ever 'absorbing the things great men have written', without trying 'to give anything in return' (I, p. 135, 138).

These words, written when he was twenty-four years old, bring us very near to the heart of Beerbohm's philosophy. Many years later, when he was exactly twice that age, he reverted to the theme more explicitly in his essay *Hosts and Guests*. After having said that 'mankind is divisible into two great classes: hosts and guests' he adds: 'I am one of the guests' (IV, p. 126). *I am one of the guests*. To my mind these six words hold the key to Beerbohm's philosophy. He was indeed born to be a guest,

To sit contented, in observant mood,
Savouring the wit provided with the food (559, p. 59),

—a guest, more often than a host, at the friendly table in the restaurant (IV, p. 137); but then a guest who enjoyed himself intellectually rather than physically; a guest, also, at the table of Life who, at the age of fifty-two, could only feel sorry for young people, because, if they died, they would have missed so much without knowing it (603, p. 82).

It is this passive, quietist, guest-like philosophy of life that enables us to view Beerbohm's characteristic indolence as a true and integral part in the picture of the Man. Indolence was by no means an unusual concomitant to the dandiacal temper. It was indolence that forbade Brummell 'd'avoir de la verve, parce qu'avoir de la verve, c'est se passionner; se passionner, c'est tenir à quelque chose, et tenir à quelque chose, c'est se montrer inférieur' (915, p. 52); it was this indolence, too, that was the philosophy, and besetting sin, of Oscar Wilde. Nor was it an uncommon quality in the men of the Nineties. In his essay on *Tobacco Clouds* Lionel Johnson had written: 'Action: why do they talk of action? Match me, for pure activity, one evening of my dreams, when life and death fill my mind with their messengers, and the days of old come back to me'. And Beerbohm seems to echo him when, a year later, he forswore action as warring against the pleasures of the intellect (I, p. 135). These, certainly, were not idle words, but a serious programme of in-action, a programme of

'Buddhistic receptivity and passivity' (821, p. 8b), to which he has adhered all his life. In 1899 his ideal of happiness was 'a four-post bed in a field of poppies' (46, p. 631). More than forty years later he unconsciously emphasized the receptive, narcotic element of his bliss by misquoting his own words, on the BBC, as 'a four-post bed in a field of poppies *and mandragora*' (15, p. 51). To me the slip seems significant in so far as it points to a strengthening rather than to a weakening of this characteristic tendency with the years.

It remains to examine certain important features which can only be viewed in their true perspective when considered in the light of this essential indolence. The fact that these features not only affected Beerbohm's physical, but also his intellectual and artistic activities, testifies to the high degree of integration of the underlying quality, and, consequently, to its significance in the complete picture of the Man.

In the artistic sphere this innate indolence may account, in a very general way, for his comparatively small output as a writer. We know that he 'would rather read than write, any day' (IV, p. 126), and this need not surprise us as he did not enjoy the act of writing. While he found pleasure in drawing, writing had always been 'uphill work' to him (IX, p. 488), so that, as a dramatic critic, he must have wished more than once that he had exhausted his allotted space (128, p. 580). More particularly the measure of his literary output may have been determined by his actual speed of writing. In his *Saturday Review* days he felt he was doing well if he wrote from 300 to 400 words in an hour (734, p. 171), and these words were all written down 'on cream laid paper, in large important calligraphy' (654, p. 41), with the elisions not merely crossed out, but stroked out with a brush (cf. Plate II). Irrespective of these considerations the circumstance that he was 'cursed with an acute literary conscience' (IX, p. 488) may have been another factor in determining the limits of his output.

Beerbohm's inertia also manifests itself in his quality as a letter-writer. His published and unpublished letters—for which the reader is referred to the Bibliography—not only show his talent in this field; they also prove that he is to be reckoned among the best letter-writers of his time, though he himself would frown on such an encomium (IV, p. 19). The only merit *he* ever claimed for his letters was that they were 'carefully thought out and worded', so carefully, indeed, that a good many other letters sent to him 'could get no answers at all' (600, p. 198). These ironical words, referring to the letters written by him in his capacity as private secretary to his brother Herbert on his American tour in 1895, mark a tendency that has been growing on Max with the years. His friend Rothenstein suggests that his aversion to put pen to paper may have been occasioned by the increasing number of contemporary autobiographies in which letters are quoted (710, p. 141). However this may be, his letters were few and far between, and of late years even this negative description has be-

come slightly euphemistic. Here are a few cases to illustrate my point. After years of delay, and after having 'bombarded him with letters', the translator of one of Beerbohm's books, who had applied for his formal permission, at last received the answer that Max was of course delighted that the book should be translated (875, p. 88). The letter of another correspondent was answered after the lapse of about ten years (816, p. 168), and even his best friend Rothenstein always addressed his letters to 'The Caves of Silence, Rapallo', knowing that there would be no response (710, p. 141). In respect of correspondence Max certainly is 'the most unconscionable criminal now alive' (734, p. 221), and the many telegrams he sent to put off engagements (710, p. 175) could not, in the eyes of his friends, counter-balance this lamentable parsimony. It would seem that in the matter of correspondence Beerbohm was guided by Barbey d'Aurevilly's dandiacal maxim that 'la coquetterie règne bien plus par ce qu'elle refuse que par ce qu'elle accorde' (915, p. 61).

In the intellectual sphere Max's indolence shows itself in his almost Montaignesque indifference to any kind of practical knowledge. He did not know one tree from another by name (VIII, p. 467), nor could he remember proper names or dates (90, p. 499). Questions of the technique of the art of painting, of tonalities, values, and so forth, were, in his own words, things beyond his mental power (879, p. 2f). He was not much interested in modern languages. At Charterhouse he had, among other things, excelled in French. He could read Maeterlinck in the original (105, p. 268), was always delighted to hear the language spoken (VIII, p. 383), and, in spite of his self-disparagement, must have been a pretty fluent speaker of French himself (IV, p. 283). But, according to Logan Pearsall Smith, he had read nothing of French literature, and had hardly heard the name of Proust (875, p. 88). His dislike of the German language was as absolute as his ignorance of it (305, p. 329), and Italian was gibberish to him (VIII, p. 142, 488; IX, p. 336, 479). Of musical 'mysteries' he was equally ignorant (710, p. 89; VIII, p. 353). Yet, though he was 'quite indifferent to serious music' (II, p. 165), he had 'a very real sensibility' for the 'cheaper and more primitive forms' of the art (III, p. 254), as he found them in the simple tunes of the 'unregenerate' music-halls; but the songs 'dismally snarled and caterwauled by "crooners"' meant nothing to him (434, p. 2).

Beerbohm's school-boy dislike of sports and games, to which I have referred in Chapter One, may be looked upon as an early manifestation of his indolence in the physical sphere. This fashionable aversion, in which Montaigne preceded him (cf. the latter's '[Je suis] extrêmement oisif, extrêmement libre, et par nature et par art', 910, II, xvii), he shared with certain other 'dandies', 'moderns' and 'decadents' of whom he knew, such as Beau Brummell (I, p. 5), Whistler (641, p. 20), Walter Pater (*ibid.*, p. 49) and Oscar Wilde (694, p. 18). This does not mean, however, that Max avoided exercise. We know that he took it in

good part whenever it came (IV, p. 189). It was only walking for walking's sake that he hated, because, in his opinion, it stopped the brain (*ibid.*, p. 186)—though he always paced up and down when propounding something (663, p. 155; 754, p. 375). Another aspect of what I have called his 'indolence' is his partiality to a good long sleep. This, too, he shared with Montaigne (cf. 910, III, xiii). At twenty-four he declared himself to be a 'lie-a-bed' (I, p. 21); nearly half a century later the septuagenarian told his BBC audience that he always went to bed soon after the nine o'clock news and the postscript (15, p. 39).

IV. THE ESCAPIST

I have said that Max Beerbohm cannot be looked upon as a dandy in the strict sense of the word. Unlike Beau Brummell, he was not the typical 'Clothes-wearing Man' described by Carlyle. But his mind had at least what might be called the dandiacal temperament. He was an intellectual dandy, who cultivated his mood just as a dandy makes a cult of his clothes. This idea of 'moods' was not altogether unknown in *fin-de-siècle* literature. As early as 1878 John Addington Symonds had published a collection of poems under the title of *Many Moods*, and the eighth volume of the *Yellow Book* included a contribution by Olive Custance called *A Mood*. But two years before the conceit had already been satirized by Robert Hichens. 'Yes, moods are delightful', he makes Mrs Windsor exclaim in *The Green Carnation*, 'I have as many as I have dresses, and they cost me nearly as much' (922, p. 11). Though Beerbohm could not command such a variety of moods—'the mind has its West End and its Whitechapel' (*ibid.*, p. 9)—as Mrs Windsor had at her disposal, and though his moods certainly did not cost him so much, we have it on his own authority that he, too, had his Elizabethan and Caroline, his Georgian and Early Victorian moments (I, p. 16), and I think we may say that, just as a dandy reveals himself in his clothes, the genius of Max found its happiest expression through the medium of his 'moods'. In writers like G. B. Shaw and H. G. Wells these 'moods' were definitely contemporaneous or future; with Swinburne and Max Beerbohm, however, they were preterite, that is, they invariably carried them back into a past in which they could believe, and which, in the case of Max, was therefore comparatively immune to his shafts. His satire he mainly reserved for his own age, the Twentieth Century.

'It is to the Past that I have ever had recourse from the Present' (22, p. v). Before specifying the marked 'escapist' tendency expressed in these words, an attempt should be made to account for it. As the author himself once admitted, his predilection for the past was stronger in him than in most of his contemporaries; it was even more or less 'morbid' (15, p. 32). The latter part of this state-

ment is, of course, one of Beerbohm's caricatural self-depreciations. In him the taste was certainly *not* morbid, at least not in the sense of Huysmans's *des Esseintes*, 'se réfugiant dans l'illusion d'*extravagantes* féeries, vivant, seul, loin de son siècle, dans le souvenir évoqué d' époques plus cordiales, de milieux moins vils' (919, p. vi); on the contrary, it would seem to be perfectly normal in a man of his type. In the preceding sections I have shown Beerbohm as an intellectual dandy and mental aristocrat. I am convinced that it was exactly these two qualities that conditioned his nostalgia for the past. As a temperamental aristocrat he could not find himself at home in a world which seemed to leave no room for the aristocratic ideal; as an intellectual dandy he was engrossed in problems of 'deportment', and I suggest that this very preoccupation may have contributed to his flight from the present. It was because his strong 'deportment' complex could not adequately realize itself in the contemporary sphere—inhibited as it was by 'the turgid conditions of modern life' (402, p. 484)—that his heart went out to 'an older, an easier and more pleasant and yet a more formal world than this one' (15, p. 63). The italicized words bring us to the heart of the question. They not only explain Beerbohm's plea for a return to the 'Graces', that is, to 'good manners', as exemplified in that old Georgian *Manual for Elegant Recreations, Exercises, and Pursuits* (III, p. 89); they also account for his wistful longing for the 'grand manner' in the courts, in Parliament, and in the theatre (*ibid.*, p. 276). 'Deportment', 'good manners', and even the 'grand manner'—it was through these values, to be found in an ever-receding past, that Beerbohm's dandiacal and aristocratic temper achieved its most congenial realization.

What, then, we may ask, were the periods to which Beerbohm felt most attracted? Before setting out to answer this question it is interesting to note that, apart from his preference for certain periods, he loved the not too near (218, p. 357), and not too remote past, in a general way, for its own sake, or, as he expressed it, 'for that past's sake and honour' (IV, p. 271), or merely 'for old sake's sake' (15, p. 69). This attachment was mainly sentimental. Max not only liked his mind to be wrought upon 'in a solitude among memories' (IV, p. 275); old fashions in dress or in thought, obsolete manners, even the names of persons or buildings that were no more, appealed to him (337, p. 525); and in either case it was sentiment that clothed and animated for him these dead bones of history (326, p. 389). His reason for glamorizing the past was that he found in it a charm which the present lacked for him (I, p. 99; 15, p. 97), a charm that satisfied his 'sense of beauty' (38, p. 4). 'Beauty', he wrote in 1899, 'seems always something remote from the stress of common life. Though it may exist in such life, it can be conceived only as at a distance' (III, p. 587). Nearly half a century later he expressed a similar feeling when he said that 'the past is a work of art, free from irrelevancies and loose ends' (14, p. 12-3).

Besides this general preoccupation with the past there were certain periods that cast a special spell on him. To these the Sixteenth Century, whose actions and motives were to him 'as mysterious as those of wild animals in an impenetrable jungle' (14, p. 15), did not belong. But the Eighteenth Century, with its artifice and polished charm, its passion for 'deportment', its restraint of emotion, its scepticism and nice sophistication, the age of Shaftesbury's *Characteristicks* and Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, strongly appealed to him. This taste he shared with other artists of the Nineties. Beardsley, for instance, revelled in the century that followed the Restoration, though he laid the accent differently. His world was 'the world of the mad lusts of Wycherley and the perfumed artificiality of Congreve' (686, p. 16); and while he was illustrating Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, another artist, Charles Conder, was drawing his innumerable fans, the very symbol of that age. Beerbohm, too, was spellbound by its graces. His Baltic grandfather and grandmother—a lady and gentleman with powdered hair, of whom he possesses two pastel portraits—had married in 1785. This brought Max very near to the Eighteenth Century, and we are told that the proximity pleased him (884, p. 352). But apart from his style—which, indeed, shows many eighteenth-century qualities—the age as such does not come to life in either his writings or caricatures. With the possible exception of '*A Clergyman*'—which is more psychological than historical—Max never attempted a critical reconstruction of its spirit. The reasons for this are obvious. Beerbohm's genius is not only dual in its means of expression; it is also dual in its composition. In him the nineteenth-century Romantic and the Augustan Satirist are blended in such a way that the former invariably provokes the latter. Now his intellectual affinity with the spirit of the Eighteenth Century probably left too little scope for the satirical faculty to exercise itself. The fact, too, that the age was already too remote, or too Olympian, too universally smooth and seemingly uncomplicated to stimulate his creative energy at all, may have contributed to this remarkable discrepancy. For Beerbohm, to be creatively interesting, a man, and also an age, must be 'complex and elusive' (22, p. vi)—qualities which he found chiefly in the aesthetic movements of the Nineteenth Century. Moreover, the vastness of the eighteenth-century canvas may have deterred him. After all Max was only a *petit maître*, and unlike his brother Herbert—who was a lover of big things (600, p. 200)—he loved best the small and subtle things in life and literature. Another reason for preferring a period of transition, of disintegration, to a period of integration and consolidation, lay in the fact that, in a period of transition, the masks were less opaque, the movements less guarded. 'For me', he once wrote, 'the most romantic moment of a pantomime is always when the winged and wired fairies begin to fade away, and, as they fade, clown and pantaloon tumble on joppling and grimacing, seen very faintly in that indecisive twilight' (1, p. 46; cf. also 98, p. 878, written three years later,

where the latter part of this utterance is repeated *verbatim*). This preference does not only account for the fascination the Eighteen Eighties had for him; it also explains his palaeo-Georgian, his Early and Mid-Victorian, and his *fin-de-siècle* 'moods'.

It was especially in the Mid-Nineties that Beerbohm felt himself 'more an antique Georgian than a child of the age' (40, p. 4). The happiest expression of this mood is found in his four critical reconstructions of the Regency period—the essay on *King George the Fourth*, written in praise of 'those florid graces that are still called Georgian' (I, p. 81); the essay on *Dandies and Dandies*, which contains a portrait of Brummell; that on *Poor Romeo!*, another study in dandyism; and, finally, in that splendid evocation of the Regency period, *The Happy Hypocrite*. For a detailed discussion of these works the reader is referred to Chapter Three.

Next to this special palaeo-Georgian 'mood', Max's period interest materialized in his love of the Nineteenth Century in general, and of certain periods of it in particular. It was to this century, with its specious security, not to the Twentieth—which he did not understand and for which he reserved his deadliest shafts—that he considered himself to belong essentially (884, p. 352). 'How pleasant', he cries out, 'if we had lived in the nineteenth century and no other, with the ground all firm under our feet!' (IV, p. 220). But he had a particular weakness for the Thirties—'that most amusing of all periods' (IX, p. 398); for the Fifties and Sixties, the spirit of whose Pre-Raphaelite Aestheticism he caught, once and for all, in his cartoons of *Rossetti and His Circle*; for the years of the Second Empire, after which his Mid-Victorian youth had hankered (15, p. 53), perhaps because it had been the time of his father—'and for all men the time of their fathers is the most delicious time of all—just near enough to be intelligible, just far enough to seem impossible' (IX, p. 230; 337, p. 525; cf. also IV, p. 72, where he notices a similar preference in Swinburne); for the Seventies, which he caricatured in *Things New and Old*; for the Eighties, whose later Aestheticism he brought to life in his essay 1880; and, in a lesser degree, for the period in which he actually figured and in which, despite his satirical picture of it in *Enoch Soames*, he found a great charm.

As the years advanced, the once so unromantic, but enjoyable, present imperceptibly slipped back into the past, so that, when seen across the gulf of two World Wars, the 'Edvardian' Era came to share something of the glamour of the Second Empire in France (15, p. 53). It is needless to say that in all the period pieces, whether in the pictorial or in the literary medium, sympathetic appreciation is inextricably bound up with mild irony; for has not Max himself reminded us of the truth that *on se moque de ce qu'on aime* (22, p. vi)?

Beerbohm's sentimental interest in the past should be studied within the larger frame of his temperamental sentimentalism which, as an attitude, was a

form of escapism much practised in the Nineties. According to Mlle Cazamian, sentimentalism was 'très "fin-de-siècle"' (616, p. 322). A look at the titles of some of the literary contributions to the *Yellow Book* is enough to substantiate her contention. George Saintsbury's contribution to the first volume is called *A Sentimental Cellar*, and the title of a long short-story by Hubert Crackanthorpe in volume III is *A Study in Sentimentality*. I think it was Anne Kimball Tuell who first pointed out that, in spite of his lifelong gibes at Victorian sentimentalism, Max Beerbohm may be called a sentimentalist himself; evidence in support of her thesis she finds, among other things, in the essay *William and Mary* (726, p. 91). Though I do not claim to be the 'bold blade' who, according to her, might write an essay on Max Beerbohm the sentimentalist, I would suggest that, besides the tone of certain of his writings—as, for instance, *The Golden Drugget* (IV, p. 115 ff.)—there is plenty of evidence in the first person singular to strengthen her case. Max, it is true, once confessed that he had read 'the death of Little Nell on more than one occasion without floods of tears' (III, p. 163). Of course the words *on more than one occasion* already tell their own tale. But the irony of this, and many similar remarks, should not be allowed to drown the more earnest, though subdued, tone of certain brief and less studied utterances, which, in my opinion, bring us nearer to the real Man. Beerbohm confesses himself to be 'a sentimental Tory' (VIII, p. 29), who loves being thrilled (IX, p. 286), an 'emotional loyalist' (VIII, p. 98), 'snobbishly impressionable' (II, p. 165), in brief, a man of a habit both 'sentimental and sanguine' (VIII, p. 153), who cannot repress his tears when seeing the Morris-dance (III, p. 163), or the statue of Venus at the Louvre (X, p. 211). It is significant that most of these tell-tale confessions should occur in his dramatic criticisms which, being routine work, were more spontaneous and less studied than his other essays. The latest of these utterances dates from the year 1907, but Beerbohm has always remained the sentimentalist that he was in his youth. In his Note to *Heroes and Heroines of Bitter Sweet*, a portfolio containing five 'sentimental' drawings of characters in Noel Coward's sentimental comedy, published in 1931, the sexagenarian Max is glad to state that sentiment, though out of fashion, is far from being dead, but goes on 'unaffrighted by the roarings of the young lions and lionesses of Bloomsbury'. This means that Max has always remained a 'Man of Feeling', one 'who has insisted on having leisure to feel' (784, p. 339).

V. THE STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE

This intellectual dandy, mental aristocrat, and sentimental escapist was also a student of human nature and of life. In his non-satirical moods his approach to the object of his study is definitely 'romantic'. For Max the reasoning faculty has always been 'the dismal thing' (879, p. 2f), and he was convinced that the

world would not long be inhabited, if it were governed by reason (VIII, p. 477). This attitude, which relieves his temperamental scepticism, brings him into line with the New Romanticism of the Nineties, and accounts for his almost Chestertonian belief that there are 'so many queer things in the world that we have no time to go on wondering at the queerness of the things we see habitually' (III, p. 3), and that it is life's own 'scroll of chances' that makes it tolerable and wonderful' (II, p. 5).

The three pillars of his study of human nature were books, introspection, and observation. A partial answer to the question what particular books were read and appreciated by this exquisite spirit may be derived from certain hints scattered throughout his writings, from his own reviews of books (see Bibliography No. 395-410), and from an occasional reference of friends. Their combined evidence shows that, though not a *great* reader (884, p. 352), Max, at any rate, was a discriminating one, a devoted addict to what Logan Pearsall Smith once called 'this joy not dulled by Age, this polite and unpunishable vice, this selfish, serene, life-long intoxication'. Beerbohm himself tells us that of all the arts he loved literature best; that he had 'some knowledge of its technicalities' (VIII, p. 2), and that he trusted for what he ought to read, to the advice of 'a few highly literary friends' (IV, p. 100-1). The comparatively limited scope of his reading reflects itself in the range of his critical references, which will be discussed in the following chapter. For my present purpose it will suffice to give a rough estimate of his literary preferences.

At Oxford Max always declared that he had read nothing but Thackeray's *The Four Georges*, Lear's *Book of Nonsense* and Oscar Wilde's *Intentions* (708, p. 146; actually he had also read *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*). At a later date his taste must have become more catholic, for we know that, among many other writers, he gave preference to Meredith and Henry James, to Whistler, Stevenson and Lytton Strachey. In London, he assures us, he was always reading Meredith (53, p. 566). *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* he had read 'in more than one edition' (I, p. ix); and Whistler's *Gentle Art of Making Enemies* was a book that had often travelled with him and that he had read 'again and again' (III, p. 104). Though he did not like literary ladies (697, p. 67), he was 'a constant reader of lady-novelists' (III, p. 55), with a particular weakness for Ouida (II, p. 91 ff.). But Henry James he really admired, and he remained an enthusiastic 'Jacobite' all his life. When, in 1900, various authors were asked by the *Academy* (London) to name the two books which, during the past year, they had read with most interest and pleasure, Beerbohm's choice was Henry James's *The Soft Side* and Laurence Housman's *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*—which had been published anonymously. The latter work was also singled out by Henry Arthur Jones, Maurice Hewlett and Elizabeth Robins, but it is significant that Max was the only author to choose Henry James's book—though

he could make nothing of the writings of his elder brother William, the philosopher and psychologist. He had also 'wrestled with Schopenhauer for a day or so, in vain', and had read Bergson's essay on Laughter; but philosophers had no great attraction for him (IV, p. 291). Nor did he like to read plays: a theatrical library he considered the 'deadliest of all assets' (VIII, p. 80); nor, for that matter, did he care about *any* book, as a book. He vowed he would light his cigarette with a spill made from the margin of a page of a First Folio Shakespeare, if the matchbox were ever so little beyond his reach (III, p. 104). Book-collecting he regarded as a mania, a form of madness (*ibid.*, p. 138)—a statement which, in a letter written many years later, he mitigated by adding that of all forms of collector's madness, the mania for first editions, even his own, seemed to him to be the nearest to the borderland of sanity (639, p. xii).

But though, as a very young man, and in a very despondent mood, Max had proclaimed books and the pleasures of imagination his main future interest, his later writings unmistakably show that he always preferred the 'uninterrupted view' of his fellow-creatures, of even the most tedious of them, to the best book (III, p. 103). For a man of his stamp books could never be a fair substitute for human company (*ibid.*, p. 4). He was an observer (IV, p. 8), and, as a caricaturist, a student of human character through the human form (428, p. xii). But he was also a student of human nature (IV, p. 19; 239, p. 169), and of life (VIII, p. 23). 'Every human being [his own self not excluded] repays attention', he once wrote (III, p. 273)—perhaps because human nature was such 'a subtly involved affair' (IX, p. 75), which, as I shall show hereafter, was just the kind of thing our author revelled in. He was, as he once said of himself, 'one whose life [was] tainted with introspection' (49, p. 147). Proofs of this study of the workings of his own mind are scattered throughout his writings. In his essay on *A Memory of a Midnight Express*, for instance, he analyses his own emotions occasioned by a sinister-looking fellow-traveller who, as he imagined, 'had assumed the black cap', and whose mystery intrigues him so much that, in turn, he experiences terror and sorrow, without sufficient reason. His conclusion is: 'In every one of us the deepest emotions are constantly caused by some absurdly trivial thing, or by nothing at all' (III, p. 34). In *The Crime* (IV, p. 239 ff.), a story of a writer's revenge, the same thing is done on pseudo-psychoanalytical lines. These and similar examples prove that, though he could make nothing of William James, Max was a born introspectionist.

Beerbohm's continued introspection enabled him to attain to a high degree of self-knowledge, which often led to self-irony. His writings reveal him as a man who had practised the Delphian 'Know thyself'. He had weighed his own personality, had analysed it with Montaignesque honesty, and the result of his introspection he gave to the world in a form, slightly exaggerated perhaps, yet all the more enlightening on that account. The portrait that emerges from

his pages is that of a man who has attained that rare degree of self-knowledge which enables him to see himself in true perspective; a man 'who smiled wearily at his own fun' (654, p. 39); a man who, before his twentieth year, realized that he was neither a philosopher, nor a poet, nor a wit (IV, p. 8), and, before his twenty-fifth, that he could have no part in modern life (I, p. 133); who knew that he had a philosophic temper (VIII, p. 252) and a 'fairly' keen sense of humour (440, p. 395); who, moreover, realized that his gifts were small, but also that he had used them 'very well and discreetly' (673, p. viii-ix); and who, in his sixties, confessed, with no more than a suggestion of bitterness, that he was a relic of an older order, an anachronism, 'an old fogey', and perhaps 'rather an old fool' (15, p. 10). But though a generation that splits atoms may speak of him as 'an old fool', on account of his attitude towards their Technical Age, they will never be able to deny the charm, the wisdom, and the freshness of his introspection.

The same psychological insight is brought to bear on other people, whether real or fictitious. It shows itself in his penetrating analyses and clever diagnoses of our common foibles. Thus the children rapturously watching the sea destroy the castles of sand built by their own hands (IV, p. 222), our common love of fire (III, p. 7), and his own ruthless ruining of Prangley Valley—the imaginary beauty spot near London—by publishing its charms (II, p. 113), make him ponder on the 'ogre-ish' element in all love, which was the theme of Wilde's ballad. An essay on the labels of his hat-box leads him to the conclusion that 'every man pretends to have what (not having it) he covets, in order that he may gain some of the advantages of having it' (III, p. 134; a similar idea is worked out in *Pretending*, II, p. 51 ff.). Again, the condensed wisdom of an utterance like 'Theatrical reminiscence is the most awful weapon in the armoury of old age' (II, p. 31) must have been the result of close and constant observation.

But Max's psychology is at its best in unravelling the most subtle stirrings of the individual mind. He delights in tracing the course of the inexorable, ingenious revenge taken by Miss Tilney Long on 'Romeo' Coates, the notorious Bath hero (I, p. 109 ff.). He unravels, elucidates, and endows with life a dramatic passage in Boswell on a shy, unknown clergyman who, in 1778, at Thrle Hall, once asked a question and received a blasting answer from the Doctor (IV, p. 227 ff.). He likes to interpret the moments of subtle high tension in the lives of the great, especially in the field of letters. Thus his comment on Whistler's unanswered note to Watts-Dunton, '*Theodore! What's Dunton?*', sent after Whistler's scrimmage with Swinburne, and referring to Watts's newly adopted second name, is: 'But I see a certain pathos in the unanswered message. It was a message from the hand of an old jester, but also, I think, from the heart of an old man—a signal waved jauntily, but in truth wistfully, across the gulf of years and estrangement; and one could wish it had not been ignored' (*ibid.*, p. 82).

Sometimes, in order to illustrate his point, he creates the literary *milieu* and the psychological situation himself, as in *A Recollection*, where he presents Edmund Gosse bringing together at dinner 'his two enormous acquaintances', Browning and Ibsen who, owing to a certain rashness on either side, are both shown in a predicament 'that does not even in furthest retrospect lose its power to freeze the heart and constrict the diaphragm' (V, p. 129).

These instances are typical of Max's interest in the puzzling psychological relations between individual men, and of his skill at interpreting them. Like Sir Thomas Browne he loved to lose himself in a mystery. But sometimes the situation was so delicate and enigmatical that it even eluded Max's penetrating insight. What, for instance, were the motives of that young lady in white, pursued by a short fat man on the terrace of a casino in Normandy in 1891, for breaking her fan to pieces, 'scattering the splinters as who should sow dragon's teeth' (IV, p. 6)? What was it that had made Tischbein—not once, but thrice—abandon Goethe on his Italian journey? What was the one humiliation—that one thing that needed to be hushed up—in the course of that pageant, Goethe's career (*ibid.*, p. 209, 197)? Why, exactly, has 'Daisy, Daisy' triumphed perennially, holding her ground against all comers (15, p. 47)? Why does not the smile fade from the dancing harlequin's face, though he smiles through the tarnished air of a sultry twilight, under the shadow of impending storm (III, p. 282)? And what, while the vigorous prima ballerina pirouettes along the footlights, is felt by the faded and emaciated woman in the fourth row of the ballet, who in her day was prima ballerina (70, p. 10)? And the creature who wrote a music-hall song every day, what manner of man was he (VIII, p. 23; 15, p. 47)? And what about children's laughter? Do they really laugh when they see Alice in Wonderland, or is their laughter a hollow mimicry of ours (VIII, p. 196-7)? And then, what are we to think of Brett the butler, holding a light for his master's cigarette? At a joke told at table he turned away convulsively, with a sudden dip of the head, and vanished from the room. His breakdown touched and pleased all four beholders. But—was it a genuine lapse? or merely a feint to thrill us?—the feint of an equilibrist so secure that he can pretend to lose his balance? Was Brett, is Brett, more than a mere virtuoso (IV, p. 178-9)? It was questions like these, whose solution might split the only remaining and seemingly impenetrable nucleus of a man's character, that Max revelled in. And he felt all the more strongly drawn to them for their enigmatical nature, just as he was intrigued, *quia imperfectum*, by an unfinished work of art like *Kubla Khan*, *Edwin Drood*, or Tischbein's portrait of Goethe.

Beerbohm's preoccupation with psychological problems also accounts for his interest in child-psychology and education (cf. 264, p. 44-5). I have referred to his study of children's laughter, and of their mysterious love of destruction. These, and similar observations must have strengthened his conviction that

there is always 'a certain veil of mystery' between adults and children (VIII, p. 196). In *A Cloud of Pinafores* (II, p. 153 ff.) he discusses the idolizing of children in the Nineties, as opposed to the stern old Georgian or Early Victorian days, which wanted to force children up to a standard of mature conduct. The old system of educating children was repulsive to him. We know him well, he exclaims, the Georgian papa, 'that awfully massive and mysterious personage, who seemed ever to his offspring so remote when they were in his presence, so frightfully near when they were out of it' (III, p. 317). One feels that there must have been a certain relation between Max's gloomy opinions about childhood and his own youthful experiences. The sight of a schoolboy, passing in a hansom on his way back to school, is the occasion for a comparison of the state of the schoolboy and of his own happy grown-up state (II, p. 135 ff.). Childhood had always seemed to him the tragic period of life: 'To be subject to the most odious espionage at the one age when you never dream of doing wrong, to be deceived by your parents, thwarted of your smallest wish, oppressed by the terrors of manhood and of the world to come, and to believe, as you are told, that childhood is the only happiness known—all this is quite terrible' (I, p. 56). But the Georgian system was not without its good sides, and, deploring the modern young lady's lack of manners, he roguishly pleads for a return to the kind of 'finishing school' in which young ladies were taught to be graceful (III, p. 95). For the rest, we need not be surprised that, between the two conflicting tendencies in the education of children, Max takes up a moderate position, which seems entirely sound to us. In the matter of methodology he is even far ahead of his times, when he argues that 'a smattering of the irregular verbs' will not help the child in speaking French: 'Not in the dark by-ways of conjugation, but on the sunny field of frank social intercourse, must he prove his knighthood' (IV, p. 287). Finally, in Beerbohm's eye, the only redeeming feature of the 'tecnolatry' of the Nineties is that the Nineties, at any rate, wish children to be children, and that makes all the difference. Yet we may be allowed to laugh, the naughty Max remarks, when we see that 'this century, for which Science promised a mature perfection, is vanishing in a white cloud of pinafores' (II, p. 161).

Women, too, had been the object of Beerbohm's observation. His view of them may be summed up in his often repeated statement that they excelled men 'in quickness and certainty of insight into the little recesses of human character, and in quickness and certainty of observation of the fine shadows on the surface—observation of manners, in fact'. Where they faltered was 'in the construction of frames for large themes, in the handling of broad motives, in profound thinking' (259, p. 642).

I have shown that Beerbohm's writings bear evidence of a spirit that loved to dwell on the seeming incongruities, aberrations and unfathomable mysteries

of man's inscrutable mind. But it was not only in the contemplation of life at large, where he could enjoy the 'uninterrupted view', that he got *his* 'high ecstasies' (IX, p. 391): the law-courts provided him with another field of fruitful observation. Here he found 'an art-form, as surely as in the theatre', but much more fascinating, because 'not merely its material, but the chief means of its expression, is life itself'. Here he enjoyed 'the keenest form of aesthetic pleasure' that was known to him (III, p. 271-2); here he found more entertainment than in the average play (153, p. 459). Perhaps this curious interest was connected with his early desire to be a lawyer. However this may be, Max frequented the courts whenever he had 'nothing better to do' (III, p. 263). He tells us that he did not care much for criminal trials (*ibid.*, p. 266), his interest in crime being merely 'morbid' (IV, p. 240-1); nor, for that matter, did he care much for Chancery cases (III, p. 265). The ground for this strange interest was a psychological one; for, while the court was only concerned with the question: Is the prisoner in the dock guilty or not guilty?, the question in his own mind was always: What sort of man is he? (*ibid.*, p. 266). It was always life itself that he was after, and the fact that he found so little of it in the contemporary drama may account for the comparatively low place he assigned to the theatre as a means of studying human nature. His general attitude to this art-form (for which the reader is referred to Chapter Three, section iv, 1) can only strengthen this supposition.

One of the effects of his study of human nature was what has been called his 'classic poise and reasonableness', which made one think of Molière (868, p. 415); his 'perfect wisdom', which made him fly the ways of man (833, p. 800); his 'sobriety of judgment' (651, p. 129), which caused his friend Rothenstein to write that he deemed 'no one wiser than Max' (710, p. 240), but which Max himself dismissed with an 'I'll be hanged if I haven't a certain mellow wisdom' (IV, p. 292); and, what he called himself, his 'serene indifference to hubbub' (III, p. 143).

It was also this wisdom that occasionally enabled him to foresee the immediate future with varying precision. Of himself he tells us that he often had 'presentiments of evil' (III, p. 27), and Rothenstein relates an example of the same prophetic power touching other people's affairs (708, p. 283). There is also much truth in his long-range prognostications, both with reference to himself and to others. While, so far, there has been nothing to invalidate his prophecy, written down at the age of twenty-four, that on his own hundredth birthday he would still be regarded as a very young man (38, p. 4), Shaw lived to the age which Max allotted him in 1901 (VIII, p. 301). Beerbohm's almost uncanny prescience in the sphere of politics is equally striking: if his vision of the Prince of Wales marrying the only daughter of his landlady in 1972 may be called prophetic for more than one reason, his words on the ideal of the equality of

man, and the new tyranny arising from the fulfilment of it (II, p. 77), are even more strongly so.

So books and men—or rather men, and men through books—they were the two loopholes which, in his self-imposed retreat, and in his habitual escapes from it, provided him with the desired ‘uninterrupted view’ and ‘pleasures of imagination’. Both these interests are reflected in his work. His intimate study of man, combined with a peculiar imaginative faculty, not only prepared the ground for his ‘fantasies founded on fact’; it also laid the foundations of his satirical work.

VI. THE CRITIC OF LIFE

Though Max had been born in London, with the smuts falling on his bassinette, he never had any real feeling for the metropolis. This he once confessed to Arnold Bennett (603, p. 82), and the sentiment is repeated in many of his writings. Generally speaking he preferred the country to any town (15, p. 8), but London tended to destroy his sense of self-importance (II, p. 66). It was too large, and too civic for his taste, so that he always longed to get away from it for a while (15, p. 51). This feeling becomes particularly strong in some of the dramatic criticisms written just before the summer-holidays. After he had given up writing dramatic criticisms altogether and had left for Italy, he who had ‘flirted with Town and wedded the Country’ (as he says in an unpublished letter), liked to visit London, but only on the condition that he could leave it and return to Rapallo (603, p. 82). Yet it is curious that his strictures on London are not entirely unqualified; on the contrary, they often contain an appreciative element, and that with remarkable consistency. I select only two examples, written at an interval of thirty-six years. In 1899 Max referred to London as ‘that raucous and beetle-browed *enchantress*’ (103, p. 203); in 1935 it had become Hell to him, but then ‘a *bright, cheerful, salubrious* Hell’ (15, p. 7). In my opinion the italicized words clearly point to a deeper-lying stratum of Beerbohm’s personality. Though he shunned the prolonged physical contact, he was, in his heart of hearts, a townsman, in that the over-sophisticated artist in him could only interpret the highly sophisticated civilization of urban communities (cf. ‘The life of the city, and the architectural background against which that life is lived, suffice my soul’, *ibid.*, p. 112). He had been *in* London, but not *of* it, just as he had lived through the Nineties without ever *completely* identifying himself with their spirit. The London Season, in his own words, only touched him ‘as some panorama, pleasant to watch, an unreal thing, *remote from me*’ (39, p. 4). It was this sense of remoteness that provided his critical faculty with the necessary perspective, so that he is really ‘civilisation conserving itself and laughing at itself’ (767, p. 593). Though he once described his own young self as ‘very

urban' (IV, p. 268), his attitude has always been urbane, rather than urban; and it would seem that his own, slightly exotic version of *urbanitas* has even gained in critical depth by the wider perspective of his remote, book-lined tower room at Rapallo.

It was the contemporary scene, and especially the Twentieth Century, that furnished Beerbohm with the objects of his criticism. If his feelings towards the Nineteenth Century were inspired by a loving irony, his attitude to the Twentieth was frankly disapproving and satirical. His writings, and even more his cartoons, prove that for this century he had no sympathy whatever. He not only hated its youth, its 'modernity', its cant, its artistic and political ideals, but also its material progress and industrialism, and the vulgarization and disfigurement which followed in their wake and for which he could not offer a solution. This attitude is reflected in such caricatures as *The Insurgence of Youth* (24, plate 33), *Miniature Design for Colossal Fresco* (*ibid.*, pl. 19), *The Prince of Wales in New York* (*ibid.*, pl. 27), *English Fiction—Ancient and Modern* (23, pl. 15), *The British Drama* (*ibid.*, pl. 24), *The Beneficent Despot* (*ibid.*, frontispiece), *Communist Sunday School* (*ibid.*, pl. 25), *The Governing Classes and Communism* (24, pl. 16), *Lord Alexander Thynne enchanting the Labour Party* (20, pl. 29), *A Study in Democratic Assimilation* (*ibid.*, pl. 44), and *Civilisation and the Industrial System* (24, pl. 6). But it also manifests itself in his writings, though with a difference in accent.

According to Beerbohm one of the great fetishes of the present generation was Speed (15, p. 22). Before the close of the century a bicycle, to him, was 'as inevitable as it is unlovely' (II, p. 130); in 1919 motor-cars had become 'unrestricted [,] bores' (IV, p. 251); and when flying was still an exciting experience, he once disappointed Sir Philip Sassoon, then Under-Secretary of State for Air, by declining his invitation to ride in an aeroplane, on the plea that he had 'a letter to write' (908, p. 38). Of films, which showed 'young ladies with faces twenty feet long, and lips two and a half yards broad', Max still spoke with a slight shudder in 1945 (885, p. 39), while modern flats were just 'places to commit suicide in' (*ibid.*). He regretted the steady degeneration of eighteenth-century London by what he called the 'constructive vandals' (15, p. 9), who turned every street into 'a mad hotch-potch of early Victorian hospital, Jacobean manor-house, Venetian palace, and bridecake in Gunter's best manner' (III, p. 204). Though most of the Victorian statues in London were a disgrace to the city (II, p. 80), the Twentieth Century had even done worse. In his opinion 'the chaotic shoddiness of modern civilisation', assisted by 'the torrential spate and flood' of advertisements (15, p. 53), expressed itself most perfectly in Piccadilly Circus (VIII, p. 273). Bloomsbury he sees threatened by 'that bleak, blank, hideous and already vast whited sepulchre' (15, p. 80) of the University of London, the hateful symbol of that New Education which followed in the wake

of democracy; and while Euston Road is the 'awfullest of thoroughfares' (*ibid.*, p. 83), the Strand 'utterly unmans' him (III, p. 213). The only remaining 'microcosm of the eighteenth century' to console him in 1914 was the Adelphi (IV, p. 90-1). For the rest it is the Squares, 'that particular glory of London' (15, p. 9), that he loves best: Bedford Square, Brunswick Square, and Tavistock Square (*ibid.*, p. 79), but above all, Berkeley Square and St James's Square (II, p. 78-9).

Roughly speaking, Beerbohm's criticism of contemporary life may be said to affect three spheres—the political, the social, and the literary. We have seen that, in the political sphere, his criticism is anti-democratic, anti-socialist, and—though less explicitly so—anti-totalitarian. It is convenient to discuss his criticism of such institutions as Royalty and Knighthood under the same heading.

Max's caricatures of the late King Edward VII and of the Prince of Wales, which created such a fuss in 1923, leave us in no doubt about his attitude towards Royalty. This attitude, which is frankly critical, also finds expression in his writings. In his essay entitled *Some Words on Royalty* he approaches the problem from a humorous point of view. He defends Royalty on the plea that it appeals to that popular, idolatrous instinct 'which is quite unmoved by the cheap and nasty inmates of the Elysée or of the White House' (II, p. 10), and I think he would not hesitate to reckon it among those harmless illusions that, like the 'Kensington Parliament' (30, p. 4), keep men out of mischief. The same view is expressed in *Porro Unum*. . . (III, p. 43), and elsewhere. But, given the practical necessity of monarchism, how are we to solve what he once called 'the anomaly of being both a royal personage and a human being' (127, p. 516)? In other words, 'are we justified in preserving an institution which ruins the lives and saps the human nature of a whole family?' The solution he suggests is as disarming as it is original: royal functions should be performed by automata made of wax (II, p. 11). Apart from this general criticism he thought that 'our royal pets' lacked intelligence (I, p. 134), irony (218, p. 357), and sparkle (461, p. 365).

It is not difficult to trace a certain evolution in Beerbohm's attitude to Royalty. This evolution was determined by the growing influence of Demos, which he feared. In *King George the Fourth* he had raised the alarming question 'whether Royalty, as a wholly Pagan institution, is not out of place in a community of Christians' (I, p. 73). In *Some Words on Royalty* he had playfully suggested wax robots as a means of escaping the moral responsibility of ruining a whole family. A few years later his attitude had boiled down to the commonsensical 'Human nature being what it is, a monarchy is the best expedient, all the world over' (III, p. 43). Finally, in 1926, when Demos raised its head in the General Strike, his feelings towards Royalty had definitively evolved from the satirically-indifferent to the seriously-appreciative. Referring to the message of King

George V to his people, Max, in a letter written to Henry Arthur Jones on May 14 of that year, said: 'I think King George's Message to the people very finely composed. I read it with emotion' (461, p. 365). This tribute seems to mark a change of attitude, for since that date critical references to Royalty have been absent from his writings. His criticism of Knighthood (to which I referred in Chapter One) also belongs to an early period.

But it is not only in his conception of Royalty and Knighthood that Beerbohm shows himself the 'Tory Anarchist' that he really was. In the matter of domestic labour, too, his attitude is mildly heterodox. His opinions on the problem are best expressed in his essay on *Servants*; and though he warns the reader that it is not a sociological treatise, but just an essay, he is unusually serious on the subject. This is all the more remarkable, as the great social issues of the day hardly intrude themselves into his writings. What can have been the reason for this particular earnestness on the subject, and his unconventional view of it? I would suggest that both were conditioned by a natural predisposition, which was either original or hereditary. By nature Max was 'loth to obey, loth to command', and only convention could make him accept what servants would do for him by rote. 'But I would liefer have it ill-done than ask even the least mettlesome of them to do it better, and far liefer, if they would only be off and not do it at all, do it for myself'. He does not like the 'unnatural' relation between master and servant, which makes him suspect a grin behind the smooth mask of Brett, the perfect butler; and though, histrionically, servants are good, they make his blood run a trifle cold (IV, p. 161 ff.). This idiosyncrasy may have been inherited—for Max's brother Herbert, too, was similarly impressed by butlers: they frightened him, and made him feel apologetic (600, p. 28-9)—or, as Max himself hints, it may have been due to the fact that, being of a merchant family, he was not brought up among men-servants (IV, p. 180). However this may be, his own feelings on the subject were so strong that he considered domestic service 'a demoralising state of existence', because 'to belong to one class and to live in close contact with another, to "live hardly" in contemplation of more or less luxury and idleness, to dissimulate all your natural feelings because you are forbidden to have them, and to simulate other feelings because they are expected of you—this has always been an unnatural life, breeding always the same bad qualities' (VIII, p. 190); and therefore he would like to abolish it altogether: 'Is it, after all, worth saving?—a form so depleted of right human substance, an anomaly so ticklish' (IV, p. 173).

It is curious that in Beerbohm's mind the problem of domestic service should have been closely associated with 'that abominable torrent of education which is flooding, but will never fertilise, the land' (II, p. 86). Forster's Education Act of 1870, under which School Boards were to be set up in all places where school accommodation was insufficient, had first embodied the idea of compulsory

attendance. Thirty years later, when the generation before board-schools had passed away, Max complained that 'we are just beginning to realise, with horror, that we ought to have postponed that system until all menial duties could be performed by machinery' (VIII, p. 191; cf. also 118, p. 43, and especially 167, p. 368). When, in 1918, he reverted to the dual problem in his essay on *Servants*, he was still of the same opinion: 'It was all very well so long as they had not been taught to read and write', but it simply would not do now that the governing classes had 'forced those accomplishments on them' (IV, p. 171).

Among other phenomena in the social sphere that tickled Beerbohm's critical faculty I select golf ('the most perfect expression of national stupidity', II, p. 130), pharisaism, Oxford (cf. *Zuleika Dobson*), Bloomsbury (i.e. the 'intelligentsia', or 'mental underworld', 15, p. 80 f.), the 'tecnolatry' of the Nineties and after (II, p. 153 ff.), the average citizen's love of being on a committee (IX, p. 434), and the odd correspondences in weekly reviews (VII, p. 146-7). This list is far from exhaustive.

In the pseudo-literary sphere Beerbohm's criticism is aimed at such phenomena as literary ladies ('Inkwomen', VII, p. 64), the veneration of third-rate foreign genius (IV, p. 49 ff.), 'decadent' authors (cf. *Enoch Soames*), journalese (IV, p. 37-8; X, p. 141 ff.; etc.), exaggerated reviews and criticisms (VII, p. 52-3; VIII, p. 427, 480), political oratory (III, p. 182 ff.), cant phrases (197, p. 695), illustrated editions and dramatized versions of books (VIII, p. 115 ff., 193; IX, p. 256-7), literary tea-parties (IX, p. 9), the craze for first editions, and the stupidity of literary critics (X, p. 89 ff.).

VII. DEVELOPMENT

It will be seen that in this sketch of Beerbohm's personality I have made hardly any mention of the element of change, evolution, or development within him. The reason is that, apart from the mere physical changes and the changes referred to in section i, 1 of Chapter Three, there would seem to be little or none at all. According to Bohun Lynch, Max was 'fairly' precocious (673, p. 14), and I believe that his personality had grown to full maturity when, with sure hand and unerring self-knowledge, he associated it with the Beardsley period (I, p. 138). This was when he was twenty-three, only a year after he had made his official *début* in the *Yellow Book*. Max, in those days, must have resembled the Collector's junior clerk in *The Scarlet Letter* who, compared with his octogenarian Inspector, was 'much the elder and graver man of the two'. His contemporaries agree that, as a personality, Max was born mature. Oscar Wilde once said of him: 'The gods have bestowed on Max the gift of perpetual old age' (694, p. 182). In my opinion this paradox contains a positive as well as a negative element. It not only implies Max's 'perfect wisdom', but also his in-

born conservatism, which must have favoured and accelerated the process of his mental 'ossification', to which he referred many years later (15, p. 110). This explains why two World Wars have been unable to rob him of those characteristic, though elusive, qualities which the Nineties epitomized in the jaunty appellation 'Max'. This means that the 'Max' of *The Works*, published in 1896, is essentially the same man as the Sir Max Beerbohm of *Mainly on the Air*, published exactly half a century later.

In spite of this Olympian immutability, Professor Hillebrand's view that 'in the man himself there seems to be no development' (779, p. 257) can no longer be maintained. These words were written in 1920, the year in which *And Even Now* was published, and they hold good for the period preceding it. But *And Even Now* shows sure signs of development, to the extent that certain qualities of the heart, which had hitherto remained unnoticed owing to the brilliancy of his intellect and of his wit, become more apparent. This evolution manifests itself in the greater earnestness of such essays as *The Golden Drugget*, in the broader humanity and deepened sentiment of *William and Mary*, in the social concern of *Servants*, in the sublimity of *Laughter*, and, in general, in a preference of soul to circumstance, of men to things. Another, partly contrary, trend of development comes to light in the pages of *Something Defeasible*, which are pervaded by a growing sense of dismay, a foreboding of imminent ruin, brought about by the encroachment of Demos. Labour threatened to destroy the last remnants of what I have called the 'aristocratic illusion', at once the symbol of all that was dear to Max, and the *sine qua non* for his own survival. But his solution, or rather evasion, of the problem was as characteristic as it was wise: the question emerging from the awful hypothesis posed in *Something Defeasible* he simply waives with the 'hedonistic' argument that he wishes to be happy while he may (IV, p. 223), and he makes his escape into the past, or into a 'past within a past', as in the essay on Swinburne.

In this light it is significant that the year of *Something Defeasible* is also the year of *Enoch Soames*, of *Hilary Maltby* and *Stephen Braxton*, and of 'Savonarola' *Brown*—all evocations of a more congenial past, in which the author is content to act the part of Seventh Man, that is, of the congenial cicerone. Finally, as the gloom deepened and another World War cast its shadows over his Italian retreat, this retrospective interest was narrowed down to a mere reminiscential ruminating on 'those piping days of yore' (15, p. 64), with the author himself as the chief protagonist. It was as if, disillusioned by the uncouth place this world had become, his personality shrank back on its innermost position, where it was alone with itself and the rosy past. The very titles of such essays as *London Revisited* (1935), *A Small Boy Seeing Giants* (1936), *Music Halls of My Youth* (1942), and *From of Yore* (1949) are indicative of this latest development.

CHAPTER III

THE WRITER

Introductory

It has been the object of the preceding chapter to give a bird's eye-view of Max Beerbohm's personality as it emerges from his own writings, and from the judgments of those who knew him. We shall now direct our attention to the works themselves, and, after considering them as separate yet interdependent entities, make an attempt to relate them to our picture of the man. But before embarking on a more detailed discussion of them we shall have to guide the apparently overwhelming diversity of his writings into certain workable channels. As his non-critical essays, which constitute his greatest achievement, form a fairly homogeneous group as regards structure and subject-matter, it would seem practicable to arrange them under a separate heading. Apart from the stylistic features discussed in the last section of the present chapter, a similar homogeneity cannot be found in his other writings, so that it will be necessary to discuss the greater part of them separately. Looming large among these are his dramatic criticisms, and his only 'novel' *Zuleika Dobson*; but they also include such seemingly incongruous items as the imitations of living authors, brought together in *A Christmas Garland*, the imaginary portraits of *Seven Men*, and the fairy-tales. Finally there are the three or four short plays which I mentioned in Chapter One, and some occasional verse, for which the reader is referred to the Bibliography (477-497a).

I. THE ESSAYIST

I. Substance and Tone

A mere glance at the Bibliography will show into how many 'inilluminable catacombs' Beerbohm has put the creatures of his fancy. However, from time to time he used to 'rescue' some of them and, not without 'scrutiny and titivation', admit them to the brighter haven of a permanent collection. Apart from *A Variety of Things* (1928)—which is not representative of the years 1920-1928, since most of the essays proper which it contains were written before 1920—this happened, with ever widening intervals, five times in the half-century which ended in 1946. The results of his selective labours are *The Works of Max Beerbohm* (1896), *More* (1899), *Yet Again* (1909), *And Even Now* (1920), and—with a break in the genealogy which is symbolic of a falling-off in creative power—*Mainly on the Air* (1946).

a. *The Works of Max Beerbohm*

If it might seem bold to suggest 'Tite Street' as the title of the first chapter in a future biography of Sir Max Beerbohm, I would certainly not hesitate to sum up the second phase of his literary life under the heading of 'Carlton House', once the home of the Regent and his circle. However this may be, the 'seven essays in dainty baroque' (868, p. 415) contained in *The Works* may be comfortably grouped under these two headings. By the first name I have tried to adumbrate the atmosphere of those essays which could never have been written in exactly the same form but for the existence of Oscar Wilde, the leader of the 'Decadents'; the second caption covers the essays centring round the glamour of the Regency court clique. The first group includes *The Pervasion of Rouge*, originally published in the first volume of the *Yellow Book* as *A Defence of Cosmetics*; 1880, reprinted from the same magazine; and *Diminuendo*, which had first appeared in the *Pageant* under the title of *Be it Cosiness*. The other group comprises *King George the Fourth*, first printed in the *Yellow Book* under the title of *A Note on George the Fourth*; *Poor Romeo!*, also from the *Yellow Book*; *Dandies and Dandies*, which was based on essays in the *Spirit Lamp*, *Vanity*, the *Unicorn* and the *Chap-Book*; and finally *A Good Prince*, first published in the *Savoy*. For further bibliographical information about these essays the reader is referred to Chapter Four (I).

The most interesting essay of the 'Tite Street' group, and perhaps the best of all the *Yellow Book* articles (cf. 661, p. 99), is *A Defence of Cosmetics*, in which Max, posing as the champion of Art against Nature, rings the knell of the Victorian Era and announces the advent of a new epoch of artifice. The essay, which is a parody on Wilde and a burlesque of Pater, is full of echoes and reminiscences. This is not at all surprising, for the year was 1894, and Max only twenty-one. Exactly ten years before he wrote it, the ideals of the 'decadent' school had been formulated by Joris-Karl Huysmans in his famous *A Rebours*, which, according to Zola, had dealt the deathblow to Naturalism (919, p. xviii). Here is the programme of his 'decadent' hero des Esseintes: 'Au reste, l'artifice paraissait à des Esseintes la marque distinctive du génie de l'homme. Comme il le disait, la nature a fait son temps; elle a définitivement lassé, par la dégoûtante uniformité de ses paysages et de ses ciels, l'attentive patience des raffinés . . . A n'en pas douter, cette sempiternelle radoteuse a maintenant usé la débonnaire admiration des vrais artistes, et le moment est venu où il s'agit de la remplacer, autant que faire se pourra, par l'artifice' (*ibid.*, p. 31). In England the idea that Art was superior to Life and Nature found its embodiment in Oscar Wilde. For him a glorious sunset was simply 'a very second-rate Turner, a Turner of a bad period, with all the painter's worst faults exaggerated and over-emphasised' (925, III, p. 232). The year 1894 saw a twofold reaction to this attitude. The reaction of

Robert Hichens was unambiguous and direct. When we hear Mr Esmé Amaranth, the hero of *The Green Carnation*, speak about the absurd sun, 'endeavouring, as the sun nearly always does in country places, to imitate Turner's later pictures' (922, p. 148), the satire, in spite of the authentic note, is unmistakable. But the caricature of Max Beerbohm is more equivocal, because he poses in the attitude of the Master and of his model himself. 'For behold!', he exclaims, 'The Victorian era comes to its end and the day of sancta simplicitas is quite ended. The old signs are here and the portents to warn the seer of life that we are ripe for a new epoch of artifice' (I, p. 85). Though Max had not read *A Rebours*, his words at once recall the suggestive tone of Huysmans's manifesto; but at the same time there is not a little in them of Max himself. It was this personal note, combined with the highly affected style of the essay, that provoked the most varied reactions. A few months after its appearance it was quoted approvingly in *The Green Carnation* (922, p. 28)—a fact which, together with Hichens's recent information that he used to read chapters of the manuscript of his book to the young Max (*ibid.*, p. xi), points to a certain identity of purpose. The press, on the other hand, was not very friendly, and at once equated Max with the much maligned 'decadents'. Indeed, such was the confusion that at least one of the contributors to the yellow quarterly itself (the artist and essayist P. G. Hamerton, with whom Whistler had one of his notorious skirmishes) was not quite sure whether Mr Beerbohm was really on the side of artifice against nature, or only pretended to be so (742, p. 182). In the same number, however, Max, in a letter to the Editor, put an end to all conjectures by assuring the offended Philistines that the essay had been meant for a burlesque upon the 'precious' school of writers. And if the essay had failed to undeceive the obtuse, the letter, with its reference to Tite Street (then the home of the Wildes), and its enumeration of the qualities travestied—'paradox and marivaudage, lassitude, a love of horror and all unusual things, a love of *argot* and *archaism* [a phrase used, incidentally, in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* to describe *A Rebours*, cf. 925, I, p. 146] and the mysteries of style' (438, p. 284)—should not have been misunderstood by anybody.

The important point to decide here is: what was the reason for Beerbohm's failure to convince the public of his 'satirical' intentions? It is to be sought in the fact that his pose had been too perfect, because it had been assumed with too much gusto. The method employed in *A Defence of Cosmetics* is chameleon-like, and therefore ambiguous. It consists in an almost complete assimilation with the central idea and, to a lesser extent, with the stylistic peculiarities of his victim—an assimilation which is sometimes almost indistinguishable from total identification. And it is this assimilation, or identification (which, as a child of his period, must have come to him more naturally than he might himself have cared to admit) that enables Max, as an insider, to accentuate the salient lines,

so that the result is really a caricature in prose. But it must be insisted that this caricature is of a very special nature. From his own ambiguous attitude to a subject and a style with which, in his heart of hearts, he sympathized, it follows that the essay must also contain a good deal of Beerbohm himself. The examples in section v of this chapter prove that its arabesque style and vocabulary were not entirely due to Oscar Wilde or Walter Pater. Nor was its subject-matter uncongenial to the Beerbohm of 1894. *A Defence of Cosmetics* implies, among other things, the same reaction to Naturalism in literature, the same escape into artifice from the 'mœurs américaines de son temps', the same 'besoin d'échapper à l'horrible réalité de l'existence' (919, p. vi, 143) that one finds in Huysmans's book. Like des Esseintes, who longed to live 'seul, loin de son siècle, dans le souvenir évoqué d'époques plus cordiales' (*ibid.*, p. vi), Max, in his own way, revels in the more congenial graces of the past. The refined *maquillage* of the Romans is his theme, and at the end of the Victorian era, in which, according to him, everything was sacrificed to the fetish Nature, he is glad to usher in the age of rouge. In my opinion the 'satire' is likewise only skin-deep here. This escapism, this flight from the realities of life into a world of artifice, is certainly *no* pose with Max. It is, as I have shown, a characteristic trait of his personality which, in his literary work, shows itself in his love of the Eighteenth Century and of the Regency period, and, in his caricatures, in his sovereign disregard of the natural proportions of the human body. We may conclude, therefore, that *A Defence of Cosmetics* has the double merit of showing us where Beerbohm's sympathies really lay, and of giving us a fine criticism of those very sympathies. It provides an excellent example of the interaction between the alien, artificial, and even Byzantine, and the English, commonsensical, and critical element in his character—an interaction which, it has been said, enabled him, almost alone of his group, to survive the *fin de siècle* without tragedy, breakdown or scandal (736, p. 434). This means that the essay is more than a criticism of a tendency in contemporary literature; it is also self-criticism. And it is just that quality which robs the caricature of its sting, so that even Wilde himself was pleased with it (616, p. 202).

The second essay of the 'Tite Street' group, 1880, is a good-natured satire on the Aesthetic movement and on its archetype Oscar Wilde. It appeared in the *Yellow Book* for January 1895. The last essay of the group, *Be it Cosiness*, was published in December 1895. Its relation to *A Defence of Cosmetics* is the same as that of *A Rebours* to the earlier works of Huysmans. Like des Esseintes, who retired to 'la maison de Fontenay', Max expresses his desire to bury himself in some quiet London suburb and to lead a life in sacred communion with literature alone. That this was anything but a pose was proved by his later decision to spend the rest of his life in the seclusion of his Ivory Tower on the coasts of the Mediterranean. The essay ends with his famous pronouncement: 'I shall

write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period. Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo junioribus*. Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well. I have acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes and rather like my niche.' (I, p. 138).

If it is true that Max, in the first of these three essays, gives us a sympathetic criticism of the way in which the ideals of a des Esseintes had affected the greatest of the English 'decadents', and, in the last, provides us with his own personal version of these ideals, it must be insisted that this same influence is still indirectly at work in two essays of the 'Carlton House' group—*Dandies and Dandies* and *King George the Fourth*. The subject-matter of the former was inspired by an author who was very dear to Huysmans—the French romanticist Barbey d'Aurevilly, in Huysmans's own words, 'le seul artiste, au pur sens du mot, que produisit le catholicisme de ce temps' (919, p. xvi-xvii); in fact, the essay may be looked upon as a witty paraphrase of, and commentary on, d'Aurevilly's *Du Dandysme et de Georges Brummell*. But the essay on George IV, too, is coloured by the 'decadent' spirit of d'Aurevilly's book, though it takes Thackeray's well-known lecture on the Regent for its starting-point.

The interest of the 'Carlton House' group as a whole lies in the fact that it provides us with an accurate picture of Beerbohm's personality in the mid-Nineties. After what has been said in the preceding chapter, it will scarcely surprise us to find that this first impression contains some of the most essential features of the complete portrait drawn from the body of his works. In these four essays this most self-revealing artist already shows himself the escapist, the intellectual dandy, the *urbanitatis antistes*, the psychologist, romanticist, wit, and ironist that he has always remained. Three of the essays deal with his beloved Regency period. Their relative importance within the limits of this interest is well indicated by their respective lengths: in the Collected Edition the essay on George IV occupies thirty-two pages, that on *Dandies and Dandies* twenty-three pages, whereas *Poor Romeo!* has to content himself with only seventeen.

The essay on George IV was the first fruit of Beerbohm's interest in this era. It is intensely paradoxical in rather a shallow way, and Oscarish in manner. It was meant to be a complement to Thackeray's 'brilliant denunciation' of George IV in one of the lectures delivered in America during the years 1855-6. In 1860 these lectures were published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which Thackeray was the editor, and collected, in the same year, under the title of *The Four Georges: Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court and Town Life*. As a very young man already Max must have become aware of his temperamental and literary affinity with Thackeray. We have seen that, at Oxford, *The Four Georges* was among the

few books he had ever read. The circumstance that Thackeray had preceded him at Charterhouse, where, like the young Max, he had enjoyed fame as a caricaturist, may have precipitated the discovery. The two had, indeed, much in common. They were both lethargic by nature; both had the urban outlook, combined with a weakness for the Eighteenth Century; both were ironists, parodists and humorists.

Thackeray, in his essay, had approached George IV from a negative angle. To him he was little more than 'an indolent voluptuous prince, not unkindly' (916, p. 396), 'the Great English Prodigal' (*ibid.*, p. 416), in whom he could see 'nothing—nothing but a coat and a wig and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum' (*ibid.*, p. 388). Beerbohm, perhaps with the living example of Oscar Wilde before his eyes, chose to take a more positive view of the Regent's life by considering it as a work of art, 'a poem in the praise of Pleasure' (I, p. 78; cf. Wilde's 'Life itself was the first, the greatest, of the arts', 925, I, p. 150, and his later statement: 'I don't regret for a single moment having lived for pleasure', 943, p. 92). He twits Thackeray with a lack of psychology, because, in representing George IV as 'a drunken, vapid cad', he made no allowance for the extraordinary conditions under which this monarch had to live—though that is exactly the allowance Thackeray *does* make, when he says that 'this one had more temptations than most, and so much may be said in extenuation for him' (916, p. 395). Beerbohm's essay, therefore, purports to be a kind of mock rehabilitation of the monarch; its object is 'to examine some of the principal accusations that have been brought against him' (I, p. 62). One quotation will suffice to illustrate the way in which the author acquits himself of his self-imposed task. His ironic defence of the Regent's behaviour towards Mrs Fitzherbert is couched in these words: 'It is well, also, to remember that he was not ruthlessly and suddenly turning his shoulder upon Mrs. Fitzherbert. For some time before the British plenipotentiary went to fetch him a bride from over the waters, his name had been associated with that of the beautiful and unscrupulous Countess of Jersey' (*ibid.*, p. 65). It is exactly the subtle irony of passages like these that prevents the picture of the royal dandy and voluptuary, 'charging about, in the pursuit of pleasure, like a young bull' (*ibid.*, p. 60), from becoming merely 'decadent'.

The fact that, to Beerbohm, all the mistakes of the Regent's after-life grew 'almost insignificant' before his pathetic love of the pleasures of the wardrobe (I, p. 60) provides a link with *Dandies and Dandies*, chronologically (cf. Bibliography, s.v. I) the second essay of what I have called the 'Carlton House' group. The interest in 'costume', and all that it stood for, first manifested itself in *The Incomparable Beauty of Modern Dress* (26), written when he was twenty. The interest was still vivid when, at nearly thrice that age, he wrote his *Fantasy in Costume: Points Raised by an Opera Hat* (429), while the essay on *The Top*

Hat, written in 1940, shows its sublimation onto the reminiscential plane.

Besides *The Incomparable Beauty of Modern Dress*, in which the author sang the praises of 'the sombre delicacy of modern dress, in its congruity of black and of white and of grey' (26, p. 94), the essays from which *Dandies and Dandies* has been amalgamated bore the significant titles of *Dandies and Dandies*, *Notes in Foppery*, and *De Natura Barbatulorum*. The artistic procedure as followed in the definitive essay resembles that of *King George the Fourth*. The latter, directed against Thackeray, was a playful rehabilitation of the First Gentleman of Europe on the plea that he was an artist realizing his moods through his voluptuous life. The first part of *Dandies and Dandies* is an ironical defence of an artist in a different medium—Beau Brummell, the soul of the Brighton Pavilion and of Carlton House, and the Father of Modern Costume; an artist who realized his moods, not through his life, but through the austere economy of his clothes. The essay pretends to be aimed at Barbey d'Aureville's *Du Dandysme et de Georges Brummell*, a work written in 1845, in which the author seems to have followed up the clue given by Captain Jesse at the end of his massive *Life of Beau Brummell*: '... when comparing him with many of those who surrounded him, we may even find grounds for a modified panegyric, if such an expression be admissible' (914, II, p. 286).

A modified panegyric. This description exactly fits d'Aureville's little book, and the poor Beau had to wait another half-century before attracting an unreserved panegyrist in the person of Max Beerbohm. Though his dependence on d'Aureville may be traced in many points—for instance in his criticism of *Sartor Resartus*—Max nearly always improves upon his model, both in style and wit. When d'Aureville criticizes the 'regard embarbouillé d'Allemand' of the English Jean-Paul, who simply could not understand 'ces nuances précises et froides qui furent Brummell' (915, p. 14), Beerbohm, referring to the Temple of Vestments, paraphrases: 'What were his [sc. Carlyle's] hobnails that they should mar the pavement of that delicate Temple?' (I, p. 8). But in spite of the fact that in its subject-matter, too, his essay closely conforms to that of d'Aureville, Max enters into a suave controversy with him on certain subtle points. Thus, while d'Aureville does not consider dandyism as merely 'l'art brutal de mettre une cravate', but rather as 'toute une manière d'être' (915, p. 13, 61), Beerbohm chooses to adhere to the narrower view embodied in Teufelsdröckh's definition of a dandy as 'a Clothes-wearing Man' (though, as he said, these were about the only true words he could find in *Sartor Resartus*). He also argues with d'Aureville about the dandy's 'vanity'. For the latter dandyism is merely the outcome of a particular kind of vanity, and of British vanity at that. But Max, in the Wildean manner, takes the artistic view by conceiving of dandyism as 'one of the decorative arts', whose first postulate is 'a fine ground to work upon' in the form of a splendid physique. He also finds fault with d'Aureville's judg-

ment of Count d'Orsay who, by some, was regarded as Brummell's successor. If, for d'Aurevilly, the Count is much more than a dandy, namely 'une nature infiniment plus complexe, plus ample et plus humaine que cette chose anglaise' (*ibid.*, p. 60), Beerbohm does not even consider him a gentleman, because he had stooped to painting the portrait of the Duke of Wellington. For, Max adds, 'it is the process of painting which is repellent; to force from little tubes of lead a glutinous flamboyance and to defile, with the hair of a camel therein steeped, taut canvas, is hardly the diversion for a gentleman; and to have done all this for a man who was admittedly a field-marshal . . .' (I, p. 14). The conclusion of the essay is a fanciful improvement on *The Incomparable Beauty of Modern Dress*, on which it is partly based. In the earlier essay Max had suggested modern dress as 'a means of realising and—what is better—of accentuating the true mood' of the wearer's mind (26, p. 95). In *Dandies and Dandies* he pursues his argument *ad absurdum* by stating that 'in a perfect dandy this affinity must reach a point whereat the costume itself, planned with the finest sensibility, would change with the emotional changes of its wearer, automatically' (I, p. 23-4). This conceit Max employed with great felicity in his 'novel' *Zuleika Dobson* (see section v, 3, s.v. *Personification*).

Poor Romeo!, the third of the 'historical' essays of this group, moves on the perimeter of the gay Carlton House set. It is a clever reconstruction of the downfall, through a lady's inexorable vengeance, of Robert, or 'Romeo' Coates, the fantastic, half-witted Bath dandy and amateur actor, who had already figured in *King George the Fourth*. The essay should be looked upon as a kind of pathetic contemporary complement to the glamorized Regency world. In his pages on Beau Brummell and George IV, Beerbohm had tried to approach the spirit of dandyism through two of its most perfect adepts. In the person of 'Romeo' Coates he wants to give us 'a lively example of dandyism unrestrained by taste', and a parody of the foibles of Mr Brummell and the King (I, p. 123). The technique, too, is different. In *King George the Fourth* and in *Dandies and Dandies* Max had taken the work of another writer for his starting-point. *Poor Romeo!*, on the other hand, is an independent interpretation of a case of morbid dandyism, supposedly based on a few torn scraps of a letter, and on his own reading of the documents.

In the *Yellow Book* version of *King George the Fourth*, Max had referred to the later Edward VII—in whom the spirit of the Regent seemed to get a new lease of life—as 'that splendid exemplar of the delectable life'. Two years later, in *The Works*, he changed these words into 'our good Prince'. A similar ironic contrast, though with a different referent, is implied in the title of the essay which he devoted to Edward's little grandson, the later Edward VIII, then only a baby. The opening pages of *A Good Prince*, describing the 'almost blameless life' of this 'admirable Prince', whose name has never been tinged by 'one breath of

scandal' (I, p. 29-30), lead the unwary reader to believe that the author is playing another of his tricks on the ageing crown-prince, until, towards the end, the word 'perambulator' discovers his super-jest, quietly culminating in the condensed contrast of the final sentence: 'He stands alone among European princes—but, as yet, only with the aid of a chair' (*ibid.*, p. 32). I have not hesitated to range this essay under the 'Carlton House' group, as I like to see it as a modern, and deliberately naive, setting to the artificial and almost diabolical canvas of the Regent's life.

Thus the principal features reflected in Beerbohm's first collection of essays would seem to be his affinity with the past, and his critical interest in it. In his early twenties this affinity materialized in his interest in the opening and closing decades of the Nineteenth Century, that is, in the not too remote past of the Regent and his circle, and in a present which had only just begun to date—a present which, in its aestheticism and artificiality, may be looked upon as a revulsion from Victorian standards, and, especially in its artificiality, as a return to palaeo-Georgian values. Therefore this little volume, whose first essay is significantly called *Dandies and Dandies*, may be said to bridge the wide Victorian gulf between the sartorial dandyism of the Regency period and the intellectual dandyism of the Nineties.

b. *More, Yet Again, And Even Now*

Beerbohm's first collection of essays centred round the two-interests-in-one which I have tried to characterize by the names of 'Tite Street' and 'Carlton House'. It is not so easy to find a simple formula for his next three books of essays: *More* (1899), *Yet Again* (1909), and *And Even Now* (1920). The reason—as the title of *More*, apart from its ironical meaning, might already imply—is that they reflect more sides of the author's individuality. In *More* the period interest, which in *The Works* had a double focus, confines itself to the more recent past, the years of his boyhood and youth. It appears in three pieces: *Groups of Myrmidons*, a nostalgic meditation occasioned by some old photographs of his Club at Oxford; *Going Back to School*, which foreshadows the later reminiscential type fully developed in *Mainly on the Air*; and *Fashion and Her Bicycle*, in which the aristocratic attitude towards bicycles is contrasted with the proletarian. In *Yet Again* the interest in the past crystallizes somewhere in between the Regency period and the days of his own youth. It is the post-Regency age, with its eighteenth-century passion for comportment, that intrigues the author in *The Decline of the Graces*, and Max naturally declares himself to be on the grandmother's side. It is the disappearance of the Victorian—though essentially eighteenth-century—'grand manner' in Parliament, in the law-courts and in the theatre, of which he himself had caught a last glimpse,

that he regrets in *The House of Commons Manner* and in *Dulcedo Judiciorum*, that fine tribute to Sir Charles Russell. It was the curious beauty of the Morris-dance, which he witnessed in a small village near Oxford, that prompted *A Morris for May-day*, a serious—and therefore rather un-Maximilian—study of the history of that dance, which would give him a better claim to the title of ‘historian’, playfully bestowed on him by John Lane, than the essays on George IV and the year 1880. In *And Even Now*, finally, this period interest is definitively narrowed down to the years of his own youth. *A Relic* is an evocation of his first effort to write a story; *No. 2. The Pines* is a commemorative essay on a visit which he paid to Swinburne and Watts-Dunton in 1899; it should be compared with the account of a lunch with the two great men given by Richard Le Gallienne (669, p. 19 ff.). *William and Mary* stands in a class apart; it is the account of an actual excursion into the past ‘for that past’s sake and honour’, a sentimental pilgrimage to the now deserted and derelict cottage in which, many years ago, an old Oxford friend of his, who was killed in the Boer War, and Mary, his pretty wife, who died in childbirth, had lived their brief happy lives. The essay, which is written round the haunting memory of Mary’s wonderful laugh—‘that little bell-like euphony; those funny little lucid and level trills’ (IV, p. 268)—is imbued with a deep sense of irretrievable personal loss, and in this respect it stands unique among Beerbohm’s works.

In *More* the focus of Max’s ironic interest in Royalty, which, in *The Works*, was linked up with his interest in the past, appears to have shifted into the contemporary scene. This is seen in the essay called *Some Words on Royalty*, in which he suggests that ‘royal functions could be quite satisfactorily performed by automata made of wax’ (II, p. 11). It is curious that this interest in masks, which, as I have shown, was not only characteristic of the Nineties, but also of Beerbohm himself, should find a belated outlet in *Madame Tussaud’s*, one of the essays of *More*, and in ‘*The Ragged Regiment*’, a meditation occasioned by a visit to the old wax figures in the Islip Chapel in Westminster Abbey, which occurs in *Yet Again*. To me the choice of subject for these two essays seems symbolical. After the utter deflation of the ‘mask’ conceit Beerbohm’s attitude towards those uninteresting specimens of the mask-maker’s skill is frankly condemnatory, on the obvious plea that wax-works are mere imitation, not art. After the appearance of *More* in 1899 Max’s interest in Royalty chiefly manifested itself through the other medium. Though there are no special essays devoted to the subject in *Yet Again* and *And Even Now*, the continuity of the interest is evidenced by the drawings of King Edward VII and of the Prince of Wales, which created such a fuss at the 1923 Exhibition. Yet it was not only the possibility of another scandal that prevented Max from aiming his shafts at Royalty. The Twentieth Century seems to have brought about a change in his attitude to Socialism. In *General Elections*, one of the essays of

Yet Again, his mind was still 'evenly divided' (III, p. 144) as to Socialism. But in *Something Defeasible*, written in 1919, it is full of a horrible foreboding of destruction at the advance of Labour. It was the socialist challenge threatening the security of the class to which he belonged that effected the remarkable change in his feelings towards Royalty to which I have referred in the preceding chapter.

One of the most striking characteristics of *fin-de-siècle* literature was what might be called its urban-mindedness. This feature is reflected in Max Beerbohm. Though a large part of his life was spent abroad, far from the cities of men, the spirit of his work has always remained decidedly urban, or rather, metropolitan, and—as in the case of his Happy Hypocrite—London was the only place marked on the map of his mind. About rustics he did not know much, except from novels (VII, p. 54). This disposition manifests itself in two recurrent interests—the architectural aspect of the metropolis, and the old music-hall. His conservative attitude in both these matters is clearly determined by his bifocal period interest, which, in fact, we find neatly reflected here. For him the only charm of London consisted in the eighteenth-century flavour of places like the Adelphi and the old squares, whereas the 'unregenerate' music-hall, which is the subject of *The Blight on Music Halls* in *More*, derived at least part of its fascination from the fact that it was already retreating into the near past. The interrelation of the two interests enables us to integrate this particular aspect of his 'urbanity' into the larger whole of his period interest. The preoccupation with the architectural beauty or ugliness of London shows itself in *More*, in *Yet Again*, and in *And Even Now*, in each of which it inspires at least one essay. In the first collection it is *If I were Aedile*, a plea for the preservation of the old London squares and for the removal of Victorian statues. In the second, *The Naming of Streets* voices his anxiety about what people called 'The Rebuilding of London', an anxiety which finds an ironical outlet in *A Letter that was Not Written*, which occurs in the third. Finally, confronted with the utter futility of his proposals for removing Victorian statues, the youthful wantonness of *If I were Aedile* finds an even more complete sublimation on the ironical plane in *Mobled King*, another essay in this collection, in which Max maliciously suggests, not a removal, but a mere ceremonious veiling of the bad statues.

We have seen that, in spite of his inborn urbanity, which required London not only as the background, but as the very means of expression of his art, Max was always glad to get away physically from the metropolis. Evidence of this inclination is found in two sketches of *More*, in which the country-side is explicitly and favourably contrasted with London. *The Sea-Side in Winter* is a fine dry-point of one of those little towns on the south coast where its author liked to spend a quiet week. *Prangle Valley* is a delicious leg-pull describing an imaginary, undiscovered beauty spot in the neighbourhood of London. Connected with this love of the sea and of the country is Beerbohm's

fondness for travel, which is especially manifest in a number of essays of *Yet Again*, contributed to the *Traveller* and other magazines. In *A Memory of a Midnight Express* and *Porro Unum*. . . it is rather the setting than the subject that reminds one of this fondness, whereas '273' is a kind of duplicate of *The Sea-Side in Winter*, though set in a different key. But the interest in travel as such is more directly shown in essays like *Ichabod*, *Sympat*, and *A Home-coming*. *Ichabod*, a delightful dirge on his hat-box, from which the trunk-makers had inadvertently removed his beloved collection of labels, is full of the thrill that a journey from London to Paris always gave him. In *A Home-coming*, its counterpart, the sentimental traveller describes his return from Paris, after a two months' absence from England, on a dreary, chilly day, sitting at a table in the Buffet at Dover. In *Sympat*, finally, the sentimentalist has become a philosopher, or rather a psychologist. When at Spa he met a Brazilian he found that he struck up *sympat* for him, a term which he would like to reserve for the 'mutual accident on which subsists a friendship formed in a holiday'; but when he saw him again in London it soon changed into *antipat*. For obvious reasons there is no special evidence of this interest in *And Even Now*, which only contains essays written in, or after, 1910, the year in which Max buried himself in Rapallo.

Owing to the rapid development of psychology in the last decades of the nineteenth century, literature was confronted with a host of new ideas, problems, methods and facts. Whereas some of the more morbid aspects of this impact are seen in the 'Decadents' of the Nineties, Beerbohm's assimilative response is essentially healthy, though at the same time faint, subtle and tinged with irony. In *Sympat* he had isolated and analysed a curious travel experience of which many of us may have been vaguely conscious at some time or other. The same penetrating, and even uncanny, psychological insight into the hidden workings of his own or other people's minds is shown throughout these three books, but especially in the last. 'Every human creature weaves for himself and wears an elaborate vesture of illusion' (II, p. 53) is the theme of *Pretending*. *A Memory of a Midnight Express* is written round the thought that 'in every one of us the deepest emotions are constantly caused by some absurdly trivial thing, or by nothing at all' (III, p. 34), while *Hosts and Guests* (IV, p. 125 ff.) is a mock-historical treatise on the egoistic elements in the hospitable instinct. But Max is not only interested in analysing sensations common to us all. It is especially in *And Even Now* that we see him penetrating into the darker and more sinister recesses of the human mind, without, however, lapsing into the morbid. The enigmatic and out-of-the-way fascinates him, just as it fascinated Charles Lamb and, more especially, Sir Thomas Browne, who loved to lose himself in a mystery (911, I, p. 13). In the preceding chapter I referred to Beerbohm's analysis of the mysterious will to destroy, merely for destruction's sake which, in *Something Defeasible*, he noticed in children building a cottage of sand on the

beach. This slightly Nietzschean theme is elaborated pseudo-psychoanalytically in *The Crime*, the story of an unconscious literary revenge and of the victim's subtly-symbolic retaliation. Max liked to dwell on those mysterious subconscious forces which seemed to govern the activities of even highly intelligent men like himself. But, as I have said, he is at his best when interpreting moments of high tension in the lives of literary men. Examples, in this collection, are to be found in the incident between Watts-Dunton and Whistler in No. 2. *The Pines*; in *Quia Imperfectum*, which is an inquiry into the relations between Goethe and Tischbein who, for some unknown reason, left his portrait of Goethe unfinished; and in 'A Clergyman', an attempt to elucidate an enigmatic passage in Boswell.

The new developments in psychology went hand in hand with those in the field of sociology, and the newly acquired results and points of view did not fail to leave their impress on contemporary literature. Faint echoes of the mental revolution they brought about reverberate through Beerbohm's essays. In his mind the question of domestic service was, as pointed out above, almost invariably associated with the idea of compulsory primary education. To him the two things seemed to be mutually exclusive. This opinion is voiced in the essay on *Servants*, in which he approaches the subject in an irenical, though ironical spirit. But I am inclined to believe that under this flippant attitude was hidden that deeper-lying distrust of Demos as a class, which we find reflected in his other writings.

Apart from the general criticism implied in many of the essays discussed—as in those on Royalty and on the architectural aspect of London—there are certain others in these three volumes in which the critical attitude is more explicit. According to their subject-matter they may be classified under four headings: social, literary, dramatic and art criticisms. In the case of the first group there is bound to be a large amount of overlapping in an author like Beerbohm, who, if anything, is a social critic. Thus, for instance, the essay on *Pretending* is at once an essay in psychology and a social criticism. But the nature of the other three groups is less ambiguous. *Actors*, the only dramatic criticism proper in these volumes, need not detain us here, as I shall treat this *genre* separately. Literary criticism is represented by two laudatory essays, one on Ouida, to whom he dedicated *More*, and one on Whistler. *Ouida*, written two years after his friend G. S. Street published his *Appreciation of Ouida* in the *Yellow Book* of July 1895, is a kind of rehabilitation of Mlle de la Ramée, while the essay on *Whistler's Writing* tries to do justice to the author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. The subject of 'A.B.', the only art criticism that is included, is Alfred Bryan, the draughtsman. Like the essay on Ouida it is a rehabilitation of a prolific artist, who had been comparatively neglected by critics, but whom Max commends for his technical mastery and, as in the case of Ouida, for his personality. The essay on *Aubrey Beardsley*, included in *A*

Variety of Things (1928), (though written a month after the artist's death in 1898), and *The Spirit of Caricature*, a penetrating exposition of the principles of the art in which he was himself a master, written in 1901, and published in the same volume, also belong to this class. Besides the essays which take serious literary art for their subject and which are, on the whole, personal and appreciative, there are certain others in which the author criticizes types of the lower and more degenerated forms of the art. Thus *Arise, Sir—* is a satire on 'Mr. Flimflam', the popular novelist, and *A Pathetic Imposture* an exposure of the tricks of weightiness, fervour, sprightliness and erudition displayed by leader writers. In *The House of Commons Manner*, finally, he contrasts the 'grand manner' with the low level of parliamentary elocution in his own day.

As I have said, it is not easy to characterize the three volumes under discussion. Whereas *The Works*, apart from the general ironical import, shows only the two main centres of interest, many more are found in the three books that follow. Besides the interest in the past, already apparent in *The Works*, they mirror his urban-mindedness, his psychological insight, his critical attitude and his political and sociological misgivings. Yet there are signs of a certain development, though not in breadth of interest, but in depth of feeling. Of the three collections *More* and *Yet Again* would seem to me to be the richest in that they reflect various sides of the author's personality while maintaining the nice balance between sentiment and intellect which is so characteristic of Beer-bohm as a man. A parallel development is the tendency towards a more chaste, a more classical, a less elaborately careful style. The new feature of *Yet Again*—the subtle interpretations of pictures which he put together under the name of *Words for Pictures*, and which may have been inspired by Wilde's suggestion of 'making a prose poem out of paint' (925, III, p. 255)—foreshadows the greater psychological interest of many of the essays of *And Even Now*. This development, combined with the absence of purely critical essays from this volume, seems significant. It is as if the writer, despairing of twentieth-century art, turns away in disgust from the contemporary scene, to lose himself in the mysteries that enwrap older authors. The way for this development had already been smoothed by his strong attachments with the past, and the merging of the psychological and the preterite trends in him is symptomatic of the gradual narrowing process that overtook him in middle life. Along with this shrinking of the intellectual basis we see a deepening of sentiment, which manifests itself not only in the underlying nostalgia of such essays as *The Golden Drugget*—which takes the place of the travel sketches of the preceding volume—but also in the even more nostalgic and personal *William and Mary*. An essay like *Something Defeasible*, which voices his anxiety about the advance of Demos, proves, however, that this retreat into the past and into his inner self has not yet been fully effected in *And Even Now*.

c. *Mainly on the Air*

Beerbohm's latest collection, *Mainly on the Air*, published in 1946, shows us the field after the movements have been completed. The disturbing factors have either been sublimated, or suppressed, and the surface, to all intents and purposes, looks serene. Rumbblings of some faint rear-guard activity may still be heard in such essays as *Speed*, *Advertisements*, and *From Bloomsbury to Bayswater*—which are mainly concerned with what he considered to be the more hateful outward aspects of twentieth-century civilization: the senseless passion for speed, advertising, the substitution of engineering for architecture, and the rise of the intelligentsia—and, generally speaking, in the way in which the ease and graces of the past are contrasted with the harsher and more insecure conditions of modern life. But any deeper-lying issues are absent, and on the whole the picture is idyllic, because it centres in the past. A past, however, that has progressed with the years, so that, by a further narrowing process, the bilateral interest of the first volume of essays has been merged into the single focus of the last. In the greater part of the broadcasts and non-broadcast pieces of *Mainly on the Air* this trend is definitely late Victorian, concentrating itself on those 'piping days of yore' that he himself had lived through; which means that most of these essays are in a purely reminiscent vein. The only difference between this and the earlier type is a difference of tone, which may be perceived when the solemn, earnest note of *Groups of Myrmidons* and *William and Mary* is compared with the light touch of these last essays. Thus *London Revisited* is an evocation of the London of his younger years, which in some districts at least, had managed to keep something of the Eighteenth Century about it; *A Small Boy Seeing Giants* is a recollection of the old 'Gladstonian' statesmen of the Eighties; *Music Halls of My Youth* has the dear old monotonous music-hall of the pre-'variety' days for its theme; *Playgoing* recalls the days when he was a dramatic critic; his *Old Carthusian Memories* again take us back to his public-school days, while the essay on *The Top Hat*, a mere airy nothing, is a pious tribute to this relic of the Victorian order. But, as I have indicated, even this uniformity of design is unable to conceal some of the features which were already discernible in the earlier volumes—his 'urbanity', for instance—though here perhaps more than anywhere else Max shows himself the conscientious critic, or rather the critical conscience, of the Twentieth Century.

2. *Literary Ancestry*

In this subsection an attempt will be made to establish Beerbohm's place in the history of the English essay; in the next it will be our business to give a structural analysis of the essay as written by him. In order to accomplish the first part of our

task a certain amount of comparison is inevitable. Now it is always a more or less invidious labour to compare one writer with another; it must be particularly so in the case of one who has been dubbed 'the incomparable'. But, by the rarest of fortunes, we have for this part of our task the encouragement of Max himself. In a letter to a friend who contemplated writing a book on him, he once said: 'Note that I am *not* incomparable. Compare me. Compare me as essayist (for instance) with other essayists. Point out how much less human I am than Lamb, how much less intellectual than Hazlitt, and what an ignoramus beside Belloc; and how Chesterton's high spirits and abundance shame me; how unbalanced G. S. Street must think me, and how coarse too; and how much lighter E. V. Lucas' touch is than mine; and so on, and so forth' (673, p. ix). With these encouraging words before us the task would seem to lose much of its odiousness.

The essay as an art form has been defined as 'a short piece of prose, expository in general character, literary rather than matter of fact or didactic, and necessarily, therefore, in a style that departs somewhat from the level of plain assertion' (934, p. 28). It need hardly be argued that the majority of the prose writings discussed in the preceding section at once fall under this definition. Their average length may be put at three thousand words; their theme is, on the whole, expository, general, and 'literary', not descriptive, particular, or matter of fact; their style, finally, is highly individual. But apart from these general features a number of Beerbohm's essays are characterized by a wealth of carefully selected illustrative material, and it is this circumstance which—together with certain other characteristics, as, for instance, the personal and mildly sceptical tone referred to above—enables us to trace their ancestry to the old concrete, intimate, and discursive tradition of Montaigne, as opposed to the more abstract, aphoristic, and logical Baconian line.

In some of his essays, however, the illustrative material, which in Montaigne is heterogeneous, though subordinated to the leading idea, tends to become descriptive of the individual instead of illustrative of the general. As, in his case, this material is mostly of a personal nature, the individual is often synonymous with the personal. At first sight the presence of this tendency might seem a serious obstacle to calling such writings essays, counteracting, and often destroying, as it does the essentially general character of the art form. Herbert Read was aware of this 'close structural correspondence' between the essay and the short story, when he wrote: 'What else is the short story but the illustrative anecdote grown until it has absorbed all the other elements in the structure of the occasional essay?' (935, p. 80). Indeed, pieces like *King George the Fourth, No. 2. The Pines, William and Mary*, and *A Small Boy Seeing Giants* would seem to come dangerously near to the descriptive piece, or even to the short story, if they were not informed with some central mood which, by its universal appeal, safeguards

the typical, or transcendent, character of the essay in spite of the specific nature of the underlying detail.

It is, then, the presence of such a strong central mood, brought about by the 'obtrusion' of the artist's personality, which, in the case of Max Beerbohm, enables us to draw the line between essay and narrative piece unfalteringly. Beerbohm himself, in one of his dramatic criticisms, once very lucidly pointed out the difference between the essay and the story when he said of the essayist that 'himself is the thing to be obtruded, and style the only means to this end. Wherever style is, there too is the author. But in a mere story, we want nothing but the story; so soon as the author comes in at the door, illusion flies out at the window. The story-teller must efface himself, therefore, and the only means to this end is the (real or seeming) absence of style' (136, p. 170). There seem to me no grounds for quarrel with this assertion. It is the essayist's personality, or, in other words, the central mood, the tone, not the substance, that makes the essay. That is why Max, in his essay on *Servants*, could freely claim 'an essayist's privilege of not groping through the library of the British Museum on the chance of mastering all the details' (IV, p. 170). For, if he had not claimed that privilege, the result, in this case, would not have been an essay, but a sociological treatise. This means that too much specific knowledge of a subject might become detrimental to the 'central mood', just as it might destroy the chances of a good caricature (734, p. 218; 674, p. 99). That Max himself was aware of this is evident from what he once wrote about a private debating society for middle-aged gentlemen: 'I have never seen the Kensington Parliament. I am not sure that I wish to see it. I think I would rather have it one of those "unheard melodies", sweet and mournful and persistent in my ear' (29, p. 4). It is this 'central mood', also, which, according to Alexander Smith (and to Herbert Read after him), makes the essay resemble the lyric (917, p. 30; 935, p. 72), and which accounts for Edmund Gosse's comparison of Beerbohm's essays to a *sonnet* (618, p. 261)—a comparison probably made on the ground of their precious economy of form. Now in *Dreamthorp* Alexander Smith distinguishes three of these 'central moods'—the whimsical, the serious, and the satirical (917, p. 30), all of which we find represented in one or other of the essays mentioned above. But the mood that informs the vast majority of them is, as I have shown, one that resulted from the author's slightly sentimental 'preterite' bent of mind—a mood which, except in a frankly serious essay like *William and Mary*, is activated by a more or less pungent admixture of the mildly-satirical or subtly-ironical.

This tentative characterization of the essay as written by Max Beerbohm at once discloses the missing link between him and Montaigne. In the *Cambridge History of English Literature* A. Hamilton Thompson describes Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers* as 'discursive essays in which his genius for embroidering a

fabric of mingled satire and sentiment upon a ground of casual reminiscence surpassed itself". By emphasizing the fusion of the sentimental, the satirical and the reminiscential element, which is so typical of Beerbohm's essay, this definition not only discloses Max's literary affinity with Thackeray; it also accentuates a fact not generally recognized by critics: the splitting up of the 'chatty' tradition of Montaigne, by the introduction of the element of satire, into two trends—the sentimental, reminiscential, non-satirical trend represented by Charles Lamb and his followers, and the sentimental, reminiscential and satirical trend of writers like Thackeray and Beerbohm.

After these preliminary and general remarks about the nature and ancestry of Beerbohm's essay let us now attempt a further analysis of the literary form as practised by him. Such an analysis may be given from two points of view—the historical, and the synchronistic. For a synchronous analysis it is necessary to consider the essay in its various aspects of substance, structural form, central mood, or tone, and style. As the first and third of these aspects have already been dealt with in the preceding section, and as the last, being an aspect common to most of his writings, will receive separate treatment in the section on style, it is only the structure of Beerbohm's essay which concerns us here. For a historical analysis of Beerbohm's essay the most salient criteria are the central mood, or tone, and, to a smaller extent, the structural form; substance, and—with an important reservation—style, are naturally original in a writer of his type. While I have already been able to point out a few deviations from this rule in the matter of substance—I am thinking of his early indebtedness in this respect to Thackeray and Barbey d'Aurevilly—the historical aspect of his style will be studied along with its synchronous aspect. As, finally, Beerbohm was not so much an innovator in the matter of structure (in which, as we shall see, he mainly conforms to the pattern of Lamb) as of tone, our primary business in the historical part of the investigation will be to trace the ancestry of his essay with our eyes firmly fixed on its most characteristic quality—its tone, or central mood. Perhaps the result of such an investigation will help us to a better understanding of that elusive quality of 'incomparableness', with which Shaw, and a host of others after him, have credited our author.

The two main traditions in the history of the English essay are, as I have said, the abstract tradition of Bacon, and the concrete tradition of Florio's Montaigne. The essay of the first type mostly takes some general ethical, philosophical or psychological conception for its theme and discusses it, more or less logically, with a minimum of illustrative material, such illustrative material as there is being mostly of a non-personal nature. An essay of the second type, however, is chiefly concerned with some more or less generalized aspect of people or things which, illustrated by a certain amount of significant detail of a commonly personal nature, is discussed in a loosely associative rather than in a strictly

logical order. The difference in subject-matter already appears from a mere juxtaposition of the titles of essays written by the traditional originators of either type. While Bacon writes *Of Truth, Of Envy, Of Superstition, and Of Deformitie*, Montaigne talks about *Des Cannibales, Du dormir, De l'yvrongnerie, Des noms, D'un enfant monstrueux, or Des Coches*. The difference in treatment, or approach, between essays of both types is revealed by their inner structure, which may be studied to advantage by comparing essays of either type dealing with a common theme. Thus both Bacon and Montaigne have written on the subject of Friendship. Bacon's essay *Of Frendship* is a cold, logical, pragmatic, sententious, and unembellished discourse on the fruits of friendship. After an introductory paragraph, in which he starts from the adage: 'Whosoeuer is delighted in solitude, is either a wilde Beast, or a God', he proceeds to enumerate the benefits of friendship in the emotional, the intellectual and the practical sphere. The emotional advantages of friendship are emphasized by summarily adducing a number of parallel examples, mostly taken from classical antiquity, of monarchs who valued this fruit of friendship so highly that they raised inferiors to the status of friends. After winding up with the remark that this first fruit of friendship 'redoubleth Ioyes, and cutteth Griefes in Halves', Bacon, via a number of appropriate quotations from Themistocles, Heraclitus and St James, proceeds to consider the intellectual advantages of friendship, which he subdivides into the opportunities friendship provides for sharpening one's wits and for receiving good advice. The essay then concludes by pointing out the various practical advantages accruing from this virtue. Montaigne, however, approaches his subject from a radically different angle. If Bacon's essay may be called an unimpassioned, almost academic treatment of the subject, Montaigne's *De l'amitié* is a moving personal document, with no clear structure at all. The feelings inspired by the loss of his great friend Etienne de la Boétie provide the key-note to his essay, which is nothing but an analysis of, and a panegyric on, what Florio calls the 'unspotted friendship' which, for four years, had united him to that great French writer. It is, however, as if the author wants to bury his grief under a load of illustrative detail and quotation, ranging from Aristippus, Plutarch, Laelius, Diogenes and Eudamidas to a father found riding on his children's rocking-horse. But in spite of this, the underlying note which breaks through again and again is always the perfect amity that existed between him and de la Boétie, whom he loved 'Par ce que c'estoit luy; par ce que c'estoit moy'. It is this other harmony of the emotional tension, of the central mood which, instead of the dry light of reason, gives unity to Montaigne's essays.

It need hardly be stressed that these differences are the outcome of a difference in personality. That this difference was very great is shown by comparing Bacon's attitude to simulation and dissimulation, as displayed in the essay of that name, with Montaigne's 'quant à cette nouvelle vertu de faintise & de dissimu-

lation qui est à cet heure si fort en credit, ie la hay capitallement' (910, II, xvii).

Montaigne's essay on Friendship exemplifies both the personal and the discursive element which characterizes this type, though here the personal element predominates. His discursive, rambling method of treatment, however, is seen at its best in the essay *Des Coches*, in which, after having arrived, by way of a discussion on sea-sickness and other matters, at the topic indicated by the title, he quickly digresses into a discourse on the magnificence and liberality of princes, moderate and immoderate, and on the gorgeous public shows held in the Roman amphitheatres—a discourse which reaches its climax in a severe indictment of the cruelties committed by the Spaniards in the New World. In spite of the title and in spite of Montaigne's weak attempt to achieve the semblance of a secondary unity by comparing the proud pomp of the Ancients with the magnificence of Peru, it is this latter part which is, to all intents and purposes, the main argument of the essay. The major, though merely formal, unity of design which the essayist tries to recapture by inserting, a few lines before the end, the exhortation: 'Retombons à nos coches' is, of course, plainly illusory. In my opinion this extreme example of the discursive method as employed by Montaigne proves that in many cases the title of the essay was no more than a handy catchword to indicate, for reference purposes, one particular sequence of loose thoughts.

Now it is the personal, concrete, and discursive tradition of Montaigne, not the impersonal, abstract, and reasoning of Bacon which, by a curious irony of fate, has proved most fertile on English soil. But the irony loses much of its point when we view the problem in the light of Montaigne's affinity with the English character, which would seem to be intrinsically 'romantic'. In the field of letters this natural bent of the English mind asserted itself in the great periods which we call romantic, while the genius of France is seen to realize itself most perfectly in the neo-classical age. This affinity between Montaigne and the English character in general becomes even more striking when studied in a typical representative of that character. I am thinking of Sir Thomas Browne, who lived two or three generations after Montaigne, and who was also a fine essayist, though Bonamy Dobrée, in his recent study on the English essayists, does not mention him in that capacity (629). The affinity between Montaigne and Browne shows itself most clearly in a book like *Religio Medici*. Mr Thomas Keck, of the Temple, the author of the *Annotations* which accompanied the 'fourth' (cf. 931, p. 12) edition of *Religio Medici* in 1656, was the first to trace a possible influence of Montaigne's *Essais* on Browne's thought in *Religio*. After him Coleridge, Hazlitt, Edmund Gosse, Hugh Walker, and others, have made cursory remarks on the relation between Montaigne and Browne, and Joseph Texte has written an essay on the spiritual kinship between the two (923, p. 51-93; cf. also 936, *passim*). But none of them has gone so far as to point out

actual borrowings, or even parallel passages, as Keck, 'the learned Annotator', had done. In his commentary on Part I, Sect. 6 of *Religio Medici* Thomas Keck writes: 'I cannot think but in this expression the Author had respect to that of that excellent French Writer *Monsieur Mountaign* (in whom I often trace him)'. However, the number of parallel passages pointed out by Keck does not amount to more than eight; they may be found in Sayle's edition of the works of Sir Thomas Browne, and were reprinted by a modern French scholar, Olivier Leroy (937, p. 10-6). Keck's comparison led M. Leroy into searching Montaigne for other, similar examples, and, though a reading of the *Essais* enabled him to add a few items to Keck's collection, it would not be difficult to amplify Leroy's list with a number of even more striking parallelisms. Yet in the face of these facts we have Browne's own positive statement, in one of his commonplace-books, that 'the learned Annotator hath parallel'd many passages with other of Mountaignes essayes, whereas to deale clearly, when I penned that peece I had never read 3 leaves of that Author & scarce any more ever since' (911, V, p. 248). The explanation is, of course, that Montaigne and Sir Thomas Browne were exponents of the same type of mind—and that a characteristically English type—which, drawing upon a common stock of current moral, philosophical, and scientific ideas (often derived from classical sources), was apt to produce what people like Keck have interpreted as direct borrowings. By far the greater part of the incriminated 'parallel passages' are of a general nature; they show no more than a certain analogy of ideas which in those days were common property to all cultivated spirits in Western Europe, so that we can hardly speak of direct influence, even less of deliberate borrowing. In my opinion Browne's so-called appropriations from Montaigne are nothing but mere coincidences of thought which were likely to occur to congenial minds breathing the same *Zeitgeist*.

A much stronger, and entirely convincing case for Montaigne's affinity with the English character as represented in Sir Thomas Browne may be made by comparing the more personal utterances in their writings, which reveal the men rather than their supposed literary affiliation. It is to be regretted that exactly at this critical point Leroy suddenly breaks off his investigation—without further evidence—with this apodictic statement: 'Qu'on le tourne et le retourne en tous sens, lui et son œuvre, jamais, honnêtement, on ne fera de Thomas Browne un frère—pas même un petit cousin—de Montaigne' (936, p. 117). It is evident that, by concentrating on the vexed question of Browne's literary indebtedness to Montaigne, Leroy overlooked the obvious similarity that existed between the men's characters—a similarity that shows itself in their writings. I am personally convinced that, in spite of the manifest discrepancies between the two men, there are strong reasons for counting Browne among the number of Montaigne's second cousins, if not by direct imitation or indebtedness, then certainly in spirit. And it is the spirit, and the way it realizes itself,

rather than some verbal or conceptual echo, that is the all-important criterion in establishing literary affiliations.

Though Olivier Leroy does not pursue the subject, all that has been said about the affinity between Montaigne and Browne has been neatly summed up by him (936, p. 306; 937, p. 67, 70, 72). Among the critics quoted we find the names of Coleridge, Joseph Texte, Jusserand, and Baldensperger, but a common feature of all their utterances is that, to a large extent, they are confined to generalities, and therefore often repeat each other. Besides, some of these references seem to be merely thrown off in a loose and perfunctory way, without any attempt at systematizing or at proving anything. In spite of the obvious discrepancies between the two men, a closer study of the two personalities as they emerge from their books would reveal an even greater and really astonishing number of parallelisms and similarities of character, taken in its broadest sense. Thus it would be easy to trace this similarity in the orthodox and distinctly conservative bias of their minds; in their moderation and tolerance; their common views on the relativity of human opinion; in their critical approach, which in Montaigne resulted in scepticism, while in Browne it induced something very much like the scientific attitude of the modern scholar; in their taste for universal learning springing from a common intellectual curiosity; in their austerity of manner concealing a certain natural bashfulness, sensitiveness and even sentimentality; and finally in their indolence. This similitude of character is curiously emphasized by the fact that Montaigne held himself to have been of English extraction. Apart from the rather enigmatic statements to that effect in Book II, chapter xii and xvi, of the *Essais*, the only possible English influence that may have touched his youth is found in the person of the Scottish historian George Buchanan, whom he had as one of his tutors in the Collège de Guyenne at Bordeaux. But leaving his statements as to his English origin for what they are, Montaigne's natural affinity to the English character—as embodied, say, in Sir Thomas Browne—is so striking that the poet Samuel Daniel, in his lines prefixed to the 1613 English edition of the *Essais*, did not hesitate to call Montaigne '*as well ours as theirs*'.

For Montaigne as well as for Browne the *essay* was the most congenial medium for the expression of their thought. Montaigne may be looked upon as the Father of the *genre*. He was the first to achieve that personal touch which has always remained typical of the best of English essays, and owing to him the word, for the first time, came to be used in its modern, technical sense. Johnson's definition of the essay, in the first edition of his *Dictionary*, as 'A loose sally of the mind; an irregular indigested piece; not a regular and orderly composition', is hardly applicable to the essays written by Bacon or, for that matter, by Johnson himself; but it certainly fits the essays of Montaigne, who once characterized his own work as '*ces rauasseries icy*' (910, III, ix), which, having escaped from

him 'd'vn flux de caquet' (*ibid.*, III, v), were a 'subiect informe, qui ne peut tumber en production ouragiere' (*ibid.*, II, vi). The same definition, with the same stress on the discursive element, applies to much of Browne's work. Indeed, as Johnson already remarked in his *Life of Sir Thomas Browne*, his *Vulgar Errors* 'contained not a single discourse of one continued tenour, of which the latter part arose from the former, but an enumeration of many unconnected particulars'. In the same way Browne's purely literary works may be looked upon as expanded essays. That his *Miscellany Tracts*, which were published posthumously in 1683, were considered by Browne's contemporaries to belong to this species, may be seen from Archbishop Tenison's calling these Letters 'Essaies' in his 'The Publisher to the Reader'.

In some notable respects the *form* of the essay of Browne, too, shows a striking resemblance to the essay of Montaigne. It is not too much to assume that Montaigne, like Bacon, regarded the art form as what Hugh Walker called 'a receptacle for detached thoughts' (929, p. 16). This is evident, both from the *Essais* themselves and from his own words about them. He never worked at them but when 'vne trop lasche oisieté' (910, II, xxxvii) urged him. The same may be said of 'the English Montaigne', who, according to Tenison, 'did, as it were, drop down his Thoughts of a sudden, in those little spaces of vacancy which he snatch'd from those very many occasions which gave him hourly interruption', and whose *Christian Morals* consists of 'paragraphs extended from thoughts set down at intervals in a common-place book' (927, p. 178). While no one will hesitate to consider the essay of Montaigne as 'moulded by some central mood—whimsical, serious, or satirical' (917, p. 30), the same can, with probably more justification, be said of all Browne's non-scientific writings, which are, indeed, nothing but careful elaborations of his moods. If Montaigne's essay *De l'amitié* may be said to have been woven round the central feeling of forlornness and nostalgia occasioned by the loss of an 'amitié qui possède l'ame & la regente en toute souueraineté', the true subject of Browne's *Hydriotaphia* is, as Hugh Walker remarked, 'not the urns found in Norfolk, but the thoughts on mortality suggested by them' (929, p. 77). Both types equally conform to the rules laid down by Alexander Smith: 'Give the mood, and the essay, from the first sentence to the last, grows around it as the cocoon grows around the silkworm. The essay-writer is a chartered libertine, and a law unto himself. A quick ear and eye, an ability to discern the infinite suggestiveness of common things, a brooding meditative spirit, are all that the essayist requires to start business with' (917, p. 30). And, if Montaigne's moods are the more varied, those of Browne are the deeper and the more pregnant with feeling. But in both of them any given mood may turn out to be the road to some 'stately pleasure-dome' of Xanadu.

This similarity also shows itself in other respects. Thus Montaigne as well

as Browne exactly conform to the picture of the ideal essayist drawn in Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp*. According to him the essayist 'does not create material so much as he comments upon material already existing. It is essential for him that books should have been written, and that they should, at least to some extent, have been read and digested. He is usually full of allusions and references, and these his reader must be able to follow and understand' (917, p. 37). Now it is a well-known fact that both Montaigne and Browne abound in allusions and quotations; and Montaigne in particular does not like to keep his readers in the dark concerning this aspect of his art. In later life he boldly confessed that of his 'premiers essays, aucuns puent vn peu a l'estranger' (910, III, v). But it had always been, and always remained, his policy to establish and fortify his imaginations 'par l'autorité d'autrui, & par les sains discours des anciens, ausquels ie me suis rencontré conforme en iugement' (*ibid.*, II, xvii)—though in another place he is careful to add: 'Je ne conte pas mes emprunts, ie les poise' (*ibid.*, II, x). In spite of this his borrowings were so manifold that 'qui voudroit sçauoir d'où sont les vers & exemples que i'ay icy entassez, me mettroit en peine de le luy dire' (*ibid.*, II, xvii), a reflection that does not prevent him from adding with quite disarming naïveté that he will love 'quelcun qui me sache desplumer' (*ibid.*, II, x).

Of both Montaigne and Browne it may be said that they play with their subject, as, according to Alexander Smith, the true essayist always does, 'now in whimsical, now in grave, now in melancholy mood' (917, p. 31). Thomas Tenison, in his already quoted Preface, informs us that Browne's *Miscellany Tracts* 'were rather the *diversions* than the *Labours* of his Pen'. In the same way Montaigne speaks of his essays as 'ces inepties' (910, II, xxxvii), which Florio translates by 'these toyes of mine'. It is this endless toying and trifling with their subject, perhaps, which accounts for the fact that neither the *Vulgar Errors* nor the *Essais* are complete in themselves. They reach, as Virginia Woolf once said of the *Essais*, 'not their end, but their suspension in full career' (740, p. 75).

Of course there are certain other points in which the essay of Browne differs from that of its creator. But in order to establish the pedigree of the essay as written by Max Beerbohm I have thought fit to brave the exigencies of space and dwell a little longer on the much neglected analogies between these two early writers of the essay. This pedigree, then, does not, as I flatter myself to have shown, go back to Bacon, who, in my opinion, can, with no justification whatever, be called the Father of the English essay, but to Montaigne, the real originator of the type. From Montaigne the mantle descended on Sir Thomas Browne, who, more by a common natural bent of mind than by direct imitation, acclimatized to England the personal, concrete, discursive type, borne by some central mood—whimsical, grave, or melancholy.

The intellectual climate of the Age of Reason did not favour the further de-

velopment of the 'romantic' Montaignesque type with its stress on intimacy, humanity and reflective sentiment. It may at once be said here that with regard to these qualities Beerbohm occupies a position midway between Montaigne and the periodical essayists. Though he does not reckon himself to belong to the 'plungingly intimate kind of essayist' (IV, p. 174), he is far more intimate than, say, the men of the *Tatler*—who, in conformity with their motto, were more interested in *Quicquid agunt Homines*, that is, other people, than in what concerned themselves, or Dr Johnson, whose principal design it was 'to inculcate wisdom or piety'—but less intimate than Montaigne. Yet, together with the fact that his prose was 'of a character to cool emotion' (III, p. 121), his urbanity, sophistication, and satire are redolent of the eighteenth century, in which the essay was a pulpit—either for social or moral correction.

The old Montaignesque qualities did not get their chance again until, after the Romantic revival, they were given a new lease of life in the essays of Charles Lamb. In his dissertation on *The Two Races of Men* Lamb himself gives us an unmistakable clue to the line of filiation when, referring to Browne's *Hydriothaphia*, he says that he 'was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties'. But the discovery of this work should be viewed in the larger connection of his discovery of the Elizabethan dramatists, which left so many traces on his own style, and on that of others. For Browne, though born two years after the death of Queen Elizabeth, was almost as sixteenth-century in spirit as Montaigne was; he belonged, in spite of his scientific experiments, to the Age of Learning rather than to the Age of Science. In Montaigne as well as in Browne the great ideals of Humanism and the Renaissance materialized once more in a late but splendid flowering, which, in each of them, came to its own peculiar fruition. Though both were imbued with the breezy Elizabethan spirit, Montaigne frankly took Man, as reflected in his own self, for the proper field of his study, whereas Browne's writings are never lacking in extraneous and material interest. Seen from this angle they may even be said to supplement each other, forming together, as they do, a beautiful synthesis of the two diverging trends of thought in the movement of the Renaissance: Montaigne, with his interest in literature and art, representing the humanistic aspect of the earlier Renaissance, whereas the naturalistic aspect of the later Renaissance, whose predominant interest was in science, found its actualization in Browne (cf. 928, p. 27). I think it was in this larger connection that Sir Thomas Browne and the Elizabethan dramatists came to be identified by Charles Lamb as exponents of one and the same *Zeitgeist*, which, in my opinion, was also breathed by Montaigne. The fact that Lamb's essay is less comprehensive than that of Montaigne, because it is descriptive of Elia rather than of Man in general, cannot obscure its lineage.

The next link in the ancestry of Beerbohm's essay is, as I have hinted,

Thackeray. The essay as written by Lamb has many things in common with the essay of Montaigne and Browne. I am thinking of the quiet pensive tone, the warm-hearted humanity, and the genial wisdom, toned down by a tinge of scepticism; of their love of out-of-the-way lore—out-of-the-way in distance as well as in time—which often gives a reminiscential ring to their work; of their unoffending, confidential, self-revealing, and self-critical attitude; and also of their discursiveness. Most of these qualities are, to a greater or lesser extent, also found in Max Beerbohm. But at the same time Beerbohm's work has one quality which is conspicuously absent from the first three. I am referring to his satire and irony. It was Thackeray who first raised these elements of the essay to the dignity of a 'central mood', a status which they also take in Beerbohm. Of course satire and irony had been used as elements of the essay before Thackeray. There is satire and irony in some of the essays of Defoe, of Addison, and of Goldsmith, just as there is already something of Beerbohm's urbanity in Addison. But with these writers it is some outward person or thing which necessarily provokes feelings of satire or irony rather than some inner 'central mood' which the essayist adopts at will and in which he chooses to view his subject satirically, ironically, or otherwise. This means that in Thackeray, and with some qualifications in Beerbohm, the mood exists for its own sake, and is not subordinate to any other purpose. It must have been these 'essayists of the centre', as Hugh Walker called the self-revelatory type, that Alexander Smith referred to when he used the simile of the silk worm and the cocoon. In other words, the detachment which, in his essay on *Ogres*, made Thackeray write: 'To-day my mood is dark. I scowl as I dip my pen in the inkstand', and which made Beerbohm speak of his Elizabethan and Caroline, his Georgian and Early Victorian moments (I, p. 16), is lacking in these older authors. It is exactly this ironic detachment, this *dédoublement de la personnalité* (not in the sense of Lamb's 'fake' personality), which enables writers like Thackeray and Beerbohm to draw their own selves within the orbit of their satirical faculties. It is also this pervading mood of self-satire and self-irony that distinguishes Thackeray and Beerbohm from essayists like Montaigne, Browne, Lamb, and Robert Lynd.

In Thackeray this new quality is best seen in an essay like *De Finibus*, one of the *Roundabout Papers*, contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* in August 1862. In Beerbohm's essays this element is equally omnipresent, though in a more covert and less obtrusive way. The principal subject of the majority of the *Roundabout Papers* is unreservedly and blatantly 'the upright and independent vowel which stands in the vowel-list between E and O', as the author himself admits in the opening words of the essay on *Ogres*—though the subject for which the said vowel is the symbol is mostly shown in the light of satire or irony. With Beerbohm, however, the self-irony—especially in his later essays—is ingeniously buried under a load of reminiscent detail, which brings him nearer to Lamb.

This distinction enables us to establish roughly the literary ancestry of Max Beerbohm within the Montaigne-Browne tradition of the English essay. His immediate forbears were both Lamb and Thackeray, who, taken together, contain the essential elements of Beerbohm's essay. The new variety which Beerbohm undoubtedly created was made up of a blend of the most characteristic ingredients of the two. The strongly reminiscential tone of his essays may be traced to Lamb, while his amusing self-irony, his humour, and his lightness of touch owe much to Thackeray.

There still remain the other two elements in Mr Hamilton Thompson's definition of Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers*—their sentiment and their discursiveness. I think it would not be too much to say that Beerbohm's use of sentiment keeps well within the bounds fixed by Montaigne, Browne, Lamb and Thackeray. In respect of the quality of discursiveness Max certainly resembles Lamb rather than Montaigne and Thackeray. I have already pointed out how extremely rambling such an essay as Montaigne's *Des Coches* really is. Thackeray is less discursive, in so far as there is always one central idea. The difference, however, between Lamb and Thackeray is that in the former the various subordinate ideas and trends of thoughts are completely fused into the main argument, so that, in the resulting impression, they are not easily detachable, whereas in the latter the argument may be said to consist of the highest common factor of a host of heterogeneous illustrative material. This is to say that Lamb's essay has depth. If Thackeray's essay sparkles with lambent humour, Lamb's mostly glows with a quiet, constant warmth; and it is exactly this kaleidoscopic quality in the essay of Thackeray which renders it more whimsical, discursive, and lighter of touch than that of Lamb. That Beerbohm, in the matter of discursiveness, resembles Lamb rather than Thackeray, may be seen from a comparison of the initial lines of the various paragraphs of their essays. In Lamb and Beerbohm these lines, summarizing as they do the contents of the individual paragraphs, generally read like a condensed argument indicating the movement of the essay, while in Thackeray they do not, as a rule, give any direct clue to the line of thought. The very first of the *Essays of Elia* may serve as an example. In *The South-Sea House* the paragraph heads run as follows:

1. Reader, in thy passage from the Bank . . . to the Flower Pot . . . didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking . . . edifice . . . ?
2. This was once a house of trade—a centre of busy interests.
3. Such is the *South-Sea House*.
4. Peace to the manes of the *Bubble*!
5. Situated, as thou art, in the very heart of . . .
6. The very clerks which I remember in the *South-Sea House* . . .
7. They were mostly . . . bachelors.
8. The cashier at that time was one Evans . . .

9. Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame.
10. Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp.
11. Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead . . . ?
12. A little less facetious . . . was fine rattling, rattleheaded Plumer.
13. Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, childlike, pastoral M—— . . .
14. Much remains to sing.
15. But it is time to close . . .
16. Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while . . .
17. Be satisfied . . .

In Thackeray's *De Finibus* the discursiveness, owing to the heterogeneous nature of the illustrative material used, is so great that most of the paragraphs defy summarization. Here the opening lines are a fair index to the rambling course of the argument:

1. When Swift was in love with Stella . . .
2. Madmen, you know, see visions . . .
3. Every man who has had his German tutor . . .
4. And, such being the state of my mind . . .
5. Another *Finis* written.
6. Among the sins of commission which novel-writers not seldom perpetrate, is the sin of grandiloquence . . .
7. Alexandre Dumas describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days . . .
8. They used to call the good Sir Walter the "Wizard of the North".
9. So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last scratches and corrections on the proof . . .

In Beerbohm's essay *On Shakespeare's Birthday*, which I select at random, the line of thought is clearly indicated by the following sequence:

1. My florist has standing orders to deliver early on the morning of this day a chaplet of laurel.
2. I am not . . . a "Baconian".
3. I do not at all understand the furious resentment they rouse in the bosoms of the majority.
4. Suppose that, one fine morning, Mr. Blank, an ardent Baconian, stumbled across some long-sought document which proved . . . that Bacon was the poet, and Shakespeare an impostor.
5. It is for this reason, mainly, that I wish success to the Baconians.
6. Only a dream? But a sweet one.

The mere enumeration of these lines shows that, in the matter of discursiveness, too, Beerbohm resembles Lamb rather than Thackeray.

It should, however, be pointed out that, in spite of the common literary ancestry, there is a notable difference between the essay as written by Lamb (or,

to take a modern representative of the genre, Robert Lynd), and Max Beerbohm. The difference may be stated in terms of the 'fake' personality that Lamb as well as Lynd thought it necessary to exploit for the special benefit of their readers, to such an extent even that 'Elia' and 'Y. Y.' have become the symbols of the deplorable tendency of certain essayists to identify themselves with the average plain man by carefully flattering his prejudices and, in Denys Thompson's words, 'reassuring him that he's right to preserve his irrationalities, foibles and prejudices' (939, p. 206). Of all this there is nothing in Beerbohm. In Chapter Two I have shown that the thin *maquillage* under which he occasionally hides his personality only serves to emphasize its characteristic features. Among these the critical faculty has been shown to rank very high. Max never prostitutes it. Instead of fraternizing with the tastes and complacency of a half-educated audience he boldly applies the scalpel of his irony to the very irrationalities, foibles and prejudices pandered to by writers of the type of Lamb and Robert Lynd.

3. *Structural Form*

After having established the literary ancestry of Beerbohm's essay, with the tone, or central mood, as our leading criterion, it remains to say a few words about the structure of his essay in its non-historical aspects. In spite of Beerbohm's advice to young writers to think out carefully, before beginning their essays, the shape that they should have (I4, p. 15), I agree with Herbert Read when he says that 'in general the essay does not readily yield to analysis'—though I cannot endorse his view that 'it is most successful when least premeditated' (935, p. 77). I think that what Mr Read really meant to write was 'when it *seems* to be least premeditated'; and by this standard, it may at once be added, Beerbohm's essays fall little short of perfection. On the question of premeditation Max himself was nearer the mark when he asked: 'Is not the whole virtue of technique to be invisible, to defy analysis?' (VIII, p. 392). It must be said that, apart from notable exceptions like *A Pathetic Imposture* and *The Humour of the Public*, Beerbohm, in most of his essays, has succeeded in disguising technique; at any rate the 'effort to disguise it has always been loyally made' (IX, p. 489).

The difficulty of analysing Beerbohm's type of essay is not lessened by the nature of his subject-matter, and his approach to it. Essayists of the reasoning school, like Bacon or Johnson, are easier to analyse than representatives of the Montaignean school, such as Lamb, Thackeray, or Beerbohm. And yet Lamb is fairly straightforward when compared with Max. The reason is not only the greater complexity of Beerbohm's mind but also the fact that the canvas on which he works is even smaller than that used by Lamb. This is, as I have said, partly a matter of substance. If Lamb writes about *The Old and the New Schoolmaster*, about *Imperfect Sympathies*, and *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*,

Beerbohm writes of *Going Back to School*, of *Sympat*, and of *Books within Books*. Indeed, Beerbohm really is what he once styled himself—a *petit maître* who, like Jane Austen, worked on his 'little bit (two inches wide) of ivory . . . with so fine a brush as produces little effect after much labour'. He is the perfect literary trifler who, even more so than Lamb, prefers by-ways to highways. He has an eye for the exquisite detail (798, p. 347) and for the subtle point of view (846, p. 144), which makes him 'a master of the art of turning molehills into mountains' (784, p. 339)—or, as Browne would say, of 'making Cables of Cobwebbes'—and his essays the 'humming-birds of literature' (673, p. xi). But the difficulty not only lies in his substance. It also lies in his method, or approach to his subject-matter. He approaches his subject as a juggler does his balls. It is his object to amuse his audience by providing it with an exquisite trifle. Consequently the essential charm of his essays is, like that of his own Prangle Valley, 'toy-like'. That this feature absolutely distinguishes his essay from the instructive *Counsels, Civill and Morall* of Francis Bacon is proved by the fact that the latter thought fit to prefix his essay *Of Masques and Triumphs* with the apology that 'These Things are but Toyes, to come amongst such Serious Observations'.

In spite of the obvious difficulty and offensiveness of dissecting a humming-bird, an attempt, at any rate, at an analysis of the essay as written by Beerbohm would not seem to be amiss in a critical study of his writings. I can only hope that neither the aesthetic sensibilities of the witnesses, nor the artistic appeal of the subject, will suffer from the process. Fortunately there is the author himself again to help us over our first difficulties—and diffidence. In his Rede lecture Beerbohm insists that the *beginning* of an essay 'is not less important than the *end*, and that *what comes between* is no less important than they' (14, p. 16). This then will be the order, and justification, of our discussion.

Beerbohm's essay may have a general or a personal beginning. Often some sort of general statement remotely connected with the subject-matter of the essay is found to open it, e.g. 'Primitive and essential things have great power to touch the heart of the beholder' (IV, p. 115; another good example of this type is found in IV, p. 249). The device is already common with Bacon, who opens his essay *Of Death* with these words: 'Men feare *Death*, as Children feare to goe in the darke'. Sometimes the general statement takes the form of a simile, as in Bacon's *Of Delayes* ('Fortune is like the *Market* . . .): 'Memories, like olives, are an acquired taste' (IV, p. 259). Occasionally a statement of this kind is couched in the *on dit* form: "'History", it has been said, "does not repeat itself. The historians repeat one another"' (I, p. 35). Montaigne already used this type in Book I, Chapter vii: 'La mort, dict-on, nous acquitte de toutes nos obligations'. In other cases the opening statement is less general, and tends to approach the nature of an introductory remark more directly connected with the subject-

matter of the essay, e.g. 'By graceful custom, every newcomer to a throne in Europe pays a round of visits to his neighbours' (III, p. 39; other examples at II, p. 119 and III, p. 49). The *on dit* form is also found with this type: 'They say that when King George was dying . . .', etc. (I, p. 51). Sometimes his authority is mentioned by name, as in IV, p. 291: 'M. Bergson, in his well-known essay on this theme, says . . .', a device already known to Montaigne (e.g. I, xx: 'Cicero dit que . . .') and Bacon (*Of Vicissitude of Things*: 'Salomon saith . . .'). In the mixed type the general statement is immediately followed by the personal application, as in 'To plume one's self on a negative virtue, is surely the cheapest form of self-righteousness, and I am not puffed up when I declare that I never was "one of those miserable males" who are ever seeking "sensations" and "experiences"' (II, p. 35).

This brings us to the purely personal opening, which is often found in Montaigne (e.g. I, ii: 'Je suis des plus exempts de cette passion'; the same in I, ix, xvi, xvii, xviii, xxv, etc.), but hardly ever in Bacon. Beerbohm frequently uses it in the reminiscential type of essay, as in II, p. 135 ('The other evening, at about seven o'clock, I was in a swift hansom'), I, p. 129 and IV, p. 3, though it also occurs in the non-reminiscential type, e.g. II, p. 57. In other cases it merely serves as a preamble to a more general disquisition, as in III, 143 ('I admire detachment', etc., introducing the subject of General Elections).

Very often the reader's attention is caught by some arresting device with which the essay opens. The device may consist in some brief, but sweeping statement, personal, as in III, p. 103: 'No book-lover, I', and p. 143: 'I admire detachment'), or impersonal, as in III, p. 63: 'This is an age of prescriptions'; in a question, either personal (*ibid.*, p. 89: 'Have you read *The Young Lady's Book*?'), or impersonal (II, p. 85: 'Why do artists no longer paint sign-boards for our pleasure?'); in an exclamation (I, p. 3: 'How very delightful Grego's drawings are!'), a quotation (I, p. 105), or even in a music-hall song (II, p. 105, which also ends with one). Occasionally the device of the 'arresting' beginning consists in a sequence of haunting words (IV, p. 227: 'Fragmentary, pale, momentary; almost nothing; glimpsed and gone . . .'), in the repudiation of an obvious suggestion (I, p. 85: 'Nay, but it is useless to protest'), or in the use of an archaic word (III, p. 227: 'Belike . . .'). Of the other methods employed to achieve a similar effect I only mention the device of starting the essay in the middle of a sentence (*ibid.*, p. 235); of plunging into *medias res*, as in *A Parallel* (*ibid.*, p. 151), and its opposite, the devious approach practised in *The Golden Drugget* (IV, p. 115). There are further what may be called the make-believe beginning, whose function it is to lead the unwary reader astray that the truth may be sprung upon him with the greater force, and which is successfully used in *A Good Prince* (I, p. 29) and *A Study in Dejection* (III, p. 73); the related trick of introducing the essay by a fictitious account (II, p. 3); the device of logically incor-

porating the title of the essay in the opening sentence, as '*Seeing People Off* I am not good at it' (III, p. 17; also at II, p. 127; IV, p. 99; IX, p. 301; 15, p. 97), a contrivance already found in Bacon (in his essay '*Of Masques and Triumphs* These Things are but Toyes . . .'), and constantly in Overbury ('*A faire and happy Milk-mayd* Is a countrey wench, that is . . .') and Earle ('*A Child* Is a Man in a small Letter . . .'). But whereas in the Character writers the title is commonly the grammatical subject of the initial defining sentence, it (i.e. the title, or part of it, as in II, p. 127) is invariably the logical object (or subject, as in IV, p. 99 and II, p. 127) in Bacon and Beerbohm. Finally there is the trick of opening the essay with a commentary on the title (III, p. 191: '*Sympat* This title is not chosen to mystify my readers'), a device occasionally used in his broadcasts, e.g. 15, p. 27, 63.

Endings, perhaps, are even more important than beginnings, because the *pointe* or the music of them is apt to linger in our ears. That Max was aware of this is shown by his Horatian advice to the aspiring essayist—*Respice finem*: 'Let him before he begins know just how he is going to end' (14, p. 15-6). Of the way in which Beerbohm ends his essays I shall only point out the most common. In a number of cases the ending is connected with the beginning, either with the title, the opening sentence, or with both. Examples are: '*A Cloud of Pinafores* . . . vanishing in a white cloud of pinafores' (II, p. 161); III, p. 219 ff., where the first and last two words are identical; III, p. 244, where the concluding sentence is partly identical with the first; and III, p. 260, where both the title and opening sentence contain two of the words *sense*, *humour*, *public*, which are all three repeated in the concluding sentence. Sometimes the ending only contains a reference to the title, as in IV, p. 95 ('*A Letter that was Not Written* . . . For I had not, after all, to resume my task of writing that letter to *The Times*'), or to the first line, as in II, p. 116 ('All men kill the thing they love' . . . Certainly, all true love has its ogre-ish element'). The function of this device is clearly to surprise the reader by showing the title in the new, and often strange light shed on it in the body of the essay. Another type of surprise ending is that formed by the recurrent device of the short, crisp, suggestive, and staccato final sentence: 'I do not know' (II, p. 48); 'It will be filled with oil' (*ibid.*, p. 62); 'They have their values' (*ibid.*, p. 88); 'It ought to be made' (*ibid.*, p. 149); other examples are I, p. 106; II p. 40; III, p. 24, 60, 78, 100, 116, 224; IV, p. 157; 15, p. 23 (where there is a sequence of such sentences). Sometimes, to enhance the contrast, this kind of final clause is preceded by a comparatively long period, as in II, p. 40, 88; III, p. 78, 100; IV, p. 157; 15, p. 23; and it is especially in these cases that the reader becomes vividly conscious of what Herbert Read once called 'a sudden recovery, an airy surprise of rhythm' (935, p. 79). The same effect of conclusiveness may be achieved by the opposite procedure of ending the essay on a slow and solemnly cadenced note, as in IV, p. 122: ' . . . and I

pause to bathe in the light that is as the span of our human life, granted between one great darkness and another'. An exaggeration of the staccato ending is, perhaps, the trick of breaking off the essay by some adversative word like *but* or *however*—a trick already known to Bacon ('But enough of these Toyes', in his *Of Masques and Triumphs*). It is found in IV, p. 223 ('—but I waived the question coming from that hypothesis . . .'), and in X, p. 217 ('However . . .'), where he leaves it to the reader to supply the contrast himself. Occasionally this kind of ending is fraught with self-irony. A fine example is the conclusion of the philosophical essay entitled *Pretending*: 'Philosophers make ghastly efforts to be frivolous, and—but I will leave the reader of this essay to complete my antithesis' (II, p. 54). A concentrated dose of self-irony may alone suffice to round off an essay perfectly, as in the case of *Hosts and Guests*: 'If any one hereafter shall form a collection of the notes written by me in reply to invitations, I am afraid he will gradually suppose me to have been more in request than ever I really was, and to have been also a great invalid, and a great traveller' (IV, p. 143). Finally, instead of self-irony we often find some striking thought—whimsical, witty, soothing, satirical, or merely odd—to conclude the essay, as in I, p. 32 (where the words 'He stands alone among European princes—but, as yet, only with the aid of a chair' are a witty reminder of the make-believe trick on which the essay is based); I, p. 47, 82; III, p. 116; IV, p. 212, 235, 256, 288; 15, p. 11; or a well-meant wish (III, p. 140), in which, however, may lurk the imp of satire, as in III, p. 173.

After discussing the beginnings and endings of Beerbohm's essays it remains to deal with 'what comes between'. As I have shown above, the materials that went to the making of his essays were extremely varied. Apart from this great range of subject any given theme might, in his hands, develop into almost any direction, so that it is impracticable to classify the essays on the basis of certain structural parallelisms. Yet it has been possible to trace a small number of recurring patterns in this apparently unreclaimable luxuriance.

One of Beerbohm's favourite devices is to take some odd object as the starting-point for his reflections. This may be an old rocking-horse thrown out into the open air before a shop of second-hand articles (*A Study in Dejection*), or his own hat-box (*Ichabod*). In the first case the rocking-horse gives rise to some delightful speculations as to its history; in the second the unpromising subject results in a rhapsody on the delights of travelling. In *A Morris for May-day* the history of the Morris is traced on the occasion of a prospectus issued by some ladies and gentlemen who 'had laid their cheerless heads together and decided that they would meet once every month and dance old-fashioned dances'. In *'The Ragged Regiment'* it is the old waxen effigies of old English Kings in the Chapel of Abbot Islip in Westminster Abbey that set Beerbohm thinking. Some fragments of a fan, found one day in an old, small, battered portmanteau,

caused him to murmur: 'Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle', and this line, one of his first efforts in writing, immediately reminded him of the puzzling incident he witnessed when he was only nineteen, seated at a table of a café on the terrace of a casino in Normandy (*A Relic*). *A Complete Letter Writer for Men and Women* proves to reveal certain unknown deep dark aspects of his character which, on the whole, had always seemed to him so amiable ('*How Shall I Word It?*'). The veiled statue of Umberto I in a small Italian seaside place leads him to the conclusion that the bad statues of London should all be 'ceremoniously veiled' (*Mobled King*). In the cottages of sand built by the children on the beach he sees a symbol of the English polity, and he waives a painful question coming from a certain inevitable hypothesis, because he wished to be happy while he might (*Something Defeasible*). A disused railway-car without wheels, seen on a road near the coast of Norfolk, sets him speculating about its wretched destiny (*In Homes Unblest*). In the same way a passage from Boswell ('*A Clergyman*'), a torn letter (*Poor Romeo!*), or Carlyle's battered hat in Chelsea (*Dandies and Dandies*) are the occasions of as many illuminating reconstructions of, and commentaries on, a long-forgotten past.

The device of using the personal or familiar—either invented or not—as the starting-point for a flight into the fantastic, the burlesque, or the satirical, may be looked upon as a further development of the trick discussed above. It is already worked successfully in essays like *The Case of Prometheus*, written in 1898, and *Kolnuyatsch* (1913), but came to full fruition in the longer stories of *Seven Men* (1919), and others, which will be treated hereafter.

In a few cases some odd thought gave rise to a charming essay. *Quia Imperfectum*, starting from the idea of a museum of incomplete masterpieces, and developing into an analysis of the relations between Goethe and Tischbein, is an excellent specimen of this type. The curious, erudite, and delightful *Books within Books* (an idea on which the author dwelt with the same love as on his own 'past within a past'—the happy hours spent at Swinburne's 'The Pines') also belongs to this class, speculating as it does on such questions as novelists writing about the writing of a great book, and the title of Mr Snodgrass's book of verses. In *Seeing People Off* the contrast between the farewell dinner, in which sadness is well mingled with festivity, and the formal and stiff seeing off, with its forced conversation, serves as a starting-point for the introduction of the grotesque Anglo-American Social Bureau with its staff of seers-off, whereas *Porro Unum . . .*, starting with the problem why Switzerland should always be cold-shouldered by European monarchs paying their rounds of visits, culminates in a programme for the King's visit to Berne, during which he will of course be made honorary manager of one of the principal hotels.

Other essays are woven round a central theme, which serves as a kind of peg for the author to hang his thoughts on. In *Pretending* the statement that 'every

human creature weaves for himself and wears an elaborate vesture of illusion' provides the peg. The subject is partly the same as that of Bacon's *Of Simulation and Dissimulation*, but the treatment is vastly dissimilar. While Bacon restricts himself to a more or less academic and pedestrian exposition of the advantages and disadvantages accruing from the vice of simulation, Beerbohm illustrates another aspect of this mental attitude: namely, that we only want to be envied, and that for this we will pay any price. In the same way *Prangley Valley* is a witty paraphrase of the irony of fate embodied in Wilde's famous line that 'each man kills the thing he loves'.

Max Beerbohm also possessed the power to visualize a scene with astonishing vividness. The result is often a picture of surrealist clarity. Some characteristic feature is made to stand out in an almost preternatural light, and by the sheer force of its uncanny glamour it will colour the essay so strongly that we cannot detach it from its dominating image. Once met with, it will continue to haunt our thoughts, like the sinister image conjured up by the lines in which the conscience-stricken Cardinal in *The Duchess of Malfi* anticipates his fate:

When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing arm'd with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.

(Act V, sc. v)

Like the declaration of love prefaced by a grimace that Beerbohm saw in his dream (III, p. 154), they are things one does not forget. In *A Relic* it is the vision of a lady in white, pursued by a short fat man, with the white fragments of a broken fan strewn on the ground. In *A Home-coming* it is the large young man in the buffet of Dover Harbour Station, flirting with the barmaid, in the traditional attitude, one elbow sprawling on the counter, one foot cocked over the other. In *A Memory of a Midnight Express*, with its Poe-esque setting, it is the person of very unfavourable appearance, who 'had assumed the black cap', and by whom the writer was awakened in the midnight express. Likewise the very title of *The Golden Drugget* at once suggests to the reader, who turns to it a second time, that 'steady strip of light, shed forth over the threshold level with the road' which, when first he saw it, seemed so sinister to the author. In the same way Peter the Dominican, the murdered Inquisitor, will forever be writing the words 'Credo in Dominum' in the dust of the high-road, as he lay there dying of Cavina's dagger (III, p. 295); and Mary's laugh will never cease to ring as it rings throughout the touching sketch of *William and Mary*, an echo out of the past, 'a whole quick sequence of notes, faint but clear, playful, yet poignantly sad'.

ii. THE FANTASIST

1. Tales

Sir Max Beerbohm's genius as a fantasist especially reveals itself in his tales, in his 'imaginary portraits', and in his 'novel' *Zuleika Dobson*. His tales were collected in *A Variety of Things*, published in 1928. The three shorter ones—*The Happy Hypocrite*, *The Story of the Small Boy and the Barley Sugar*, and *Yai and the Moon*—were written when he was a young man of about twenty-five; they were all published in 1896 or '97. The longest, entitled *The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill*, belongs to a much later period. It was conceived during the First World War, and published in 1928. Apart from their fairy-tale setting (in some of them the author expressly addresses himself to his *little* readers) the fact that the satirical element in them is not so obvious, and that they appear to be fraught with a deeper psychological and ethical meaning, clearly differentiates them from his 'imaginary portraits' and from his 'novel', so that a separate treatment seems justified.

Of these four tales *The Happy Hypocrite*, which was first published in the *Yellow Book* for October 1896, is by far the best. It is the story of a Regency rake who, for the sake of a pure love, becomes a saint. The thin allegorical veil under which this story is presented apparently serves to cover a deeper-lying inner reality. The supreme message which it conveys is best expressed in Beerbohm's own words: 'His face was evil because his life had been evil. He had seen a gracious girl, and of a sudden his very soul had changed' (X, p. 333). Therefore the tale may perhaps be interpreted as a materialization of the author's ideas about an important ethical problem: the all-pervading influence and triumph of the Good when confronted with the Bad. But there are other aspects, too. The story is a fusion of Beerbohm's two early interests which I have taken together under the names 'Tite Street' and 'Carlton House', and the most interesting fact about it is its analogy with Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, which had appeared five years earlier. As this aspect can only be dealt with adequately within the framework of my next section (of which, in fact, it forms the main proposition) a fuller discussion of *The Happy Hypocrite* had better be forgone here.

On the face of it *The Story of the Small Boy and the Barley Sugar*, which appeared in 1897, is just another specimen of the *genre* to which *The Happy Hypocrite* belongs. Strictly speaking, it is an even better specimen, because here the lurid and adult Regency background is replaced by the unsophisticated world of country children. In both stories the writer addresses himself to his 'little readers'; in both there are some of the outward trappings of the fairy-story, such as a certain fantasticalness of treatment and a forced simplicity of style. But they are really the only things they have in common with a fairy-tale. We

should always keep in mind that Max wrote his books for 'just a few well-disposed people', and that, over the heads of his 'little readers', he wishes to contact an adult and highly-refined audience. In the case of *The Small Boy and the Barley Sugar* the story is simple enough. In the little village in which he lived Tommy Tune seemed to be the only boy who did not love Miss Good's sweet-shop, because his parents were so poor that they had not a penny to spare. Yet it was his secret wish to buy a stick of barley-sugar and share it with Jill Trellis, if ever he were to get a penny. Now one day Miss Good felt very ill and she asked the Queen of the Fairies to send a fairy to mind the shop. That very day Tommy got a penny from his father, and he asked Jill if she would come with him after school and buy barley-sugar. Jill consented, but during the lessons she was so absent-minded that she had to stand on the stool and stay in for an hour with the Dunce's Cap on her head. After school Tommy bought a stick, and the fairy told him that every time he took a bite at it, he could wish, and that all his wishes would come true. Now Tommy said aloud: 'I wish Jill to come here at once'. And straightway Jill stood before him, in her Dunce's Cap. But scarcely had he told her about the wonderful stick when she swiftly snatched it from his hand and ran away, crushing it all into her mouth at once. 'And Jill!—you never wished!' he said sadly. 'Oh yes, I did', she answered presently. 'I wished you hadn't eaten that first bit'. Here the story ends, and at first sight the ending seems to be as inconclusive as some of Chekhov's tales, for we are left with the feeling that a tune has stopped short without the expected chord to close it. Yet everything has been said that should be said, and the climax, the point, and the conclusion of the story are all compressed within that one last bitter sentence, 'I wished you hadn't eaten that first bit'. With this pedestrian answer the magic fabric breaks down, and the reader is left utterly dazed, with stupid, sordid selfishness staring him in the face. This pitiful, pathetic story is essentially one of unreserved kindness and idealism frustrated by base egoism and materialism.

The third story, *Yai and the Moon*, was also published in 1897. It has a Japanese background, and illustrates the clash of Eastern and Western civilization in the persons of Sanza, and of his betrothed Yai, who would rather love the Moon and die than marry her Westernized bridegroom.

In *The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill*, the last of Beerbohm's stories, and the only allegory he has ever written, the author reversed the process applied by H. G. Wells in *The Time Machine*. Instead of the latter's 802,701 A.D., the time of action chosen by him is 39,000 B.C., and the place Hay Hill, London. Its theme is the reaction of a primitive community of cave-men to their common enemy, a dragon who, while taking a heavy toll of their lives, also stirs in them the first germs of a higher social consciousness by making them forget their quarrels, by sharpening their wits and by giving them a zest for life which they

had not known before. But as soon as some protopalaeolithic Beowulf has killed the monster, the feeling of mutual goodwill and solidarity inspired by the common danger disappears again, and life gradually becomes as stolid as it had been before the arrival of the dragon. Thol, the young dragon-slayer, and Thia, his wife, now secretly undertake the stupendous task of letting the good done by the dragon subsist by faking a new dragon; without, however, lasting success, and without recognition.

Though at first sight it would seem that in this story Beerbohm has only tried to depict the almost superhuman and unselfish efforts of two gifted individuals in the dim past to bring primitive society on a higher plane, a closer scrutiny will, I think, reveal a satirical intention. To me it seems that this story, which has puzzled most critics (e.g. Gerald Gould in the *Saturday Review* (London), 17 Nov. 1928, p. 645-6), is a parable, or allegory, on the fact that war brings out all sorts of virtues in the people which are latent at other times, and a satire on the human race to the effect that it requires a war to accomplish this. This assumption is decidedly pessimistic. It may be seen as the outcome of Beerbohm's gloomy views of man's essential inability to govern himself democratically. It is as if Max would say that mankind, after having killed the old 'bloody' dragon, that is, the Great War, soon realized that the only way of stopping society from disintegrating again was to fake new ones in the shape of such 'beneficent' despots—'myths', we should say—as Labour, Communism, or Fascism. He also seems to imply, with his usual prescience, that as long as these 'myths' do the social or political job for which they were invented—and they will do it as long as they are believed in—it is quite immaterial whether they are true or false. This interpretation of the story, which would fit in with the portrait of Beerbohm drawn in Chapter Two, acquires additional interest from a comparison with the frontispiece of *Things New and Old*, a collection of caricatures published in 1923. This drawing, entitled *The Beneficent Despot*, represents the King of Italy recommending a black and towering Mussolini to George V with the words: 'He has worked wonders for my People. If at any time you'd like me to lend him to you—'. But the story is not a morality. The only moral which Max himself—perhaps to divert our attention—draws from it is that, though saints and wise statesmen can do much, the good they do is not lasting, so that their only reward is in the doing of it—a sentiment also expressed in J. Huizinga's *Geschonden Wereld* (*Battered World*, 1945). Apart from its general satirical intent the story throws numerous ironical sidelights on a variety of subjects, such as the hypocrisy in education ('Truthfulness was regarded by all the homelanderers as a very important thing, especially for the young'), the beneficial effect of food-restrictions in war on a carnivorous nation ('The dragon, without knowing it, was a good physician to them'), and the Modern Girl, that is, the girl of the early Twenties ('They danced much . . . in

a grim and purposeful, an angular and inflexible manner . . . with ever greater assiduity and solemnity; but other forms of seriousness were not manifested by them'). If my interpretation is right, it will be agreed that the general, as well as some of the specific, satire contained in *The Dreadful Dragon* points to the mid-Twenties as the probable time of composition.

It is obvious that any attempt to relate these somewhat enigmatic stories to the mind that created them, should start from the assumption that their central theme is an ethical one: the conflict between Good and Evil; and we may add that, on the whole, it is the Good that eventually overcomes the Bad. It is as if Beerbohm, in writing these stories, was thinking of St Paul's exhortation: 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good' (*Rom.*, xii, 21). Thus, in the case of his Happy Hypocrite, the mere determination to be good is sufficient to transform the wicked Lord into a saint. A miracle of a different kind is wrought by the Small Boy's heroic though unrequited altruism. In *The Dreadful Dragon* it is Thol's disinterested and unrewarded toil for the common good which holds together a naturally unstable society, while, in the Japanese story, it is Yai's romantic love for the Moon that makes her impervious to the specious claims of Western rationalism. It will be seen that, in all these stories, the Good is clearly identified with idealism, altruism, romanticism, and culture; the Evil with materialism, egoism, reason, and Bloomsbury. This means that these innocent-looking 'fairy-tales' are really satires, in which man's weaknesses are held up to ridicule. If this interpretation is right these stories are not the 'cases of shipwrecked ingenuity' that Bernard Muddiman (686, p. 117) supposes them to be. On the contrary, the new light in which I have shown them enables us to relate them more directly to an essential aspect of the picture of the Man as I have drawn him, namely to Beerbohm, the Critic of Life.

2. Imaginary Portraits

After his great venture in imitating living authors, of which I shall speak in section iii of this chapter, Beerbohm started on another experiment—his imaginary portraits, or 'memories' of contemporary types. The first, imperfect, specimen of this new *genre* he gave us in *Kolnityatsch*, which was written in 1913. It is a gay burlesque of the adulation of a mad literary 'genius' from abroad, named Luntic Kolnityatsch, and supposed to have been discovered by the author himself. Beerbohm's satirical approach and manner of treatment may well be inferred from the oratorical question which he takes for his text. 'But where, for the genuine thrill', he exclaims, 'would England be but for her good fortune in being able to draw on a seemingly inexhaustible supply of anguished souls from the Continent—infantile wide-eyed Slavs, Titan Teutons, greatly blighted Scandinavians, all of them different, but all of them raving in one common

darkness and with one common gesture plucking out their vitals for exportation?' (IV, p. 49-50). The quotation shows that in this sketch Max still approaches his subject from without, as he does in his essays. In other words, it is the author himself who, as a *spectator ab extra*, provides the ironical commentary. This means that, apart from its 'typical' character, *Kolnnyatsch* might almost be called an essay. In fact, it stands about half-way between essay and imaginary portrait. The obtrusion of the satirist's personality, together with a certain lack of refinement, clearly mark this portrait as a first, but not altogether successful, attempt in a *genre* in which Beerbohm was to reach perfection.

This he did in *Seven Men* (1919), a collection of five 'memories' devoted to six imaginary personages representative of certain aspects of the Nineties and of the early years of the Twentieth Century—a collection which finds its caricatural counterpart in the sixteen imaginary portraits of the Eighteen-Seventies published in *Things New and Old*. The connecting link is supplied by Max himself who, as the seventh, and only real figure, plays the opposite number to these fictitious ones. All the portraits deal with cases that might be called pathological, or, at least, pathetic, while, in three of them, a third-rate man of letters struggling for recognition forms the butt of his mockery. The first, and best, of these portrait-stories, *Enoch Soames*, may be considered as characteristic of its *genre*, and therefore deserves fuller treatment.

According to the future historian Mr T. K. Nupton this 'memory' is 'a sum-wot labud sattire but not without vullu az showing hou seriusli the yung men ov th aiteen-ninetiz took themselvz.' But it is more. It is a rather friendly, though deadly satire on the tendency to vanity and too great self-importance which was to be found among some of the young writers, and a satire on the pathetic desire of artists that their work shall go on indefinitely, being admired by reverent posterity. Essentially it is the tragic story of a person of supposed, morbid genius who, frustrated in his hopeless attempts to attain to fame, meets his complete downfall by surrendering to the Devil. The beginning of the story is done in Beerbohm's favourite technique of founding fiction on fact, a technique to which I shall revert in section v of this chapter. From the contemporary world of realities—the world of Holbrook Jackson, and of the slightly remoter world of the enlightened John Lane, and of the *Yellow Book* artists William Rothenstein, Walter Sickert and Aubrey Beardsley—we are imperceptibly whisked back into the glamorous past where, in the domino-room of the Café Royal, that 'haunt of intellect and daring', we find ourselves face to face with the Catholic Diabolist Enoch Soames, the imaginary hero of the story. This 'dim', but conspicuously dressed gentleman was the type of the third-rate 'decadent'—incompetent, morbid, vain, and addicted to absinthe. His *opera* consisted of a slim green volume of prose called *Negations* (of which Max could not make head or tail), and of an equally exiguous collection of

diabolistic poetry entitled *Fungoids*, which contained the 'bracingly unorthodox' Nocturne, beginning:

Round and round the shutter'd Square
 I stroll'd with the Devil's arm in mine.
 No sound but the scrape of his hoofs was there
 And the ring of his laughter and mine.
 We had drunk black wine.

But though only three copies of *Fungoids* were sold, and though the metropolitan reviewers utterly ignored his third, and last, book, Soames bravely 'kept his dingy little flag flying', until, one day, Max found his portrait done by Will Rothenstein hanging at the New English Art Club, and Soames, with an expression of faint happiness on his face, standing near it. The close of that exhibition, Max goes on, was virtually the close of his career. 'He had felt the breath of Fame against his cheek—so late, for such a little while; and at its withdrawal he gave in, gave up, gave out'. One day in June, 1897, Max saw the last of him at the Vingtième in Soho, where, utterly crushed by failure and lack of recognition, he expressed his wish to be projected into the future, a hundred years hence, into the Reading Room of the British Museum, just for one afternoon, in order to read the books written about him by posterity; for that he would sell himself body and soul to the devil. At this juncture he was interrupted by a Mephistophelian, sinister-looking gentleman, who made himself known as the Devil, and who promptly projected the Diabolist into the Reading Room as it would be on June 3, 1997, telling him that he would come and fetch him at seven o'clock. Long before that time Max was back at the Vingtième to save his friend from eternal damnation and to hear his adventures. When Soames reappeared, Beerbohm at once knew, from the look of him, that his search had been fruitless: his name had not been in the catalogues, nor in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, nor in any of the encyclopaedias. The only thing he had found occurred in a History of 'English Littracher, 1890-1900', by T. K. Nupton, published by the State, 1992, and written in some sort of phonetic gibberish. It was a reference to an author of the time named Max Beerbohm, who had written 'a stauri in wich e pautraid an immajinari karrakter kauld "Enoch Soames"—a thurd-raït poit hoo beleevs imself a grate jeneus an maix a bargin with th Devvl in auder ter no wot posterriti thinx ov im!' In spite of Beerbohm's renewed appeals to Soames to fly he passively awaited the Devil's return and followed him at his bidding, begging Max to make people know that he did exist. When Max ran out to see where they had gone he found himself alone in the moonlit Square, pondering the poignant stanza beginning: 'Round and round the shutter'd Square', and realizing with horror 'how tragically different from the happy scene imagined by him was the poet's actual ex-

perience of that prince in whom of all princes we should not put our trust'. In the blinding glare of the coming Jubilee the disappearance of this 'dim' figure did not create a sensation. It was not even noticed, because the people who had known him had forgotten him long before he ceased to exist.

It will be agreed that the machinery of this 'memory' is not altogether original. The device of making a bargain with the Devil, as well as the idea of being projected into the future, is commonplace enough in literature. The first is the story of Faust, which underlies Oscar Wilde's novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, and which, as George Woodcock recently proved (944, p. 37 ff.), he borrowed from *Melmoth the Wanderer*, the powerful masterpiece of his great-uncle Charles Robert Maturin. The second idea had been worked out by H. G. Wells in *The Time Machine*. Max, by combining the two motives, manages to approach his subject from two opposite angles—the contemporary and the historical. The Faust motive enables him to evoke, very pregnantly, the latent atmosphere of Satanism which pervaded the period, whereas the device of projecting oneself into the future allows him to show decadentism in historical perspective. The central figure, Enoch Soames, the *fin-de-siècle* epitome of all that was morbid and weak in literature, is pictured against the galaxy of brilliant young men that adorned the Nineties—Max Beerbohm, Will Rothenstein, Beardsley, Sickert, Lane, and all the *jeunes féroces* of the arts—in fact, against the whole whirligig of that giddy period. There are glimpses of the *Yellow Book* and of its spiritual heir, the *Savoy*; of the Bodley Head, Chelsea, and Soho; of slim green volumes strongly reminiscent of the *Fleurs du Mal*; of the domino-room of the Café Royal, with its 'fumes of tobacco ever rising to the painted and pagan ceiling, and with the hum of presumably cynical conversation'; of the quest of the *mot juste*, and of the *sorcière glauque*, the favourite intoxicant of the typical *décadent*. Such is the kaleidoscopic profusion in which Max evokes the different aspects of the 'decadent' craze. Yet, though everything is seen through the eyes of the ironist, the exaggeration is so subtle, and the semblance of verity so bewitching that the reader is unaware of the fact that he is really looking into a distorting mirror. It is, I think, this perfect illusion of life which justifies the conclusion that, as a period piece, *Enoch Soames* will not be easily surpassed—a prognostication which, after comparing Beerbohm's evocation with, say, John Arlott's *London Apartment, 1899* (*Of Period and Place*, 1944)—a poem dealing with the same subject—will not seem to be too daring.

In the second 'portrait' in this gallery, *Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton*, Beerbohm approaches, from a slightly different angle, the same problem of the minor author struggling for recognition. *Enoch Soames* was the story of a third-rate *fin-de-siècle* poet, whose pathetic bid for success and publicity ends in utter failure. *Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton*, which was written in England during the Great War (cf. Chapter One), describes the maddening rivalry be-

tween two young novelists of the Nineties, whose neck-and-neck race for fame and recognition develops into a case of complete hallucination, a kind of mock *dédoublement de la personnalité*, which puts an end to Maltby's career as a writer. It is during a week-end at Keeb Hall, the property of the Duchess of Hertfordshire, that poor nervous Maltby becomes haunted by the figure of Braxton who, by the mere force of his envy, hatred, and malice projects into his rival's presence a simulacrum of himself which, by making him cut his cheek with his razor, spill his soup over his shirt-front, and finally crash into Lady Rodfitten's bicycle, utterly ruins his chances of making an impression. Even a bare summary like the above shows that this most amusing 'memory' is not so typical of literary life in the Nineties as *Enoch Soames* is. But the technique, while less fantastic, is essentially the same, and, as in *Enoch Soames*, the introduction of real persons, such as Arthur J. Balfour, Henry Chaplin, and the Marquis de Soveral, tends to heighten the air of verisimilitude.

'*Savonarola*' Brown, the third of the purely literary portraits in *Seven Men*, dates from the same period as *Hilary Maltby* and *Stephen Braxton* (cf. Chapter One). It is constructed on the same semi-factual pattern as the other two, and deals with a related theme, viz. the tragedy of the crazy, hopelessly untalented Brown, the writer of a poetic drama about Savonarola. But it is more than an imaginary portrait. It is also a parody, and as such it would fall under a different section. For practical reasons, however, and also because it is not a parody on any particular writer, but on a whole *genre*, I have preferred to include it here. The pathetic hero of the story, Ladbroke Brown, is an absolute stranger to life, and his only interests are books and plays, first editions and second nights. After having finished the first four acts of his *opus magnum* (on which he has worked nine years) the unfortunate poet is knocked down by a motor-bus and killed, leaving Max as his literary executor. In the second, and most substantial part of the story the latter presents the reader with the result of his executorial labours, together with a scenario for the missing fifth act.

As it stands '*Savonarola*' is one of the most successful parodies ever written, bristling as it does with the most brilliantly-ludicrous allusions to the object it parodies—which, apart from the curiously Wildean Salomé-Jokanaan relation between Lucrezia Borgia and Savonarola, and a possible side-hit at Maurice Hewlett's *A Masque of Dead Florentines* (1895), is the contemporary neo-Elizabethan blank verse tragedy. A number of these allusions are given in the form of pseudo-Shakespearean settings and figures (such as the clown scenes and the general parody, in Act III, of the Forum scene in *Julius Caesar*), or in the form of travesties of individual lines ('O, what a degradingolade!', cf. Mark Antony's 'O! what a fall was there, my countrymen') and songs ('When pears hang green on the garden wall | With a nid, and a nod, and a niddy-niddy-o', cf. *As You Like It*, V, iii).

It is this salmagundi of Shakespearean allusions and settings that has led critics like Robert Lynd (cf. 675, p. 157) to believe that in '*Savonarola*' Beerbohm is making fun at the expense of Shakespeare himself. It must be insisted, however, that this amusing extravaganza should be studied against the background of Beerbohm's views of the state of poetic drama during the years that he was a dramatic critic. These views were, as I hope to show, nothing if not gloomy. The play under discussion is the parodist's response to the strictures of the dramatic critic. The Shakespearean parody contained in it is not directed against Shakespeare at all; it merely serves as an illustration of the shortcomings of the neo-Elizabethan school of playwrights: of their slavish imitation of the old dramatists ('Good night, sweet Fool, | And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!') and of Elizabethan tricks ('*Savonarola* will not tempted be | By face of woman e'en tho' 't be, tho' 'tis, | Surpassing fair'); of their verbosity ('O naked arc of heaven, | Espangled with innumerable—no, | Stars are not there. Yet neither are there clouds!'); of their preposterous rhymes ('The gate is somewhere in this corridor, | And so good-bye to this interior!'); their archaic pretence (words like *anon*, *natheless*, etc.); their stage-directions ('*Andrea del Sarto* appears for a moment at the window. *Pippa* passes'); their lack of poetry ('... and his soul is from his body rapt | To Hell or Heaven as the case may be'), and their weak psychology ('*Savonarola* himself... strikes me as utterly inconsistent'). The satiric effect of this Elizabethan hotchpotch is heightened by a crazy chronology, which allows *Savonarola* to brush shoulders with Pope Julius II, Benvenuto Cellini, Boccaccio, and other celebrities. Even such a sentence as 'I have searched it [viz. '*Savonarola*'] vainly for one line that does not scan' is nothing but a literal echo of the dramatic critic's verdict on R. E. Fyffe's poetic play *The Conqueror*: 'Every line that I heard uttered from the stage of the Scala seemed to scan perfectly' (283, p. 432). It is, therefore, Beerbohm's own views of the poetic drama of his day which bring out in full relief the all-pervading satire and rollicking fun of this eminently actable burlesque-within-a-story.

The two remaining tales in *Seven Men* are of a different character, not only because they deal with non-literary subjects, but also because the satirical element is less prominent. They are also less satisfactory, because Beerbohm's grip of his subject-matter seems to be less sure here than it is in the purely literary and satirical portraits. The story of *James Pethel* may be looked upon as the counterpart of *Enoch Soames* in so far as it is a study of boundless luck as opposed to the latter, which is one of continual frustration. The eponymous hero, a fabulously successful gambler, speculator, motorist and amateur airman, is 'an active taker of big risks', a kind of worldly Pater, whose only passion is for thrills and life-and-death affairs. But though he goes on risking his own life and that of others, his extraordinary luck remains with him to the end, and he dies of heart failure immediately after descending from a dangerous flight with his married daughter and her baby.

The idiosyncrasy of *A. V. Laider*, too, borders on the pathological. The story is of a strange case of inhibition in a person who had palmistry for one of his hobbies, and who, though he had seen violent death in the hands of some of his friends, and a narrow escape from violent death in his own hand, failed to pull the communication-cord at the fatal moment, with the result that he holds himself responsible for the deaths of many people. But when Max tries to persuade Mr Laider that his brain, recovering from concussion, had *invented* all this for him, he finds that the whole story is nothing but the figment of a mind deranged by influenza. Though this 'memory' has been looked upon as 'the most refined example of leg-pulling in fiction' (675, p. 156), it will be agreed that, as an anticlimax, the 'frame' is rather weak—so weak, indeed, that our main interest inevitably goes out to the story itself instead of to the ingenious machinery that supports it. It may be pointed out here that the theme of this story is loosely connected with Wilde's *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*, in which, on the eve of his marriage, Lord Arthur learns from a professional chiromantist that he is predestined to commit a murder.

The aftermath of Beerbohm's imaginary portraits was given us in *T. Fenning Dodworth* (1921) and *Not That I Would Boast* (1927), which were both included in *A Variety of Things*. The first is a deadly satire on the average type of the 'popular' political publicist, whose 'exquisite' successes, in each case, turn out to be the most complete failures. Like *Kolnnyatsch* it is a kind of 'character' provided with Beerbohm's satirical comment rather than a portrait with its own inherent self-criticism. In *Not That I Would Boast*, the last of its kind, Max returns to the theme of the aspiring, struggling writer, which he had already elaborated in *Enoch Soames* and '*Savonarola*' *Brown*. The portrait is a satire on the stupidity and lack of principle of literary critics, and it is executed with the same mixture of *Dichtung* and *Wahrheit* (cf. section v, 4, s.v. Proper Names) that distinguishes the best of these 'memories'. The heroes are Felix Argallo, who stands for the prosperous writer, almost broken by success, and Walter Ledgett, whose failure to please the great was apparent from the slighting way in which men like Stevenson, Coventry Patmore, Henry Irving and George Meredith referred to him in their published correspondence. As in the portraits of *Seven Men* the connecting link between them is Max himself, whose attempt to boost Ledgett by putting a stop to his 'constant persecution' by 'the mighty dead' is an unmixed success. It is achieved by persuading Mr Argallo to write a number of fictitious letters of recommendation and praise, dictated by Max. When, after Argallo's suicide, Beerbohm succeeds in convincing Ledgett of the fact that he is suffering from monoutinosamnesia—forgetfulness of some one thing—and that therefore he cannot remember his supposed connections with Argallo (a technique, it will be noted, which he also used in trying to cure Laider of his obsession), the way for a successful hoax is smoothed, and very soon every paper

is applauding Ledgett's work. 'I had supposed', Beerbohm naughtily concludes, 'that the revelation of Argallo's feeling about Ledgett's work would violently flutter the dove-cots. There was not the stirring of a wing. There was but bland cooing'.

Like most of his caricatures, Beerbohm's imaginary portraits are faces seen through the 'illuminative fog of memory'. From this it follows that they are not faithful copies of reality, but that, owing to the distorting quality of the medium, they have undergone a change. In both spheres of Beerbohm's art the natural product of this distorting process is a caricature, that is to say, a representation of reality in which the irrelevant details are left out while the essential features are exaggerated. His imaginary portraits are, therefore, not reproductions of reality, but—though in a lesser degree than his fairy-stories—fantasies founded on fact. The result of this procedure is that, as in his caricatures, the satire is implicit, because the author, instead of obtruding his own personality—as he does in his essays—lets his characters speak for themselves. This does not mean that the author is entirely absent from these pages; on the contrary, in most of these sketches he is present as one of the *dramatis personae*. But his relation to his subject-matter is not the subject-object relation of the satirical essayist. In the imaginary portraits the author, as the chosen victim of his own satire, is both subject and object at the same time. Yet the principal reason for Beerbohm's presence among these types is not a moral, but an artistic one. His function is to form a more or less convincing link between the world of reality and that other world, in which caricature usurps the domains of fantasy and diablerie. Thus, by introducing himself and other living or historical figures, the author contributes to the air of verisimilitude and draws the mind of the reader away from the fact that these portraits are not representations of real persons, but of imaginary figures. 'All fantasy must be rooted in reality' (232, p. 424), Max once wrote. The happy result of this technique is a series of portraits which, with all their caricatural exaggeration and inherent satire, strike one as uniquely representative of their period or milieu.

It is interesting to reflect that the heroes of all these 'memories' are third-rate men whose failure to assert themselves in either the political, the social, or the literary sphere evokes the kind of sympathy which all failures that are really great are bound to evoke—a sympathy which is the *sine qua non* of any successful caricature. But the high praise given above applies only to the purely 'literary' portraits, i.e. to those portraits whose background was not only familiar, but also congenial to the satirist; and more especially to those in which he draws the struggles of the incompetent, but aspiring minor poet. That is why a 'non-literary' portrait like *James Pethel* is so much less convincing than *Enoch Soames*, or '*Savonarola*' *Brown*.

3. Zuleika Dobson

Beerbohm's greatest achievement as a fantasist is his 'novel' *Zuleika* (pronounced *Zu-leek-a*) Dobson: or, *An Oxford Love Story*. The writing history of the book is interesting. Though some of it was written in the Nineties, we know that it was laid aside, and that it was not completed until many years later. This appears from a letter written to William Rothenstein in 1911 (709, p. 142), in which the author confesses that he had found it impossible to go on writing the book in London years ago. The reason was that having to write an article for the *Saturday Review* every week interrupted him too much. Max resumed work on *Zuleika* just before he ceased to be a dramatic critic, and he finished it shortly after his marriage in 1910.

We do not know at what point the book was taken up again. The fact that *Zuleika Dobson* is a kind of caricatural inversion of the theme of *The Happy Hypocrite* would seem to favour the hypothesis that at least the plot was conceived in the Nineties. It will be remembered that in the earlier story it was the wicked Lord who, by losing his heart to a virtuous dancer, found marital bliss. In the 'novel', however, it is a virtuous Duke who meets his doom by loving a wicked amateur conjurer, whose baneful influence soon assumes caricatural proportions. Apart from this general likeness the 'novel' seems to be an elaboration of a dramatic situation in *The Happy Hypocrite*. When in this story Lord George, after being rejected by Jenny Mere, considers suicide, he meditates: 'Should he drown himself? There was no one in the garden to prevent him, and in the morning they would find him floating there, one of the noblest of love's victims . . . It might be that Jenny Mere would mourn him' (X, p. 320). More specifically the story of Meg Speedwell, which occurs at p. 61 ff., is vaguely reminiscent of *The Happy Hypocrite*, and may therefore have been written shortly after 1896. The account of the American part of Zuleika's spectacular career, which occurs at p. 16 ff., may belong to the same years. It may have been inspired by Beerbohm's own impressions of his brother Tree's triumphant progress through the States in 1895 (cf. Chapter One). 'All the stops', Max writes, 'of that "mighty organ, many-piped", the New York press, were pulled out simultaneously, as far as they could be pulled, in Zuleika's honour . . . Chicago drowned the echoes of New York; final Frisco dwarfed the headlines of Chicago'. In this vivid description we seem to catch an echo of the actual din, so that we may, perhaps, assign the passage in which it occurs to a period immediately following his American tour. Another possible indication pointing in the same direction may be found in two parallel cases of personification. The first occurs in a dramatic criticism written in 1901; it runs as follows: ' . . . and with its lilac and laburnum still a-wave to mock the staid gravity and greyness of its walls' [i.e. of Oxford] (173, p. 703). The other

occurs on p. 87 of *Zuleika Dobson*, and is couched in these words: 'Oxford walls have a way of belittling us; . . . Aye, by all minerals we are mocked . . . The lilac and laburnum . . . were all a-swaying and a-nodding to the Duke as he passed by'. The two figures of speech clearly spring from an identical inspiration. Their striking parallelism (*lilac and laburnum; waving; mock; walls*) would even seem to warrant the assumption of a common creative impulse. If this supposition should be correct, the line of demarcation would have to be drawn somewhere after page 87. On the other hand the part in which the Rhodes scholar is introduced (p. 113 ff.) must have been written after the death of Cecil Rhodes in 1902 (the Rhodes scholar was first caricatured by Max in 1907, cf. 18, Plate XLV), so that, roughly speaking, it might be hazarded that, of the 336 pages of the book, the first third, that is to say, the first seven chapters, were written in the late Nineties. •

Zuleika Dobson—which, unlike *The Happy Hypocrite*, is a story without a moral—is the record of the devastating effect on the youth of Oxford of a popular, but unscrupulous adventuress and amateur juggler, for whose love the whole body of undergraduates commits a ceremonious suicide by jumping into the Isis on Eights Day. After having taken full toll Zuleika calmly orders a special train for Cambridge, and goes to bed. What happened to her in Cambridge was told, thirty years later, by S. C. Roberts in a little book entitled *Zuleika in Cambridge*. As might have been expected, 'Cambridge men gave no sign of wanting to lie down and die for love of her. Instead, they stood about and made harmless jokes' (580, p. 42-3). Apart from the eponymous heroine, who is the granddaughter of the Warden of Judas—an imaginary College invented for the occasion—the chief protagonists in this farce are the Duke of Dorset, who, after the most extraordinary wooing ever printed, is the first to die for Zuleika, and Noaks, his plebeian counterpart, who is the last. The minor figures include Mr Abimelech V. Oover, the American Rhodes scholar; The MacQuern, and other members of the Junta; Mr Pedby, the Mathematician, whose false quantities in saying grace were to become a tradition 'that generations of dons yet unborn would cherish and chuckle over' (p. 295); the Warden of Judas; Zuleika's French maid Mélisande, engaged to a waiter in the Café Tourtel, called, of course, Pelléas; Mrs Batch, the Duke's landlady, her daughter Katie, and her son Clarence; and even Zeus who, at the recommendation of Clio, endowed the author with the gift of invisibility.

The Duke is undoubtedly the principal character. From the portrait of Beer-bohm drawn in Chapter Two it will be clear that the attitudes satirized in the Duke are far more characteristic of the author's *Id* than any of those ridiculed in the beautiful adventuress. As I have hinted in that chapter, the Duke is nothing but the satirical embodiment of the idea of *noblesse oblige*, i.e. of 'deportment' everywhere, and under all circumstances. As the means by which

this satirical effect is achieved are largely caricatural, the device most frequently employed is exaggeration.

Beerbohm's representation of the Duke as a caricature of the principle of 'deportment' affords a particularly fine illustration of his use of this device. For the Duke it was not only a point of honour never to throw over an engagement (p. 223), or to refrain from coming to blows in the presence of a lady (p. 163); it was equally imperative for him not to cast the shadow of his death over a dinner-table honoured by his presence (p. 127). When on that memorable evening before his spectacular plunge he chose to play Chopin's *Marche Funèbre*, it was, Max tells us, his good breeding that enabled him to smile brilliantly through the mournful passages, though his playing of them was nobly sensitive (p. 141). In the same way, on receiving his death-warrant in the form of a telegram informing him that two black owls had come and perched on the battlements of Tankerton—a thing which always happened on the eve of the death of a Duke of Dorset—he promptly knew his duty and wired to his steward to prepare the vault for the funeral on Monday (p. 207). This sense of the befitting did not leave him in the face of grim death, so that it even played its part in his choice of the exact moment of his self-annihilation: he was going to die *after* the Eights, as it wouldn't do to leave the races undecided (p. 149). Moreover, officially, and in the eyes of the world, he would be dying for Zuleika; though he had ceased to love her, he had given her his word for that, and he had preferred not to tell anybody about the telegram. It was this sense, too, that prevented him from overlooking the slightest detail. After having given notice he left his landlady, with a sonnet in Oxfordshire dialect as a testimonial—though he reckoned Latin, Greek, and even Sanskrit among the most congenial vehicles for the expression of his feelings. And finally, though he thought it strange that for him, standing as he did on the brink of eternity, this trivial question of boats could have importance, he found that it was exactly for this that his heart was beating. Deportment was everything, even with immediate, violent death before you, and it was not until the rain had aspersed his very mantle, so that in another minute he would stand sodden, inglorious, a mock, that he cried 'Zuleika!', took a deep breath, and, burying his face in his blue mantle—which, as a Knight of the Garter, he had donned for the occasion—plunged (p. 276).

With such an example before her, we need not be surprised that Mrs Batch, the Duke's landlady, also possessed 'a keen sense of the deportment owed to tragedy' (p. 285). And she does not even represent the utmost limit of his influence in this respect. The ghosts, too, at Tankerton Hall, gracefully gliding in and out as they do, quite noiseless and quite harmless, give us a splendid and permanent 'lesson in deportment', so that it is a pleasure to watch them, and the Duke's only wish that they may never be laid (p. 56). Even the inanimate

things in this strange love-story seem to catch the trick of 'deportment' quite easily under the stimulating influence of the Duke's magic example: in such a vulgar incident as the emptying of Zuleika's water-jug on the upturned face of the lovesick Duke, the cascade of moonlit water is described as shooting out on all sides 'like the petals of some great silver anemone' (p. 168).

It will be remembered that the Duke's ultimate consideration in timing his jump was his anxiety to prevent the raindrops from spoiling his robes. This little trait points to another side of his character. He is not only the type of the gentleman *à outrance*; he is also the type of the master-dandy, the nonpareil. Yet, though he believed that, as a Knight of the Garter, he had set the perfect seal on his dandyism, his dandyism was, like Beerbohm's own dandyism, first and foremost of a spiritual nature. In him 'the dandiacal temper' had always been absolute. 'The dandy', according to him, 'must be celibate, cloistral; is, indeed, but a monk with a mirror for beads and breviary—an anchorite, mortifying his soul that his body may be perfect' (p. 30). Virgin and celibate, he had never allowed his soul's essence to be diluted by the love of woman—until Zuleika came, and conquered. But immediately after his rejection the dandiacal temper reasserts itself in so far that he now definitely prefers the sacrament of death to the sacrament of marriage. The great thing now was 'the consummation of his own love, for its own sake, by his own death' (p. 100). He, the priest as well as the victim, was going to offer himself up 'with a pious joy' (p. 130). Zuleika's trick with the water-jug, however, soon cures him of his sacerdotal mood, and, prompted by a vulgar feeling of revenge, he would have made a fool of her by getting away from Oxford, if the gods had not intervened at this point. The telegram containing his death-warrant at once appeals to his sense of deportment, and, in a final attempt to reconcile the claims of the dandy with those of the gentleman, he dies 'in the full pomp of radiance of his dandyism', with the name of Zuleika on his lips.

The heroine of the 'novel' is a reckless Bohemian, a hyena woman, whose fabulous theatrical career is only rivalled by her incredible successes with men—which, however, merely disgust her. The reason is that, though all her happiness depends on the admiration of men, she cannot love a lover, that is, a man who has debased himself before her. 'I could no more marry a man', she says, 'about whom I could not make a fool of myself than I could marry one who made a fool of himself about me' (p. 68). This utterance not only identifies her as the exaggerated embodiment of *das Ewig-Weibliche*, i.e. of all that is coquetish and frivolous in woman; it also proves that, in her, Max wanted to caricature the independence and hardness of the modern girl, the 'New Woman', to whose emergence in the Nineties the old files of, say, *Punch* bear such ample testimony (e.g. 1894, I, p. 84, 87, 113, 142, 167; II, 165, 241, 255). The first two qualities account for Zuleika's vain search for a man who shall be proof

against her charms; the last two seem to predestine her for the Lamia-like role she plays in the extinction of a whole generation of undergraduates. Needless to say that, like everything else in this extravaganza, Zuleika's outward circumstances are exaggerated *ad absurdum*. This is especially striking in the account of her spectacular career on p. 15 ff.

But *Zuleika Dobson* is not a caricature of the aristocrat, or the dandy, or the New Woman as such. According to Beerbohm's own statement in a note to the 1947 edition of the book, the story should be seen as a fantasy based on the solid reality of old Oxford. But in the author's representation of reality the margin between fancy and fact is not constant; it varies with the object represented. Roughly speaking the line may be drawn at the active participants in this farce. It is they whose every feature and action is exaggerated *ad absurdum*, so that even such a wholesale tragedy as the death of all the undergraduates leaves us absolutely unmoved. On the other hand the Oxford background against which they operate is less distorted. Sometimes, as in the case of the Oxford railway station—of which Max, with a quip on Arnold, remarks that it 'does yet whisper to the tourist the last enchantments of the Middle Age' (p. 1)—it is merely placed in an ironic light, while in other cases, such as in the account of the history of the imaginary Judas College, it is hardly distinguishable from reality. The *raison d'être* of this dual scale is the author's desire to achieve a certain artistic contrast. It is of the same order as that which prompted the caricaturist in him to place his highly exaggerated figures against a less exaggerated, or even naturalistic background, as, for instance, in the caricature entitled *Riverside Scene* (22, Plate 17). But since in *Zuleika Dobson* the principal protagonists and situations are nothing but highly exaggerated elements of the general Oxford background, the 'novel' may justly be called a caricature of that complex reality denoted by the word Oxford.

A further analysis of the elements which participate in this exaggerating process may prove this. Roughly speaking these elements may be reduced to three classes: the undergraduate world, the world of the dons, and tradition, the governing principle of these two worlds. The undergraduate world is represented by three types of students: the aristocratic and dandyish type, embodied in the Duke of Dorset; the plebeian type, typified in poor, cowardly, hard working Noaks who, as the Duke's 'foil and antithesis', is the last of the undergraduates to die for Zuleika; and the American Rhodes scholar who, not being able to take Oxford as a matter of course, strikes an equally discordant note in the person of Mr Abimelech V. Oover. A fourth, but as yet almost negligible class of students, is briefly dismissed with the significant remark that 'beauty and the lust for learning have yet to be allied' (p. 89). The Warden of Judas and his Fellows are representative of the world of the dons. The former is a venerable old mummy, whose only response to the strange situations resulting

from the unprecedented happenings of this story is either a dignified affectation of ignorance, or a hasty retreat. His Fellows are 'men of thought, agile on the plane of ideas, devils of fellows among books' (p. 293); but they all prove themselves equally helpless in this matter of actual life and death. The force of tradition, finally, is caricatured in the Junta, an exclusive little club of which the Duke, at one time, was the President and sole member.

The tragic atmosphere, too, is suggested by a grotesque distortion of the two levels of reality—the natural and the preternatural. On the natural level the distortion affects the vegetable as well as the inanimate world; on the supra-sensible plane it even affects the gods. When the Duke, after his fateful decision, passes the lilac and laburnum along the path to Christ Church meadow, they whisper: 'Adieu, adieu, your Grace. We are very sorry for you—very sorry indeed. We never dared suppose you would predecease us. We think your death a very great tragedy. Adieu!' (p. 87). More insistent is the voice of the Roman Emperors, whose grim busts are staring down from the railings of the Sheldonian. Exchanging sidelong glances they gaze, watch, warn, and marvel. When Zuleika's landau comes rolling into 'the Broad', sweat starts from their brows as a presage of doom. And after her rejection of the Duke they see the tragedy progressing to its foreseen close. It is against the static background of these dumb and unsleeping witnesses that Max projects the action of his farce. Its artistic function is threefold. The Emperors not only heighten the tragic tension; they also prevent us from losing our sense of proportion, which is in constant danger of being impaired by the extraordinary happenings of these twenty-four hours. Representing the voice of common sense their running commentary provides us with a peg—be it ever so slender—on which to hang our hats in this mad, distorted world. Finally, by stressing the unchanging background of ancient Oxford, they lend a certain unity to the story—a unity which finds its highest expression on the preternatural plane. For it is the gods who, by rolling the clouds into position and by arranging every detail artistically, set the scene for the tragedy to be enacted by little men. And it is they who, leaning over the thunder-clouds, shake with laughter at man's futile attempts to elude the ineluctable. Among the mortal protagonists of this tragedy the unifying principle is found in the colour symbolism of the black, pink, and white pearls which, owing to some magic sympathy, and also to Zuleika's conjuring-tricks, are continually changing hands and colour.

But the distortion is not restricted to the spatial sphere; it would seem to affect the time-sphere even. Though the whole tragic episode related in *Zuleika Dobson* does not take more than twenty-four hours, and though it is supposed to have occurred 'in the midst of the Edwardian Era' (p. 9), i.e. in the summer of 1905 or 1906, it is enacted, as Harold Nicolson has recently shown (899, p. 521), against the background of a much remoter Oxford—the Oxford of the last

decades of the nineteenth century, in fact, the Oxford which Max himself had known. Yet this dual focus, or rather, this wilful distortion of the time-sphere, is not, as Mr Nicolson would make us believe, a mere device to evoke a *fin-de-siècle* flavour. In my opinion its function is caricatural rather than picturesque. It should be classed as a normal caricatural exaggeration by which Oxford is made to appear even more ancient and venerable than it really was in 1905 or 1906.

In a note prefixed to *Observations* (24, p. vi) Beerbohm declared that the best subject for a caricaturist was a subject that he revered, because 'only by reverence can he have that happy boyish sense of irreverence which is such a spur to his talent'; and he added that the spur was sharper, when the revered subject was of the over-serious sort. Both these conditions were fulfilled with respect to the subject of *Zuleika Dobson*. That Oxford has not always been free from a certain over-seriousness may be taken for granted; that Max revered Oxford is apparent from his writings, not only from *Zuleika Dobson* itself, but also from his previous and later work. In spite of its modern vulgarity he had never ceased to love Oxford, 'that curious little city, where nothing is ever born nor anything ever quite dies' (cf. I, p. 17-8; X, p. 127; 70, p. 4). If it sometimes reminded him of Manchester, it was always a Manchester 'through which Apollo had once passed' (I, p. 131). And though his love of Oxford was of a different order from Matthew Arnold's 'Oxonolatry', the City of Beautiful Nonsense and of learning and laughter (apart from its station) had always retained for him something of Arnold's adorable dreamer, 'whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age'. For him Oxford was, and always remained, 'that dear place' (225, p. 650), 'as irresistible a city as was ever built by Time' (VIII, p. 395), 'magical and matchless as ever' (103, p. 204), so that 'the very sight of the word printed, or sound of it spoken', was fraught for him with 'most actual magic' (VI, p. 181).

These last words occur in the 'novel' which he dedicated to *illi Almae Matri*, and they are not the only evidence there of his love of Oxford. Every reader of *Zuleika Dobson* will remember his beautiful description of the Oxford chimes:

Some clock clove with silver the stillness of the morning. Ere came the second stroke, another and nearer clock was striking. And now there were others chiming in. The air was confused with the sweet babel of its many spires, some of them booming deep, measured sequences, some tinkling impatiently and outwitting others which had begun before them. And when this anthem of jealous antiphonies and uneven rhythms had dwindled quite away and fainted in one last solitary note of silver, there started somewhere another sequence; and this, almost at its last stroke, was interrupted by yet another, which went on to tell the hour of noon in its own way, quite slowly and significantly, as though none knew it (p. 36).

But it was the mysterious, 'inenubilable' spirit of Oxford rather than its outward beauty which, for this belated humanist, constituted the main charm of the place:

The scent of these meadows' moisture is the scent of Oxford. Even in hottest noon, one feels that the sun has not dried *them*. Always there is moisture drifting across them, drifting into the Colleges. It, one suspects, must have had much to do with the evocation of what is called the Oxford spirit—that gentlest spirit, so lingering and searching, so dear to them who as youths were brought into ken of it, so exasperating to them who were not. Yes, certainly, it is this mild, miasmal air, not less than the grey beauty and gravity of the buildings that has helped Oxford to produce, and foster eternally, her peculiar race of artist-scholars, scholar-artists (p. 180).

And it is the formative effect upon himself of this Oxford spirit which he seems to describe in a truly Montaignesque passage:

Oxford, that lotus-land, saps the will-power, the power of action. But, in doing so, it clarifies the mind, makes larger the vision, gives, above all, that playful and caressing suavity of manner which comes of a conviction that nothing matters, except ideas, and that not even ideas are worth dying for, inasmuch as the ghosts of them slain seem worthy of yet more piously elaborate homage than can be given to them in their hey-day (p. 181).

Apart from the caricatural exaggeration of Oxford, the 'deportment' complex, dandyism, and the 'New Woman', *Zuleika Dobson* is full of the kind of mockery which, in Chapter Two, I have described as characteristic of Beer-bohm the Man. Its objects include the herd instinct: 'You cannot make a man by standing a sheep on its hind-legs. But by standing a flock of sheep in that position you can make a crowd of men' (p. 143); snobbishness, which is merely one of its manifestations: 'snobbishness was one of the springs of the tragedy here chronicled' (p. 144); popular education: 'And love levels all, doesn't it?—love and the Board school' (p. 245); the 'intelligentsia' (cf. the satire of the Rhodes scholars); the titles bestowed by Royalty: 'I [viz. the Duke] am Hereditary Comber of the Queen's Lap-Dogs' (p. 59); Americans: the Roman Emperors on the Sheldonian, 'who made themselves even with the gods, . . . are by American visitors frequently mistaken for the Twelve Apostles' (p. 5); the style of the popular novelist: 'those eyes which hawks, that nose which eagles, had often envied' (p. 1; cf. also p. 8–9, and 77–8); and himself: "'Your way of speech has what is called 'the literary flavour.'" "Ah, that is an unfortunate trick which I caught from a writer, a Mr. Beerbohm, who once sat next to me at dinner somewhere"' (p. 95).

For the germs of some of the underlying ideas of *Zuleika Dobson* one has to turn to the two studies of dandyism, *Poor Romeo!* and *The Happy Hypocrite*, published in the 1896 volumes of the *Yellow Book*. In the former it is the unscrupulous Miss Tilney Long who, after making a fool of Mr Coates, has nothing but cruel contempt for his martyrdom. Apart from the fact that Mr Coates is an example of 'dandyism unrestrained by taste' (I, p. 123), while the Duke is suffering from an excess of taste, the situation is essentially the same as

that of *Zuleika Dobson*. In *The Happy Hypocrite*, on the other hand, it is Lord George Hell's passing intention of becoming 'one of the noblest of love's victims' (X, p. 320) by drowning himself for the sake of Jenny Mere which provides a direct link with *Zuleika Dobson*. The presence of the gods who, in *Poor Romeo!*, are pleased by the antics of its hero, and who are not absent from *The Happy Hypocrite*, is equally significant.

A particularly interesting sidelight on the genesis of *Zuleika Dobson* is thrown by *Ill-chosen Backgrounds at Drury Lane*, written in 1902. In this dramatic criticism Beerbohm tries to answer the question why Oxford has never been made successfully the background for a serious novel. Of course the Oxford spirit had been caught in *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman* by 'Cuthbert Bede' [Edward Bradley]; but as its Swiftian motto ('A College Joke to cure the Dumps') already implies, its author's intentions were purely farcical. According to Beerbohm it is his fear of eliminating sex that has prevented the serious novelist from catching the spirit of the place—which, if anything, is one of celibacy. And he concludes by saying that 'there is a great chance for the novelist who shall accept the limitations of Oxford as a milieu, and write sincerely in the plenty of room left to him' (VIII, p. 395-7). Max certainly was not the man to write that—presumably realistic—novel. He did not even attempt to write a realistic farce in the vein of Edward Bradley's story. What he gave us was a fantastic caricature of just that kind of novel which had hitherto been written about Oxford, and which he had condemned as ringing 'persistently false'. Apart from its general purport, the article referred to above is interesting because it contains two elements which Max was to incorporate in *Zuleika Dobson*—the skit on the Rhodes scholars (who were just then being expected at Oxford) and his remark that 'in a young girl the desire for erudition is never allied to physical comeliness'.

Another article, written five years later, contains the first evidence that, in Mr Beerbohm's mental conception of his 'novel', the Oxford background was beginning to shape itself. The essay, entitled *About, and In, Oxford* (320, p. 12-3), deals with a Pageant held in that city, and is remarkable because in many details it suggests the atmosphere of Eights Day in *Zuleika Dobson*. The following passage is characteristic: 'The pavement on either side was lined with spectators. Most of them, in the absence of anything better to look at, were looking at the sky, whose lowering black clouds promised, every moment, to dissolve in rain' (p. 12) . . . 'And yet again, credit is due to the rain, for having taken away from these costumes that brand-new, stiff, stuffy aspect which betokens the costumier's shop' (p. 13). The first part of this passage is an exact description of the situation and the atmosphere on Eights Day, a few moments before the Duke took his jump; the second is a variation on Beerbohm's frequently voiced feelings on the embarrassing newness of stage-dresses. But the real in-

terest of the passage lies in its association of three elements which were to contribute to the background of his Oxford love story: the Pageant (an event to be compared with the Eights); the atmosphere of thunder (which, in *Zuleika Dobson*, acquires a symbolic function); and the moistening of the costumes (which foreshadows the aspersion of the Duke's new mantle).

A few words remain to be said about the critical history of *Zuleika Dobson*. Immediately after its appearance in 1911 the book—which, according to Max himself, was 'rather a beautiful piece of work' (709, p. 142-3)—was generally extolled as a 'masterpiece', as 'the perfect Oxford novel', as 'a philosophy of Oxford profound, insouciant, debonair', and as 'the wittiest and most amusing of extravaganzas' (for other early press opinions see 6, p. [199-200]). Later critics were more explicit and, among many other things, admired its finely chiselled style; the ingenuity of its plot; the invention of new incidents; the skilful management of cause and effect, of pauses and interruptions, of expectation and surprise, of the real and the fantastic; the unfolding of the action in new and unexpected lines; the classical rhythm of its movement; in short, its masterly design (cf. e.g. 779, p. 266; 899, p. 522). But soon after the first wave of eulogies had subsided certain disparaging voices began to be heard. These became especially insistent in the early Twenties. Most of them did no more than express a general feeling of dissatisfaction with the book (e.g. 686, p. 111; 654, p. 39-40; 651, p. 130); but one or two were inspired by some specific critical objection. Typical of this latter group is Bohun Lynch, whose criticism starts from the axiom that *Zuleika Dobson* must be judged as a *novel* (673, p. 71). But that is exactly what one must *not* do, because *Zuleika Dobson* is not a novel at all, and was never intended to be one.

A novel, according to E. A. Baker in his lengthy *History of the English Novel*, is 'the interpretation of human life by means of fictitious narrative in prose' (598, I, p. 15). Though, literally speaking, *Zuleika Dobson* would fit in with this definition, I do not think that Mr Baker himself would have gone so far as to call *Zuleika Dobson* a novel. As a matter of fact, he does not even mention the book, though he does refer to Beerbohm. The reason of this curious discrepancy is that Baker's critical discussions are more exacting than the above quoted working formula would seem to imply. Indeed, in commenting on this definition Mr Baker is careful to insist on the *semblance of verity* which every novelist tries to achieve; and as a case in point he instances Defoe and Swift. But it is just this semblance of verity which Beerbohm, in his 'novel' as well as in his caricatures, avoids at all costs. Max has always been an idealist, in spite of the fact that, as a dramatic critic, he encouraged realism in the drama. His *Zuleika Dobson* is, like Wilde's *Dorian Gray*, an 'essay on decorative art' rather than a novel, because, instead of a faithful portrayal of real life, he gives us a bold and wilful distortion of it. In an ordinary caricature this distortion only

affects the two-dimensional spatial sphere; in *Zuleika Dobson* it affects the sphere of human behaviour, and, as we have seen, even that of time. In his caricatures as well as in his 'novel' it is Beerbohm's object to exaggerate, in a beautiful, decorative way, some peculiar, characteristic feature. This means that *Zuleika Dobson* is not a novel, but a fantasy, 'the most consistent achievement of fantasy in our time', as it has been called (637, p. 154). But then a fantasy with a purpose, a caricature in prose. It also means that, like any ordinary caricature by Max, it bears the imprint of its maker in every detail. And caricature being 'a form of wit' (X, p. 215), it is wit that one finds on every page, in almost every sentence of this book. 'For my own part', Max once wrote, 'I am quite happy to sacrifice a story for style' (136, p. 170; cf. Wilde's 'I throw probability out of the window for the sake of a phrase', 694, p. 145). That he did so in the case of *Zuleika Dobson* cannot, I think, be doubted. This strong self-assertion through the medium of style is another reason for not calling *Zuleika Dobson* a novel.

iii. THE 'SEDULOUS APE'

1. A Christmas Garland and Other Parodies

In the Note prefixed to the first edition of *A Christmas Garland* Beerbohm confesses that, as a young man, he acquired Stevenson's habit of 'playing the sedulous ape' to other writers. But whereas Stevenson took the illustrious dead for his model, Beerbohm's preference went out to living authors. The first evidence of this interest we have in a letter to William Rothenstein (708, p. 289-90), who had asked him to write something for the Christmas supplement of the *Saturday Review* for 1896. Max replied that he might do a series of 'Seasonable Tributes' in the form of a number of parodies of living authors writing on the subject of Christmas, such as Alice Meynell on 'Holly', Arthur Symonds on 'Christmas Eve in Piccadilly', Henry James never mentioning Christmas by name, etc. Though only one of the 'tributes' suggested—the skit upon Mrs Meynell—was actually printed in that Christmas supplement, it contained six other efforts in mimicry, including a parody of his own style with special reference to *Be it Cosiness* ('But the stress of anonymity overwhelms me. I belong to the Beerbohm period'); they were brought together under the title of *A Christmas Garland Woven by Max Beerbohm* (394). A second batch appeared in the *Saturday Review* in December 1906 (cf. 306 and V). Six years later one of the earlier and seven of the later group, together with nine hitherto unpublished parodies, were collected under the title first used in 1896 (6).

Apart from the 'Sequelula' to Hardy's *The Dynasts* (which is in verse) the 'supposititious' contributions to *A Christmas Garland* are prose parodies. The fact that, in some way or other, they all have Christmas for their central motive,

enables us to compare each author's individual approach to an identical theme. For these parodies not only adumbrate the stylistic idiosyncrasies, but also the methods of treatment and, within the limits imposed by the common theme, even the peculiar choice of subject of their supposed authors. Thus *The Mote in the Middle Distance*, in which Henry James describes the emotions aroused by a couple of well-filled stockings on Christmas morning, illustrates the ingenuities of his style as well as the obliqueness of his approach (cf. 'There they are, and you know I know you know we wouldn't, either of us, dip a finger into them'). In the same way Kipling's *P.C., X, 36*, the story of a police constable who arrests Santa Claus on suspicion of being a German, not only parodies his passion for dialect but also, among many other things, his affection of technical omniscience ('Now, when Judlip sighs the sound is like unto that which issues from the vent of a Crosby boiler when the cog-gauges are at 260° F.'). Galsworthy's *Endeavour*, finally, in which a poor robin is suffered to die in the snow on the plea that a sporadic dole would only degrade the bird and encourage the State to shirk its responsibility, is not only a caricature of his susceptibility to scents ('that peculiar, almost unseizable odour that uncut turquoises have'), but also of Galsworthy, the social critic.

These quotations show that *A Christmas Garland* far transcends the level of mere simian imitation, of pastiche, and even of parody. The skits are genuine caricatures because, in the best of them, every characteristic idiosyncrasy of style, treatment, choice of subject, and outlook is slightly exaggerated. This means that they are also criticisms—a fact already implied in Beerbohm's admission that they were written, sometimes, 'in the hope of learning rather what to avoid' (V, Note in the First Edition). But it should be realized that the basis of this criticism is always a profound understanding, and, in view of his quick sympathies (70, p. 7) and susceptibility of mind (74, p. 969), often a deep love of his victim. 'A really good parody of a classic can be written only by someone who loves, and be appreciated only by those who love, the original', Max once wrote (98, p. 878). Of all the authors represented in *A Christmas Garland* Beerbohm loved Meredith and Henry James best, and this is certainly the reason why *Euphemia Clashthought* and *The Mote in the Middle Distance* are so successful. In the case of Henry James, especially, Max could hardly conceal his sympathy, because he had so much in common with his original. It has been pointed out that both were literary dandies, who saw the arts 'linked inevitably with the amenities of polite society' (696, p. 266-7); that they both believed in 'the importance of the finer shades in conveying intensity of emotion' (784, p. 339); and that Max had a little of the precision, though none of the long-windedness of James (896, p. 67). Something of the same sympathy inspired the other parodies. In the copy of *A Christmas Garland* sent to Thomas Hardy, Beerbohm wrote an inscription explaining that the 'Sequelula' to *The*

Dynasts was 'well-meant and quite compatible with the reverence in which we all hold you' (*Book-Prices Current*, 1938). It was this sympathetic attitude—an attitude which, in a smaller degree, also characterizes Max the caricaturist—that took the sting out of these skits, so that even his victims (with the exception of A. C. Benson, who was a little hurt) did not feel victimized. We know, for instance, that Henry James was so highly amused by them that he could only express himself in superlatives (618, p. 350-1) about a book which, as has been said, seems to mark an end of evolution in the art of parody.

But Beerbohm's achievements as a parodist are not confined to the years 1896, 1906, and 1912. Strictly speaking, the parodies in the Christmas supplement of 1896 were not even the first evidence of his mimetic powers. A few months before he had, in an anonymous letter to the Editor of the *Saturday Review*, signed 'A Lover of Fair Play', parodied certain phrases of Clement Scott, the poet and dramatic critic (439, p. 315-6). To this Mr Scott replied in a letter which, incidentally, elicited Beerbohm's first signed contribution to that paper (440). Other similar passages occur in some of his dramatic criticisms, e.g. at VIII, p. 503, where A. W. Pinero's, and at IX, p. 49, where W. S. Gilbert's style is parodied. Occasionally the letterpress to a caricature assumes the form of a condensed parody, as in the case of the two caricatures of Henry James in *A Book of Caricatures* (18, Plate XI and XLVIII). Of these two I quote the latter, *Mr. Henry James revisiting America*, because it so well illustrates the points made above:

... So that, in fine, let, without further beating about the bush, me make to myself amazed acknowledgement that, but for the certificate of birth which I have, so very indubitably, on me, I might, in regarding, and, as it somewhat were, overseeing, à l'œil de voyageur, these dear good people, find hard to swallow, or even to take by subconscious injection, the great idea that I am—oh, ever so indigenously!— one of them ...

Max's later efforts in parody, *The Guerdon* (X, p. 135 ff.) and *All Roads*—, are more elaborate pieces, and therefore resemble those of *A Christmas Garland*. The former is another skit upon Henry James, written in 1916, when the Order of Merit was to be conferred on him; the latter, a parody on Maurice Baring, was included in the 1950 edition of *A Christmas Garland*. Beerbohm's skits, however, are not always restricted to individual authors; sometimes he will burlesque a whole group of writers, or speakers, or faddists. Thus the House of Commons manner is parodied at III, p. 182-3; the Euphuistic tendencies of certain contemporary authors in Zuleika's 'But I am an inspiration, not an obsession; a glow, not a blight' (VI, p. 94); the neo-Elizabethan blank verse drama in '*Savonarola*' *Brown*; the style of the popular novelist at VI, p. 1, 8-9, 77-8; the newspaper jargon in the captions to *Studies in the Eighteen-Seventies* (23, Plates 34-49); the imaginary reactions of a morning paper to the news that the dream of the

Baconians has come true in *On Shakespeare's Birthday* (III, p. 219 ff.); and the setters and solvers of crossword puzzles in a letter written to the *Times* (451).

2. Max Beerbohm and Oscar Wilde

It might, at first sight, seem remarkable that the name of Oscar Wilde, the dominating literary figure of the Nineties, does not occur among the writers expressly parodied by Beerbohm. The fact that Wilde had been exhaustively parodied by Robert Hichens can hardly have been a reason for Max not to attempt a version of his own. His real motive for excluding Wilde is, I think, to be sought in his fine sense of decorum. In 1912, after Meredith's death, Max apologized for reprinting the skit he had made of that author's work while he lived (V, p. 169). It must have been this same delicacy of feeling that prevented him from expressly parodying, in 1896 or later, an author who had practically ceased to exist in 1895. Yet it can be proved that much of Beerbohm's early work was influenced by Wilde. The exact nature of this influence, however, is often difficult to assess. It ranges from unconscious and conscious imitation to pastiche, and from pastiche to parody, overt or veiled, or even unconscious, and it may affect either the subject-matter, or the style, or both. As the vexed and much eschewed question of Beerbohm's place in the so-called 'Decadent' movement practically resolves itself into the alternative problem of his literary relation to Oscar Wilde, the Father of the movement, a first attempt to elucidate this affinity will not be out of place here.

An interesting clue to the solution of this problem is provided by Beerbohm himself in *Gibiessé Oblige*, a dramatic criticism written in 1898, when the influence of Wilde was already on the wane. In this article Beerbohm posits that every great man in art begins by *imitating* one or another of his forerunners (76, p. 483). An even more illuminating utterance is found in a criticism written in 1904, a few years after Wilde had ceased to stir his imitative or parodistic faculties. In this essay, called *A Play and a Mimic*, Max is very eloquent on the subject of mimicry and the related subjects of parody and caricature. Parody, he insists, is to literature what mimicry is to acting and caricature to painting—'a subsidiary art', and a speciality of youth. 'Read any undergraduate journal', he goes on, 'and you will find that it is mainly composed of *parody, unconscious and conscious*' (250, p. 749; cf. also IX, p. 257: 'Budding genius is always . . . imitative'). I have no hesitation in declaring that these two essays, in which Max insists that the destiny of every writer begins with parody and imitation, contain the key to the mystery of his own literary relation to Oscar Wilde. This relation partly resembles Wilde's own relation to Maturin, Keats, Hood, Mrs Browning, Tennyson, Jean Ingelow, Morris, 'Lanoe Falconer', Stevenson, Poe, Whistler, Balzac, Huysmans, Andersen, and others (cf. 630, *passim*, and 616,

p. 177), and may be summarized in Stevenson's phrase about the 'sedulous ape'. But in Beerbohm's case the relation was of a dual nature. While it is true to say that, as an undergraduate, he began by parodying Wilde, it is equally true that he ended by imitating him. Roughly speaking, the parody belongs to the two years preceding the fall of Wilde; the imitations to the two years after, while the transition is marked by *The Happy Hypocrite*, published in 1896, and by parts of *Zuleika Dobson*, which was conceived in 1896, and discontinued shortly afterwards. But the whole process did not take more than four years. After *The Story of the Small Boy and the Barley Sugar* and *Yai and the Moon*, which were both written in 1897, examples of direct Wildean influence become exceedingly rare; to all intents and purposes the majority of them should be classed as cases of 'unconscious' imitation.

The young Max certainly fulfilled the two conditions necessary for a successful imitation or parody of Wilde—a natural susceptibility to the idiosyncrasies of his thought and style, and a sympathetic understanding of his personality. The incident, related by Bohun Lynch (673, p. 10), of the youthful Max pulling down the blinds of his compartment lest he should see the Crystal Palace, shows that, in those days, he was no stranger to Wilde's aestheticism. We also know that, as an undergraduate, he admired the *Intentions* and 'that splendid, sinister work' *Dorian Gray* (26, p. 97), while later, as a dramatic critic, he never left off praising his dramas. But perhaps the most striking proof of the spiritual kinship between Wilde and Beerbohm is to be found in their ideas on individualism (Wilde speaks of 'the immoral ideal of uniformity of type', 925, III, p. 424), education ('To instruct is a dreary function', 15, p. 39; cf. Wilde's 'But oh! my dear Ernest, to sit next to a man who has spent his life in trying to educate others!', 925, III, p. 327), realism ('As a method Realism is a complete failure', *ibid.*, p. 240), and the antagonism between art and experience. Professor Hillebrand has pointed out that, for Beerbohm as well as for Pater and Wilde, art was the product of passionate observation, not of actual experience (779, p. 260)—a circumstance which would seem to account for the comparatively modest place allotted to life itself as a source of inspiration in the work of these artists. We know, for instance, that Pater always felt happier when criticizing life as revealed in a work of art than when dealing with life itself. Beerbohm's concern with the world of books and plays and pictures, and of their makers, is a parallel case in point. But whereas aesthetes such as Pater, Wilde and Arthur Symonds looked upon life itself as a form of art, and even treated it as such, Beerbohm never lost sight of the essential difference between the two. Life, according to him, had no formal curves and harmonies and, therefore, was not an art (VIII, p. 483). And though, in the case of Max himself, the interest of the question is purely academic, because he never set out to describe life as such, the remark shows that, in this respect at least, Beerbohm's critical acumen was su-

perior to that of the aesthetes. Finally it should be remembered that Beerbohm appreciated Wilde as a man. At the Café Royal he had been among the most sympathetic acclaimers of Oscar, who, in his turn, was fascinated by Beerbohm's enigmatic personality; and it is not known that Max ever changed his feelings.

Apart from the discarded *A Peep into the Past* (which was a good-natured satire, cf. 68) the earliest literary evidence of Wilde's influence on Max Beerbohm is found in *The Incomparable Beauty of Modern Dress*, the first essay he ever published, and in the essays which he collected in *The Works* in 1896. It occurs in the form of parody and imitation, either conscious or unconscious. A fine example of what he himself calls 'unconscious' parody is provided by the following sentence, which dates from 1896: '... but scarce did they dare to look upon her countenance, for it was as the face of an Angel' (394, p. 8). Though this is meant as a parody of Marie Corelli, it is a literal echo of Wilde's 'But no man dared look upon his face, for it was like the face of an angel' (925, I, p. 368). But in many cases the parody is indistinguishable from the imitation. When, for instance, he writes that 'To the aesthetic temperament nothing seems ugly. There are degrees of beauty—that is all' (26, p. 93), the parody is unmistakable (cf. Wilde's notorious 'There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all', 925, I, p. 9). Our doubts increase when we hear that 'expression is but too often the ruin of a face' (I, p. 100; cf. Wilde's 'Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, and always destroys the harmony of any face', 925, I, p. 13), or when we read about 'younger men, with months of activity before them' (I, p. 138; cf. Wilde's 'I am a little jealous of the picture for being a whole month younger than I am', 925, I, p. 70). But what are we to think of 'To have seen Mr. Hall Caine is to have read his soul. His flowing, formless cloak is as one of his own novels, twenty-five editions latent in the folds of it' (I, p. 19; cf. Wilde's '... when she is in a very smart gown she looks like an *édition de luxe* of a bad French novel', 925, I, p. 203)—or '... women are a sex by themselves, so to speak' (I, p. 92; cf. Wilde's 'Work is the curse of the drinking classes' (694, p. 192)? These quotations, which all belong to the period 1893-'96, are interesting for three reasons. They not only prove Beerbohm's early preoccupation with Wilde in general, and with *Dorian Gray* in particular; they also show that, in those years, his reactions to that author ranged from parody to pastiche, and that, between these categories, it is not always possible to draw the line. Of course the quotations of the second group may be looked upon as successful 'unconscious' parodies of the relevant passages in Wilde. But at the same time they are so felicitous and so characteristically Beerbohm that they seem to acquire a life and vigour of their own, so that they may be enjoyed apart from the model that inspired them. In other words, they transcend ordinary parody and clearly approach the level of creative imitation, conscious or unconscious, of which the third

group provides examples. Incidentally, it may be noted that the quotations seem to point to the fact that, in this case too, parody preceded imitation.

It is necessary at this stage to specify the object of Beerbohm's parody in these early essays. In spite of his natural affinity with Wilde, the parody in at least one of the 'Tite Street' essays was concerned not so much with Wilde's stylistic peculiarities (which, as the examples of the last section of this chapter show, were not utterly foreign to the Beerbohm of 1894, or, for that matter, of 1920) as with his ideas on art. Thus the essay on Cosmetics is essentially a parody of Wilde's insistence on the superiority of Art to Life and Nature (in which Max did not believe), not a parody of his style as such. From his review of *De Profundis* we know that Beerbohm admired the prose of Wilde's *Intentions*, and of his plays, and of his fairy-stories (405, p. 309). But the fact that *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (which he liked as an undergraduate) is not included in this maturer praise is significant. With this in view it is only natural that the stylistic parody in Beerbohm's essay should be aimed at Wilde's excessive use of paradox, marivaudage, and archaisms—affectations which characterize his *Dorian Gray* and some of his other writings, but which are almost entirely absent from his fairy-tales. This attitude is typical of the whole period of Wilde's influence on Beerbohm. While the 'Tite Street' essays, which belong to the years 1894 and 1895, are a subtle parody of Wilde's ideas and of some of his stylistic peculiarities, the two fairy-tales, which were published at the end of the period—*The Story of the Small Boy and the Barley Sugar* (1897) and *Yai and the Moon* (1897)—are frank imitations of a technique for which Wilde was indebted to Andersen. The transition from the parodistic to the imitative stage may be studied in *The Happy Hypocrite*, which belongs to the middle years of this period, and which is a curious blend between a Wildean fairy-tale and a parody of *Dorian Gray*.

Though, on the face of it, this 'fairy tale for tired men' would seem to be no more than a very successful imitation of a technique in which Wilde excelled—so successful indeed that even its title has already begun, like that of older works such as *Religio Medici*, to inspire other authors (cf. Ronald Firbank's *Odette: A Fairy Tale for Weary People*, London, Grant Richards, 1916)—a closer analysis reveals that it is also a subtle, though for the most part unconscious, parody of the motives employed by Wilde in his *Dorian Gray*.

The Picture of Dorian Gray was published in 1891, five years before *The Happy Hypocrite*. It is the story of the young, handsome, and wealthy Dorian Gray, whose magnetic personality enables his friend Basil Hallward to create his masterpiece—a life-size portrait of Dorian. The latter, however, gradually falls under the sway of the decadent, cynical mocker Lord Henry Wotton, who gives him a book of the *A Rebours* type to read, and finally brings about his moral ruin. But, as the sinister result of a wish once passionately expressed,

Dorian's face, in spite of his debauchery, preserves its innocence and youth, while his crimes and the advance of the years are duly registered on the carefully hidden portrait. Regardless of conventional morality Dorian, like another Faustus, now plunges into a life of mere pleasure. He begins his career by repudiating his first pure love, Sibyl Vane, a little East End actress, and ends it by murdering his friend Basil Hallward. But, though his cunning, combined with the mask of his eternal youth, shields him from discovery, he does not escape his Nemesis. At last he also wants to make away with the only remaining witness of his shameful double life—the life-size portrait, which the corruption of his soul has now changed into the picture of a horrible old monster; and with the knife that had once stabbed the painter he now stabs his work. But he has reckoned without his host, for the portrait which, as his visible conscience, might have been a positive factor in his life, now assumes the role of avenger, and destroys him. And, Wilde concludes, when the footmen entered the room, 'they found, hanging upon the wall, a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage'.

Beerbohm's fantastic parable is a subtle variation on this theme. For the background of his *Happy Hypocrite* he took his beloved Regency period—which must have fascinated him in the years 1894-'96—and for its hero Lord George Hell, one of the Regent's boon companions, who spends his evenings with La Gambogi, an Italian dancer. Lord George is wicked, and he is proud of his wickedness, until, all on a sudden, he falls in love with the ingenuous Jenny Mere, a *débutante* in a new operette. But Jenny spurns his love, because she can never be the wife of a man whose face is not saintly. In the desperate hours that follow this rebuff, the buck conceives the means of winning Jenny Mere. A fashionable mask-maker in Old Bond Street supplies him with the mask of a saint, which will for ever hide his evil countenance. When he leaves the shop La Gambogi stands watching her lost lover with sinister eye, and orders a spy to track him down. But Lord George does not heed her and, with his heart all sunshine, hurries on to his Jenny, who now accepts him on the strength of his saintly face. He at once marries her under the name of 'George Heaven', and brings her to a woodman's cottage, where they have a wonderful honeymoon. And as the days go by he truly repents the evil he has done in the past, and the spectre of the *femme fatale* gradually recedes into the background. However, on the 'mensiversary' of their wedding the jealous Signora discovers them in their cottage. Like a panther she springs upon her old lover and tears away the mask, but to her immense dismay she sees that the face under it is as saintly as the mask has been. To Lord George bewailing the imposture he has wrought upon her Jenny says: 'Surely, your face is even dearer to me, even fairer, than the sem-

blance that hid it and deceived me. I am not angry'. After that she 'put her arms round his neck, and he was happier than he had ever been'.

The analogy with *Dorian Gray* is obvious. The leading motive of both stories is the Good and the Evil, set off by the mask of hypocrisy. In Wilde's novel this motive is expressed in the following telltale sentences: 'Each of us has Heaven and Hell in him' and 'In hypocrisy he had worn the mask of goodness'. This more or less 'decadent' theme (cf. what I have said on masks in Chapter Two) must have appealed to Beerbohm's impish imagination, for his story of Lord Hell, alias Lord Heaven, may be interpreted as a delicate, though unintended, parody of it. The fact that Max never allows the parody to interfere with his independence of treatment would seem to strengthen this supposition, and may have been the reason why the unconscious parody has never been recognized as such. But in spite of the difference in treatment the parallelism is unmistakable. In the case of Dorian the 'mask of goodness' is the mask of his own radiant youth; in the case of Lord George it is the mask of a saint. This detail is symbolic of their attitudes. While Dorian's life is spent in the pursuit of worldly pleasures, Lord George aims at a higher and more spiritual bliss. The function of their masks varies accordingly. Dorian's fleshly mask of youth not only hides the moral degeneration which reveals itself in the portrait; it also precipitates it. Lord Hell's mask of wax, on the other hand, is a triumphant earnest of the moral regeneration which, owing to a momentary glimpse of uncorrupted virtue granted him in the person of Jenny Mere, has begun to manifest itself under it. Dorian as well as Lord George know that the life they are leading is insincere, and, though their ends differ, they both accept hypocrisy as a means of multiplying their personalities. Furthermore, both Wilde and Beerbohm (who once called his story *a fable with a moral*) acknowledge the regenerating power of pure love and a good intention. 'Love makes people good', Sibyl Vane is heard to remark in Wilde's novel. But these words, which are in fact the theme of Beerbohm's story, do not get a chance of realizing themselves in *Dorian Gray*, because his intentions are evil. At the end of his life, it is true, he tries to remove the traces of vice from the portrait by being good; but even then he remains the typical hypocrite. It is at this point that the story is taken up by Beerbohm. His tale begins where Wilde's novel leaves off. Beerbohm's hero, Lord Hell, is of good will, which is enough to make a Lord Heaven of him. He, whom pure love forced to assume the mask of hypocrisy, becomes the *Happy* Hypocrite, whereas the pleasure-seeking Dorian, whose mask has turned into an instrument of crime, is the typical *Unhappy* Hypocrite.

The parallelism between the novel and the fairy-tale is not restricted to the leading ideas; it also shows itself in the structure. The heroes are both wealthy men, who fall under the spell of a disastrous influence. Both get a chance of redeeming themselves by loving a pure girl. In both cases this girl is an actress,

whom they 'discover' in the playhouse. Both conceal their surnames from their sweethearts who, not unnaturally, consider themselves unworthy of their lovers. The revenge motive, too, runs parallel. Dorian and Lord George are both persecuted; the former by Sibyl's brother, who seeks to avenge his sister's suicide; the latter, after his metamorphosis, by a spy of the vindictive Signora. Furthermore, Mr Isaacs, the manager of Sibyl's little theatre, appears in Beerbohm's story as Mr Garble who, like his prototype, insists on the girls addressing their lovers as 'My Lord', while Mr Aeneas, 'the fashionable mask-maker' of Old Bond Street, takes the place of Mr Hubbard, 'the celebrated frame-maker' of South Audley Street. In the same way Basil Hallward's sudden disappearance, which caused so much excitement, finds its logical, and even verbal counterpart in the sensational disappearance of Lord George Hell. The likeness also appears in the scene between James Vane and the prostitute and that between the Signora and the Dwarf. It even seems to affect the names. For while Sibyl's lover is known to her as 'Prince Charming', it is as 'King Bogey' that Lord Hell acquires a doubtful reputation in nurseries. But it becomes especially striking towards the end when Dorian's dead body on the floor finds its serene counterpart in Lord George's mask lying upon the lawn, upturned to the sky.

The parallelism even shows itself in such minor details as Dorian's nightly ramble through London after he has left Sibyl Vane, and Lord George's nocturnal peregrination through the same city after Jenny Mere has rejected him. In almost the same words we learn that, at the ensuing dawn, Dorian found himself close to Covent Garden, while Beerbohm's hero, at that hour, was treading the outskirts of a little wood in Kensington. Wilde as well as Beerbohm then go on to describe the morning air, heavy with the scent of flowers, and dwell on the sinister aspect of the sleeping city. Another possible parallel is the description of Dorian's home-coming in the morning ('The bright dawn flooded the room, and swept the fantastic shadows into dusky corners, where they lay shuddering') and that of Lord George's similar *rentrée*: 'Shadows lay like memories in every corner of the dim hall'. The account of the light slanting through the window is equally suggestive.

Analogous structural and stylistic parallelisms exist between Beerbohm's fantastic story and some of Wilde's other writings. Thus the theme of *The Happy Hypocrite*—a saint converting a sinner—is generally reminiscent of Wilde's *La Sainte Courtisane*, while two of its leading motives—a belief that love is stronger than evil, and the idea of the soul being able to metamorphose the face—occur in Wilde's stories. To take one instance only, in *The Fisherman and his Soul* the hero's love proves stronger than the evil with which he is tempted, while the Star-Child, in the story of that name, changes face twice in accordance with the state of his soul. His second metamorphosis, which, in fact, resembles the one related in *The Happy Hypocrite*, even finds its stylistic counterpart in

Beerbohm's story. 'And lo! his face was even as it had been', Wilde exclaims; and Beerbohm echoes: 'But lo! his face was even as his mask had been'. The cadences of the writing, too, are definitely Oscarish.

These, and similar parallelisms bring out the affinity between *The Happy Hypocrite* and *Dorian Gray* on the one hand, and that between *The Happy Hypocrite* and Wilde's fairy-stories on the other. But it should be insisted that these affinities are of an entirely different nature. While, as to form, *The Happy Hypocrite* is an imitation of the Wildean fairy-story, it can be shown that, in substance, it is an unconscious parody of the 'decadent' atmosphere suggested in *Dorian Gray*—a parody, therefore, done in the fairy-tale technique of which Beerbohm's victim was a master. This enables us to connect it with a definite and important stage in the history of Max's artistic relations with Oscar Wilde—the transition between the parodical and the imitative stage. It need hardly be stressed that this subtle blend of parody and pastiche is far more characteristic of the real Beerbohm than the two or three attempts at pure imitation that followed.

That *The Happy Hypocrite* may be looked upon as an unconscious parody of Wilde's novel is proved by many significant touches. I only select a few. When Dorian, at the end of his criminal double life, persuades himself that he is mending his ways, there appears in the mouth of the portrait 'the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite'. Beerbohm raises this scene to the level of parody. When Lord George stigmatizes the saint's mask he has just tried on as too 'contemplative', Mr Aeneas promptly makes it into the mask of a saint who loves dearly by putting 'a fuller curve' upon the lips. On one occasion, Wilde tells us, two gentlemen left the smoking-room of the Churchill, because Dorian Gray came in. Beerbohm improves upon this as follows: '... whenever he [i.e. Lord Hell] entered a room . . . they would make straight for the door and watch him very severely through the key-hole'. This 'through the key-hole' is conclusive. Furthermore Lord Henry's statement 'I adore simple pleasures . . . They are the last refuge of the complex' finds its caricatural illustration in the incident of the once famous *gourmet* eating buns with Jenny Mere—a 'pagoda' of buns, to match Lord Henry's 'pyramid' of seeded strawberries. Finally there is parody in the way in which Max describes the tearing away of the mask. In *Dorian Gray* the *dénouement* is accompanied by a 'horrible cry' and a 'crash', while the unmasking scene in *The Happy Hypocrite* is enlivened by a 'wild cry' and a 'loud pop, as though some great cork had been withdrawn'. Even the name Jenny Mere seems to contain an allusion to Wilde's predilection for that word in his novel: Sibyl Vane, for Dorian, is 'mere beauty'; she has, according to him, 'not merely art', but personality also, while on the fatal evening she is for him 'merely a commonplace, mediocre actress'.

Though there are certain indications that would seem to point to such a

conclusion, it is difficult to prove that Beerbohm, in the person of Lord Hell, intended to give us a caricature of Oscar Wilde, the *man*. Of course, it cannot be gainsaid that the latter has drawn his own portrait in the character of Lord Henry Wotton. Considering the close parallelism that I have shown to exist between *Dorian Gray* and *The Happy Hypocrite*, it is, therefore, not impossible that Beerbohm, in his turn, should present us with a picture of Oscar in the person of Lord George Hell. The fact that he makes his hero exactly as old as Wilde was reputed to be when he published his *Dorian Gray*, may be a mere coincidence; for in the play he is 'about 45' (cf. 474). But there are other clues. A recent biographer described Wilde's figure as inclining to corpulence, and his face as fleshy, humorous, 'proconsular,' and, at first, repellent (694, p. 162-3). Beerbohm's Lord George is a 'vast and fearful gentleman', and 'rather like Caligula, with a dash of Sir John Falstaff'. Whenever this personage enters a room many people get up and leave. The same thing had happened to Wilde himself, who, moreover, retaliated in much the same way as Lord Hell (cf. *ibid.*, p. 266); for, when the ladies gathered up their skirts as they passed the wicked Lord, 'he would lightly appraise their ankles'. And then there is Lord George's fondness for fine clothes, and his 'sudden disappearance' from the social sphere. Beerbohm's explicit statement that his Lordship was a non-smoker—his only virtue, and that a negative one—only heightens the poignancy of the jest, as everybody knew that Wilde was a tremendous smoker. Finally, the saintly mask capable of transforming the features of a George Hell into those of a George Heaven, may symbolize contemporary hopes about the purifying influence of the punishment Wilde was undergoing. Beerbohm himself refers to this sentiment in his review of *De Profundis*, written in 1905: 'Nothing seemed more likely than that Oscar Wilde, smitten down from his rosy-clouded pinnacle, and dragged through the mire, and cast among the flints, would be *diablement changé en route*' (405, p. 309). It is certainly remarkable that all these indications concern the 'decadent' side of Wilde's life and character. In view of my thesis that Beerbohm's fantastic story may be looked upon as a parody of the 'decadent' contents of *Dorian Gray*, this circumstance would seem to strengthen the conjecture that at least some of the mockery in *The Happy Hypocrite* is directed against the *person* of Oscar Wilde.

Zuleika Dobson, which was begun in the Nineties, also shows traces of Wildean influence, both in its subject-matter and in its style. But it is equally difficult here to distinguish between caricature, imitation—conscious or unconscious—and the various grades of parody, because, in the preciousness of its manner, the book is so thoroughly of its period. However, some of the motives, situations, and stylistic devices seem to be linked, in some way or other, with Wilde's tales, and with his novel. A few examples may suffice to illustrate my point.

First of all the story of *Zuleika Dobson* is vaguely reminiscent of *The Picture*

of *Dorian Gray*. Its theme—an honest dandy drowning himself for love of a callous and unworthy amateur juggler—is the reversal of an important motive in *Dorian Gray*—a pure and simple actress poisoning herself for love of a callous and unworthy dandy. In the same way Zuleika's fatal influence on the Duke, which leads him to consummate his love by the 'sacrament' of death, calls to mind Lord Henry's sinister power over Dorian who, immediately after Sibyl's death, finds comfort in the thought that, from now on, his love will always be a 'sacrament' to him. But under the influence of his evil genius he soon persuades himself to see Sibyl's suicide from a purely artistic point of view. 'It often happens that the real tragedies of life occur in such an inartistic manner that they hurt us by their crude violence, their absolute incoherence, their absurd want of meaning, their entire lack of style', Lord Henry had told him (925, I, p. 119). Beerbohm's 'novel', in which the gods arrange everything artistically, and in which everything, down to such a vulgar incident as the outpouring of Zuleika's water-jug on the Duke's face, is stylized, seems to be a subtle parody of Lord Henry's words. At the same time Zuleika's reaction to the wholesale suicide of Oxford undergraduates is a splendid caricature of Dorian's attitude: if the latter, on the evening after the girl's death, is seen to amuse himself at the Opera with another woman, Zuleika, with even more perfect composure, celebrates the destruction of her adorers with a luxurious bath, after which she orders a special train to Cambridge. (The trick of the bath as the 'solution' to a critical situation also occurs in *Dorian Gray*). Finally Dorian's 'English'-speaking French valet finds his counterpart in Zuleika's French maid.

Similar factual links seem to exist between *Zuleika Dobson* and some of Wilde's stories. First the exaggerated 'deportment' complex of the Duke is strongly reminiscent of the 'duty' complex of the hero of *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*. His determination to keep the real reason of his self-sacrifice a secret from the world seems to be a caricature of Arthur Savile's oath that 'come what may, he would never let her know what he was doing for her sake, but would keep the secret of his self-sacrifice hidden always in his heart'. Arthur's idea that murder requires 'a victim as well as a priest' is echoed by Dorset when he says that he is 'priest as well as victim'. Other passages in *Zuleika Dobson* seem to reflect situations used by Oscar Wilde. After his plunge in the Isis the Duke's career under water is described in words that are almost identical to those used by Lord Henry in *Dorian Gray*. 'I see him [viz. Basil Hallward]', Lord Henry exclaims, 'lying now on his back under those dull-green waters with the heavy barges floating over him, and long weeds catching in his hair'. The Duke's vision of his future fate might be a paraphrase of this: 'I, clinging to the weeds of the river's bed, shall see dimly the boats and the oars pass over me'. In the same way the incident between Mr Oover and Humphrey Greddon ('Withdrawing the blade, he wiped it daintily on his cambric handkerchief. There was no

blood') recalls a passage in *The Fisherman and his Soul*: 'The blade whizzed through me, and did me no hurt'. Finally, the ghosts at Tankerton, Dorset's estate, remind one of Wilde's famous *Canterville Ghost*. Even the name Tanville-Tankerton is suggestive.

In its style, too, *Zuleika Dobson* shows traces of Wildean parody and imitation. The trick of personifying flowers and things, which Max employs here (e.g. on p. 87 and p. 263) as well as in other works, derives from Wilde, who used it freely in his stories and who, in his turn, had borrowed it from Andersen. A passage like "'Explain yourself!" he commanded. "Isn't that rather much for a man to ask of a woman?"' (p. 47) could have been written by Wilde himself. On the other hand a sentence like 'It was framed in ivory, and of fluted ivory were the slim columns it swung between' (p. 7) would seem to be more generally reminiscent of the *Yellow Book* mode (cf. 899, p. 522). That such curious rhythms cannot always be looked upon as parodies, or even as conscious imitations, is proved by the occurrence of a similar cadence in an essay written thirty years after *Zuleika* had been begun ('And the moustache was jet-black, and jet-black were the eyebrows and the eyelashes', 70, p. 2). Real stylistic parody, however, is found in what Harold Nicolson erroneously called 'the author's somewhat belated preoccupation with the names of hard-stones and jewels' (899, p. 522). In my opinion this preoccupation is decidedly critical. There can be no doubt that the catalogues of jewels and precious stones which Wilde used to insert in his stories after the example of Huysmans are parodied in such passages as: 'On the back of one cover BRADSHAW, in beryls, was encrusted; on the back of the other, A. B. C. GUIDE, in amethysts, beryls, chrysoprases, and garnets' (p. 7; note the play upon the initial letters), or 'But I am heart-set on you, and to win you there is not a precious stone I would leave unturned. Conceive a *parure* all of white stones—diamonds, white sapphires, white topazes, tourmalines' (p. 57), etc. In the same way the passage beginning 'The moon, like a gardenia in the night's buttonhole—but no! why should a writer never be able to mention the moon without likening her to something else—usually something to which she bears not the faintest resemblance?' (p. 144) is a direct hit at one of Wilde's weaknesses (cf. the latter's 'Through the parted curtains of the window I see the moon like a clipped piece of silver, 925, III, p. 281, and, in the same essay, 'Out of a tawny mane or drift she [i.e. the moon] gleams like a lion's eye', p. 287).

That Beerbohm's two fairy-tales, *The Story of the Small Boy and the Barley Sugar* and *Yai and the Moon*, were influenced by similar stories of Oscar Wilde is proved by a comparison of their subject-matter, their spirit, and their style. It may, I think, be posited that the central theme of many of Wilde's stories, such as *The Birthday of the Infanta*, *The Star-Child*, *The Nightingale and the Rose*, and *The Devoted Friend* is the conflict between one or more aspects of the Good

and the corresponding aspects of the Evil. A perfect illustration of this thesis is found in the tale of *The Nightingale and the Rose*, in which the Nightingale stands for idealism, altruism, romanticism, and culture, whereas the Student is the embodiment of materialism, selfishness, cold reason, and Bloomsbury. In section ii of the present chapter I have shown that it is exactly these conflicting tendencies that are the subject of Beerbohm's fairy-tales. The theme of *The Story of the Small Boy and the Barley Sugar* is the frustration of unreserved kindness and idealism by base egoism and materialism, whereas *Yai and the Moon* is a dramatization of the clash between Eastern romanticism and culture on the one hand, and Western intellectualism and barbarism on the other. The parallelism is too striking to be attributed to coincidence. It can only be accounted for by Beerbohm's sincere admiration of Wilde's fairy-tales. This admiration must have been all the greater in that it was not exclusively based on the printed, more ornamental, though often less direct versions of them. We know (cf. 15, p. 20) that the young Max was often among the audience, when the Lord of Language held the table spell-bound by his *histoires parlées*, and his admiration of the best of his fairy-stories was so great that he not only placed them above his highly-praised comedies (260, p. 665), but actually adopted the master's technique, not to parody him, as he had done in the earlier essays, but to emulate him. Though, on the one hand, his artistic conscience prevented these imitations from degenerating into pastiche, his 'quick sympathies' made them perfectly worthy of their model, because they not only reproduced Wilde's themes, but also his spirit and his own particular variety of the fairy-tale style. In spite of his pretence, in *The Story of the Small Boy and the Barley Sugar*, of addressing himself to children—a trick never practised by Wilde—both Wilde's and his own fairy-tales contain something of that cynical bitterness which appeals to the adult reader only. It is found, among many other of Wilde's tales, in *The Nightingale and the Rose*, as well as in Beerbohm's *Story of the Small Boy*, and in either case it supplies the tale with the 'inconclusive' ending that Max once stipulated as the *sine qua non* of all good tragedy. A parallel case is provided by *Yai and the Moon*, in which the moon has the same fascination for Yai that it had for Wilde himself. A mere juxtaposition, finally, of any two pages from these stories will convince the reader of Beerbohm's stylistic dependence on Wilde.

That Max went on experimenting in the Wildean fairy-tale after 1897 is proved by a MS. story dated June 8, 1899, in which, under the title *Altruism*, he tells us of a 'very good little boy', who set free a caged bird: 'Presently the bird hopped out, and, with an adroit pass of its beak removed one of the boy's eyes' (586, p. 9). But by this time Max must have discovered where his real strength lay, and the two published tales were to remain the only evidence of an interesting phase in his evolution as a writer.

As I have said, Beerbohm's imitative faculties practically ceased to be stirred by Oscar Wilde after he had written *The Story of the Small Boy and the Barley Sugar* and *Yai and the Moon*. Of course there are still echoes, such as his paradoxes, his curious inversions, and his significant use of the word *once*, to which I shall revert in section v, 2 of this chapter, and for whose ironic possibilities he is certainly indebted to Wilde's conversations (cf. Wilde to Frank Harris bragging of his social successes: 'Yes, dear Frank, we believe you—you have dined in every house in London, *once*', 694, p. 181, and [of Aubrey Beardsley]: 'Dear Aubrey, he knows France so well—he has been to Dieppe, *once*', 641, p. 165). But such echoes are rare, and, on account of his spiritual affinity with Wilde, often difficult to pin down as such, so that they should rather be classed as cases of 'unconscious' than of conscious imitation. We can say, therefore, that, soon after his two or three attempts in the Wildean fairy-story, Wilde ceased to be an inspiration for him, while, after Wilde's death, his delicacy of feeling forbade him to make Oscar the subject of his parody.

3. Max Beerbohm and Other Writers

So much then for the main thesis of this section. But before concluding I must say a few words upon Beerbohm's literary relationship to authors other than Wilde and those parodied in *A Christmas Garland*. It will be remembered that, with regard to some, at least, of the living authors parodied by him, this relationship was inspired by 'the hope of learning rather what to avoid'. In spite of his professed aversion to writers 'earlier than Thackeray', it is not difficult to prove that, with regard to a large number of them, this relationship is definitely emulative. This does not only apply to those authors who may generally be looked upon as Beerbohm's literary ancestors—Sir Thomas Browne, Lamb, and Thackeray; it is also true of a writer like De Quincey, whose influence is perhaps less elusive than that of the last two.

We may be sure that Max, like Whistler, belonged to that small group of people who were interested in 'the subtler ramifications of English prose as an art form' (III, p. 107). But even in view of this the number and nature of actual Browne parallelisms and echoes is so surprising that we may speak of a special indebtedness. Though it would be easy to point out analogous rhythms and sentiments in his model, considerations of space forbid me to give more than a selection of Brunonian cadences in Beerbohm. Sentences like the following are certainly reminiscent of the best of *Urne-Buriall*, or *A Letter to a Friend*:

But who shall cast the horoscope of an ordinary child? Who knows the vicissitudes of his journey? Be he suckled in a pit, or in a castle on a mountain, who shall prophesy the level of his last bed? (II, p. 5);

But Time is a sad iconoclast, and this family idol, though it has not been utterly shattered, has been knocked from its high pedestal (*ibid.*, p. 19);

The whole history of this world is but as a moment in eternity, and happy is that man whose fame is the accompaniment of his own life (*ibid.*, p. 32);

To plume one's self on a negative virtue, is surely the cheapest form of self-righteousness . . . (*ibid.*, p. 35);

The ruins made, not by Time, but by the ruthless skill of Labour, the ruins of houses not old enough to be sacrosanct nor new enough to keep pace with the demands of a gasping and plethoric community—these are the ruins that move *me* to tears (III, p. 50).

In other cases, such as in the *than*-constructions discussed in section v, 3, b, (i) of this chapter, he seems to imitate some of the stylistic idiosyncrasies of the *Vulgar Errors*. But often the effect is quite different from that intended by Browne. In the following example it is purely comical:

He had ever been patient in poring over plants botanically, and fishes ichthyologically, and minerals mineralogically. And now, day by day, he studied the Carnival from a strictly carnivallogical standpoint . . . (IV, p. 202-3).

Occasionally Beerbohm fairly out-Brownes Browne in his use of out-of-the-way words, as in the essay on *The Pervasion of Rouge*, in which he also displays the master's taste for perfumery. This of the art of making cosmetics:

So various in its materials—from stimmis, psimythium, and fuligo to bismuth and arsenic (I, p. 95).

Even the Montaignean verse-tag, favoured by Browne, is not lacking here. The fact that, with the exception of the one 'comical' example, all the passages quoted belong to the years 1894-1901, seems to prove that Max, as a young man, must have been particularly sensitive to the magic of the Norwich physician, to whom his great friend Edmund Gosse devoted a book in 1905 (927). This conclusion is supported by the evidence of vocabulary. The words *impenn[u]ous* (I, p. 14) and *fuligo* (*ibid.*, p. 95), which Max used in *The Works*, both occur in Browne's *Vulgar Errors*; and, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, this is the earliest known instance of their occurrence.

Stylistic and other echoes from Lamb and Thackeray are less easy to verify, because the natural affinity between these two authors and Beerbohm was greater than that existing between him and Sir Thomas Browne. With Lamb, for instance, Beerbohm shares his love of the past and of the striking, classicized, archaic word. The former may be illustrated from his essay *A Club in Ruins* which, in spirit and theme, resembles Lamb's *Blakesmoor in H—shire*; the latter

is exemplified by his use of a word like *nigritude* (IV, p. 119), which occurs in the opening line of Lamb's *The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers*. Thackerayan influence may be descried in Beerbohm's essay on George IV (*vide supra*, sect. i, 1), in his adoption of the colloquial manner, in his handling of the 'aside' (*vide infra*, sect. v, 3, (xxiii)), and, perhaps, in his use of Latin titles (cf. Thackeray's *Nil Nisi Bonum*, *De Juventute*, and *De Finibus* with Beerbohm's *Porro Unum . . .*, *Dulcedo Judiciorum*, and *Quia Imperfectum*). De Quincey was first pointed out as a possible 'influence' by Bohun Lynch (673, p. 45 and p. 72-3). Beerbohm's essay *An Infamous Brigade* certainly invites comparison with *Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts*, both in its matter and in its style (cf. Beerbohm's own 'I am far from exalting arson to the level of a *fine art*', II, p. 59); and so does *Zuleika Dobson*. The sentiment and style of De Quincey's 'Mr. Williams [the notorious murderer] . . . when he went out for a grand compound massacre . . . always assumed black silk stockings and pumps; nor would he on any account have degraded his position as an artist by wearing a morning gown' (912, p. 99) must have appealed to the ironist, the wit, and the fantasist in Max. But however this may be, it is exactly this mingling of wit, irony, intellectual subtlety, and happy and whimsical phrase in his 'novel' that, as David Masson remarked of De Quincey's essay (*ibid.*, p. 6, 8), makes readable, and even amusing, what otherwise would have been repulsive.

Besides these more or less palpable 'influences' Beerbohm's writings contain echoes and reminiscences of a host of other authors, both living and dead. But these resonances cannot always be proved. In some particular respect the natural affinity between master and disciple may be so great that a thought or a stylistic turn passes from one to the other almost unrecognized. This means that in such cases it is impossible to draw the line between borrowing (whether conscious or unconscious) and mere coincidence.

We have seen that Max himself is very sparing in indicating his exemplars. But from the foregoing sections it is clear that, apart from the influence exercised by such writers as Wilde, Browne, Lamb, and Thackeray, he probably owed something to Barbey d'Aureville, de Maupassant, Maeterlinck, Meredith, Whistler, and Henry James. In view of his great natural susceptibility it is not surprising that the list of 'influences' may even be extended. Critics and reviewers have suggested—not more—that in his cultivation of the pose and of the trifle, in his exploitation of a pleasant ego, in his elasticity of phrase, and in his power to invest a joke with loveliness Max resembled Sterne (726, p. 83; 872, p. 140); that he took certain hints from Peacock's satirical novels (882, p. 71); that he learnt his frankness in sparing, in his denunciations, not even himself, from Shaw (review of *More*, in the *Academy* [London], 13 May 1899, p. 527), his humour from Schopenhauer (628, p. 27), and the cadences of his prose from the Latin writers (896, p. 67); that he had something of the Rostand of

Cyrano de Bergerac (779, p. 262), of the exquisite callousness and of the wit of 'Saki', and of the mockery of Voltaire (896, p. 67); that Mrs Gaskell might have been his literary mother, and Andrew Lang his uncle (654, p. 39, 41). But even this list is not exhaustive, and conscious, half-conscious and unconscious echoes of many authors may be heard reverberating throughout his pages. Thus a simile like '... and I pause to bathe in the light that is as the span of our human life, granted between one great darkness and another' (IV, p. 122) has a Shakespearean ring (cf. 'and our little life Is rounded with a sleep', *Tempest*, IV, i, 157-8), while a sentence like 'Indeed, it is undoubtedly when he is describing the life and character of the Emperor that my author is at his most intimate, his best' (II, p. 3-4) is curiously reminiscent of Carlyle's 'In such passages ... the high Platonic Mysticism of our Author ... bursts forth, as it were, in full blood' (913, p. 52). That the writer of *Dandies and Dandies* knew his *Sartor Resartus* is also suggested by his essay *Some Words on Royalty*, in which he poses as commentator on the memoirs of Count *, a position similar to the one taken up by Carlyle with respect to Teufelsdröckh's treatise. Sometimes Max will improve upon his source by adding an ironical or fanciful touch. Thus Montaigne's 'que la mort me treuve plantant mes chous, mais nonchalant d'elle, & encore plus de mon iardin imparfait' (910, I, xx) is transformed by him into 'But to die of laughter—this, too, seems to me a great euthanasia' (IV, p. 302), or 'I have often thought that a man might end his days very pleasantly in the *claque*' (II, p. 109). In the same way Beerbohm's 'There can be no doubt that the method of the ordinary reviewer is to curse what he does not understand, until it be explained to him' (*ibid.*, p. 92) would seem to be an amended and humorous version of the opening sentence of Dr Johnson's essay on *The Advantages of Living in a Garret*: 'Nothing has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend'.

I may conclude with a less elusive variant of Beerbohm's 'aping' habit. I mean his trick of incorporating the words of the great in his text and adapting them to his own humorous or ironical purposes. I only quote the following examples: [the Bible:] 'The voice, I admit, is the voice of Apollo; but the eyes are the eyes of Mars, and the jaw-bone is exactly the jaw-bone that Jove had beneath his beard' (342, p. 783); [Shakespeare:] 'The time is not out of joint, and by a cursed spite there is no outlet for Mr. Waller's desire to set it right' (IX, p. 87; cf. VIII, p. 508); [Coleridge:] 'But he evidently has, like the Ancient Mariner, a glittering eye, in virtue of which he stoppeth one in three of the wedding-guests' (322, p. 262); [the Duke of Wellington:] 'Altogether, these parlour-games were a most depressing and demoralising institution, and I am convinced that some of our battles in South Africa two years ago were lost on the drawing-room tables of Belgravia and Bayswater' (180, p. 495); [Charles

Wolfe:] '... and I bitterly thought on the morrow' (62, p. 6); [Tennyson:] '... the shade of Matthew Arnold shedding tears on the shoulder of a shade so different as George Brummell's—tears, idle tears...' (III, p. 144); [Kipling:] 'Some hours of the day he [i.e. the popular novelist] is bound to consecrate to his private life, in which, however, he keeps his readers very well posted, lest they forget, lest they forget' (II, p. 120-1). This reference does not occur in the original version of *Arise, Sir—*—!, which dates from June 19, 1897. Kipling's *Recessional* was published on July 19, 1897, and two years later the reference was duly inserted in the *More* version of the essay.

4. Conclusion

At the end of our investigation we may say that Beerbohm's habit of 'playing the sedulous ape' has two aspects—the imitative and the parodical. The first aspect he shares with many other writers, and it certainly has not contributed to his incomparableness. It is the second that has done so, because here his manner is truly individual. It would seem that the underlying principle of his most subtle parodies is not exaggeration, but mimicry. In some of them this chameleon-like artist almost completely absorbs the colour of his object, and it is in the narrow margin between *his* colour range and that of his original that the secret of his incomparable mockery lies. The special nature of this art presupposes an existing literature and an initiated public. It can only flourish in a cultivated and literary-minded milieu, because comparison with its original is the *sine qua non* of its enjoyment. But it also carries its risks. We have seen that in at least one of his essays—that on *Cosmetics*—the author identified himself so well with the object of his mockery that, by the unenlightened, he was equated with it. In *The Happy Hypocrite*, finally, he seems to transcend the limits of parody. The mimicry in this story is so completely integrated into the harmless-looking fairy-tale frame that, on the face of it, the piece seems to have lost its critical character, so that even the discriminating were deceived. Its subsequent history resembles that of *Gulliver* which, like Beerbohm's parody, will always live on its merits as a story. The reason for this curious shift of accent is to be sought in the special texture of Beerbohm's parody. Its strength lies in the almost imperceptible exaggeration of his mimetic pose, and its operation is so subtle that it largely depends on the response of the reader whether it assumes the character of mockery, or not.

It is this tendency to 'play the sedulous ape' which enables us to connect the art of Beerbohm, the parodist, with that of 'Max', the caricaturist. Though in some of his caricatures the unity of both arts is already symbolized by the letter-press which accompanies and complements them, it is really the similarity of intention and technique which proves that, in Beerbohm's case at least, there is

a close affinity between parodist and caricaturist, between writer and artist. In his parodies as well as in his caricatures Beerbohm assimilates and, at the same time, exaggerates the essential features of his original. The degree of exaggeration, however, varies according to the medium used. In his caricatures there is more of it than in his parodies, because the pictorial medium, by its very nature, is less capable of expressing a living thought than the verbal. But in either medium his art springs from the same source—his satirical temper—and tends to the same end—criticism. The way in which he achieves this object both in his writings and in his caricatures is always typically individual, that is, typically 'Max', and therefore, in the full sense of the word, 'incomparable'. It was undoubtedly this aspect of Beerbohm's art that Shaw, more than fifty years ago, had in mind when he applied his famous epithet. But it should be remembered that, with regard to much of his work, especially his parodies, it can only be interpreted paradoxically. The 'incomparable' Max is most incomparable when, in his work, he consciously or unconsciously invites comparison with that of others. It is only in this sense that Shaw's equivocal appellation can contribute to a better understanding of Beerbohm's art.

iv. THE CRITIC

1. *The Dramatic Critic*

a. Introductory

From 1898 to 1910 Max Beerbohm was dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*. During this period he contributed more than 470 articles averaging between 1500 and 2000 words. This means that for twelve years he was turning out dramatic criticisms and other articles at the rate of forty a year, a figure which throws an interesting sidelight on Beerbohm, the Man (and, incidentally, on the reliability of certain critics who persist in reiterating that his output was so 'extremely' slender). To be sure, this high annual average would be no mean achievement for even a very energetic man. In the case of a man of Beerbohm's easy-going habits it can only have been attained at the cost of a considerable and continuous effort—a supposition borne out by his own, and other people's, testimony that, in all those years, Thursday, the latest possible day for writing his article, had been his *dies ater* (IX, p. 489; 663, p. 158). During the remaining twelve weeks of relaxation—which included a six or seven weeks' holiday between July and September—Max must have been only too glad to cede his familiar corner in the *Saturday* to his musical colleague, or, whenever Tree took a part in the play chosen for discussion, to Arthur A. Baumann, or some other dramatic critic; for he made it a rule never to criticize a play in which his great

brother appeared. Of the nearly five hundred articles written for the *Saturday* in the course of these twelve years about one third were reprinted in the Collected Edition of his works, where, under the title of *Around Theatres*, they fill more than a thousand pages. Some of these, like 'Tess' (VIII, p. 115 ff.) and 'Cyrano' in English (*ibid.*, p. 130 ff.), were considerably abridged; others were reprinted under different titles (cf. the Bibliography); but in most cases Max contented himself with merely expunging the customary, and, in his own phrase, 'rather perfunctory' remarks on the actors of the play, with which he used to wind up his criticisms.

The fact that I have preferred not to treat Beerbohm's dramatic criticisms as essays calls for some explanation. It will be granted that any attempt at classification at once raises the question whether his articles for the *Saturday* can be looked upon as essays in the strict sense of the word. Beerbohm himself mostly calls them 'articles', though he occasionally refers to them as 'essays'. The discriminating use made by him of these two terms may be illustrated from *Habit* (IX, p. 485 ff.), his last contribution to the *Saturday* in his capacity of dramatic critic. While in this swan-song he refers to his long series of dramatic criticisms as 'articles', he is careful to reserve the term 'essay' for the final contribution itself. His intuitively right distinction between his dramatic criticisms and his essays finds its deeper roots in one of the characteristics of the essay, viz. its generality. The proper theme of the essay has been said to be 'classes, kinds, varieties, not individuals' (934, p. 13). That is why a thing like *Habit*, a general disquisition on the subject indicated by the title, is a true essay, whereas a criticism of an individual play, say, Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, cannot, on *a priori* grounds, be said to be one. I say on *a priori* grounds. For, apart from the fact that an appreciable percentage of his contributions to the *Saturday* are not criticisms of a particular play at all, but genuine essays, dealing with either dramatic (e.g. 147, 154, 174, 181, 244, 280), or non-dramatic affairs in a general way (e.g. 84, 85, 201, 222, 300, 310), and, as such, reprinted in his collections of essays (e.g. III, 17 ff., 39 ff., 63 ff., etc.), or merely reviews of books connected with the drama (such as 316, 334), many of the dramatic criticisms proper are essentially essays. A mere glance at the pages of *Around Theatres* will show that in a vast number of cases the particular play chosen for discussion is nothing but 'a peg to hang some general disquisition on' (Beerbohm's phrase, VIII, p. viii). This is perhaps the reason why one critic described his work for the *Saturday* as 'a series of delightful *causeries* tacked lightly on to the plays of the preceding week' (667, p. 104)—a view which their author would undoubtedly endorse, as he must often have felt that the (usually bad) play was hardly a sufficient justification for his weekly article. Yet I have not hesitated to treat his dramatic criticisms under a different heading from his essays proper, and that not mainly on account of their uniformity of subject, but on account of a more fundamental difference.

According to the definition adopted in section i, 2 of this chapter, one of the essentials of the essay is its absolute 'personalness', as contrasted with the 'impersonality' of the short story. This quality manifests itself through the medium of individual style. We know that Max himself was keenly aware of this distinction when, referring to the art of the essayist, he said that 'himself is the thing to be obtruded' and that style is 'the only means to this end' (136, p. 170). Now even a superficial comparison of the handful of essays in *The Works* with an equal number of dramatic criticisms from the *Saturday Review*, or even with a good half dozen of those collected (and selected) in *Around Theatres*, will convince the reader that of the latter quality there is a good deal less in the dramatic criticisms than in the essays proper—if only for the obvious reason that a man's dramatic opinions only constitute a very small part of the whole body of opinion which goes to the making of a personality. Contemporary reviewers of the collected articles were not blind to this defect, if defect it may be called. An American critic's valuation was that 'some four-fifths of these reviews . . . are not worth reprinting . . . In that remaining fifth, however, the native shrewdness of the author shines and sings' (Stark Young in the *New Republic* [New York], 31 Dec. 1930, p. 193). But his English colleague was certainly nearer the mark, when he said that 'the two volumes, excellent though they be, are not Mr. Beerbohm' (Edward Shanks in the *Outlook* [London], 29 Nov. 1924, p. 385). This does not mean that there is nothing of Mr Beerbohm's personality in these articles. It only means that there is less of it in his dramatic criticisms than in his essays proper. This is also the reason why the former are so much easier to analyse. In this respect a thing like *Mr. Sutro's New Play* (IX, p. 111 ff.) may be taken as a fairly representative specimen of the type. Following a brief preamble Max will embark on an elaborate and sometimes ludicrous exposition of the plot (which, in the case of a bad play, is often enough to damn it). He then proceeds to criticize the plot and the dialogue, after which he generally rounds off the whole with a few critical remarks on the performers. This at once dispels the myth, lately voiced by John Shand (866, p. 86), that Max hardly ever 'resumed' a plot or paraphrased a scene. This may be true for the small selection of articles printed in *Around Theatres*, but certainly not for his writings in the *Saturday*.

When, in 1898, Max was asked to take the place of the great G.B.S. as dramatic critic on the *Saturday*, he wrote an introductory article entitled *Why I ought not to have become a Dramatic Critic*, in which he was careful to point out his unfitness for the post. He had 'none of that instinctive love for the theatre which is the first step towards a good criticism of drama', and dramatic art interested and moved him less than any of the other arts (VIII, p. 2). We may be sure that this over-modest statement was not merely the apprentice's bow to a recognized master. It certainly reflects a deep-rooted conviction which crops up again and

again (e.g. IX, p. 391), even many years after he had ceased writing dramatic criticisms (447, p. xii). It is true that, from his boyhood, he had been familiar with the glamour of the theatrical world in which his brother Herbert moved, and we have seen that, in his holidays, he haunted Tree's theatre. But at a very early age he must already have realized that the world of men had greater attractions in store for him than those which even a frankly naturalistic Thalia or Melpomene could offer. This was the time when a quiet interval passed backstage, a heated discussion in the stalls of a music-hall, or even a visit to the law-courts afforded him greater opportunities for observing people and life than the puppets on the stage. He knew that it was outside the theatre, 'in the contemplation of life at large', that he got *his* high ecstasies (IX, p. 391). Men and books alone, not the stage, were to provide him with the all-important 'uninterrupted view' of life and with the desired 'pleasures of imagination'. That was why he was for ever to remain 'a pious dramatic critic, knowing and caring rather more about books than about plays' (175, p. 13); in other words, a *rara avis* among dramatic critics, who, as a class, had 'as little sense for literature as is possible in human bipeds' (VIII, p. 292). However this may be, Beer-bohm's special bias certainly accounts for the fact that he, like many other playgoers of his day (cf. 178, p. 107; 309, p. 75), never regarded a theatre as much more than 'the conclusion to a dinner or the prelude to a supper', and that, to him, the most inexplicable phenomenon in the whole world was 'a queue of men and women at a pit-door' (VIII, p. 3-4). Yet, little as *the* theatre and its history meant to him, he could enjoy *a* theatre, when there was a good new play well-acted (IX, p. 391); but only on condition that he should not have to write a review of it. For the task of analysing a play, of having to regard the story as a work of art, always precluded him from 'the rapture of illusion' (*ibid.*, p. 305). The impossibility of combining both functions seems to have told on him, for in 1905 he had arrived at the stage that he could not 'deliberately, in cold blood, choose to enter a theatre, with a view to enjoyment' (280, p. III). The general badness of plays, and his inability to acquire a certain facility in writing down his impressions—a 'defect' on which he still loved to dwell when he was seventy-two (15, p. 115)—may have contributed to this curious aversion which he never quite managed to get rid of. Fifteen years after he had written his last dramatic criticism he confessed that the thought that he had to write one was a recurrent nightmare, and the realization that he would not have to write about his evening was enough to turn an occasional visit to a metropolitan theatre into a positive joy, a joy which even a bad play, performed by brilliant, though inaudible actors, and witnessed by an equally brilliant, though munching, audience had not the power to gall (cf. 447, p. ix, xii).

In spite of this initial drawback Max very soon got interested in the object of his criticisms, though it would perhaps be too much to say that he was ever

really in love with his job. His interest had a different focus from that of his predecessor. While Shaw liked to lose himself in the political, philosophical, social, scientific, theological or ethical background of a play, Beerbohm's criticism was always purely aesthetic, temperamental, and impressionistic, not scientific or academic. It was the business of an art-critic 'to train his faculties in such a manner that he could distinguish good from bad, to develop certain general canons which would act as touch-stones for the works under his survey, and to distribute praise and blame accordingly, without fear' (355, p. 39). This implies that Max had a personal bias, a prejudice; in other words, that he was 'narrow'; and that therefore he was perhaps more likely to go wrong than other dramatic critics, such as William Archer (whom he thought too 'broad'), or A. B. Walkley (who was too 'scientific'). Beerbohm's subjective approach is perhaps best illustrated in this passage: 'I like better the opinions of strong, narrow, creative personalities. There is more joy in my breast over one oath roared by Mr. Henley than over the ninety-and-nine just opinions which a man like Mr. Archer can produce at a moment's notice' (VIII, p. 74), because an oath, irrelevant though it might be from a purely 'scientific' point of view, was often more illuminating than a neatly worded truth. Beerbohm's fine feeling for the drama unerringly told him where to put in his oaths, while his aesthetic sensibility always watched over the form they were going to take. In other words, it was his shrewd common sense combined with a very personal style that often made the appearance of his dramatic criticisms into something of an event; it was these qualities, also, that made them 'wear' better than the products of many of his colleagues.

Beerbohm's dramatic creed may be summed up in the words which he wrote a few months before he gave up his job on the *Saturday*. After having followed the fortunes of theatrical art in London for nearly twelve years he was convinced that

... what our dramatists need is contact with real life; that mere technical talent for the construction of plays, and for the production of 'theatrical effect', is a thing of little account in comparison with a sense for actual life; that a dramatist who, without technical power, has that sense for life is far more valuable than the technician who hasn't it; that we go to the theatre to be instructed, and to think, not merely to be amused; that we are willing to barter any number of 'effects' for a few facts and ideas. And yet, and yet, all the while, I was but longing to be amused, excited, uplifted; longing for the workman's cottage to be suddenly transformed into a palace, with ornamental and delightful people doing the most preposterous 'theatrical' things in it; longing for fantasy and joy; wondering whether, after all, the theatre *is* a place in which ... ah I won't set forth in shameless print the doubts which, even in my breast, I tried to stifle (391, p. 233).

This utterance not only reveals his own divided allegiance between fancy and fact, or rather, between 'a fantasy founded on fact' and 'a faithful copy from

life' (372, p. 9)—a duality parallel to the one described in the chapter on the Man—; it also reflects the principal issues of contemporary drama—naturalism triumphant, and the various attempts to escape from it.

These two conflicting tendencies were diagnosed by Allardyce Nicoll in his admirable book on the *History of Late Nineteenth Century Drama 1850-1900*, where they are the subject of a sub-chapter entitled 'Naturalism and Fantasy'. Of course naturalistic drama was not a thing of the Nineties alone. For its history in the nineteenth century we have to go back to Thomas William Robertson who, about 1865, was making his first efforts at writing realistic plays. In the Seventies, while the old melodrama continued to flourish, adaptations from French realistic plays paved the way for a revival of native drama—though, in Beerbohm's phrase, a play adapted was usually a play spoilt (361, p. 367). In the next decade, however, men like Henry Arthur Jones and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, who both worked within the realistic tradition inaugurated by Tom Robertson, brought about a kind of Renaissance of English drama, the former by his serious, intellectual and satirical comedies of manners, the latter by his technical ability in the construction of plot. English drama then, according to Max, 'began to struggle in the slough' (VIII, p. 370). Stimulated by the introduction of Ibsen on the English stage (the first English production of *Rosmersholm* occurred in the year 1891), the Nineties finally witnessed the all but complete victory of the new realism—of which the picture-frame proscenium was a significant outward symbol—over the old melodrama. But the last decade of the century was also rich in other developments, mostly of a reactionary nature. While Oscar Wilde was creating a scintillating and refined comedy of wit, Shaw's unique contribution consisted in a very individual variety of fantastic and funny intellectual comedies with a purpose. But apart from the plays of Wilde and Shaw, which constituted a definite departure from naturalistic method, there were, as Allardyce Nicoll explains (690, I, p. 208 ff.), other signs that pointed in the same direction. Among these may be reckoned the prevailing *fin-de-siècle* taste for romanticism which, on the scenic plane, was catered for by Sir Henry Irving's gorgeous revivals of Shakespeare at the Lyceum Theatre, and by such adaptations of modern romantic novels as *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Three Musketeers*. Further there were Stephen Phillips's unsuccessful attempts at re-establishing a poetic drama on neo-Elizabethan lines; W. B. Yeats's more creative efforts in the same field; the imaginative drama written by J. M. Synge and other Irish playwrights; and finally the fantastic, sentimental and satiric method of Sir James Barrie. But if, with regard to the new tendencies, the Nineties were only a time of promise and of partial fulfilment, the opening decade of the twentieth century saw them come to full fruition in the thesis-plays of Shaw, Granville-Barker, St John Hankin, and Galsworthy, and in what Ernest Reynolds recently called the 'character drama' (942, p. 61) of writers

like J. M. Synge, Sir James Barrie, Alfred Sutro, H. H. Davies, and W. Somerset Maugham.

b. The Criticism

For a true valuation of Beerbohm as dramatic critic it is not only essential to ascertain his position with regard to the great issues of the day roughly indicated in the preceding section—viz. romanticism, realism, and intellectualism on the one hand, and dramatic technique on the other. It is also necessary to examine his critical opinions on certain other general aspects of theatrical art not mentioned in the passage quoted. Once the general theoretical background has been outlined in this way, it will be possible to project his criticisms of individual playwrights against it.

In the main point at issue, then—the question of realism *versus* romanticism—Beerbohm was on the side of the angels. ‘The modern development of drama has been all towards realism’ he proclaimed at the beginning of his career as dramatic critic. ‘Dramatists have been trying to discover whether they can get from the common materials around them motives for lasting, universal art’, and Ibsen has proved their success by obtaining ‘out of the petty politics of a parish . . . a motive identical with that which Aeschylus obtained from Attic mythology’. For him, therefore, realism did not mean that the dramatist should do no more than *show* us life. Art was not life, any more than painting was photography, and the artist should not only portray, but also interpret. In order to evoke an absolute illusion of life he should not only observe the surface of things, but also penetrate into the soul of things, ‘the permanent, elemental passions of humanity’ (VIII, p. 173), and, by a laborious process of selection and rejection, develop something out of his characters, i.e. get some *meaning* out of life (IX, p. 467–8; 318, p. 745; 326, p. 390). It was the ‘conflict of characters’ who gave him the illusion that they were alive (IX, p. 89)—an illusion reaching its climax in plays dealing with contemporary life—which, for Max, constituted the fascination of a play, and he was convinced that modern realism, thus understood, was the only vital force in English drama, present and future (VIII, p. 201).

I said, modern realism, *thus understood*. For Beerbohm did not make the fatal mistake of confusing realism with reality, or art with life. Nor did he use the term realism in the narrow sense of ‘any crude representation of suicide, disease, or incest’ (VIII, p. 44–5), or as signifying ‘an amusing short-cut to impropriety’ (*ibid.*, p. 52). Dramatic realism was not to be restricted to a representation of the sordid side of human nature only; nor was the illusion of, or similitude to, life to be confused with real life itself. Realism was not a question of outward trappings, of copying faithfully the material setting, but of a lifelike depiction and

interplay of character. Therefore the aim of modern dramatists should be 'to come as near as possible to reality—to present life without accepting any convention which is not a convention necessary to theatric art' (*ibid.*, p. 324). The all-important criterion was not to destroy the *illusion* of life by substituting *reality* for realism, because it was exactly this convention of illusion which was the tacit, but fundamental assumption of all drama. A too faithful copy of reality would inevitably undermine this very foundation by diverting the attention of the audience from the characters to irrelevant, or even discordant details in the setting. It might end in utterly destroying this foundation by stressing the discrepancy between reality and illusion to the point of risibility. In practice this meant that real horses, for instance, were far less convincing on the stage than cardboard horses, because 'their hoofs fall with a series of dull thuds which entirely destroy illusion' (*ibid.*, p. 12). For reasons similar to those prohibiting certain living animals from being brought on the stage Max considered the introduction into plays of notable living persons, and of great historical figures, as another potential threat to dramatic illusion, and therefore to true realism—though he would not disapprove of the presentation of small historical figures in subordinate parts (*ibid.*, p. 99–101). While he did not reject the use of such modern devices as the telephone as material for drama (190, p. 295), the introduction of a 'transparency' into a realistic play was simply ludicrous (387, p. 44). From what has been said it may be inferred that Beerbohm regarded this illusion of reality as most essential in the two *genres* setting out to imitate life most closely, viz. tragedy, and, to a lesser extent, comedy; in farce and melodrama it was less so (126, p. 483; 271, p. 375).

Though the romantic self of Max was occasionally assailed by doubts whether realistic figures, which, by their very nature, were 'period' characters, would endure as long as romantic figures, which belonged to no period at all (cf. VIII, p. 9), it was 'the test of actual life' that he applied to the majority of plays—a test under which, even in the first decade of the twentieth century, a comparatively large number of plays were still found to crumble (cf. 345, p. 361). In 1900 this number, according to a contemporary writer, amounted to nine out of ten (527, p. 395), while in the period from 1905 to 1910 it fell to five out of ten, the remaining 50% being divided between 35% mildly laudatory, and 15% partly approbatory, partly depreciatory judgments. The improvement was largely due to a fuller percolation of the realistic principle to the lower regions of dramatic authorship, resulting in the complete overthrow of the last vestiges of the old conventional melodrama.

On 13 October 1900 Max announced the death of melodrama in the columns of the *Saturday Review* (153, p. 459). A year later he declared that it was as dead as a door-nail (167, p. 368), completely ousted as it was, together with the farce, by realistic comedy (174, p. 737). Though the mid-Victorian heart of Max had

always gone out to the old romantic melodrama acted in the grand manner (cf. VIII, p. 42 ff.; 138, p. 331), he did not like melodramas about modern English life, because they did not 'illude' him (IX, p. 398; cf. also 245, p. 488); unlike tragedy, they were of the theatre, not of life (256, p. 425).

Another lingering bit of romanticism to please his mid-Victorian heart Max found in the old-fashioned, unsophisticated, suburban music-hall, with its succession of songs and dances, fantasy, absurdity, and antic horse-play (338, p. 590; 348, p. 538). Though, personally, he could not enjoy the entertainment as such (VIII, p. 22; 177, p. 77)—because it was 'stupid', as opposed to the drama, which ought to be 'intelligent' (IX, p. 3)—he sometimes preferred a music-hall to a theatre, not only because the entertainment, and also the public, were often more honest (147, p. 80; IX, p. 205), but also because the audiences offered him another chance of studying humanity at large (III, p. 254; 177, p. 77). But the main reason for his curious preference was undoubtedly an innate craving for romanticism. As a young man he had loved 'the dear old magic of the unity—the monotony, if you will—of song after song, good, bad, and indifferent, but all fusing one with another and cumulatively instilling a sense of deep beatitude—a strange sweet foretaste of Nirvana' (15, p. 46); and the sentimentalist in him naturally preferred the 'pathetic' style to the 'sprightly' style (VIII, p. 25). He had studied the music-hall with loving care, had drawn up a list of its commonest themes, and found that it coincided exactly with a list of the ever-recurring themes in the comic papers (III, p. 253 ff.). He was glad to resuscitate the rhythm of their fatuous, forgotten choruses, whether they belonged to the 'unregenerate' period of the London music-halls, or to their unpretentious Italian counterpart with its crazy old clock, whose minute-hand, while it struck, had to be held in position with a walking-stick borrowed, by always the same waiter, for that purpose, from one of the audience; and Max felt a thrill of pride when, one evening, it was his own walking-stick that was borrowed (IX, p. 337-8). As an old man, finally, he still lovingly recalled, in a delightful essay (15, p. 39 ff.), the names of the great luminaries of his youth, of the period which a modern authority on the music-hall styled 'The Great Period' (715, p. 146 ff.): the 'Great' Macdermott, Albert Chevalier, Dan Leno (to whose genius Max paid high tribute on his death in 1904, cf. IX, p. 90 ff.), Herbert Campbell, James Fawn, Charles Godfrey, Harry Freeman, R. G. Knowles, and a number of lesser stars. However, with the introduction of 'Variety': jugglers, conjurers, bellringers, tramp-bicyclists, limb-contorters, lightning calculators, performing elephants, etc. (VIII, p. 22; 15, p. 46), and the interpolation of short, realistic, melodramatic 'sketches' (348, p. 538), much of the magic that furthered the development of the true 'music-hall mood' had fled. Max watched the gradual disappearance of the old type with much the same melancholy that inspired *A Club in Ruins* (III, p. 49 ff.), and in this

matter, as in so many other things, he very soon became a *laudator temporis acti*.

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert who, in mid- and late-Victorian days, had turned his back upon the growing naturalistic tendency with his fantastic comedies, inevitably was another of Beerbohm's 'minor gods'—though not by virtue of his satire or of his prose. As a satirist Gilbert was not only shooting at 'a target long since removed from the range of vision'; he was also, like Shaw after him, 'rather inhuman'. His prose, moreover, resembled Pinero's prose in that it was peculiarly dull and heavy; and, like Pinero's, it was duly parodied by Max (IX, p. 49). It was exactly these qualities which prevented Beerbohm from appreciating the Gilbertian humour of such a play as *The Fairy's Dilemma*. In his opinion the only true vehicle for this very special kind of humour was verse, just as Sullivan's music was its only true accompaniment on the stage. But he revelled in the *Bab Ballads*, and the 'lilt of his lyrics' was always running in his subconscious mind (*ibid.*, p. 44 ff., 349).

Though he does not seem to have been aware of the fact (cf. IX, p. 2), Max, in the matter of modern realism, too, had already become something of a reactionary by the turn of the century. We have seen that, as late as 1901, when the reaction against a too strict realism had been begun by such writers as Wilde, Shaw and Barrie, he still firmly believed that realism was the only vital force to be reckoned with in the English drama of the future. According to him the best representative of the realistic method in the Eighties and Nineties had been Henry Arthur Jones, followed—though at a very great distance—by Sir Arthur Pinero. In both he admired 'a sense of the theatre' and 'a sense of the realities of life' (15, p. 66). But in Pinero, he ironically remarks, there was more of the former quality than of the latter (293, p. 167). Of all successful playwrights it was Jones who was 'the most nearly in touch with actual life' (255, p. 329), as, for instance, in that most perfect of all his plays, *The Liars*, a realistic comedy of manners (237, p. 107), which Max valued as highly as Henry V. Esmond's realistic tragedy *Grierson's Way* (VIII, p. 34 ff., 44). Jones was also, with the exception of Wilde, 'the only dramatist of any intellectual force, the only dramatist with ideas' (93, p. 605). He possessed 'enthusiastic sympathies', 'humanity', 'power of satire' (76, p. 483), and 'vitality' (237, p. 107; 323, p. 297). He could, moreover, tell a story on the stage (292, p. 105), and, as in his music-hall sketch *The Knife*, come quickly to the point (386, p. 11); in brief, he was an unrivalled craftsman (349, p. 573). But it is here that the difference with Pinero comes in. Though Pinero was 'a born artist in *technique*' in the sense of a 'marvellous constructor of plays' (93, p. 605; 108, p. 459; 153, p. 458; 349, p. 573, etc.), he treated construction as an end in itself—a thing which H. A. Jones never did (349, p. 573; 237, p. 107). Moreover, he was not a 'personal force'. He stood for no 'ideas'. It was always Ibsen, and Robertson, and Thackeray, and many other influences that one could scent in his plays, but never Mr Pinero

himself (153, p. 458; VIII, p. 287-8). He was an instance of a man who showed only trees; but however fine those trees might be, one would like to see the wood (IX, p. 32). Beerbohm's conclusion is that Pinero was not a genius, not a builder of masterpieces, and not even 'our premier dramatist' (VIII, p. 235, 286-7). He excelled in nothing, but was quite good all round (76, p. 483). He was a leader by reason of his not leading (153, p. 458), who, like Sydney Grundy and R. C. Carton, meant nothing apart from his artistic skill (232, p. 423). Besides the utter disproportion between his intellectual personality and his constructive skill the main fault to be found with Pinero was his dull and heavy literary style, to which Max variously refers as 'long-winded journalese' (257, p. 512), 'fearsome old locutions' (339, p. 625) and 'ghastly modes of speech' (293, p. 168), and which he parodied in *Mr. Pinero's Literary Style* (VIII, p. 503). In conclusion it might be said that to a modern student it would seem that Beerbohm, while slightly overrating the work of Henry Arthur Jones, was rather hard on Pinero. Recent critics like Allardyce Nicoll (cf. 690, I, p. 182) even tend to reverse his judgment by putting Pinero's achievement above that of H. A. Jones. The fact that Max was always extremely sensitive to a lack of 'literary style' in plays may account for this discrepancy.

Ibsenism did not become an important factor in British (and European) drama until the early Nineties. Though it is true that *The Pillars of Society*, written in 1877, was performed at the Gaiety as early as 1880, *A Doll's House*, written 1879, had to wait ten years before it could be seen by an English audience. The year 1891, however, witnessed the production of four Ibsen plays: *Ghosts* (written 1881), *Rosmersholm* (1886), *The Lady from the Sea* (1888), and *Hedda Gabler* (1890; cf. 690, I, p. 79, 186). Two years later the number had grown to six. This success would not have been possible but for the stimulating work of William Archer, J. T. Grein, and G. B. Shaw. It was William Archer, the dramatic critic, who, from 1888 onwards, had paved the way by making prose-translations of all Ibsen's more important works—which, incidentally, could find no favour in Beerbohm's eyes, because they were too 'literal'. According to Max 'fidelity to the exact words or cadence of the original phrases must inevitably preclude fidelity to the whole work' (229, p. 76), even in the case of Ibsen, whose creatures, in spite of the universality of his themes, suffered, inasmuch as they were 'Norwegians in Norway' (166, p. 206), or rather 'Danicised Norwegians', as Brian W. Downs asserts (940, p. 21). The next step was taken by J. T. Grein, 'a very dynamic and fervent little Dutchman' who, in 1891, founded the Independent Theatre and performed *Ghosts*. Those were the days which Max, much later, poetized in a drinking-song (15, p. 68), the days when

Death and disease, disaster
And downfall were our joy,

The fun flew fast and faster
While Ibsen was our Master
And Grein was a bright Dutch boy, my boys,
And Grein was a bright Dutch boy.

The great champion of Ibsenism, finally, was G. B. Shaw, who, in 1890, read a paper on Ibsen to members of the Fabian Society, which, the year after, when the Ibsen controversy was in full swing, he expanded into *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

It is interesting to note that Beerbohm did not take Ibsenism quite as seriously as certain other leading spirits did. Indeed, he never seems to have been wholeheartedly in sympathy with it. It is, for instance, symptomatic that, whenever he speaks of it, he tends to adopt a slightly derisive and ironic tone. 'In the early 'nineties', he says, 'Ibsen began to flutter the London dove-cots, and every one was violently either an Ibsenite or an anti-Ibsenite, and much that was foolish was loudly said by each of the two sects' (IX, p. 265). The leading English dramatists soon fell under Ibsen's influence. Pinero at once 'began to take life, and his art, and himself, in laudably grim earnest', growing 'very keen on intellectual ideas and on moral lessons' (257, p. 511). Both he and H. A. Jones followed Ibsen in abolishing long soliloquies from their dramas (VIII, p. 325), while 'Ibsen on Heredity was a work over whose pages every young dramatist was tremulously poring' (392, p. 328). But in the late Nineties the craze had subsided: 'Ibsen had ceased to be a cause of silliness: Ibsenites and anti-Ibsenites had vanished, and the New Woman with them' (IX, p. 265). In 1898 Ibsen was already 'rather out of date' (VIII, p. 9). In 1902 Max thought him 'old-fashioned', and his ideas 'quaint and tedious' (*ibid.*, p. 364-5). Four years later Ibsen died, and Beerbohm's obituary essay in the *Saturday Review* was remarkably frank. Ibsen's genius, he said, had always been 'volcanic'; his plays were 'a sequence of eruptions, darkening the sky, growling and sending out flashes of light more unpleasant than the darkness, and overwhelming and embedding the panic-stricken fugitives'. Beerbohm denied that Ibsen ever had any 'purpose', in the sense of wishing to reform this or that evil. It was, for example, not the possession of liberty, or the emancipation of the feminine sex that he cared about, but only the fight for it (IX, p. 236 ff.). He also denied that an enjoyment of Ibsen presupposed a sense of beauty; Ibsen only demanded 'intelligence and intensity' (126, p. 484).

These utterances bring us nearer to an understanding of Beerbohm's attitude towards Ibsen's work. This attitude was determined by his own artistic temperament, which had very little in common with Ibsen's. The very fact that Max was a romantic and sentimentalist at heart precluded him from appreciating to the full the grim realism and hard intellectualism of Ibsen's work. Nor had he much sympathy for the man himself. In him he missed the sense of gratitude,

the capacity for friendship (IX, p. 238). He was a hater, first and last (120, p. 102), who loved not even himself (IX, p. 242); an unlovable man, who, in spite of Edmund Gosse's attempts, could by no manner of means be made lovable (334, p. 330). But with all his limitations and unloveliness Beerbohm always recognized the Norwegian dramatist as a genius (VIII, p. 287). He was quick to see that *Rosmersholm* was a masterpiece (IX, p. 351); that *Hedda Gabler* was the most masterly thing written by him, because there is 'not a character in the play—nay, not a line in the play—but contributes to the revelation of Hedda's character' (312, p. 297); and that his last play, *When We Dead Awaken*, 'rather a sermon than a presentment' (214, p. 169), was deadlier in intention than any of the others (IX, p. 242)—a judgment which, for its penetration and precision it is interesting to compare with the valuation of a modern authority on Ibsen (e.g. 940, p. 183).

A year after the first modest Ibsen 'boom' of 1891 George Bernard Shaw made his *début* on the London stage with a production of *Widowers' Houses*. Seven years later, when Max succeeded him on the *Saturday*, this had been followed by four more plays, while his dominating position in the next twelve years (the period of Beerbohm's critical activity) may be judged from the fact that of all living dramatists he had the largest number of articles devoted to him by Max—Henry Arthur Jones being a good second. Yet, in spite of this prolonged critical attention, Max could never make up his mind about what he called the 'most salient phenomenon "around theatres"' in his day (VIII, p. ix). When writing the Epistle Dedicatory to *Around Theatres* in 1924, his 'lamentable' vicissitudes in the matter of G. B. S. still amused him very much. It might be worth while tracing some of them for our instruction.

In the above quoted criticism of *Hedda Gabler* Beerbohm, comparing Ibsen and Shaw, finds that Shaw is an expositor, pointing morals, whereas Ibsen is 'no more explanatory or moralistic than Nature herself' (312, p. 297). These words sharply outline his critical position towards Shaw, a position which, in spite of his so-called 'vicissitudes', he never altogether abandoned. As a matter of fact, it formed the basis of most of his other strictures, so that its implications may be found throughout his articles. In the first three of his dramatic criticisms for the *Saturday Review*—*Gibbesse Oblige* and *Mr. Shaw's Profession, I and II*—he at once took his stand against his predecessor in the post. The first article, which appeared on April 9, 1898, is an exposition of *Summer Moths*, a play by William Heinemann (Beerbohm's later publisher), as an imitation of Ibsen, and a bad one at that. This was directed against Shaw who, in the preceding number, had hailed Heinemann as 'the coming dramatist'. After this advance-guard engagement his next move, in the following two articles, was a direct lunge at *Mrs Warren's Profession*, whose 'stagecraft', 'good dialogue' and 'philosophic grip' he appreciated. But, Max argued, any amount of these qualities could not

prevent an author from making a serious play ridiculous, unless his characters were human (77, p. 652). And it was here that Shaw failed. Instead of being human characters his men were mere 'disputative machines, ingeniously constructed', and his women (who mostly belonged to 'the strange cult of the fountain-pen') were even more self-conscious than they (*ibid.*, p. 679). In brief, Shaw was not the realist that he professed to be. He was an idealist, because his plays were 'presentments of life as he thinks it ought to be, life as logic' (162, p. 819). Three years later, in 1903, when reviewing *Man and Superman* (which had then just come out, but had not yet been acted), Beerbohm's attitude was still essentially unaltered. In this article, entitled *Mr. Shaw's New Dialogues*, he maintained that Shaw was a critic, not a creator; that he was an ardent humanitarian trying to prove a thesis, but unable to invent living human characters, men of flesh and blood, to talk for him; that he had no sense for life, and, therefore, no sense for art, with the result that his characters, as soon as he differentiated them ever so little from himself, became 'the merest diagrams' (VIII, p. 470 ff.). Humour there was, certainly (cf. 162, p. 819; VIII, p. 478; 317, p. 713), but only 'dramatic humour', of which, for instance, *John Bull's Other Island* was full (IX, p. 102). Of true humour, that is, 'a tolerance for men and women as they are—a delight in them as they are', there was nothing in Shaw, of course (349, p. 573). According to Max, the only thing to commend in *Man and Superman* was the 'swiftness, tenseness and lucidity' of its dialogues, and he ironically praised it as a masterpiece of dialectic (VIII, p. 474, 478). He had delighted in reading it, but it would be quite ineffective on the stage.

The year 1905, however, marks a considerable shift in Beerbohm's attitude towards G.B.S. It was the year in which *Man and Superman* and *Major Barbara* were produced for the first time, and these productions occasioned his famous recantation entitled *Mr. Shaw's Position*. As late as 1903 he still believed that Shaw was not a dramatist (VIII, p. 470). This was when he had only read *Man and Superman*. When he had seen it acted in 1905 his judgment was reversed. Apologizing for the fact that he had 'not enough theatrical imagination to see the potentialities of a play through reading it in print', he now considered it both unjust and absurd to deny that Shaw was a dramatist, 'merely because he chooses, for the most part, to get drama out of contrasted types of character and thought, without action, and without appeal to the emotions' (*ibid.*, p. 203-4). Two years later he specified his enjoyment of reading modern plays as follows: 'True, I can enjoy reading Mr. Shaw's plays. But the pleasure I derive from them is exactly proportionate to the quantity of what is not strictly dramatic in them. It is the philosophic expositions of Mr. Shaw himself that I read there with delight. The characters seem to me unreal, and there seems to be no dramatic development of any kind' (IX, p. 306-7). But in spite of his graceful retraction of 1905, Max never seems to have become fully alive to Shaw's peculiar genius. For the

year after we again find him complaining that the preacher in Shaw was stronger than the artist, but that the ratiocinator was strongest of all (*ibid.*, p. 255). Finally, in 1910, a few months before he took leave of the *Saturday*, he still maintained that there was never any 'reality' in his typical young men and women, though he no longer censured his fashion of writing 'debates' instead of plays (*ibid.*, p. 460, 463).

Beerbohm's estimate of the individual plays more or less reflects the development sketched above. In Shaw's early serious plays he found too many reminiscences of Ibsen. These he did not like, not only because he did not share Shaw's desire 'to Ibsenise the English stage from foot-lights to flies' (76, p. 483), but mainly because they clashed with Shaw's own manner, which gradually began to assert itself. Thus he contends that the real secret of the failure (though a failure with elements of greatness in it) of *Mrs Warren's Profession* was that here we had 'a comedian trying to be tragic' (VIII, p. 339). Shaw's comedies *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* and *You Never Can Tell* laboured under the same incongruity. The former had 'no continuity of manner; farce, comedy, melodrama, and other forms less easily labelled, play hide-and-seek through it, none of them ever catching another' (162, p. 818). In the latter 'realism and sheer fantasy are inextricably entangled in the scheme of the play. Serious characters behave ridiculously, ridiculous characters suddenly become serious' (VIII, p. 139), and this to such an extent that Max thought it difficult to make up his mind as to how it should be acted. It was in *Major Barbara* that he, for the first time, discovered a 'sense of spiritual beauty' (IX, p. 200). *The Doctor's Dilemma*, too, was a 'brilliant' play (*ibid.*, p. 259); but *The Philanderer* was again marred by the old duality between his 'intense earnestness' and his 'overwhelming high spirits' (*ibid.*, p. 267), as was *Getting Married*, where the fun seemed to have been foisted in, did not seem integral (*ibid.*, p. 372). *The Devil's Disciple*, however, he found 'as wayward and jolly an ebullition of Mr. Shaw's peculiar genius' (*ibid.*, p. 322) when reading it as when he first saw it. *Arms and the Man*, finally, was 'a brilliant thing', but 'shrill in tone, and narrow in outlook, and shallow, as compared with the work of Mr. Shaw in his maturity' (*ibid.*, p. 344). The last of Shaw's plays to be criticized by Beerbohm was *Misalliance*, and this, too, when judged on its principal merit of being a 'debate', was a failure, because it did not progress, did not even revolve, but merely sprawled (*ibid.*, p. 463-4).

Before dismissing the story of what Max liked to call his 'vicissitudes' in the matter of G.B.S.—which, as we have seen, chiefly arose from his lasting doubts about Shaw's ability to create living human characters—I shall quote two of his more recent appraisals of Shaw, the Man. In his famous drinking-song, composed about 1912, he referred to him as 'that spring-heel'd marcher In any new deparcher' (15, p. 68); and in 1926 he told a friend that Shaw was 'a

marvellous piece of construction—efficient, rigid, unassailable, like steel girders' (833, p. 800). These two utterances are enlightening by their very precision. They could only have come from a man with a special feeling for those qualities in others which he lacked himself. In Beerbohm there was nothing of the innovator; nor was there anything 'steely' about him. It will be remembered that the subtitle of *Arms and the Man* was *An Anti-romantic Comedy*. This, too, leaves no room for doubt. Fundamentally it was Shaw's cerebral ardour, his 'steeliness', his un-, or rather, anti-romanticism which precluded Max, the romanticist and sentimentalist, from a full appreciation of his art.

The principal other writers of the drama of ideas on whom we have Beerbohm's judgment are St John Hankin (on whose death, in 1909, he wrote an appreciatory tribute, cf. 371), Harley Granville-Barker, and John Galsworthy. All three employed the realistic method, a circumstance which, in Beerbohm's critical evaluation, must have weighed heavily in their favour. Hankin's 'comedy of observation' *The Return of the Prodigal* was praised for its truth to life (IX, p. 170). Granville-Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance* was acclaimed for the same reason (*ibid.*, p. 182; cf. also 297, p. 326), while *The Madras House*, as a debate that had unity (IX, p. 473), was far superior to Shaw's *Misalliance*, which, three weeks before, he had dismissed as 'sprawling'. Galsworthy's *Joy*, which was first produced in 1907, did not come up to his expectations (326, p. 389); but *Strife* was a great play (361, p. 367), and the art of *Justice* was 'cinematographic', in the sense of producing an absolute illusion of reality (IX, p. 466-7). A complete lack of this fundamental quality he diagnosed in another experimenter in the problem-play, the 'tenth-rate writer' Jerome K. Jerome, whose 'vilely stupid' *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* showed no sign of its author having ever observed a fellow-creature (*ibid.*, p. 383 ff.).

If a large part of Beerbohm's critical heart was given to the realistic drama of ideas such as written by, say, H. A. Jones, another large part was lost to the new fantastic comedy of wit with which Oscar Wilde, that 'comet in the theatrical firmament' (93, p. 605), broke away from the naturalistic convention. Max never tired of commending his wit, his humour, his mastery of words, and his perfect technique. Though the mechanism of his early plays—*Lady Windermere's Fan*, *A Woman of No Importance*, and *An Ideal Husband*—still reminded him of Sardou, already the first of these was undoubtedly a classic (260, p. 665; 384, p. 725). But *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which was 'high comedy, twisted into fantasy' (VIII, p. 334), and as such 'an unrelated masterpiece' (260, p. 665), was 'the most inalienably his own' (384, p. 725). About Wilde's efforts in tragedy he showed himself less enthusiastic. From the point of view of technique *Salomé*, a peculiar form of slow and simple tragedy suggestive of both Sophocles and Maeterlinck, was a good 'stage play'; but it was not a good 'play for the stage', as it was too horrible for actual presentment (IX, p.

140-1). *A Florentine Tragedy*, finally, would be an even finer play than it was, if it did not finish on a 'top note'—which, according to Max, was a constructive flaw in any work of art (301, p. 752).

Sir James Barrie represents another aspect of the anti-naturalistic tendency which made itself felt in *fin-de-siècle* drama and literature. With him, as with Shaw and Wilde, the reaction took the form of a flight into the fantastic comedy. But in each writer the accent was differently placed. In Shaw it was on the intellectual and funny fantastic, in Wilde on the witty fantastic, and in Barrie on the humorous and sentimental fantastic. Of the three modes Max loved that of Wilde best. Next came Barrie's method, and finally that of Shaw—though on one occasion he professed that he preferred Shaw to Barrie (cf. 232, p. 423). Yet this isolated assertion is not borne out by the actual trend of his criticisms. It is true, Barrie could do with a little more logic (*ibid.*); and it might be doubted whether children, who are not naturally sentimental, could be really amused by *Peter Pan* (329, p. 792). But for the rest his praise is superlative. *Quality Street* was 'sweetly pretty' (VIII, p. 388); *The Admirable Crichton*, which might almost be ranked with *The Importance of Being Earnest*, was 'the most delightful achievement of the past few years' (260, p. 665), 'quite the best thing' that had happened, in his time, to the British stage (VIII, p. 407); the Gilbertian *Peter Pan* was the artistic medium through which he expressed the child in him, 'the child, as it were, in its bath, splashing, and crowing as it splashes'; it was 'the best thing' he had done, 'the most directly from within himself' (IX, p. 105-8), and its excellence was only topped by *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* (273, p. 484). Lastly, the fantastic method of *What Every Woman Knows* was far more truly (if only symbolically) related to life than the realistic method of the average dramatist (297, p. 326; 345, p. 361).

It may be said that, on the whole, Max also sympathized with the younger generation of writers of the comedy of manners—Alfred Sutro, H. H. Davies, and W. Somerset Maugham—whose plays began to come before the public in the early Nineteen-hundreds. In Sutro (who, as the translator of Maeterlinck, seems to have shared in the veneration Max had for the Belgian dramatist) he especially admired the art of writing 'seemingly natural and actually telling dialogue', an art in which Henry Arthur Jones was his only rival (376, p. 377; 313, p. 328); but he always preferred his sentimental comedies, such as *Mollen-trave on Women* (IX, p. 111 ff.) and *The Fascinating Mr Vanderveldt* (*ibid.*, p. 219 ff.), to domestic tragedies like *John Glayde's Honour* (313, p. 328) or *The Builder of Bridges* (351, p. 633 f.). Sutro certainly was the most 'literary' of English playwrights since Oscar Wilde, having, more than any other, 'a fine sense of words, and a delicate ear for cadences' (IX, p. 219). His only drawback was that he often sacrificed a lofty principle to the more solid rewards of the box-office; or, in the original Beerbohmese, he, 'evidently, felt that the time

was not yet ripe for him to indulge in the luxury of an unstained conscience' (286, p. 586). The fanciful comedies of Hubert Henry Davies, too, were delightful, especially *Cousin Kate* (VIII, p. 458 ff.) and *The Mollusc* (328, p. 538). But about Somerset Maugham (who, in 1908, had five plays running simultaneously) he was less enthusiastic: his farce *Jack Straw* was altogether on a lower level than *Lady Frederick*, a comedy (336, p. 431), while *The Explorer* (342, p. 782 f.) was little better.

Of the writers of the 'literary' prose drama, Max appreciated J. M. Synge and John Masefield most. He praised Synge's imaginative tragedy *Riders to the Sea* (IX, p. 36) and Masefield's *The Tragedy of Nan* (341, p. 750) for the same poetic quality which he had found in Yeats. He did not even frown on Synge's farce *The Shadow of the Glen*, because he found in it, as in most Irish plays, 'the pleasure in something quite simple and quite strange' (IX, p. 31). But Masefield's tragedy *The Campden Wonder* he felt obliged to condemn as an episode unrelated to life, as mere horror for horror's sake (*ibid.*, p. 260 ff.; 341, p. 750).

Max had not many good things to say of contemporary poetic drama, except for that of Yeats. True dramatic poets were rare, and thus poetic drama was 'a thing fraught for us with dreadful associations'. The besetting sin of the Victorian school had been verbosity (324, p. 327); the correct iambs with which W. S. Gilbert pleased late-Victorian audiences did not contain 'one spark of poetry' (VIII, p. 150), and in 1899 Beerbohm complained that 'the obvious beauty of poetry and romance' was almost uncultivated by contemporary dramatists (*ibid.*, p. 51). About the turn of the century a new star appeared in the person of Stephen Phillips, and Max at once became one of his most ardent supporters (cf. 157 and 158). But amid the general chorus of praise which, in 1902, greeted the first night of *Paolo and Francesca*, he was perhaps the only critic who did not lose his head about Phillips's sterile efforts in the neo-Elizabethan blank verse style (191, p. 332; cf. also 279), a style which he was later to parody in '*Savonarola*' *Brown*; and posterity has proved him right. *Attila*, a poetic tragedy written by Phillips's cousin Laurence Binyon, received a favourable criticism (324, p. 327); but R. E. Fyffe's *The Conqueror* was dismissed with the ironic remark that every line seemed to scan perfectly (283, p. 432). Hardy's *The Dynasts*—to which Beerbohm wrote a parodic 'Sequelula' in *A Christmas Garland*—was 'a noble achievement, impressive, memorable'; but it belonged essentially, in Ernest Reynolds's words, to the 'theatre of the mind', and Max was convinced that Hardy's poetry expressed itself 'much more surely and finely through the medium of prose than through the medium of rhyme and metre' (238, p. 137). Of the Irish school of poetic drama, however, he had high hopes. W. B. Yeats was not of course a dramatist in the sense in which Maeterlinck was one. Though he could 'tell things simply and clearly in dramatic

form', he was pre-eminently a poet, so that his dramas, such as *The Countess Cathleen* and *The King's Threshold*, were essentially poems of exquisite, 'dream-laden' beauty (III, p. 587; IX, p. 36).

A comparatively small number of Beerbohm's dramatic criticisms deal with authors who were not primarily playwrights. Among the most interesting are those of dramas written by Henry James, Mrs Humphry Ward, Joseph Conrad, Rudyard Kipling, G. S. Street and Maurice Baring. Mrs Ward was 'a critic, an essayist working ably in another medium', and her *Eleanor* was too slow for good drama (207, p. 580 f.). The adaptation of Kipling's *The Light that Failed* by 'George Fleming' [Julia Constance Fletcher] showed all the faults of its original: the exaggerated 'manlydom' of his male creatures (which even might lead one to suppose that 'Rudyard Kipling' was a lady's pseudonym) and the 'abrupt jargon of alternate meiosis and hyperbole' which constituted Kipling's literary style (VIII, p. 431 ff.). But when, in 1905, the Stage Society produced Conrad's modern one-act tragedy *One Day More*, a dramatization of one of his short stories, Max hailed him as a master of fiction 'who ought to be coaxed into writing plays' (IX, p. 153). He also praised G. S. Street's *Great Friends* as 'a thorough comedy' (266, p. 138), and in a discussion of *Miss Bramshott's Engagement* he even compared him, as a student of 'manners', to Henry James, with this difference, however, that James was as much a cosmopolite as Street was an Englishman (195, p. 596). As for James himself, though on the stage he could give us but little of his great art, even that little had an 'inalienable magic' (IX, p. 432). Finally, by *The Grey Stocking*, 'a play where nothing comes of anything, and where no one is an outwardly exciting person', Maurice Baring had merely proved that he was an 'adramatist' (*ibid.*, p. 382).

But Beerbohm's attention was not limited to contemporary plays. He cast his nets wider, and 'Mr Beerbohm on the Old Drama' is a subject which throws an interesting light on a minor aspect of his critical beliefs. The subject may be specified as follows: Greek drama, Shakespeare, and other old English plays. A thing that Max always insisted upon in connection with Greek drama was that it should not be treated as a curiosity, but as 'a quite fresh and vital thing', just as the Greeks treated it (IX, p. 422). This implied that Greek plays could not be 'modernized' (VIII, p. 228); that the open air, and daylight, and masks, and buskins, and strict archaeology were essential to them (252, p. 813; 315, p. 390; 350, p. 603), and that the *dramatis personae* should impress one as 'puppets worked by all-jealous powers from above' (249, p. 716).

On Shakespeare's plays Beerbohm's opinions were quite personal and unconventional—though not so denigrating as those of his predecessor on the *Saturday*. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was 'the wretchedest bit of hackwork ever done by a great writer' (198, p. 768), and the hero of *Julius Caesar* left him cold, because Shakespeare had made him 'a mere shadow' (VIII, p. 101).

Though the really good plays were tolerable even when 'skimpily' produced, pills like *King John*, *Henry V*, *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Taming of the Shrew* 'ought to be gilded as richly as possible' (165, p. 172). But if *Othello* was a 'masterpiece in tragic art' (IX, p. 479), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was the most impressive of Shakespeare's plays. It was 'a debauch of uncontrolled fancy', and as such more truly Shakespearean than *The Tempest*, which, though a great work of art, was the least Shakespearean of Shakespeare's plays, because Shakespeare put into it more of himself than in any other (135, p. 77; VIII, p. 518-9). Of course the obvious difficulty in the case of plays which were so frequently revived as *Hamlet*, or *Romeo and Juliet*, or *Macbeth* was that, being classics, they ceased to be plays, that is, they lost all their dramatic savour, so that their interest became merely histrionic. The only way to restore their dramatic appeal would be 'a solemn compact not to revive them for a period of (say) thirty years' (VIII, p. 13-5). In the case of *Hamlet*, however, a performance of the Elizabethan Stage Society based on the First Quarto text proved to be a less Draconic means to the same end (*ibid.*, p. 114). In conclusion it should be remarked that Beerbohm condemned Shakespeare's comic relief as 'a jarring interruption to ears attuned to tragedy' (191, p. 333). It will be seen that this is only another application of his general theory that one dramatic form should not be mixed up with another. The fact that two of our greatest dramatists—Shakespeare and Shaw—failed to conform to it is no proof for its soundness.

Though in the case of the First Quarto *Hamlet* Max was grateful to the Elizabethan Stage Society for what it had given, its operations, on the whole, were 'somewhat too owlsh' to be pleasant for him (VIII, p. 453). For who, really, he asks himself, wants to see a performance of a play by Ben Jonson (whose humour was always 'purely intellectual', cf. IX, p. 146), or by any other Elizabethan or Jacobean; or even by Congreve or any other 'Restorationist'? In his opinion these plays were dead, as plays, and a revival of them was 'a mere rattling of dry bones' (*ibid.*, p. 438).

In his dramatic criticisms Max always liked to compare the British with the best foreign plays of his day (e.g. in IX, p. 119 ff.); with what results one can easily guess. Among the continental writers most admired by him were Tolstoy, Maeterlinck, Gerhart Hauptmann, Edmond Rostand, and Herman Heyermans. Tolstoy's *The Power of Darkness* he praised for its fine presentment of human character (263, p. 823), and Hauptmann's *The Thieves' Comedy* [*Der Biberpelz*] for its loose and simple technique, as opposed to the tight and artificial technique then fashionable in Beerbohm's own country (IX, p. 121). Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* was a great romantic piece which, on account of its local quality, it was impossible to translate into English prose or verse (VIII, p. 7 ff., 130 ff.); Heyermans's *The Good Hope* 'a fine and scrupulous work of art', in which an idea was very beautifully expressed through a coherent story (*ibid.*, p. 444; IX, p. 11), and the

closing scene of *A Case of Arson* was as poignant as any he knew (271, p. 376). But, as a playwright, Maeterlinck was the greatest of them all. He was, in fact, 'one of the greatest of living writers' and certainly 'the most loveable writer of his age' (200, p. 836). Of all the plays reviewed by Beerbohm in 1898 *Pelléas and Mélisande* was the only work of original genius, an achievement of the first rank (95, p. 703). In *Aglavaine and Selysette* he especially admired the wonderful pathos of the last scene (260, p. 666), while, in general, he extolled 'the essentially dramatic quality of his genius' (385, p. 750). But Maxim Gorky on the stage was 'merely a bore, and a disgusting bore' (IX, p. 11). The production of *The Lower Depths* offended him, because the play consisted of nothing but 'hideous and revolting details. There was no form, no meaning in the thing; and therefore no excuse for it' (263, p. 823).

However, it was not only to the art of drama that Beerbohm gave his critical attention during these twelve years. As we have already seen, the concluding parts of his articles were mostly devoted to a consideration of the ancillary—or should I say sister?—art of the actor, a subject much neglected in, or entirely absent from, such standard works as A. E. Morgan's *Tendencies of Modern English Drama*, Allardyce Nicoll's *British Drama* and *A History of Late Nineteenth Century Drama 1850-1900*, and Ernest Reynolds's *Modern English Drama*. In discussing the art of the British actor Max started from the assumption that French acting was generally superior to English acting. Apart from this difference in class, the principal point at issue in native acting was the struggle between the old school and the new. Of course there are many smaller points of interest, but in a work of this scope I can only trace the main lines. On the whole Beerbohm's view of English acting was rather a gloomy one. It is best expressed in his epigram that 'actors are born, and are not—with a very few exceptions—born in England' (230, p. 107). The reason for this intrinsic inferiority of English to French acting lay in the fact that the French were 'a naturally expressive race' (VIII, p. 385), who could give to every phrase 'a hundred accentuations and qualifications through natural pantomime' (230, p. 107). Owing to these qualities they excelled where their British colleagues remained deficient: in the display of passionate emotion, and in lightness of comedic touch, and Max never tired of contrasting their quickness, naturalness and apparently effortless ease with the conventional 'roughness and readiness', the artificiality, the deliberation and slowness of utterance of English mimes, who 'often seem to think that what they have to do is to enunciate every word as though it were their last' (VIII, p. 423; IX, p. 123, 147 ff., 244; 315, p. 391; 362, p. 400). To remedy these defects an academy of dramatic art, where 'voice production, delivery of verse, gesture, deportment, bowing, use of the fan, dancing, fencing' were taught, would not at all be out of place in England (244, p. 360).

In the controversy between the old 'grand manner', which still flourished

in the provinces, and the modern metropolitan school of acting Max took up a moderate position. He was convinced that the old method with its 'sonorous dignity', the 'voice of thunder', and the 'imperial manner of walking about the stage' was the best means of interpreting romantic melodrama, in which there was hardly any psychology, whereas the intelligent, realistic and subtly-quiet method of the new psychological school was the only method by which modern comedy and modern tragedy could be interpreted (VIII, p. 42 ff., 108 ff.; 174, p. 737). For the same reason the old method was also the best means of interpreting Shakespeare, in whose plays the poetry and the rhetoric were of far greater importance than the psychology. 'The metropolitan mimes', he complained, 'squeeze out of them the last drop of psychology, and add many more on their own account; but of the splendour of the verse they can give us little or nothing' (VIII, p. 47; 272, p. 450). The all-important question in interpreting a Shakespearean part was to effect 'an exactly fair compromise between the poetry and the drama, giving to the words as much of the beauty of their rhythm as is compatible with their reflection of mood and character' (VIII, p. 456). Everything, of course, depended on the degree in which the lines were relevant to action or character. In Shakespeare's plays there were many passages which were purely poetic or philosophical, not dramatic. Of these passages it was true that the less the lines were acted the more clearly was their poetry apparent: 'Dramatic emphasis, pauses, facial play, are all inimical to the music of words, which is best served by quiet recitation' (*ibid.*, p. 128). On the other hand this did not mean that, in poetic plays, dramatic expression should be utterly subordinated to the rhythm of the verse, and that the lines should be uttered in a monotonous chant. The only thing that he asked was that, under all circumstances, the rhythm of the verse should be 'recognisably preserved for us' (IX, p. 130, 318).

At the turn of the century the two outstanding actors on the London stage were Sir Henry Irving and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Irving, who could look back on a long series of magnificent and successful Shakespeare revivals at the Lyceum, had then passed the zenith of his glory, and his fame was already a little on the decline when a new star blazed forth in the person of Tree, who, with the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre in April 1897, inaugurated another period of Shakespeare productions in the 'technicolor' style. With all their limitations both Irving and Tree were great men. But they were the last of a dying race: the race of the great actor-managers, and the race of the great romantic actors. Of course the magic of Irving naturally appealed to the romantic in Max. In the obituary article which he wrote on his death in 1905 (IX, p. 173 ff.) he praised him as the first manager who gave Shakespeare 'a setting contrived with archaic and aesthetic care'. But as an actor he had two defects at which Max, the critic, took offence: he could not declaim blank verse, and he could not im-

personate; and these defects were only partly made good by his appeal to 'a sense of strange, delicate, almost mystical and unearthly beauty'. As for Herbert Tree, that other romantic to the core, it is, in the words of Filson Young (762, p. 686), 'one of the minor tragedies of family life that the world will never know Mr. Max Beerbohm's true opinion of his illustrious relative'. Admittedly, we shall never know his opinions on Herbert as an actor, because, as we have seen, he never criticized a play in which his half-brother appeared. But in 1909, when he was writing these words, Filson Young could not foresee that after Herbert's death in 1917 Max was to write a very fine appreciation of him, *From a Brother's Standpoint* (8, p. 187 ff.), in which he shows us something of the man.

Besides the greater names, which lingered on in the memories of their generation, but which are entirely forgotten now (for the art of the actor is one of the most ephemeral), the pages of Beerbohm's dramatic criticisms are crowded by an innumerable host of minor gods, whose reputation did not even outlive their own brief day: actors, actresses, ballet-dancers and music-hall artists, both British and foreign. But space forbids a discussion of his evaluations of them.

In addition to the estimates of plays, playwrights and actors summarized above, we have Beerbohm's opinions on a number of topics more generally connected with the theatre. The most important of these are dramatic technique, the repertory theatre, and the question of censorship of plays. Beerbohm's ideas on dramatic technique were not very original, but sound. He always insisted on the virtue of truthfulness in plays. According to him the *sine qua non* for writing a good play was that the dramatist should be true to himself—a proviso which, among many other things, implied that he should not write plays about a class to which he himself did not belong. Thus in a paper called *The Obsessive Upper Classes*, read at a meeting of the Playgoers' Club at the Hotel Cecil on February 14, 1909, he ridiculed the strange partiality of the dramatists for plays of 'high life'. But once this condition of truthfulness was fulfilled, a dramatist could never be blamed because his play was not another kind of play (IX, p. 447; 311, p. 199; 313, p. 328). If the dramatist was a truly creative artist, his own mode of treatment would be instinctively the right one. If he had dramatic power within him he need not bother about dramaturgy, stage-craft, or 'technique', which had now become 'the most complex and difficult form for a writer to tackle'. Indeed, it had become so tight and specialized that the best men now preferred other modes of self-expression, while play-writing was left to 'duffers' who, having nothing to express, had time and patience to master the necessary little tricks (VIII, p. 35; IX, p. 9, 32, 122; 220, p. 421; 346, p. 479).

On questions of dramatic technique proper Max was less explicit. We learn that a play should not be written 'round' a particular actor (VIII, p. 348); that the anti-climax in a serious modern play ought to be worked out carefully (*ibid.*, p. 183); that a tragedy should have an inconclusive ending, i.e. an ending

in a minor key, so as to leave the imagination free and to hold the memory (271, p. 376); that soliloquies and 'asides' should be avoided (VIII, p. 323 ff.), and that scenery and dresses should not be inappropriate or excessive (IX, p. 32). More to the point, and more penetrating, is his remark on dramatic speech. He taught that 'nothing that does not sound as if it could be spoken by a real person should be put into the lips of a puppet', though 'not everything that sounds so should be put there' (242, p. 297).

The repertory movement which, in his day, was embodied in such groups as the Stage Society, the Play Actors, and the Playgoers' Club, found an unwearied champion in Beerbohm. The Stage Society, especially, whose aim it was 'to produce the most interesting modern plays that would not have a chance of being produced in the usual manner', that is, in the commercial theatre (363, p. 428), had done excellent work by creating a public for the better sort of play. Max never got tired of repeating that he preferred a small endowed repertory theatre, where short plays might be produced under some such 'enlightened despot' as Granville-Barker, to the National Theatre or the National Shakespeare Theatre, that people talked so much of in his day. He feared that a National Theatre would sooner or later degenerate into 'a great rich paddock for the war-horses of the past', whereas what was really wanted was 'a jolly little paddock for the colts to kick up their heels in' (IX, p. 368, 439, 440; 355, p. 40; 367, p. 626).

One of the things 'around theatres' most detested by Max was the institution of the censorship of plays, to which Shaw, in *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, had referred as 'a public nuisance' supported by 'those Puritans who regard Art as a department of original sin' (921, p. 157, 159). Beerbohm often lamented the fact that, as a result of the Censor's activity, Biblical themes and other sacred subjects had to be excluded from drama (193, p. 490; 261, p. 729). He would not even wish a play to be suppressed 'whose production might tend to lower the moral tone of the community' (382, p. 625), if this play was the work of a man of genius. So deeply was he convinced of the utter futility of the institution that he let himself be persuaded to take public action by signing, in the *Saturday Review* of February 29, 1908, a manifesto for the abolition of the present system.

c. Conclusion

From the foregoing analysis of his evaluations of particular plays and playwrights it will be understood that Max cannot have been very happy as a dramatic critic. For a man of his temperament the modern British drama was 'a dreary thing' (III, p. 167), which was not even taken seriously by an inartistic public (VIII, p. 352; IX, p. 120); a thing to which, after his annual holiday, he always

returned with leaden feet (cf. IX, p. 383; 203, p. 328-9; 282, p. 368). And the gloom of the picture thus obtained is only deepened by his recurrent reports on the state of British drama in general. The following chronological selection is, I think, representative of his feelings throughout the twelve years of his professional career. In 1898, the year in which he became a dramatic critic, he complained of the 'almost unrelieved mediocrity' of the British drama (95, p. 703; 99, p. 15); in 1899 of its 'monotony' (112, p. 622); in 1900 of its 'stuffy atmosphere' (VIII, p. 155); in 1902 of its 'milk-and-water romance' (*ibid.*, p. 338), and in 1904 of its 'barrenness' (IX, p. 99). When, in 1905, the Playgoers' Club instituted a competition for hitherto unrevealed dramatists, Max was a member of the reading committee; but the experience was disappointing. After this it is not at all surprising to learn, in 1906, that the theatrical game was 'up' (302, p. 43). In 1908 he had to steel himself *not* to acquiesce in what he could not stop (IX, p. 383). Two years later he resigned. But besides indicating the symptoms, Max never tired of diagnosing the causes of the anaemia which seemed to have overtaken the British stage. In his view the root of the evil was the 'dearth of intellectual comedy' (VIII, p. 401) and the 'dearth of tragedies' (IX, p. 262). Of course there was plenty of the falsely sentimental and of the lachrymose in either *genre*. British audiences continued to crowd the music-halls and the theatres devoted to musical comedy; but serious plays drew the public only when they were supposed to be 'risky' (VIII, p. 294). Thus it would seem that only cheerful plays had any chance of success in England, whereas in Italy, for instance, success could only be achieved by tragic plays—a fact which led him to assume that dramatic art was a kind of reaction to the climate (301, p. 751).

There were, however, some redeeming features, some faint flickers of hope amidst the general murk. Among these he reckoned H. A. Jones's determination to turn his back upon melodrama and to devote himself entirely to realistic comedy (174, p. 737); the reform of the drama inaugurated by Yeats and the Irish Literary Theatre (IX, p. 31); the achievements of non-commercial companies, such as the Stage Society; the revolution in stage scenery brought about by his friend Edward Gordon Craig (226, p. 681 f.), to whom he dedicated *Around Theatres*; and the emergence of the short music-hall 'sketch', of which H. A. Jones's *The Knife* was such a promising example (386, p. 11). But these touches cannot dispel the impression of almost unrelieved gloom which a perusal of these pages leaves on the reader.

At this stage of our investigation the question that naturally presents itself is: Was Beerbohm right? Was he alive to the truly creative tendencies in the British drama of his day, and did he encourage them? In other words, was he a stimulating, a progressive force? Before answering this question it will be well to recall a point which I made at the beginning of this section, when I was speaking about the strong personal bias of most of these criticisms. Though his

dramatic criticisms do not attain that high degree of all-round 'personalness' which is so characteristic of his essays proper, I would like to insist that, for all that, they show a distinct personality—if only that of the dramatic critic. After wading through these three thousand and odd pages of critical opinion the reader not only knows all about his amusing squabble with Arthur Bouchier, who had ceased to send him tickets for the first nights at his theatre because he had once 'chidden him for playing comedic parts in a farcical manner' (cf. IX, p. 44, 224; 376, p. 376). He also knows everything about his dramatic likes and—more especially—dislikes. For, as a satirist, Max 'always preferred Mr. Tomkins, as a theme, to Shakespeare' (VIII, p. viii); and, as a rule, he wrote better, and with greater gusto, about the former than about the latter. He knows, for instance, that he did not care for farce as a dramatic form (227, p. 713), farce 'without wit, without humour' (121, p. 131), that he was as little amused by practical jokes as by the 'funny' man (151, p. 359; 177, p. 77), that he shrank from laborious humour (119, p. 71); that he hated the kind of mechanical, verbal humour (141, p. 424) which one associates with Mrs Malaprop as much as the 'physical' humour provided by such writers as Israel Zangwill and Jerome K. Jerome (IX, p. 74, 121, p. 131); that he winced at physical violence on the stage, such as the smothering of Desdemona (IX, p. 199); that physical horror and especially horror for horror's sake offended him (*ibid.*, p. 366, 484), that the homilist exasperated him (*ibid.*, p. 112); and that ballet, as an art form, did not appeal to him, because for him, as a writer, i.e. as 'a lover of words', it was a void where there were no words (*ibid.*, p. 230). He was so much of a writer that the quality he always looked for in a dramatist was 'literary style' (VIII, p. 505), a quality which, according to him, could hardly survive the process of translation (cf. *ibid.*, p. 63). He was so much of a writer even that he considered the dramatic form essentially inferior to the literary form (IX, p. 158). And this peculiar 'literary' disposition may well be the ultimate reason why so many of his dramatic criticisms appeal more strongly by their manner than by their matter; in other words, why so many of them are essays rather than criticisms.

Surveying Beerbohm's dramatic opinions from the standpoint of our present knowledge of the later development of British drama we may conclude that, on the whole, he was a sensitive interpreter and encourager of many of the most creative tendencies in the drama of his day. During the years 1898 to 1910 these tendencies were working in two opposite directions. The first of them, chronologically, was the realistic current which, culminating in such writers as H. A. Jones and A. W. Pinero, had almost gained complete possession of the theatre at the beginning of our period. The second current, which ran counter to the first, was anti-realistic, in the sense of being romantic, imaginative, poetical, symbolic, witty, and fantastic. It was represented by such playwrights as Wilde, Shaw, Barrie, Synge, and Yeats. An ever-growing cross-current affecting both

these conflicting tendencies was the rise of the drama of ideas, of which Shaw, Granville-Barker, St John Hankin, and Galsworthy were the principal exponents. We have seen that Beerbohm's sympathy went out to the realistic and the intellectual drama. He was always clamouring for 'facts', i.e. faithful representation of life, and for 'ideas' (cf. 355, p. 39). Yet, considered in the light of his personality, the second claim would seem to ring less convincingly than the first. It will be remembered that in my outline of the picture of Beerbohm, the Man, I have stressed his partiality for the 'uninterrupted view' of his fellow-creatures. Max has always been an observer, a student of human nature, and of life; and though he was a clear thinker, he was not a great, nor a constructive thinker. This explains why, in his plea for the drama of 'ideas', he is less insistent than in his plea for realistic drama, and why, forty-five years after he had ceased to be a dramatic critic, he had entirely freed himself of this early, rather meretricious enthusiasm for the presentment of intellectual ideas on the stage; he then thought that the best way of appreciating them and grappling with them was to read them in a book (15, p. 70). It also explains why he could never make up his mind about Shaw, the leader of the intellectual school, whom, as a progressive force, he certainly underrated. On the other hand his sympathy for the newer romantic tendencies could be absolutely whole-hearted, since they coincided with his own natural bent—an innate romanticism which, outside the pale of fashionable drama, sublimated itself in his love of the old romantic melodrama, and of the unregenerate music-hall.

The result of the strong personal bias, the 'definite self' (VIII, p. 485), with which Beerbohm entered the field of dramatic criticism, was that his criticisms show many of the 'conservative' qualities that characterize his personality. Though he himself firmly believed that, so far as the theatre was concerned, he was still a 'beckoner', a 'progressive' (IX, p. 2), we have seen that, more often than not, he did not rise above the status of an acutely sensitive and independent, though slightly conservative and even reactionary, interpreter of the signs of the times. In the matter of realism he merely showed himself a staunch adherent to a good old principle, whose possibilities had, however, been exhausted. In the matter of intellectual drama, too, he was the capable exponent of an equally sound doctrine. But his failure to see its full implications was the cause of his inability to appraise the genius of Shaw. It is only in the matter of the romantic reaction to the realistic tyranny that he can, in any sense, be called a progressive. In drama, as well as in his own artistic media, Beerbohm's loyalty was ever divided between fancy and fact. The reason why he was not a progressive in the matter of realism was that realism was already firmly established when he began to write for the *Saturday*. That he, acting on his own natural impulse, became something of a progressive in the matter of the romantic reaction was because the romantic reaction was then only just coming into its own.

But not only in the matter of his dramatic criticisms was Beerbohm on the conservative side. In his manner, too, he definitely belonged to the old, 'impressionistic' school—a fact which, much later, we find confirmed by himself (698, p. vii-viii). His articles were written when impressionism was already on the wane, and the new analytical method of criticism was certainly not that of Mr Beerbohm. It was that of Shaw, who had preceded him on the *Saturday*, and who had hailed him as 'the younger generation . . . knocking at the door'. The foregoing analysis proves that, except as an acknowledgement of their comparative ages, Shaw's statement was wrong. For, as Holbrook Jackson once wrote (657, p. 80), it was not Beerbohm who was the younger generation. It was Shaw.

2. *The Literary Critic*

a. Introductory

In the chapter on Beerbohm, the Man, I have said a word or two about his literary preferences. After having reviewed his dramatic creed it will be our business to pay some attention to his literary opinions in the stricter sense of the word. These opinions fall into two classes. The first, and most important class, is formed by a few distinct ideas on art in general, and on the art of prose in particular. The second class consists of a number of more or less unrelated criticisms of individual authors.

It should be noted that Beerbohm's literary opinions cannot, like his dramatic opinions, be drawn from a homogeneous body of writings devoted exclusively to the subject. Some of them may, it is true, be gathered from special essays such as those on Whistler (III, p. 103 ff.), Swinburne (IV, p. 57 ff.), and George Moore (75); others are expressed in reviews which he wrote for various papers and magazines (cf. Bibliography, 395-410). But Max was never a professional literary critic, so that the greater part of them will be found scattered broadcast over the pages of his essays. Though at first sight neither their bulk nor their weight would seem to warrant a separate treatment, the fact that they represent a specialized body of opinion made them unfit for a discussion within the more comprehensive frame of the general character-sketch given in Chapter Two. Another reason for not including them there is that, on account of their nature, they would seem to illumine an aspect of the writer rather than of the man, his chief preoccupation in the matter of literary criticism being the problem of prose style—a preoccupation which reflects itself directly in the form of his own writings.

b. Beerbohm's Theory of Style

Our first point of reference for a discussion of Beerbohm as literary critic may well be Oscar Wilde, whose critical opinions influenced so many young men of his generation. In his essay on *The Critic as Artist* Wilde had stated that the two supreme and highest arts were Life and Literature, life and 'the perfect expression of life' (925, III, p. 282). This vague definition would have been quite meaningless if, in another essay, entitled *The Decay of Lying*, Wilde had not explained the processes leading to this 'perfect expression'. It was, he said, the duty of art to take life as *part* of her rough material. The other part was to be supplied by the artist himself by recreating and refashioning it in fresh forms, so that, among other things, there always remained between art and reality the 'impenetrable barrier of beautiful style' (*ibid.*, p. 218). It is at this point that Beerbohm's views diverge from those of Wilde. Though he, too, looks upon art as the complement of life, he is careful to distinguish between the art of the essayist and that of the novelist, or story-teller, and he recognizes Wilde's 'impenetrable barrier' as a lawful element in the art of the former only. For the essayist, as an artist in a highly personal genre, the object to be expressed is not life at large, but only one small, though extremely interesting and important section of it: his own personality. It will be seen that, within the limits thus imposed, the essayist's chief means of 'obtruding' his personality is style, personal style, and it is this conviction that Beerbohm voices again and again. For him style always was 'the expression of self' (IX, p. 413), 'the direct outcome of personality' (400, p. 109), and the true stylist the man who expressed himself 'both exactly and beautifully'. Of course this self-expression through personal style was 'a thing of infinite formality'; but the formality should never reveal itself (VIII, p. 504-5). If these conditions—that of exactness, of beauty, and of apparently effortless ease—were fulfilled, prose might attain to the dignity of poetry. Its rhythms might become as magical as the rhythms of poetry. They might even be more magical, inasmuch as they were subtler and more rare (55, p. 150). The latter part of this utterance is suggestive in so far as the slight exaltation of prose at the cost of poetry shows us Max as the child of his age, i.e. of the Nineties; and I think he may very well have been among Richard Le Gallienne's 'young pundits' who, in the Nineties, declared that prose was the greater art of the two (669, p. 79). However this may be, Beerbohm's critical preference was all for prose. And the quality he admired most in others was exactly that personal style which, as I shall show hereafter, was also the most characteristic quality of his own prose.

It was, then, this criterion of style as the exact and beautiful expression of an author's personality that Beerbohm always adopted in cases where it should be the writer's aim to 'obtrude' his own personality, as, for instance, in the case of

the essayist or the humorist. If, as in the case of the novelist or the story-teller, the writer's object was to express other people's lives, i.e. to give his reader an 'uninterrupted' illusion of life as it really is, he would have to efface his own personality by eliminating the element of personal style. This elimination might be real (as, for instance, in the case of Scott), or apparent (as in the case of de Maupassant), but in either case the author succeeded in bringing about this direct illusion of real life by using 'the simplest and most ordinary language' (136, p. 170; 296, p. 295); in other words, by effacing his own personality. It will be seen that all this is very far removed from the Decadent's ideal of Art for Art's sake.

Beerbohm's theory of style is well illustrated by his application of it to Walter Pater, the essayist, and Robert Louis Stevenson, the essayist and novelist. In the case of Walter Pater this preoccupation with style had led to an excessive care for words, for the *mot juste*, the unique word, and the forcible phrase—which made for obscurity—and to an over-fondness of the haunting cadence—which, among other instances, marred, for Max, such a lovely passage as the description of Sandro Botticelli's Madonnas, in *The Renaissance*, by its 'saliently iambic ending' (55, p. 150). This does not mean that Beerbohm was not a lover of 'elaborate phrases' and 'curious conceits'. It only means that he did not like to see writers making a cult of them. We know from his own evidence that, personally, he preferred the 'Byzantine' (i.e. the highly finished) manner in literature to any other manner (VIII, p. 8). But there existed for him no such thing as the intrinsic beauty or ugliness of words. For him *ermine* was no more beautiful than *vermin* (125, p. 421), which proved that words were only valuable as elements of that larger entity 'style', which was the perfect expression of self, that is, of life. Now, if in Carlyle and Browning there was too little art, there was too much in Pater (II, p. 95). For the latter, as well as for Arthur Symonds, art mattered more than life, and form in art more than meaning (VIII, p. 482). Pater treated English as a dead language, laying out 'every sentence as in a shroud—hanging, like a widower, long over its marmoreal beauty or ever he could lay it, at length, in his book, its sepulchre' (I, p. 129). But what was a venial fault in Pater, the essayist, became a deadly sin in Stevenson, the story-teller—at least in those stories in which he aimed at realism, such as *Treasure Island* and *The Master of Ballantrae*. Stevenson was 'an essayist by birth, a tale-teller by accident', and the graces and ingenuities of style that made his essays (and also such fantastic tales as the *New Arabian Nights*, *The Dynamiter*, and *The Wrong Box*) marred his realistic stories by making Stevenson himself, 'the all-pervasive', into the only character that is vividly alive. In the same way it was his preciosity of style which prevented Maurice Hewlett from becoming a good story-teller (14, p. 23; 296, p. 295).

Foremost among other writers endowed with this sense of style was Whistler,

to whom Max devoted an essay entitled *Whistler's Writing* (III, p. 103 ff.). Now Whistler, the writer, shared the fate of other artists who expressed themselves through two media, such as Disraeli and Rossetti: people tended to underrate the achievements in the medium to which they devoted the lesser time and energy. Of course Whistler, as a writer, was decidedly an amateur. But, as in the case of Walter Pater (and, incidentally, of Max, the caricaturist), the work of the amateur often had a more exquisite, a fresher and more personal quality than that of the professional. However this might be, in the literary medium the genius of Whistler found perfect self-expression through a never faltering style, whose chief perfection was the 'clear vocal cadence' of every sentence achieved through no visible pains. On account of this quality he was an 'immortal' writer, who would always be read by people interested in 'the subtler ramifications of English prose as an art-form'. Max certainly was one of these, and it was this very interest, and his own fine sense of style, that enabled him to write a penetrating literary study like *A Puzzle in Literary Drama* (VIII, p. 259 ff.), where he tries to establish the respective shares of Henley and Stevenson in *Macaire* and *Beau Austin*, two of the four plays which they wrote jointly. His conclusion, on stylistic grounds, is that Stevenson wrote the plays, and that Henley was responsible for the plots.

Among the novelists who managed to give an illusion of reality by a complete absence of self-assertion Henry James, 'that perfect master of a small method' (195, p. 596) ranked foremost. The method of fiction evolved by him was entirely new. It was a method by which a novel competed not with other novels, but with life itself, 'making people known to us as we grow to know them in real life, by hints, by glimpses, here a little and there a little, leaving us always guessing and wondering, till, in the fulness of time, all these scraps of revelation gradually resolve themselves into one large and luminous whole, just as in real life'. Yet this resolute self-suppression in the perfect novelist did not mean that the qualities of the man were utterly obscured. They often manifested themselves in the arrangement of his materials, for instance, and in the recurring motives of the characters created by him. In the case of Henry James this motive force was, in Beerbohm's phrase, 'the passion of conscience', or a moral feeling for what was right and wrong. James was a preacher, whose moral fervour, with all its restraint, was very great (IX, p. 425 ff.). But, unlike Shaw, he never let his moral preoccupations supersede the construction of his characters, because in him, as Max put it, the hand of the artist was always held tightly over the mouth of the preacher (*ibid.*, p. 254).

This brings us to the problem of the relation between art and morals as seen through the eyes of Beerbohm. Here, again, the nearest and most obvious point of reference for his views is provided by Oscar Wilde. In his challenging preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray* Wilde had posited that there was no such

thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books were well written or badly written, that was all; or, as he formulated the doctrine in *The Critic as Artist*, 'the sphere of Art and the sphere of Ethics are absolutely distinct and separate' (925, III, p. 335). Essentially this is also Beerbohm's standpoint. But Max was careful to stipulate that this did not mean that art *could* have nothing to do with morals. The existence of many frankly didactic works, which were also great works of art, was sufficient to disprove such an interpretation (32, p. 4). It is true, in the greatest art, such as that of Shakespeare and Goethe, there never existed any moral purpose (120, p. 102). Henry James, and G. S. Street (and, for that matter, Max himself in his earlier work) also were 'untrammelled' artists, because they had no moral purpose to serve or to be served by (195, p. 596). But Wordsworth, and late-Victorian novelists like Hall Caine (32, p. 4)—whom, by the way, he loved as a man (cf. 74, p. 967 ff.)—had ruined much of their work by succumbing to a didactic impulse, while Galsworthy, as a dramatist, had 'sold his birthright for a pot of message' (710, p. 129).

In the case of Henry James it was, as we have seen, the moral rectitude of the man that revealed itself through his works. In other novelists, such as George Meredith, the qualities revealed were less specific, more varied, though not less personal and deep. Meredith was an all-round creator, a poet, a thinker, a wit, a philosopher, and a psychologist, who, in variety of endowment, could only be compared with Shakespeare. His genius was vital, exuberant, profound; and his obscurity, like that of Carlyle and Browning, was due less to the 'extreme subtlety' than to the 'plethoric abundance' of his ideas and the 'crag of metaphor' and 'chasms of ellipse' in which he couched them (II, p. 95; 195, p. 596; 368, p. 715; 392, p. 327). A similar universality of mind revealed itself in Maeterlinck, 'the child-like in heart', the 'sweet and profound seer', the 'sage etherial', and 'the man of imagination', and Max liked to relate this quality to the fact that, as a Belgian, he had practically no nationality to speak of (390, p. 200). At the same time the only contemporary writer to rival Meredith in sheer vitality was Ouida. In the *Yellow Book* for July 1895 (vol. VI, p. 167-76) G. S. Street had published *An Appreciation of Ouida*, in which he pointed out that the two qualities underlying the best of her work were 'a genuine and passionate love of beauty' and 'a genuine and passionate hatred of injustice and opposition', and he concluded by hoping that his appreciation might suggest to better critics than himself better arguments for reconsidering their judgment. His friend Beerbohm took the hint, and exactly two years later he wrote a rehabilitation of Ouida for the *Saturday Review*; this he reprinted in *More* (II, p. 91 ff.), his second book of essays, which he also dedicated to her. He, too, stressed her love and knowledge of all kinds of beauty in art and nature; but the most patent factor in her work, according to him, was its sustained vitality. That was why she was not an artist. Writers of enormous vitality, like Ouida and Meredith,

never were artistic, because they could not stop to express themselves. Yet Meredith was a much greater writer than Ouida, if only because he was a psychologist, which Ouida was not. What she cared for was 'the romance and beauty and terror of life'; but she did not care for 'its delicate shades and inner secrets', so that her characters were mere abstractions. In the case of Thomas Hardy, who professed to have found realism in 'the Bad, the Ugly, and the False', it was this same sense of beauty radiating from his charmingly poetic temperament that softened and ennobled the melodrama of a book like *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (VIII, p. 46, 120). Of Dickens, finally, Max was not a great admirer. Of course, the account of the journey of the Pickwickians to Rochester was one of the most exhilarating things he ever wrote. But Max strongly objected to his many descriptions of Christmas in London (which were entirely fictitious), and to the typically Dickensian Christmas spirit (which lacked permanence, consolidation, and spirituality), while his prose was often dull and heavy like Pinero's (IX, p. 49; 15, p. 18; 54, p. 566-7).

For writers who were not primarily story-tellers the obvious medium for self-assertion was not the selection, or arrangement, of their matter; it was their manner, their style. The chief stylistic qualities appreciated by Beerbohm were beauty, poetry, wit, humour, and naughtiness. In Walter Pater's description of La Gioconda, or of Botticelli's Madonnas, for instance, he found beauty (55, p. 150), a quality which he sadly missed in the poetry of the inter-war generation (15, p. 40, 81). Beauty was also the paramount quality of the flexible, ironic prose style of Lytton Strachey (14, p. 24-5). Poetry, i.e. the 'sheer joyous power of song', he found in the earlier work of Swinburne, of which he was an admirer, but not an 'idolater', as Bohun Lynch will have it (673, p. 95). Beerbohm, like many others of his generation, was fascinated by Swinburne, 'the flammi-ferous boy of the dim past', the 'legendary creature, sole kin to the phoenix' (IV, p. 58). He was also charmed by his personality. But with all his love of the man he has never been blind to his faults as a poet. His criticism is twofold. First of all there was the overwhelming exuberance of his rhapsodies which stun the ordinary reader before impressing him (II, p. 95); and then there was his 'mawkish sentiment' (439, p. 315). Poetry Max also found in Newman, 'that great priest and greater writer', whose *Apologia* was a 'lovely', a 'superb work of art' (14, p. 11; 15, p. 19; 32, p. 4), while in A. E. Housman he found an absolute perfection of poetic form, in spite of his marked preference for 'the draught that's black' (833, p. 800; 709, p. 343). Whistler and Stevenson had the gift of using prose wittily; they could 'play pranks with words—could set words playing pranks with one another' (IX, p. 49). Humour, finally, there was in Matthew Arnold's controversial writings (VIII, p. 307), and naughtiness in the style of Sir Edmund Gosse (334, p. 331).

c. Other Criticism

In a number of other cases Max has not related the grounds for his literary sympathies and antipathies to any of the above-mentioned criteria. Broadly speaking we may assume, however, that they were determined either by the impression made on him by the author's personality ('a definite and unmistakable personality' was what he always demanded, cf. 183, p. 648), or by his art. Of course these impressions need not always lead to the same result. Thus Charles Lamb (132, p. 764), Robert Browning and Walt Whitman (IX, p. 237) were essentially lovable men, while, with all his admiration of the man's art, he did not hesitate to label Whistler as unlovable (*ibid.*, p. 394). H. G. Wells, on the other hand, was a 'fantastic' genius (333, p. 299), with the stress on 'fantastic'. He rather liked Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, because he had carried the 'bedside-manner' into literature. He was 'so strong, and shrewd, and brisk, and kindly'. But Sherlock Holmes merely amused him. *Rodney Stone*, too, was something of a failure on account of Doyle's inability to portray a dandy in Sir Charles Tregellis; and so was *Uncle Bernac* (IX, p. 134; 397, p. 665; 399, p. 31 f.). With regard to Kipling he frankly belonged to that 'acute and upright minority' of his haters (132, p. 764). Though Jerome K. Jerome had some real talent, it was of a sordid, limited order; and his humour had always been Greek to him (35, p. 4; 41, p. 654). In the earlier work of Andrew Lang there was fancy and wit; there was grace in all his work; but for the rest he had only an immense quantity of 'cleverness' (70, p. 5). The Russian masters of the psychological novel could find no favour in Beerbohm's eyes. Dostoevsky was a man of genius who 'gave beautifully poignant expression to his spinelessness' (15, p. 81), while Tolstoy stood condemned because he seemed to hold that the highest art was that which gave the greatest pleasure to the greatest number of uneducated persons (133, p. 796). The deeper reason for Max's dislike, however, may have been the fact that he did not comprehend the eternal brooding, the preoccupation with the soul and the Universe, the self-laceration, the superstition, and the 'inefficiency' of the Russian novelists (884, p. 352; 603, p. 282).

The slender bulk of Beerbohm's purely literary criticisms does not warrant further particularization. Apart from the references given in the Bibliography, a large number of occasional literary evaluations may be gathered from his own writings or from the writings of those who knew him. For the benefit of those interested in them I select the following in alphabetical order: Alfred Austin (651, p. 128-9), Honoré de Balzac (387, p. 44), Arnold Bennett (366, p. 591), G. K. Chesterton (III, p. 159-60), Benjamin Disraeli (29, p. 4), W. E. Henley (15, p. 15), Samuel Johnson (IV, p. 300 ff.; 15, p. 19), T. E. Lawrence (710, p. 263-4), Guy de Maupassant (76, p. 483), Milton (IX, p. 402; 439, p. 315), William Morris (IV, p. 260), Plato (IX, p. 370), Marcel Proust (884, p. 352), Thomas De

Quincey (15, p. 18), Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell (833, p. 800-1), Swift (IX, p. 239), Anthony Trollope (IV, p. 168), and Mrs Humphry Ward (29, p. 4).

d. Conclusion

The foregoing analysis of Beerbohm's literary opinions shows that he was a sound, though not a very original critic, with a finely-developed ear for prose. The fact that many of his criticisms of contemporary writers still impress one as remarkably fresh testifies to his sure taste. Perhaps his most valuable contribution to the history of prose criticism is his insistence on style as the essayist's chief means of self-expression. His proviso that the application of this criterion should be restricted to the essayist's art proves that, as a critic, he had nothing in common with the old, Wildean school but his own infatuation with prose. His ideal was not the aesthete's Art for Art's sake. It was Art for Life's sake.

V. THE TECHNICIAN

1. *Introductory*

Like Whistler, and Logan Pearsall Smith, Beerbohm was what we call a 'born' stylist. This does not mean that the artistic atmosphere in which he grew up has had no share in forming his literary habits. When Max was born, Flaubert was still working at each sentence of his novels 'as Racine had worked at each of his couplets' (941, p. 29). When he was sixteen, Walter Pater, in his essay on *Style*, summarized Flaubert's (and his own) views of the problem of style as 'the unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay, or song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within' (920, p. 27). A few years later, when Max was nineteen, Pater's disciple Oscar Wilde denied the vital connection between form and substance of which his master had spoken by contending that 'Art never expresses anything but itself' (925, III, p. 232). This movement towards the *l'art pour l'art* ideal found its morbid expression in Beardsley's *Under the Hill*, which appeared in the year in which Beerbohm's first collection of essays was published.

Even a superficial examination of *The Works* shows that the young Beerbohm had not remained immune to the contemporary vogue of 'seeking the phrase', of cultivating 'purple patches', and of striving after the arabesque. We have his own word for it that in the early Nineties he had been 'immensely keen on the *mot juste*, that Holy Grail of the period' (VII, p. 6). As in the case of Flaubert, this keenness (which never quite forsook him) accounts for his lifelong contention against the commonplace, against what Pater called 'facile art—art, facile and

flimsy' (920, p. 29), such as that produced by journalists, reviewers, statesmen, and popular novelists. If we ask ourselves: What, exactly, was Beerbohm's position in the *l'art pour l'art* controversy? What side did he take in the question of the relation between form and substance?—our answer can only be: Pater's, not Wilde's.

Beerbohm's conception of the ideal essayist may well be summarized in de Buffon's dictum that 'Le style est l'homme même'. This is borne out by the following words, which he wrote in 1900: 'The essayist's aim is to bring himself home to his reader, to express himself in exact terms. Therefore, he must find exact words for his thoughts, and cadences which express the very tone of his emotions. Himself is the thing to be obtruded, and style the only means to this end' (136, p. 169-70). From this statement it is clear that Beerbohm does not want to divorce style from substance; and his assertion, in the same passage, that he was always 'quite happy to sacrifice a story for style' rather strengthens than weakens his case. The reason why he cared more about style than about story was that he was an essayist, not a novelist or short-story writer.

The question whether Beerbohm himself conforms to the high standard thus set up by him for the ideal essayist, resolves itself into the alternative question whether his essays are the precise expression of his individuality, in their manner as well as in their matter. The answer to this question can only be an unconditional yes. In its more general qualities as well as in its special features his style faithfully reflects the characteristic traits of his personality. It is, as we shall see, subtle, impertinent, aristocratic, and urbane; archaic and dainty; dandyish and sophisticated; but above all, mocking, ironical, witty, and humorous. His subject-matter, too, is equally characteristic. In the chapter on Beerbohm, the Man, we have seen that the great issues of the day left him comparatively untouched. For him the graces of the Regency period were far more real than the problems of the Twentieth Century, while top hats, music-halls, and the oddities of life and literature engrossed him more than the two World Wars which he outlived and which, indeed, he hardly ever refers to in his works. Instead of taking the gross realities of contemporary life for his subject-matter, he always, in his own words, danced 'on the trimmest, narrowest and most devious terraces of literature' (40, p. 4). This means that he selected his themes in accordance with his fastidious taste, and only after a meticulous polishing process deemed them worthy of being clothed in equally choice and polished words.

We may say, therefore, that Beerbohm is a perfectionist, both in the matter of substance and of style. His own style, which he considered more or less formed in 1912 (V, Note in the First Edition, p. [7]), is a perfect illustration of what this '*petit maître*' loved best in literature—'delicate and elaborate ingenuities of form and style' (II, p. 95). The analysis of these 'ingenuities', which distinguish his style from the relatively facile tricks of Wilde, Chesterton, and even Shaw, and

which, combined with his peculiar choice of subjects, earned him the epithet of 'the incomparable', will take up the rest of this section. Broadly speaking these 'ingenuities', or modes of expression employed for some special effect, fall into three classes, viz. those not involving a deviation from the ordinary word-order; those affecting the normal arrangement of words in the sentence; and those depending on the choice of words. The first I have brought together under the heading *Figures of Speech*; the second under *Syntactical Peculiarities*; the third under *Vocabulary*, with a special paragraph on Beerbohm's use of Proper Names. But before breaking the butterfly of his style on the analytical wheel I shall try to characterize it by pointing out some of its most striking general qualities.

2. General Stylistic Qualities

One of the most striking general qualities of Beerbohm's style is its power to mock. As the objects of his mockery have been sufficiently indicated in Chapter Two, it will be our business here to trace the ways in which his mocking disposition asserts itself in his writings through the medium of style. In other words, to study those cases in which the mockery is practically inseparable from its stylistic expression.

It will at once be seen that, with Beerbohm, the medium through which the mockery manifests itself is fourfold. It may be parody (for which see section iii of this chapter), irony, wit, or humour, but hardly ever satire in the strict sense. His purpose, evidently, is not to amend hateful morals and manners by holding them up to malicious public ridicule. He is neither a reformer nor a hater. Consequently his mockery (which, on account of its subtlety, will never appeal to the generality of readers) is not destined to offend, because, in its happiest flights, its ultimate ratio is invariably a feeling of sympathy, reverence, or love—both in his writings and in his caricatures.

Beerbohm's irony, through which, from a general point of view, his mockery expresses itself most readily, has been well defined by Logan Pearsall Smith as 'that subtlety of expressing in one phrase more than one meaning, which Hamlet learned from his reading of Montaigne' (875, p. 89). The following Beerbohmisms are good examples of the use of irony as a vehicle for mockery:

(on certain members of the aristocracy:) She said it was *too* wonderful, she said it was *too* great. If she hadn't been a Duchess, I might have thought her slightly hysterical (VII, p. 65);

(on Victorian philanthropy, apropos of a *musée sentimental* of Fashion:) This plain mackintosh hid her diamonds when she went slumming (II, p. 128);

(on the institution of Royalty:) I should be glad if more people would seriously examine the conditions of royalty, with a view to ameliorating the royal lot (*ibid.*, p. 11);

(on the hypocrisy of the middle classes:) . . . and we offer up fervent thanks that we do not move in the circles we should like to move in (325, p. 359);

(on the use of coincidences in plays:) 'What is there' ['Savonarola' Brown, the untalented playwright asks] 'to prevent a motor-omnibus from knocking me over and killing me at this moment?'

At that moment, by what has always seemed to me the strangest of coincidences, and just the sort of thing that playwrights ought to avoid, a motor-omnibus knocked Brown over and killed him (VII, p. 182-3).

Such is the subtlety of Beerbohm's irony that, for its effect, it may depend on the significant placing of a comma:

I believe the paragraph had a great success, in Scarborough (VIII, p. 211).

But in a rare case the same comma may turn an ironical statement into vigorous sarcasm:

It is a pity that critics should show so little sympathy with writers, and curious when we consider that most of them tried to be writers themselves, once (438, p. 283).

Beerbohm's use of wit, too, as a medium for mockery, is of the kind 'that pierces without leaving a wound' (X, p. 142). A fine example is his ludicrous defence of Pinero against the charge of indecency which had been brought against his drama *A Wife without a Smile*. The passage in question is a witty play upon an often-quoted utterance of Benjamin Disraeli, and a well-known saying:

Always has Mr. Pinero been on the side of the angels; and, if he has mixed with the apes, it has been ever as an intrepid member of the angelic secret service. If he has sometimes seemed to be running with the light and frivolous hare, it has ever been as an avant-courier of the highly-moral hounds (258, p. 546).

The same mocking effect may be achieved by a quibble on a single word:

. . . he had a chin on which a large number of hairs weakly curled and clustered to cover its retreat (VII, p. 6).

The following, on Miss Dobson's scanty literary interests, is remarkable for its brevity, which (unlike Polonius's) has always been the soul of Beerbohm's wit:

On another small table stood Zuleika's library. Both books were in covers of dull gold (VI, p. 7).

We have seen that, as a dramatic critic, Max had no sympathy whatever for the 'funny' man on the stage. For him the secret of humour was in contrast, in incongruity, not in 'high spirits' (80, p. 815), and therefore humour did not exist for him 'except in unison with some form of high seriousness' (151, p. 359). The following passage, in which the Duke ponders the manner of his intended self-destruction, is typical of his use of humour as a medium for mockery:

Manner: . . . less easy to determine. He must not die horribly, nor without dignity. The manner of the Roman philosophers? But the only kind of bath which an undergraduate can command is a hip-bath (VI, p. 85-6).

The subtlety of his humour may be illustrated by the following remark, in which one or two letters suffice to guy a whole school of classical scholarship:

We know he was fond of quoting those incomparable poets, Homer, at great length (I, p. 80).

The same idea, incidentally, underlies the caricature in which he shows a many-headed Homer going his round (17).

A sustained daintiness, or fastidiousness of expression, often leading to a classical equipoise, is another general characteristic of Beerbohm's style. The following is a good average illustration of this quality, taken from one of his essays:

Round the flower-garden at Sandringham runs an old wall of red brick, streaked with ivy and topped infrequently with balls of stone (I, p. 31).

But it is in the artificial atmosphere of *Zuleika Dobson* that we find such exquisite specimens as:

The clock in the Warden's drawing-room had just struck eight, and already the ducal feet were beautiful on the white bearskin hearthrug. So slim and long were they, of instep so nobly arched, that only with a pair of glazed ox-tongues on a breakfast-table were they comparable. Incomparable quite, the figure and face and vesture of him who ended in them (VI, p. 22).

Among the other general, though less striking, qualities of Beerbohm's style may be reckoned its power to evoke a scene through significant description. A good example of this is his sketch of Covent Garden in its good old Victorian days, which is as suggestive and 'period' as a Beardsley drawing:

I see the flash of eager gestures in white kid; I see white shoulders, white gardenias, rouge under lurid æliads, the quivering of *aigrettes*, the light on high collars highly-polished, and the sheen of innumerable diamonds, and the rhythmic sway of a thousand-and-one fans. Row upon row, the little dull-red boxes, receptacles of bravery and beauty, are sparkling, also, with endless animation (II, p. 166).

To the same class belongs the quality of liveliness, which we find displayed on almost every page of *Zuleika Dobson* (e.g. in the account of her prodigious rise to fame: VI, p. 15 ff.), and in many of Beerbohm's innumerable synopses of plays. The effect is achieved in various ways. It may be brought about by a sudden descent from the solemn or precious into the chatty or colloquial:

The life of the city, and the architectural background against which that life is lived, suffice my soul while I rove around, or merely lean forth from the window that is, for the time being, mine. Merely? I take back that word (15, p. 112),

or by a series of quick, abrupt sentences, which are often used to describe exciting events, such as the wholesale self-slaughter of the Oxford undergraduates:

Full on the river lay the mantle outspread. Then it, too, went under. A great roll of water marked the spot. The plumed hat floated . . . A score of fresh plunges. 'Splendid fellows!' (VI, p. 276).

A similar staccato style is employed to suggest the awkwardness and restraint that often attend the seeing off of an old friend (III, p. 19), or the meteoric advent of William Rothenstein at Oxford (VII, p. 4-5). But its finest application, perhaps, is to be found in the opening passage of '*A Clergyman*', where the struggling, spasmodic diction is in unison with the utter hopelessness of the position of one who was snubbed by Dr Johnson:

Fragmentary, pale, momentary; almost nothing; glimpsed and gone; as it were, a faint human hand thrust up, never to reappear, from beneath the rolling waters of Time, he forever haunts my memory and solicits my weak imagination (IV, p. 227).

This brings us to another feature which Beerbohm's style has in common with that of other good stylists, viz. the exquisite cadence of many of his sentences. It is this quality, really, which makes his works so rich in 'passages'. Some of these defy partial quotation because they extend over a whole essay. Others are in the nature of 'purple patches', and may, therefore, be detached from their context without serious damage. As an example of the former I mention that perfect little gem entitled '*Harlequin*'—a short, but penetrating interpretation of an old sign-board, which he had bought in 1897 (cf. 708, p. 315)—in which, with surrealist clearness, he seems to suggest the dark shadow cast on the bright life of the Gay Nineties by the impending storm of the first World War (III, p. 281 f.). An example of the latter kind is the description of Johnson's laugh in that masterly essay on *Laughter* with which, significantly enough, Max concluded his fourth—and, for a long time, his last—collection of essays in 1920:

There he sat, old and ailing and unencouraged by the company, but soaring higher and higher in absurdity, more and more rejoicing, and still soaring and rejoicing after he had gone out into the night with Boswell, till at last in Fleet Street his paroxysms were too much for him and he could no more. Echoes of that huge laughter come ringing down the ages (IV, p. 302).

In this sentence we watch the adjuncts come toppling over each other one by one until, at a seemingly dazzling height, the almost physical tension of the cadence resolves itself into the solemn climax of the final phrase.

3. Syntax

a. Figures of Speech

After this general characterization of Beerbohm's style it will be our task to study the ways in which, in each special case, a desired effect has been achieved. More or less to our surprise, perhaps, such an investigation will teach us that much of Beerbohm's stylistic incomparableness is due to a very refined and skilful use of some of the old figures of speech. The following are among the most striking examples.

(i) *Alliteration, Assonance, and Homophony*. The musical quality of Beerbohm's style, to which I referred above, is often enhanced by the use of alliteration. Max was especially successful in handling this device when he set himself to reproduce the most delicate shades of sound, as in the description of Mary's laugh, with its simple consonant scheme centring round the *l*, and its interplay of light and heavy, long and short vowels:

I never tired of that little bell-like euphony; those funny little lucid and level trills (IV, p. 268),

or in his hymn of praise on the old music-halls:

I am glad to resuscitate their rhythm: bugle-notes to wake sleeping memories in some breasts; more melancholy for me, fainter, than scent of soever long-kept lavender (II, p. 105),

with its intricate interlacing sound pattern. The same vocal perfection through sound symbolism, combined with a subtle use of alliteration, is displayed in his description of the striking of the Oxford clocks at noon, already quoted on p. 122.

Very often we find in him the same repetition of identical elements in dominant words that is so characteristic of Chesterton's argumentative prose and that contributes so much to the hammering, battering effect of his sentences. Of course in Beerbohm the device is turned to an altogether different use. But the remarkable thing is that in his writings the alliterating words often occur in parisyllabic, assonating or non-asonating pairs, such as *patent, potent* (II, p. 96), *faded and fetid* (*ibid.*, p. 100), *faint, flat* (III, p. 4), *aloof and aloft* (*ibid.*, p. 269), *language . . . landscape* (IV, p. 125), *loved and lost* (VI, p. 25), *blond, bland* (VII, p. 55), *wide, white-grey* (VIII, p. 50), *detects and depicts* (IX, p. 155), *chances and changes* (*ibid.*, p. 171), *miasmal, malarial* (X, p. 5), *that worker, that wearer* (74, p. 968), *abashed and abased* (323, p. 297). Sometimes the two members are connected etymologically: *vivid and vital* (IV, p. 61), *multitude . . . multiform* (VI, p. 7), *venerable and venerated* (*ibid.*, p. 153), *to prove . . . to probe* (IX, p. 169). Occasionally the alliterating words occur in double pairs:

The *deepest depths* are, as it were, at the top of the tree (IX, p. 85);

... your own *strongly flowing and flourishing*, or *delicate and delightful*, autograph (239, p. 169),

or seem to have grown into a fixed pattern:

... scent of soever long-kept lavender (II, p. 105); cf. ... the scent of things long kept in lavender (VIII, p. 364);

... reflections on *death*, and *disease*, and *disaster* (271, p. 375); cf. *Death and disease, disaster | And downfall* were our joy (15, p. 68).

One cannot get away from the impression that, in many cases, Beerbohm's use of alliteration merely serves the purpose of irony or ridicule, as, for instance, in this passage referring to his famous squabble with Arthur Bouchier:

It seemed so natural that he should wish me, scoundrel of the *deepest dye*, never to darken his doors again. So, *delicate-minded*, I was glad *not* to be *darkening* them. An excess of delicacy? (IX, p. 45).

Of course the natural environs in which this artificial type of alliteration was most likely to thrive was *Zuleika Dobson*:

If he had *sped* me with a kick so *skilful* that my skull had been shattered on the *kerb*, ... (VI, p. 43).

This of *Zuleika's* toilet:

Zuleika's pincushion, a-bristle with new pins, lay on the *dimity-flounced toilet-table*, and round it stood a *multitude of multiform glass vessels, domed*, all of them, with *dull gold*, on which *Z. D.*, in *zianites and diamonds*, was encrusted. On a small table stood a great casket of *malachite*, initialled in like fashion (*ibid.*, p. 7).

From these examples it will be seen that what was an absolute necessity and a question of life and death for a man like Chesterton becomes a mere plaything, a thing to amuse and to be amused by, in the hands of the intellectual dandy that was Beerbohm. It was his delight to vary the theme according to his whim, so that in one instance, at least, the result becomes vaguely reminiscent of the Old English alliterative scheme:

Sheen of white *satin* and *silk*, *glint* of gold, *glitter* of diamonds ... (VI, p. 261).

Max once wrote that he had his Elizabethan and Caroline, his Georgian and Early Victorian moments (I, p. 16). It might be added that he seemed to have his Anglo-Saxon moods, too.

From the evidence adduced, then, Beerbohm's claim that he never alliterated (VIII, p. 217) seems to need modifying; he did not at least alliterate on a *very* large scale. But it would not be difficult at all to compile from his work a nice little anthology of extremely felicitous and humorous alliterations.

(ii) *Rhyme*. Not infrequently the connecting element between the members of a parisyllabic group is rhyme: *lightly . . . tightly* (VI, p. 7), *nearer and clearer* (*ibid.*, p. 31), *near to us, clear to us* (*ibid.*, p. 72), *towering and glowering* (VII, p. 96), *dustily, fustily, mustily* (VIII, p. 519), *saddening . . . gladdening* (IX, p. 248), *rust . . . dust* (X, p. 192).

(iii) *Euphuism*. Finally, combinations like the following may be due to the same Euphuistic tendency: 'to die . . . would be no mere measure of precaution, or counsel of despair' (VI, p. 81). But the following example, also taken from *Zuleika Dobson* ('I am an inspiration, not an obsession; a glow, not a blight', *ibid.*, p. 94), is clearly intended as parody.

(iv) *Simile*. The dandiical quality of Beerbohm's style is also exemplified by his original, elegant, and often dainty use of simile, metaphor, parable, and personification. His best similes convince by their freshness and concreteness, whether they consist of one or two well-chosen words:

Her [i.e. La Gambogi's] eyes are like bright blots of ink (X, p. 348);

Whistler's insults always stuck—stuck and spread round the insulted, who found themselves at length encased in them, like flies in amber (III, p. 116);

The King [i.e. George IV] died a death that was like the calm conclusion of a great, lurid poem (I, p. 78),

or whether they are elaborated into a lengthy comparison:

. . . young Mr. Brummell could not bear to see all his brother-officers in clothes exactly like his own; was quite as deeply annoyed as would be some god, suddenly entering a restaurant of many mirrors (*ibid.*, p. 5).

(v) *Metaphor*. The same may be said of his metaphors. This is about Mr Le V., a contemporary dandy:

. . . his toilet-table is an imperishable altar, his wardrobe a quiet nursery and very constant harem (I, p. 21);

And this, with the witty quibble on Gray's 'animated bust' to round it off, about My Lord in Court:

My Lord might be the mummy of some high tyrant revitalised after centuries of death and resuming now his sway over men. Impassive he sits, aloof and aloft, ramparted by his desk, ensconced between curtains to keep out the draught—for might not a puff of wind scatter the animated dust that he consists of? (III, p. 269).

Surely, it cannot be said of Beerbohm that he was a slave to traditional imagery—though once, in a despondent mood, he confessed himself to be one (VII, p. 121)—for he did not shun the modern, or even ultra-modern simile or metaphor, if it could serve his end. It must have been in one of his Caroline moments (for the phrase is reminiscent of Sir Thomas Browne) that he called Time ‘a sad iconoclast’ (II, p. 19); but in 1902, when the bicycle was still a fashion, Time had become ‘a cyclist’ (VIII, p. 366), while, six years later, he already spoke of ‘facts as solid as the Marconi rays’ (IX, p. 399).

(vi) *Parable*. Beerbohm’s use of parable is well shown in the essay on *Something Defeasible*, where the child who, after having built a beautiful cottage of sand, exults at its destruction by the sea, symbolizes the ruin with which Labour, according to many Conservatives, threatened England in 1919.

(vii) *Personification*. The metaphorical figure of personification, or the ‘pathetic fallacy’, as Ruskin called it, is handled with equal virtuosity. On p. 116–7 I have already quoted two cases of personification of flowers. In the following example it is a tree which is endowed with human emotion—anger at some motorists disturbing a rural dance:

And all the branches of the tory old elm above them seemed to be quivering with indignation (III, p. 164; for a variant of this see *ibid.*, p. 161).

A parallel to the personification of the vegetable world is found in the animation, or rather, the sympathetic consonance, of the mineral kingdom. Thus, in *Dandies and Dandies*, Lord X.’s linen, sympathizing with its wearer’s feelings, actually flushes and turns pale (I, p. 24), while in *Zuleika Dobson* the Duke’s pearls, for the same reason, change colour more than once. In the same book, finally, the speaking stairs (VI, p. 263) and the running commentary of the Roman Emperors are examples of the complete personification of inorganic nature. It may be noted that Wilde used this figure in his fairy-stories.

(viii) *Mixture of Fancy and Fact*. In order to achieve a desired effect Beerbohm, more than any other writer, makes use of a number of extraordinary devices—to be compared with the conjuring tricks of which he, and his heroine Zuleika, were so fond. It is these devices in particular that lend his style its strange air of irresponsibility and whimsicality. Foremost among them ranks the skilful mixture of fancy and fact, of fiction and reality, which he manages in some of his essays, in his imaginary portraits, and in his ‘novel’. Thus Enoch Soames is a fictitious character wandering among a crowd of well-known artists, and, on the face of it, made of the same stuff as they are. But almost imperceptibly the story takes off; the world of reality sinks under our feet and soon dwindles into noth-

ingness; and before we have time to realize our position we find ourselves in mid-air, fully engrossed in the wonders of this topsyturvy world, with the author himself as the slender, and none too solid link with reality. In this latter function he must have felt quite at home since the imaginary Hubert le Ros, in *Seeing People Off*, had confided to him with what pleasure he read his dramatic criticisms every Saturday (III, p. 21), and since Zuleika had sat next to him at dinner (VI, p. 95).

Sometimes the realistic touch is achieved by the introduction of historical personages, such as Arthur J. Balfour (in *Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton*), William Rothenstein (in *Enoch Soames*), Lloyd George (in *T. Fenning Dodworth*), and even Mr Druce, the Oxford chemist (in *Zuleika Dobson*). By analogous devices fancy is made curiously to appear like fact in his account of the attempted assassination of the Emperor, which forms the nucleus of *Some Words on Royalty* (II, p. 3 ff.), and in his examination of *The Case of Prometheus* on the occasion of Mr Richard Mitchell, the traveller, having reported that he had seen Prometheus chained to the eastern side of Mount Caucasus (*ibid.*, p. 173 ff.). In other places (e.g. in *The Happy Hypocrite* and in *Zuleika Dobson*) it is the subtle use of quasi-serious and seemingly learned footnotes, or the citation of imaginary books—as in Beardsley's *Under the Hill*—that creates a semblance of verity. This knack of mixing fiction with reality is so characteristic of Beerbohm's style that it has led critics to look for fable where Max was only reporting solid fact. Thus an American reviewer of *And Even Now* (Samuel Roth, in the *New York Herald*, 24 April 1921, p. 12) suspected him of having invented the incident between Dr Johnson and 'A Clergyman'. If Mr Roth had known his Boswell he would have remembered that the conversation is recorded, in exactly the same words, under the year 1778.

In all the above examples the air of verisimilitude is enhanced by the introduction of some realistic trait. But sometimes the process is reversed, and instead of studding fiction with fact we occasionally find Beerbohm relieving a precarious reality by an even more doubtful fancy. This may be illustrated from *Zuleika Dobson* where, especially at moments of high psychological tension, he does not even shrink from allowing the illustrious dead to materialize and play an active part—a thing which, in the heyday of the Society for Psychical Research, he may have seen at any ordinary spiritualist *séance*. When, at the Junta, the American Rhodes scholar avers that the eighteenth-century founder of that fine old club 'was an unmitigated scoundrel. I say he was not a white man', the object of his aspersions thinks fit to appear on the stage himself:

At the word 'scoundrel', Humphrey Greddon had sprung forward, drawing his sword, and loudly, in a voice audible to himself alone, challenged the American to make good his words. Then, as this gentleman took no notice, with one clean straight thrust Gred-

don ran him through the heart, shouting 'Die, you damned psalm-singer and traducer! And so die all rebels against King George!' Withdrawing the blade, he wiped it daintily on his cambric handkerchief. There was no blood. Mr. Oover, with unpunctured shirt-front, was repeating 'I say he was not a white man' (VI, p. 119-20).

Similarly, when the night before his death the Duke plays Chopin's *Marche Funèbre*, the composer and George Sand are present:

Soon after the Duke had begun to play, an invisible figure came and stood by and listened: a frail man, dressed in the fashion of 1840; the shade of none other than Frédéric Chopin. Behind whom, a moment later, came a woman of somewhat masculine aspect and dominant demeanour, mounting guard over him, and, as it were, ready to catch him if he fell (*ibid.*, p. 140-1).

(ix) *Make-believe*. Another of Beerbohm's favourite juggling-tricks, akin to the one discussed above, is his habit of building up an elaborate structure of make-believe. The artistic function of this device is to weaken the unwary reader's resistance against the shock with which, at a time thought fit by the smiling conjurer, he is undeceived by a solution which is often as witty as it is unexpected. This function clearly differentiates it from the mystification used by Lamb. The contrivance was first employed successfully by Beerbohm in the delightful essay on *A Good Prince*, written in 1895. The opening sentences evoke the picture of the King riding in the Park:

I first saw him one morning of last summer, in the Green Park. Though short, even insignificant, in stature, and with an obvious tendency to be obese, he had that unruffled, Olympian air which is so sure a sign of the Blood Royal. In a suit of white linen he looked serenely cool, despite the heat. Perhaps I should have thought him, had I not been versed in the *Almanach de Gotha*, a trifle older than he is. He did not raise his hat in answer to my salute, but smiled most graciously and made as though he would extend his hand to me, mistaking me, I doubt not, for one of his friends. Forthwith, a member of his suite said something to him in an undertone, whereat he smiled again and took no further notice of me (I, p. 29).

In this vein the jest is continued for nearly three pages until, quite unexpectedly, and without apparent effort, Max pretends to give himself away by the use of the word *perambulator*. But though from that moment we know that he has been referring to the baby-prince Edward, our self-respect is impaired, until it receives its final blow in the concluding sentence which recapitulates the whole quirk in a nutshell:

He stands alone among European princes—but, as yet, only with the aid of a chair (*ibid.*, p. 32).

Here the trick really is the backbone of the whole essay. But in other cases

Max simply uses it by way of surprise beginning, i.e. as a means of focussing the reader's attention on what follows. Thus, for instance, in *A Study in Dejection*:

Riderless the horse was, and with none to hold his bridle. But he waited patiently, submissively, there where I saw him, at the shabby corner of a certain shabby little street in Chelsea . . . (III, p. 73),

and so on, paragraph after paragraph, until it appears that he is speaking of an old rocking-horse thrust out into the open air before a shop of second-hand articles. A concise application of the make-believe beginning may be studied in the opening lines of *The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill* (X, p. 3).

In *Zuleika Dobson* the device is handled with great skill to open a chapter. Having followed the Duke's career under water among the weeds, after his spectacular suicide, the author continues:

And Zuleika? She had done a wise thing, and was where it was best that she should be.

Her face lay upturned on the water's surface, and round it were the masses of her dark hair, half floating, half submerged,

thus leading us to believe that Zuleika had followed her lover's example. But here is the solution:

Steadily rising from the water was a thick vapour that turned to dew on the window pane. The air was heavy with scent of violets. These are the flowers of mourning; but their scent here and now signified nothing; for Eau de Violettes was the bath-essence that Zuleika always had (VI, p. 289).

A less direct variation of it occurs in the body of one of his essays. In *Nat Goodwin—and Another* its function is to create an air of suspense:

And the first sign that caught my eye touched every nerve in me to astriction. Rigid, I stared at it across the hall. There it stood, upright and alone, on a long oaken chest that I remembered. Dim though the light was, I had no need to go nearer. I knew the thing. And I hasten to tell you, without keeping you in further suspense, that what I saw on that oaken chest, in that dim hall, was a hat (74, p. 968).

In *T. Fenning Dodworth*, finally, it even plays its pranks within the bounds of a single sentence:

He is a good judge (and, I take it, the sole survivor among judges) of sherry (X, p. 144).

(x) *Quid pro quo*. In one instance, at least, the make-believe device resolves itself into an amusing case of *quid pro quo*, or double meaning, in which the author takes the reader into his confidence:

'If one of your compatriots broke his leg or lost a large sum of money, he would, for a time, suffer unalloyed misery. But an Englishman, in similar case, would be upheld through his affliction, and kept inwardly cheerful, by the thought of that great Empire which is ours. Believe me, there is not an Englishman to whom that Empire is not a source of continual and personal pleasure'.

'The Empire! But yes', said my friend. 'I have often heard to speak of it'.

'Heard of it?' I cried, laughing at the narrowness which is characteristic of even the most intelligent Frenchmen. 'Heard of it? I should rather think you had!'

'By example, yes! And I have great envy of to see it. It ought to be an affair well amusing, well gay'.

'Scarcely amusing, perhaps. But very great, very solid, very gratifying'.

'Could we not accompany us there this evening?'

I smiled interrogation.

'Is it not that it finds itself in La Place Leicester? Is that then so far from here?' (VIII, p. 55-6).

(xi) *Mystification*. In other cases the solution is not given, so that we may speak of mystification, or hoaxing—a device not unknown in Lamb. Thus more than one reader (and critic, for that matter) has been at pains to discover the locality of Prangley Valley, an imaginary beauty-spot near Kew Gardens (cf. II, p. 113 ff.), or the nature of Gibrisch, the native tongue of that erratic genius Luntic Kolniyatsch (IV, p. 54), or even the identity of the seventh man in *Seven Men*. Incidentally, an exact parallel to this trick is found in the fanciful dating of Beerbohm's series of caricatures entitled *Studies in the Eighteen-Seventies* (23). If we are to believe the artist these cartoons were all made at the mature age of between one and four. For another example of this kind of joke see 909a.

(xii) *Hyperbole*. A related device is the figure of hyperbole, or exaggeration. This figure distinguishes itself from make-believe in that it does not appeal to the reader's credulity. It is also different from Beerbohm's irony, wit, and humour in that it does not, for its effect, depend on subtlety, but on over-emphasis. As the latter quality is an essential element of all caricature, it is to *Zuleika Dobson* that we naturally turn for successful examples of this figure. The preposterous declaration of the Duke's love for Zuleika provides us with a case in point. From its inception:

... I, John, Albert, Edward, Claude, Orde, Angus, Tankerton, Tanville-Tankerton, fourteenth Duke of Dorset, Marquis of Dorset, Earl of Grove, Earl of Chastermaine, Viscount Brewsby, Baron Grove, Baron Petstrap, and Baron Wolock, in the Peerage of England, offer you my hand. Do not interrupt me (VI, p. 52-3),

to its culmination, seven pages later, in the additional recommendation that he is Hereditary Comber of the Queen's Lap-Dogs, it is the figure of hyperbole that makes his suit into the most extraordinary proposal ever made. Besides

this, many other features of this caricature are highly exaggerated and out of proportion. The Duke is not only a moderately good swimmer—a qualification which would have been a serious enough drawback in view of his intended suicide; he is more, for 'twice, indeed, from his yacht, he had swum the Hellespont' (p. 86). Dorset's valedictory sonnet was not only kept by Mrs Batch, his landlady, 'framed and glazed in her hall'; it was to her 'an asset beyond price (witness her recent refusal of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's sensational bid for it)' (p. 253). That the Warden of Judas should have received 'tens of thousands' of slippers from his admiring lady-friends was an extraordinary enough occurrence in itself; that he should have made a bonfire of them on the evening of his betrothal is even more remarkable; yet the addition that the fire was 'visible from three counties' (p. 325) seemed to be indispensable to make the sally absolutely worthy of its context.

Outside the caricatural sphere, hyperbole, with Beerbohm, tends to degenerate into naïve, or puerile fun. We can appreciate the joke about the man 'who went up to Oxford and led a very happy life, and only in his third year discovered from a chance remark dropped by a friend at the breakfast-table that Oxford was also a seat of education' (470, p. 1061), because it is good caricature. But in his more serious moods Beerbohm's exaggerations often fall utterly flat. Thus we can understand that he was struck by the sight of a certain young man, 'one of those who [had] made England what it is', making love to the barmaid at Dover Harbour; but he cannot persuade us to believe that this sight induced him to tear up all the notes and all the photographs he had brought back with him from Paris (III, p. 231). Nor does he succeed in convincing us of the reality of his secret longing to unlock pillar-boxes, and of his actual preparations for this act of violence (IV, p. 18-9). Here he lays it on too thick, as he does when he declares that the ruins of a former club attracted him so irresistibly that he haunted the door of the hoarding that enclosed them, and was frequently mistaken for the foreman (III, p. 51). In these cases hyperbole defies its own object by being used outside its legitimate sphere, which is caricature, and the resulting impression is generally one of misdirected naïveté, or even of silliness.

(xiii) *Interruption*. According to Barbey d'Aurevilly the most general characteristic of Dandyism was 'de produire toujours l'imprévu' (915, p. 15). In Beerbohm's style the tendency to galvanize the reader's attention by surprising it manifests itself more directly in his use of interruption, repetition, exclamation, and the unexpected turn on the one hand, and of epigram, syllepsis, paradox, periphrasis, bathos, 'enjambement', and 'asides' to the reader on the other. Of all these the figure of aposiopesis, or significant interruption, is perhaps the one most frequently used. It consists in breaking off the normal train

of thought by leaving the sentence, or even the word, unfinished, e.g.:

If he had in his composition one marble grain of humour, he might . . . but no, a joke against oneself is always cryptic (IV, p. 39);

Besides, I feel that good wi . . . There! I all but said it (425, p. xvii).

This figure is easily recognized, as the break is invariably marked, orthographically, by a number of dots, a dash, or by the abbreviations *&c.*, or *&c.*, *&c.* The latter, however, occur only when the figure serves to cut short an argument which is in danger of becoming conventional, tedious, or trivial:

. . . our division of them is yet another instance of that sterling common-sense by which, etc., etc. (IV, p. 125; other examples at 161, p. 719; 164, p. 76; 184, p. 739; 198, p. 768; 202, p. 43; 203, p. 329; 225, p. 650, etc.).

In all other cases the reason for breaking off the sentence is specified, or implied, by what follows. Very often, in order to enhance the contrast, the second member is introduced by the adversative conjunction *but*; even to such an extent that exactly parallel lists of examples might be given for each type. Thus an argument which, for some reason or other, has actually become, or is merely represented as, undesirable, may be interrupted, at any point in the sentence, by phrases like 'Enough! These questions are as brutal as they are foolish' (IX, p. 147), 'Enough of that, too' (279, p. 81), 'ah, I won't set forth . . .' (391, p. 233), 'well! You see that . . .' (188, p. 171), 'my readers will save me the trouble of completing the sentence' (132, p. 764). Parallel examples with *but* are equally common: 'but enough' (IV, p. 54; VIII, p. 316; IX, p. 51), 'but oh, bother examples!' (VIII, p. 423), 'But I need not enumerate all the other reasons' (181, p. 524), 'but the result . . . cannot be described' (VIII, p. 133), 'but my feelings are here described' (written in pencil on p. 1 of the MS. of part of No. 2. *The Pines* in the Ashley Library), 'but why multiply the obvious instances of . . .' (234, p. 669), 'but why should I lay any further stress on . . .' (VIII, p. 32), 'but why theorise?' (IX, p. 401), 'but these speculations are futile' (293, p. 167), 'but I am treading on a volcano' (VIII, p. 521).

Very often the second member is frankly self-critical, and may, therefore, be compared with the confidential 'aside' discussed under No. (xxiii):

In the one . . . Hush! Am I not a dramatic critic? (IX, p. 158).

It should be noted that, with this type, the *but* examples far outnumber the others. In a number of them the real or supposed excuse for breaking off the sentence is a criticism of his own method: 'but I seem to be mistaking collaboration for criticism' (232, p. 424), 'but it is not my business to rewrite plays' (309, p. 75), 'But here have I been solemnly weighing a play as a . . .' (VIII, p. 379); or a tendency to digress: 'but, alas! I have digressed' (*ibid.*, p. 36), 'but I must not

stray into that eternal subject' (175, p. 13), 'but I outstrip my narrative' (IV, p. 31), 'but I lose the thread' (X, p. 163); or some other idiosyncrasy: 'but it is clumsy of me . . .' (VI, p. 262), 'But again I wax ponderous' (VIII, p. 382), 'but here I am indulging in my tedious old habit of testing a play by reference to reality!' (342, p. 783). In other cases the second member is a critical interpretation of the reader's reaction: 'but you begin to suspect me of . . .' (269, p. 305), 'but again I won't bore you further' (IX, p. 387), 'but you are already turning the page' (423, p. x). In a rare instance the criticism is supposed to be voiced by some imaginary opponent:

To create a tragedy, you must have a sense of that pity and terror which—'Agreed', Mr. Shaw will interrupt . . . (VIII, p. 339),

or, in the form of a dramatic commentary, by the reading public at large:

I have always held that a work of literary art, whether in poetry or in prose, should never—

THE PUBLIC. Come, guvnor, we've been listening to you . . . (431, p. x).

Very often the complementary part of the interruption is a contradictory statement introduced by a negative word like *no* or *impossible*:

Their inconsistencies are of that consistent kind which . . . no! I will spare the overdone reference (VIII, p. 289; other examples at VI, p. 188; IX, p. 26, 28, 465; 156, p. 551; 347, p. 510);

Can it be that I am—? Impossible! (216, p. 292; another example at IX, p. 461).

The antithetical effect of this construction is often enhanced by prefixing *but* to the second member; in this case the only possible construction is *but no*:

The voice, I repeat, is very pretty, and—but no! why qualify? (VIII, p. 392; other examples at IV, p. 39; VI, p. 265; VIII, p. 335; IX, p. 263, 439; 341, p. 751; 388, p. 73; 390, p. 200).

In concluding an article or a prefatory note certain types of the figure of interruption are frequently employed to effect a so-called surprise ending:

. . . but the miasmal exhalations of . . . I desist for lack of skill in Cartonism (381, p. 593; other examples at 165, p. 172; 168, p. 402; 408, p. 3);

On the other hand—but this is a Note, not a Preface (IV, p. vi).

Occasionally the device is used to warn the reader that the essay is drawing to a close:

. . . the—but I am coming to the end of my 'space' (IX, p. 431).

From the illustrations given it will be seen that the figure of interruption is mostly used as a more or less mechanical device to change the subject. Examples like the following, in which it is employed for dramatic effect, are comparatively rare:

I had never seen a murderer, but I knew that the man who was so steadfastly peering at me now . . . I shut my eyes. I tried to think (III, p. 28).

This circumstance, together with the fact that of all the examples adduced (my list is fairly representative) more than 75% were taken from his dramatic criticisms, i.e. his journalistic work, while examples with *&c.* hardly occur outside it, seems to point to the conclusion that this figure cannot be looked upon as generally characteristic of Beerbohm's style at its best.

(xiv) *Repetition.* The use of this figure is practically restricted to the word *but*, which, as I have shown above, was one of Beerbohm's favourites. On its first emergence in 1894 ('But! But with the universal use of cosmetics . . .', I, p. 94) it was parodied in *Punch* (560, p. 204), but the following examples, all dating from between 1900 and 1918, prove that it was anything but killed by him: 'But—but he must . . .' (VIII, p. 112), 'But . . . but . . . what is all this?' (216, p. 292), 'but, but, I felt it did want to be spoken to' (IV, p. 67), 'But—but—I fancy that now . . .' (*ibid.*, p. 208).

(xv) *Exclamation.* Not infrequently Max uses interjections like *Stay!*, *Perpend!*, or *Hush!* to attract the reader's attention. Examples occur at II, p. 60 (twice); VIII, p. 31; 192, p. 363 (all of *Perpend*), and at 158, p. 615 and 380, p. 560 (both of *Stay*). Sometimes this figure is combined with the figure of Interruption, as, for instance, in: 'In the one . . . Hush! Am I not a dramatic critic?' (IX, p. 158); other examples (all of *Stay*) at IX, p. 110; 198, p. 767; 270, p. 340.

(xvi) *Unexpected Turns.* Far more characteristic is Beerbohm's use of the unexpected turn. This may be an insidious phrase smuggled into the body of the sentence:

But precedence over Archbishops and Bishops, Generals, Admirals, Poets, Actors and Actresses, was taken by the Statesmen, as we no longer call them (15, p. 29),

or it may occur in the shape of a single final word, in which case the effect is often ironical:

(Of Oxford:) In a place which was until recent times scarcely less remote, Japan, . . . (I, p. 18);

The falling edifice had not been exactly a home. It had been even more than that. It had been a refuge from many homes. It had been a club (III, p. 51).

Occasionally a concentrated application of the surprise principle is used to enliven a narrative passage. In the following account of the murderous assault made on the waxen double of a certain fabulous Emperor the desired effect is achieved by cramming the two long sentences with at least half a dozen fresh turns, which prevent our interest from flagging:

According to the memoirs, the Emperor himself, in a false beard, was standing near the assassin, and was actually arrested on suspicion, but managed to escape his captor in the *mêlée* and reached the palace in ample time to bow from the balcony. The Count argues that the only sufferer in the affair is the poor wretch who was hanged merely for shooting at a dummy, and who has never even got the credit he deserved for a very good shot; the bullet pierced right through the dummy's chest, and, says the Count, had it but lodged one-eighth of an inch lower down, it must inevitably have stopped the mechanism (II, p. 8-9).

(xvii) *Epigram*. More especially in his early work the desire to astonish may give rise to an epigram in which the second member of the co-ordinate group strikes us as falling outside the scope of the expected:

The marriage [of George IV and Caroline] was solemnised on Wednesday, April 8th, 1795, and the royal bridegroom was drunk (I, p. 66);

(Of Queen Caroline:) Fate wrote her a most tremendous tragedy, and she played it in tights (*ibid.*, p. 68).

(xviii) *Syllepsis*. Sometimes, when a word is made to serve a double purpose in one and the same sentence, this kind of epigram may assume the form of syllepsis:

Nothing is easier than to be an incendiary. All you want is a box of matches and a sense of beauty (II, p. 59-60);

Verse is not the only thing that it ought to have been written in; it ought also to have been written in the 'seventies (IX, p. 50).

(xix) *Paradox*. The fact that Holbrook Jackson's definition of paradox as 'that dandified juggler of ideas' (658, p. 134) also applies to Max Beerbohm himself is not a mere coincidence. Though paradox has always belonged to the essence of his style, it was particularly frequent and successful in his earlier work; so successful indeed that, on its first appearance in the *Yellow Book*, the public was taken in by it, so that Max, in a letter to the Editor, had to explain that it had been the victim of a hoax (438, p. 282).

Beerbohm's use of paradox is threefold: the paradoxical idea may be contained in a single sentence; it may be distributed over a number of lines; or it may be expanded into a whole essay. Thus *The Pervasion of Rouge*, which was the cause of the misunderstanding referred to above, is a paradoxical

travesty of the revival of artifice, i.e. of the 'precious' school of writers of his day; *An Infamous Brigade* is an elaboration of the paradox that firemen should not prevent people from enjoying a good fire by putting it out; while a passage in *Dandies and Dandies* deals with the paradox that 'in one way dandyism is the least selfish of all the arts' (I, p. 14). Examples of self-contained paradoxes which are remarkable for their Baconian terseness are:

For expression is but too often the ruin of a face (I, p. 100);

Only the insane take themselves quite seriously (*ibid.*, p. 124).

(xx) *Periphrasis*. The figure of periphrasis or circumlocution is based on the reverse principle. Instead of striving after verbal economy its aim is to express things in a roundabout way. Its function, in Beerbohm, is to convey an affected, dandiacal abhorrence of certain physical aspects of life. Thus the process of painting is described as 'to force from little tubes of lead a glutinous flamboyance and to defile, with the hair of a camel therein steeped, taut canvas' (I, p. 14). Almost the same circumlocution is used in a letter to William Rothenstein (708, p. 268), and echoes of it occur at I, p. 11, 46, and 105. Other examples are: 'the cutter of his coats' (i.e. his tailor, *ibid.*, p. 6), 'a leathern bladder' (a football, II, p. 137), 'a certain series of words written by somebody else' (an actor's part, IX, p. 85), 'a few scratchings on copper' (an etching, *ibid.*, p. 212), 'those low-roofed machines' (motor-cars, I5, p. 6).

(xxi) *Bathos*. Sometimes an unexpected effect is achieved through bathos. In the following sentence, which concludes a summary of Beau Brummell's activities, its effect is ironical:

It was even whispered that he once, in the company of some friends, made as though he would wrench the knocker off the door of some shop (I, p. 6).

But the anticlimax is not only handled successfully within the compass of a single sentence. It is also used to create a dramatic contrast between two paragraphs. An excellent example of this type occurs in *Zuleika Dobson*. After having evoked the important part played by Salt Cellar, the quadrangle of Judas College, in the rough-and-tumble of history, working up to the climax:

There he [viz. Sir Harry Esson] fought calmly, ferociously, till a bullet went through his chest. 'By God, this College is well-named!' were the words he uttered as he fell forward and died,

Beerbohm continues:

Comparatively tame was the scene now being enacted in this place. The Duke, with bowed head, was pacing the path between the lawn and the cloisters. Two other

undergraduates stood watching him, whispering to each other, under the archway that leads to the Front Quadrangle. Presently, in a sheepish way, they approached him.

'I say', stammered the spokesman.

'Well?' asked the Duke (VI, p. 75-6).

(xxii) '*Enjambement*'. In other cases two successive paragraphs are connected semantically by means of a curious 'enjambement', or thought-link, based on a repetition of two identical, etymologically or logically related words or expressions, each forming part of a different sphere of thought. The second member of such a construction often marks the beginning of a more direct, concrete, or matter-of-fact passage. Like so many of Beerbohm's stylistic devices the effect of this unexpected conjunction of related ideas is to stir the reader's attention by surprising it. In the following examples the words are identical, or connected etymologically:

But I was as surprised as I was glad to hear, a month or so after my purchase of 'A Bare Bodkin', that he was still with us.

'With us' is perhaps not quite the phrase to use about a man living at Penge (X, p. 92);

Thus idly reasoning, I crumpled up my trialogue and dropped it into the waste-paper basket; but I was careful to laugh at myself for doing so.

And one day in the autumn of 1919 I laughed quite spontaneously when dear William Heinemann of a sudden suggested to me that an uniform edition of me would not be amiss (I, p. xi);

Well, it was his turn now. He would laugh last and loudest.

And already, for what was to be, he laughed outright into the morning (VI, p. 195);

He gnawed his pen, and presently altered the 'hereby leave' to 'hereby and herewith leave'. Fool!

I thereby and therewith left him (*ibid.*, p. 179);

And these more or less clearly point to the likelihood that what Dr. Einstein in his humdrum home evolved from his inner consciousness is all delightfully correct.

But is the British public delighted? (X, p. 164; other examples are VI, p. 188: 'vacuum', and *ibid.*, p. 200: 'hand . . . hip').

The same type may occur within the paragraph:

I had never read one of these manuals, but had often heard that there was a great and constant 'demand' for them. So I demanded this one (IV, p. 15-6; another example is VI, p. 281: 'Messenger . . . Messenger').

Occasionally the second member is only logically connected with the first:

The book lies open before me, as I write. I must be careful of my pen's transit from inkpot to MS.

Yet, I know, many worthy folk would like the book blotted out of existence (III, p. 105).

In the following rare instance the connection is strengthened by the assonantal similarity between *thread* and *thrill*:

... and to convince myself, by the way, that this exterior nothing is not (in virtue of *being* nothing) something, and therefore ... but I lose the thread.

Enough that I never lose the thrill (X, p. 163).

(xxiii) '*Asides*' to the Reader. Among the other devices for freshening the atmosphere, Beerbohm's habit of buttonholing his reader by means of a direct appeal is conspicuous. Of course this habit is the outcome of what he considered to be the chief task of the essayist—the obtrusion of his personality upon the reader. For the origin of this procedure one has to go back to Fielding, who, for the sake of 'contrast' (Bk. 5, Ch. I), introduced each book of *Tom Jones* by a short essay or 'initial chapter' (Bk. 17, Ch. I). In this he was followed by Sterne, Lamb and Thackeray, and, in our own day, by Beerbohm. In *Zuleika Dobson*, for instance, the whole origin of his relations with Clio, whose servant he calls himself, is explained in a chapter-long digression (VI, p. 169 ff.). However, it is with the brief 'aside' of Thackeray's essays rather than with the long digressions in his novels that Beerbohm's appeals to the reader should be compared. Here are a few characteristic examples:

I am boring you, reader? (284, p. 493);

But—I constrain you in the act of rushing off to pack your things—one moment: this essay has yet to be finished (IV, p. 142);

I am going to be depressing. Perhaps you had better switch me off (15, p. 4);

(combined with the figure of Interruption:) In every theatre ... Utopian, am I? (VIII, p. 300).

All these examples imply or forestall a supposed criticism, on the part of the reader, of the tone or structure of the work in hand. But Max often goes a step further and actually takes the reader into his confidence about matters of method and technique—as some professional jugglers will do after a successful stunt:

Artistically, there is a good deal to be said for that old Greek friend of ours, the Messenger; and I dare say you blame me for having, as it were, made you an eye-witness of the death of the undergraduates, when I might so easily have brought some one in to tell you about it after it was all over ... (VI, p. 281).

Other instances occur at III, p. 239 and VI, p. 277. But in the following the arch-ironist is already burlesquing this very same device:

In a way you have a perfect right to ask both those questions. But their very pertinence shows that you think I might omit things that matter. Please don't interrupt me again. Am I writing this history, or are you? (VI, p. 209).

A further development is the 'aside' in which his own literary style is the object of his shafts:

That, despite certain faults of exaggeration, is a piece of quite admirable prose (II, p. 6);

And there is nothing—I become prosy!—so destructive of good manners . . . (114, p. 683);

One phrase in that last sentence is not quite happy (199, p. 804);

This sentence, which I admit to be somewhat mannered, . . . (III, p. 251);

And the foregoing paragraph, though not at all would-be-Lamb-like in expression, looks to me horribly like a blatant bid for your love . . . (*ibid.*, p. 267).

The most elegant variety of the diagnostic 'aside' is that implying a humorous self-criticism:

Of all the Myrmidons, there is only one who has achieved great fame. The 'group' in which he appeared (prepare, reader, to be disappointed—I could not afford the cheap jest you are expecting) is dated 1870, . . . (II, p. 47);

Philosophers make ghastly efforts to be frivolous, and—but I will leave the reader of this essay to complete my antithesis (*ibid.*, p. 54).

In its lowest form it is merely insipid, or naïve:

If a mime believe that he or she is what he (confound the English lack of a common personal pronoun in the singular!) or she is pretending to be, then are we, too, credulous. If there be pity and awe (see how I am trying to dodge that confounded lack!) in the mime's own bosom, . . . (VIII, p. 363; other examples at *ibid.*, p. 248, 467; 15, p. 85; 369, p. 748).

b. Syntactical Peculiarities

In order to achieve a special effect, whether humorous or otherwise, Beerbohm also makes use of a number of less conventional syntactic patterns. The principal among them may be ranged under the following heads:

(i) *Anastrophe*, or *Uncommon Inversion* may be employed to various ends. In "Them nothing can mar utterly" (165, p. 172) it merely serves to emphasize a word. In the following example, in which the comparative of superiority used as a direct object opens the sentence, it expresses stateliness:

Than the roaring of those great flames had I yet heard, than their red splendour seen, nothing lovelier (II, p. 57; other examples at *ibid.*, p. 136; 197, p. 696, and 398, p. 34).

In

Him espying, the nymph darted in his direction (VI, p. 2)

the anastrophe is in key with the general mock-epic tone of *Zuleika Dobson*, as is the inversion of subject and predicate in

An ebon pillar of tradition seemed he . . . (*ibid.*, p. 1),

and

Soundlier than ever slept he . . . (*ibid.*, p. 65),

taken from the same book.

In

Maria, Countess of Coventry, that fair dame but infelix (I, p. 104),

finally, the peculiar word-order contributes to the exquisitely artificial atmosphere of the essay in which it occurs.

(ii) *Breaking up of Idiomatic Expressions*, mostly for humorous purposes. The expressions *to cut capers* and *to cut a figure* seem to have been specially liable to this type of inversion:

. . . the self-appointed task of cutting certain capers which your ancestors used to cut . . . (III, p. 159; also at IX, p. 362);

Fantastic—high-fantastical—figures they did cut in their finery (III, p. 161);

Head or tail was just what I hadn't made of that slim green volume (VII, p. 11).

Sometimes the adjective is separated from its noun:

Crack though the regiment was— . . . (I, p. 5).

In the following sentence both processes are combined:

. . . that the beer now thought of him is not so small in London as in Paris (VIII, p. 218).

(iii) *Passives* often lend an absurd brilliance to a sentence. Thus doors are 'tapped at by respectful knuckles' (III, p. 50), plays are 'flocked to' (91, p. 534), bonfires 'danced round' (II, p. 44), ponds 'waded through by cart-horses', 'barked around by excitable dogs and cruised on by toy boats' (IV, p. 174), streams 'darted about in by small fishes' (X, p. 4), and great men 'come in to' (IV, p. 154).

(iv) *Double and Triple Negations* also play their part in giving a special shade to the utterance: 'sights that in all countries always were and never will not be'

(IV, p. 115), 'she did not work for no wages at all' (*ibid.*, p. 166), 'No apple-tree, no wall of peaches, had not been robbed' (VI, p. 8), 'I couldn't have not fled' (VII, p. 100-1), 'No detail of organisation has not been considered, no possibility has not been foreseen and weighed' (IX, p. 434-5), 'no reviewer of an anthology can find *nothing* therein to carp at' (408, p. 3), and 'Terrible not to be able not to prophesy', which Max once said apropos of H. G. Wells's books, in a conversation (833, p. 800). In 'The whole notion of domestic service has never not seemed to me unnatural' (IV, p. 180) there is a triplet. The trick of the compound negative was parodied by Max himself, when he made Enoch Soames write: 'Nor not strange forms and epicene | Lie bleeding in the dust'. On this Beerbohm remarks: 'As for the craftsmanship . . . "nor not" instead of "and" had a curious felicity' (VII, p. 16).

(v) *Absence of 'to do' in Negative Sentences.* This is a common device to lend a mock-epic distinction to an otherwise trite utterance. It is particularly frequent in *Zuleika Dobson*, from which all the following examples have been culled:

She saw it, but heeded it not (p. 8);

Marguerite hung not in greater ecstasy over the jewel-casket than hung Zuleika over the box of tricks (p. 11);

Her bedroom seemed not mean nor lonely to her . . . (p. 13);

There whirls not for him in the night any so hideous a phantasmagoria . . . (p. 34);

Sensitive reader, start not at the apparition! (p. 37);

Not every forefather of mine rests quiet beneath his escutcheoned marble (p. 56);

I know not whether it was . . . (p. 62);

But skill came not to her . . . (p. 64);

He knew not by what means he would win her (p. 81);

. . . marvel not, reader, at the conflagration (p. 90);

He thrilled not at all (p. 98);

. . . the news that the Duke loved Zuleika, and that she loved him not . . . (p. 106), &c.

(vi) *Omission of Introductory 'there'.* In combination with (n)ever . . . so (such), introductory *there* is often omitted in interrogative (and occasionally in declarative) sentences with *to be*. The effect of this omission is one of facetious gravity:

Was ever so supernal a type, as he, of mere Pleasure? (I, p. 133);

Was ever anywhere so monotonous a current of harsh faces as flows there? (II, p. 51);

Was ever, out of dreamland, such a riot of inconsequence and of exquisite futility? (IX, p. 108);

Was ever elsewhere so much bad language as hurtles continuously from end to end of the piazza . . . (*ibid.*, p. 311);

Never was so absolute an obsession (85, p. 233).

(vii) *Peculiar use of Relative 'whom', as in:*

' "This is my Lord George Hell, that you have pleased whom by your poor efforts this night will ever be the prime gratification of your passage through the roseate realms of art" ' (X, p. 318);

But would she ever meet whom, looking up to him, she could love—she the omnisubjugant? (VI, p. 21).

(viii) *Comparative and Superlative Adverbs in '-lier' and '-liest'.* Examples are: *lightlier* (VI, p. 48), *soundlier* (*ibid.*, p. 65), *brightlier and brightlier* (*ibid.*, p. 88), *grandlier* (*ibid.*, p. 259), *clearlier* (VIII, p. 431), *swiftlier* (X, p. 25), *quicklier* (119, p. 72), *rarelier* (223, p. 517); *grimliest* (VI, p. 193). The unrecognized superlative adjective *littlest* (*ibid.*, p. 8) and the positive adverb *littly* (IX, p. 177: 'to strut agreeably, littly') also occur.

(ix) *Conversion of Word-groups into Adjectives and Verbs.* This informal device is practically restricted to Beerbohm's journalistic work. Examples are: 'Heaven-bless-you-kind-gentlemen-may-you-never-want-for-anything effusion of gratitude' (VIII, p. 34), 'the kind of poor-girl-didn't-know-you-know innocence' (*ibid.*, p. 149), 'a soon-to-be-recognised master' (IX, p. 257), 'his for-a-brief-while-brother-manager' (*ibid.*, p. 351), 'a peace-at-any-price man' (*ibid.*, p. 490), 'thank-you-I-don't-feel-the-heat light' (78, p. 744), 'a very charming play of the met-her-in-Petersburg-twenty-years-ago-and-gad!-she-doesn't-look-a-day-older type' (84, p. 106); 'We'll pet-of-the-public you' (IX, p. 198-9).

(x) *'Any' preceded by a Genitive or a Possessive Pronoun:*

But any Prince's any handshake is construed as cordial, his any smile as gracious, his any question as intelligent (IX, p. 274);

The most sensitive intelligence cannot predict how will be appraised its any treasure by its how near soever kin (III, p. 251).

(xi) *Neologisms.* Some of the expressions coined by Max are so felicitous that their quaintness is hardly felt as a deviation from normal idiom. Fine examples are: 'Mr. Shaw would put neither pen to paper nor mouth to meeting' (VIII, p. 473); 'she knows her only by hearsay and readwrite' (410).

4. *Vocabulary*

Beerbohm once confessed that, as a young man, he had been 'immensely keen on the *mot juste*, that Holy Grail of the period' (VII, p. 6). This utterance neatly summarizes his literary affinity with the Beardsley group in which he grew up. But whereas, soon after the disintegration of the period in 1895, this Holy Grail began to share the fate of so many others, it was Max who, as the period's sole survivor, continued to incense its altar, even after two World Wars had swept away the last vestiges of the order that made the Nineties possible. And it is in this respect, at least, that Beerbohm may still be said to belong to the Beardsley period. There is just that restrained anxiety for the unique word, that tautness of expression which lends an added grace to an already beautiful style. The traces of this lifelong cult are scattered throughout his works, from his first collection in 1896 to his last in 1946. They consist in a huge number of uncommon or striking words of both Saxon and classical origin, which range from the merely modern and technical to the antiquarian, the obsolete, the rare, the poetical, the literary, the colloquial, the slang, the Scots, the French, the Latin and Greek on the one hand, and to the broad category of neologistic nonce-words on the other. A comparatively high percentage of such words occurs in his earliest essays, and some of these (e.g. those marked with an asterisk in the following lists) were ridiculed by *Punch* (cf. 560). But in spite of this we may say that in nearly all cases the special vocabulary is used, successfully, to achieve a certain effect—be it archaic, humorous, mocking, whimsical, quaint, jocular, dandyish, ponderous, solemn, rhythmical, novel, or otherwise. Yet it is true what a critic once wrote that 'many a mannered sentence would have died of preciousness if he hadn't kept it alive by his mockery of its beauty' (773, p. 26).

In 1947 Harold Nicolson, in a broadcast talk, drew attention to 'Sir Max Beerbohm's more personal pastime of introducing into his paragraphs words which are recorded in the dictionary (if recorded at all) under the sub-heading *Obs.*' (899, p. 522). But a large number of the less common words used by Beerbohm are not obsolete at all; they are obsolescent or archaic rather than obsolete. This is remarkable in a writer who once chid Bernard Shaw for using the word *stupent* in *Three Plays for Puritans* with the admonition that 'he must beware of the fascination of archaisms' (VIII, p. 216). *The fascination of archaisms*. These words give us a clue to Beerbohm's own practice of sprinkling his pages with antiquarianisms. Like Charles Lamb he was fascinated by them, because he was fascinated by the past whose memory they evoked. The following list, which is representative, will show the extent to which obsolescent words were introduced by him: NOUNS: *cit* (III, p. 165), *eld* (IV, p. 105; VI, p. 20; VIII, p. 389, 390; IX, p. 2, 190 (twice), 193 (twice), 194 (twice), 249, 341, 342; X, p. 19; 214, p.

168), *emprise(s)* (VIII, p. 225, 307; IX, p. 87), *gobbets* (IX, p. 10), *leech* (I, p. 19), *limner(s)* (VIII, p. 275, 277; 15, p. 31), *misprision* (X, p. 318), *plesaunces* (IV, p. 220), *puissance* (III, p. 269); ADJECTIVES: the French mime is *like* to acquire (VIII, p. 385; IX, p. 386), *nigh* (IX, p. 324), the *olden* pleasure (*ibid.*, p. 4), *orgulous* (VI, p. 187), *puissant* (69, II), *situate* (I, p. 72; VIII, p. 502), * *tristful* (I, p. 88), *yon* (IX, p. 88); VERBS: to *arride* (15, p. 17), what *boots* it (I, p. 16, 65), *builded* (III, p. 140; IV, p. 33; 15, p. 53), *incliped* (389, p. 135), to *limn* (423, p. ix), *perpend* (II, p. 60, etc.; see above s.v. *Exclamation*), *Jenny sat her down* (X, p. 346), *spake* (15, p. 56); ADVERBS: *anon* (II, p. 176; 90, p. 498; 91, p. 535, etc.; this word occurs at least sixty times between 1898 and 1945, even in his letters, e.g. 709, p. 142), *belike* (III, p. 227; 254, p. 75, etc.; at least a dozen times between 1904 and 1928), *erst* (98, p. 878; 205, p. 488, etc.; at least nineteen instances between 1898 and 1928), *featly* (VI, p. 260), *full well* (IX, p. 147), *haply* (II, p. 105), *manywise* (195, p. 596), *somewhither* (IX, p. 88), *thereinto* (VI, p. 14), *verily* (I, p. 40), *withal* (III, p. 128; IV, p. 220), *yesternight* (VI, p. 99); CONJUNCTIONS: *ere* (III, p. 14, 319; VI, p. 2, 3, 7, 36; VIII, p. 282), *for that* (I, p. 8, 88, 111; 39, p. 4, etc.; at least twenty-five times between 1896 and 1919), *or ever* (I, p. 55, 129; X, p. 30).

Another, more interesting group, is formed by the obsolete words, which are of less frequent occurrence than the archaic words. Some of these Beerbohm may have found in old authors; but for others his only source seems to have been the dictionary. Thus the noun *marcescibility* (III, p. 53) is recorded in the *Oxford English Dictionary* under the heading *marcescible*, though no actual instances of the use of either the adjective or the noun seem to have been known to the editors. Of course Beerbohm may have come across the word in his reading, which is unlikely; or he may have formed it from the less uncommon *immarcescible*. But it is also possible that he saw it in some old dictionary like Nathan Bailey's *Universal Etymological English Dictionary*, which was first published in 1721. Other obsolete words and usages include: NOUNS: * *accrescency* (I, p. 89), *behest* (IX, p. 143), * *cockawhoop* (I, p. 106; the noun is not recorded in the OED), *commorients* (VI, p. 269), *deliquium* (*ibid.*, p. 99), *dysard* (= *dizzard*, III, p. 162), *empery* (II, p. 6), *immarcescibility* (III, p. 229), *wittols* (VIII, p. 368); ADJECTIVES: *cumulose* (IV, p. 167), *desuete* (I, p. 44; the OED cannot record actual examples of the use of the last two words), *fulmineous* (101, p. 106), *impennuous* (I, p. 14; not *impenuous*, as in the first edition of *The Works*; perhaps from Sir Thomas Browne; cf. p. 142), *inimpedible* (153, p. 458), *liefest* (34, p. 4), *whilom* (VIII, p. 502; IX, p. 201; X, p. 50); VERBS: *clomb* (IV, p. 32), *farding* (I, p. 86), *forwearied* (II, p. 107), *mobled* (III, p. 168; IV, p. 29), to *reclude* oneself from (VI, p. 20), *tewed* (404, p. 546); ADVERBS: *wherewithout* (II, p. 85).

Rare words include: NOUNS: *plaint* (IX, p. 193), *prospection* (15, p. 111), *tabor* (III, p. 170), *unguentarian(s)* (I, p. 104; 15, p. 54); ADJECTIVES: *cinct*

(I, p. 45), *creational* (IV, p. 233), *flammiiferous* (*ibid.*, p. 58; no actual instance of the use of this word is recorded in the OED), *flammivomous* (VIII, p. 103), *inobnoxious* (X, p. 310), *rebarbative* (15, p. 67), * *rident* (I, p. 82); VERBS: *cerebrate* (VIII, p. 296), *interplated* (IV, p. 220), *intertrude* (296, p. 295), *ridded* (VIII, p. 412), *secern(ed)* (III, p. 170; 273, p. 483); ADVERBS: *corollarily* (387, p. 44; not recorded in the OED), *would liefer* (III, p. 126; IV, p. 181; VI, p. 181; X, p. 21), *somewhy* (VIII, p. 452), *thenabouts* (IX, p. 266).

In spite of his marked preference for the archaic, the obsolete, and the rare word Beerbohm did not shun the new vocabulary that sprang up in the wake of the seemingly uninterrupted series of inventions that characterized the last decades of the nineteenth century. Of all these the invention of moving pictures was most likely to affect the vocabulary of the dramatic critic that he was. The following words, taken from articles written between 1897 and 1904, reflect his interest in the cinema: *animatograph* (399, p. 31), *cinematographic* (VIII, p. 499), *bioscope* (IX, p. 96). The 'newness' of these words is proved by the fact that they all occur within seven years of their first registration in the OED. In the case of *animatograph* the earliest OED quotation is only a year older.

Nor did Beerbohm eschew the special vocabulary usually associated with metaphysics, the law, heraldry, physiology, botany, and medicine. Examples are: METAPHYSICS: *aseity* (VI, p. 227); LAW: *disseizin* (*ibid.*, p. 35), *irrepleviable* (II, p. 110), *irrepleviably* (III, p. 224); HERALDRY: the *vert* (I, p. 133); PHYSIOLOGY: * *secernment* (*ibid.*, p. 94, the only OED quotation for this word); BOTANY: *resupinate* (*ibid.*, p. 91); MEDICINE: to *obtund* (168, p. 401; 277, p. 801).

Occasionally a colloquial, slang, or Scots word is introduced. Examples are: COLLOQUIAL: *it wouldn't be cricket* (15, p. 58); SLANG: to *pad the hoof* (*ibid.*, p. 112), to *queer* (VIII, p. 382), to *spiflicate* (I, p. 94; IX, p. 291), *taradiddles* (242, p. 297); SCOTS: it went all *agley* (IV, p. 197), *carles* (III, p. 166, 169), *couth* (I, p. 130), had *plad* with her (VI, p. 189).

Alien words are incorporated with equal ease. I only mention: FRENCH: * *degringolade* (I, p. 86; VII, p. 209), *insouciant* (I, p. 135; II, p. 100; 15, p. 34), * *insouciance* (I, p. 100; VI, p. 80; these last two words were not yet naturalized when Beerbohm first used them); LATIN: * *dulcedo* (I, p. 99), *dulia* (VI, p. 21), *fuligo* (I, p. 95, perhaps from Sir Thomas Browne; cf. p. 142), * *infelix* (I, p. 104), *libellus* (*ibid.*), *narthecium* (*ibid.*), *susurrus* (VI, p. 41), *unguentaria* (I, p. 102), *Vagula* (IV, p. 188); GREEK: *parergon* (VIII, p. 371).

Sometimes words are employed in an unconventional sense. The most conspicuous example is his persistent use of the noun *mime*, which occurs throughout his works, but most frequently in his dramatic criticisms (81, p. 844; 97, p. 846, etc., etc.). This word he used, as he tells us, 'with no derogatory intent, and

simply because, as a noun of common gender, it saves the time and space which would be wasted by "actors and actresses" (282, p. 368). Other examples are (Her soul was as a flower in its) *opetide* (VI, p. 26, meaning 'in bloom'), the *compress* (*ibid.*, p. 91, meaning 'throng'), the *emergents* (VIII, p. 438, meaning 'people coming').

These lists prove that in his obsolete, but especially in his rare words, Beerbohm shows a marked preference for the word of classical origin. This characteristic tendency becomes even more manifest in the large group of invented or nonce-words, which not only betray his preference, but also his fine feeling for the classical and romance word pattern. Hybrids like *poordearfellowesque*, *uptodation*, *snippetismus*, *beholdenment*, and *wayula* are comparatively rare, and are only introduced for the sake of their special jocular effect.

In forming his neologisms Beerbohm makes use of derivation and composition. The former is more frequently employed than the latter, and derivation by means of a suffix seems to be more common than derivation by means of a prefix. Unless otherwise stated the words given in the following lists are not recorded in the OED. Examples of derivation by means of a prefix are: NOUNS: *adramatist* (IX, p. 377), *adramaturgy* (*ibid.*, p. 381), *dissignifications* (15, p. 81), *revisitor* (II, p. 46), *undevelopment* (*ibid.*, p. 137); ADJECTIVES: *adramatic* (IX, p. 381), *imprescient* (III, p. 27; VI, p. 269), *irreiterate* (I, p. 32); VERBS: *betweeded* (II, p. 67), *decolloquialised* (VIII, p. 34), *disbuskined* (VI, p. 191), *disimpigeonholed* (143, p. 556), *disinfatuate* (VI, p. 99), *emballet'd* (IX, p. 336), *embiographed* (*ibid.*), *encylindered* (15, p. 100); ADVERBIAL PHRASES: *a-swill* (II, p. 51), *ajob* (*ibid.*, p. 148).

Examples of derivation by means of suffixes, or other endings, are, in alphabetical order of the suffixes: NOUNS: *deplorant* (243, p. 329), *rusticant* (39, p. 4), *dryasdustocracy* (56, p. 181), *gastocracy* (III, p. 308), *dappledoms* (I, p. 101), *manlydom* (VIII, p. 433), *reprehendent* (243, p. 329), *foreworders* (425, p. xiv), *aristographer* (41, p. 654), *dandyhood* (I, p. 12), *windowhood* (15, p. 107), *uptodation* (VIII, p. 27), *highfalutinism* (*ibid.*, p. 44), *snippetismus* (167, p. 368), *autobiographist* (IV, p. 148, 149), *prefatorialists* (425, p. xiv), *twist* (VI, p. 47), *snippetitis* (205, p. 488), *ovinity* and *taurinity* (both III, p. 210), *aristolatry* (79, p. 775), *tecnolatry* (II, p. 155), *beholdenment* (225, p. 651), *magnoperator* (X, p. 129), *showwomanmanship* (VIII, p. 282, where he calls it 'a monstrous word'), *streetster* (I, p. 78), *panoramist* (238, p. 136), *wayula* (IV, p. 188); ADJECTIVES: *descriable* (*ibid.*, p. 120), *inenuilable* (214, p. 169; VI, p. 181. At least one critic of Zuleika Dobson [*Spectator* (London), 11 Nov. 1911, p. 802] did not know what Beerbohm meant by this word, though it is obvious that it is from Latin *enubicare*—'to make clear'. Other words connected with it are [to] *enubilate* [VIII, p. 361], which is recorded in the OED, though no actual instance of its use was known to the editors, *enuilable* [IX, p. 12], and even *disenubilitating*, which

occurs in a letter to E. V. Lucas, 463, p. 103), *excoriant* (VIII, p. 252), *exhauriant* (I, p. 137), *imprecant* (II, p. 58), *caterpillaresque* (173, p. 702), *poordearfellowesque* (VIII, p. 125), *umbrelliferous* (44, p. 199), *hero-worshipful* (IV, p. 199), *solicitorial* (VIII, p. 459), *illudible* (*ibid.*, p. 98), *improvisible* (IX, p. 58), *indiscible* (VIII, p. 250), *inexcutable* (IV, p. 43), *stelline* (VIII, p. 127), *motoristic* (15, p. 20), *guestish* (IV, p. 126, 133), *cerebrative* (293, p. 167), *constellative* (VIII, p. 452), *intrusive* (296, p. 295), *carnivallogical* (IV, p. 202), *bubblesome* (VIII, p. 380).

Nonce-derivations in which the principal element is a proper name form a special class. Examples are: NOUNS: *antidantedote* (224, p. 584, from Dante), *chromoconanography* (399, p. 31, from Conan Doyle), *de-othelloisation* (158, p. 615), *Druriocracy* (152, p. 393), *druriography* (124, p. 388), *Druriology* and *Druriolographists* (89, p. 405, all from Drury Lane), *faydavisically* (166, p. 205, from Miss Fay Davis); ADJECTIVES: *druriographic* (124, p. 389), *Tupperossetine* (IV, p. 77, from Martin Tupper and D. G. Rossetti); VERBS: *bejezebelled* (*ibid.*, p. 254), *Nuffieldised* (465, p. xiv).

Practically all nonce-compounds are made up of two or more elements of Greek or Latin origin linked up by the classical or quasi-classical connective vowel *-i-* or *-o-*. Examples include: NOUNS: *animatophonograph* (404, p. 546, meaning 'sound-film', coined in 1897), *auto-psychoseurometamorphosis* (69, II), *cacistophonousnesses* (101, p. 108), *cosmopolosemantics* (VIII, p. 408), *dramatomania* (179, p. 363), *gynaecomorphism* (401, p. 254), *locomotomania* (II, p. 130), *mensiversary* (X, p. 346), *stereoscopicinemetophonograph* (VIII, p. 386); ADJECTIVES: *agoraphobious* (IV, p. 218), *multiradiant* (IX, p. 175), *omnibeneficent* (VIII, p. 311), *omnicipient* (II, p. 143), *omnisubjugant* (VI, p. 21), *omni-unificant* (121, p. 132), *ventrirotund* (III, p. 306). Some notable non-classical nonce-compounds are * *pop-limbo* (I, p. 64), * *fluttergate* (I, p. 85, 99), and *steeple-jills* (IV, p. 242, formed on the analogy of *steeple-jacks*).

A small number of nonce-words are formed by other means than ordinary derivation or composition, e.g. by telescoping two words, by backformation, shortening, conversion, or by direct derivation from Latin. Examples are: PORTMANTEAU WORDS, on the analogy of Wilde's *alcoholiday* (602, p. 109): *Alanthology* (465, p. xiv, of an anthology compiled by Alan Parsons), *Boanergetic* (15, p. 44), *florotund* (I, p. 15, from *florid* and *rotund*?), *Pinerobertsoniana* (104, p. 233, from A. W. Pinero and T. W. Robertson), *showdered* (I, p. 97, from *to shower* and *to powder*); BACKFORMATION: *to playgo* (VIII, p. 296); SHORTENING: *soever* (I, p. 31; II, p. 105, for *howsoever*), *sympat* (III, p. 192: 'that other mutual accident on which subsists a friendship formed in a holiday'; a word which Max wanted to be included in all future dictionaries), *spiflicate* (I, p. 94, adjective, perhaps on the analogy of *reiterate* : *reiterated*); CONVERSION: Noun used as verb: *bettermented* (II, p. 73), *estraded* (VI, p. 53); DERIVATION FROM LATIN: * *implected* (from Latin *implectare*, used

in connection with *passion*, e.g. 'But already he was implected with a passion for dress', I, p. 60; also at 140, p. 391; 200, p. 835; 257, p. 512). In a few cases what appears to be a nonce-word at first sight is merely a quaint spelling of a known word or word-group: *innowise* (I, p. 19), * *inverideed* (*ibid.*, p. 71), *nowanights* (IV, p. 118), *sillypop* (I, p. 91, for *sillabub*, *syllabub*, *sillybob*).

A few words remain to be said about the nomenclature of Beerbohm's heroes and heroines. 'A novelist', Max once wrote, 'is always at great pains to select for his every puppet a name that suggests to himself the character which he has ordained for that puppet' (III, p. 209). It would seem that the proper names of this essayist, too, betray some of the novelist's anxiety for the *nom juste*. Its most felicitous products are characteristic in that they are the result of his mocking or humorous disposition. I mention *Mrs Batch* (VI, p. 58, the Duke's landlady), *Meg Speedwell* (*ibid.*, p. 61, a dairy-maid, who married a Duke), *La Gambogi* (in *The Happy Hypocrite*, cf. *gamboge*), *Mr Botch* (II, p. 121, a third-rate painter), *Vera Lady Elderton* (73, a lady of a hundred years old), *Mr Flimflam* (II, p. 120; 403, p. 509, the popular author), *Ladbroke Brown* (VII, p. 175, the crazy playwright of 'Savonarola' fame, named after Ladbroke Crescent, W.), *Mr Le V.* (I, p. 20, a contemporary dandy, cf. *levee*), *Luntic Kolniyatsch* (IV, p. 51, the mad continental genius, from *Lun(a)tic* plus *Colney Hatch*, the popular name for Friern Barnet Mental Hospital, London), *Mr and Mrs Pegaway* (*ibid.*, p. 53, two plodding translators), *Smith, Smithers and Smithkins* (*ibid.*, p. 117, painters of 'modern' subjects), and *Walter Ledgett*, one of the heroes of *Not That I Would Boast* (a hit at Mr Walter Ledger?). Other suggestive names include *Mrs Suotoni X. Meistersinger* (VI, p. 18, which is Max's recipe for 'the most exclusive woman in New York'), *Miss Camille Van Spook* (*ibid.*, 'the best-born girl in New York'), *George Abimelech Post* (*ibid.*, 'the best-groomed man' in that city), *The MacQuern* (*ibid.*, p. 112, scion of an old noble house), *Baron Llffthwchl* (*ibid.*, p. 59, the Duke's Welsh title), *Prince Vierfünfsechs-Siebenachtneun* (*ibid.*, p. 15) and *Professor Carl Vörttschlaffen* (*ibid.*, p. 172, both, perhaps, inspired by Carlyle's *Teufelsdröckh*, *Professor der Allerley-Wissenschaft*).

The above lists—which, for obvious reasons, do not contain material from *A Christmas Garland* and the other parodies proper—show that Virginia Woolf's statement that Beerbohm 'has not searched the dictionary for polysyllables' (740, p. 216) is incorrect. The second conclusion to be drawn from them is that Max was not only a user of old words, but also a creator of new ones. Therefore it is to be regretted that, apart from a few anonymous *Yellow Book* and *Saturday Review* quotations, the name of this verbal artist does not occur among the sources of the *OED*—which include figures of less importance and reach as far as 1930 at the least. But the most valuable conclusion, perhaps, is that in the peculiar structure of his vocabulary, too, we can recapture something of Beerbohm the Man: something of his individualism, dandyism, and love of

the past; but also something of his irony, humour, and wit. With a variant on an already quoted dictum we may say, therefore, that in Beerbohm's case the vocabulary is the man.

According to John Middleton Murry style is 'a quality of language which communicates precisely emotions or thoughts, or a system of emotions or thoughts, peculiar to the author', and perfect style the exact accomplishment of this communication (930, p. 71). After the foregoing analysis it need hardly be stressed that Beerbohm's technique closely conforms to Mr Murry's ideal of a perfect style. This does not mean that Max would not have been a greater stylist if the range of the emotions and thoughts expressed had been wider. The position of style in the scale of absolute greatness certainly depends, as Mr Murry further explains, upon 'the comprehensiveness of the system of emotions and thoughts to which the reference is perceptible' (*ibid.*). In view of the limited range of the feelings and thoughts expressed in Beerbohm's writings, any attempt to claim absolute greatness, or even classic status (*cf.* 736) for him must be frivolous. Max himself was aware of his limitations when he wrote: 'My gifts are small. I've used them very well and discreetly, never straining them' (673, p. viii). Sir Max Beerbohm's greatness is not in the comprehensiveness of his expression. It is in the absolute perfection of it.

CHAPTER IV

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Note

The following bibliography is a reasonably complete list of the published works, both collected and uncollected, of Sir Max Beerbohm, and of the studies and notes dealing with him. As it combines the purposes of a bibliography and of a reference list, it has been found impracticable to exclude from it the collected caricatures, and the studies and notes which they occasioned; they claim the same degree of completeness as the purely literary items. The only things that have been omitted are the uncollected and unpublished caricatures, because they would have added little or nothing to our picture of the Man and Writer. For a (very incomplete) selection of them the reader is referred to Gallatin's *Bibliographical Notes*.

The features in which this new bibliography distinguishes itself from the spade-work done in America by Gallatin and Oliver (to whom I am indebted for a number of details) are its greater thoroughness and comprehensiveness. It not only contains hundreds of items never recorded before (including about forty dramatic criticisms); it also sets out, for the first time, to give wherever possible the year of composition and the date and place of first publication—English and American—of the individual writings; the reprints of those writings; the publication dates of First Editions and subsequent printings; the number of copies printed, together with their prices; the principal early reviews; the bulk of the published letters; a catalogue of (for the most part, occasional) verse; a number of other useful sections, such as a list of portraits and caricatures of Sir Max Beerbohm; some information about textual changes in successive printings; and a brief indication, or evaluation, of the contents of the dramatic criticisms, and of the more important biographical and critical studies. An attempt has also been made to identify the vast number of persons caricatured by Beerbohm, and included in his books, in a period of over thirty-five years; for their full names the reader is referred to the index. For the use of students of the English drama between 1898 and 1910 an alphabetical subject index of the dramatic criticisms has been added in an Appendix. The lists attempt to be complete up to May 1952. A few later items have been inserted in the proofs.

The collations in this bibliography are based on copies in my own collection, and on those in various English, American, and Dutch libraries. Full collations have been given of the First Editions only; for the subsequent printings a less

elaborate system has been employed. Where it has been impossible to determine the exact nature of a subsequent printing the term *reprint* has been used. In doubtful cases English First Editions have been given priority of description over American First Editions.

Apart from the items listed in section viii, 1 (whose interest, for the greater part, is non-topical), and those of sections vi, and x, 1 and 3, the entries under the various headings have been arranged chronologically, because only such an arrangement can bring out the continuous development of Beerbohm's work, and the growing interest taken in it. Cross-references have been supplied throughout. Wherever possible, references in the text have been made to the Collected Edition, which is listed first; they consist of a roman numeral, followed by the appropriate page number. These indications, used in conjunction with the page references given in the bibliography, enable the reader to identify the item in question at once. Thus IV, p. 118 refers to p. 118 of the essay *The Golden Drugget*, as printed in vol. IV (i.e. *And Even Now*) of the Collected Edition. The remaining entries are referred to by arabic numerals. Other references and abbreviations will, I trust, be self-explanatory.

In view of the tentative nature of this bibliography it is hardly necessary to add that the compiler would be extremely grateful for any additional information that might enable him, at some future date, to publish a definitive bibliography of the writings and drawings of Sir Max Beerbohm.

i. THE COLLECTED EDITION

Note: This edition of the Works of M. B. was limited to 780 sets, of which 750 were for sale and 30 for presentation; volume I numbered and signed 'Max Beerbohm' by Author; edges uncut; 19.8 × 14 cm.; bound in variously-coloured cloth; white paper label on spine, and spare label tipped in at end.

The Works

I. THE WORKS | OF | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [windmill device] 22 |
LONDON: WILLIAM HIENEMANN (*sic*, in the copies that I have seen).
[red cloth; 1st ed. 1896, see 1f].

CONTENTS:

Certificate of limitation, number, signature, prp. [ii];

Quotation, prp. [v];

Preface by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1921, prp. ix-xv;

- Dandies and Dandies, p. 3-25 [written at Rouen, 1896; compounded from: The Incomparable Beauty of Modern Dress, in *Spirit Lamp* (Oxford), June 1893, p. 90-8; Dandies and Dandies, in *Vanity* (New York), 7, 14, 21 and 28 Feb. 1895; Notes in Foppery, in *Unicorn* (London), 18 and 25 Sep. 1895, p. 40 and 62; De Natura Barbatulorum, in *Chap-Book* (Chicago), 15 Feb. 1896, p. 305-12; the autograph MS. of De Natura Barbatulorum is in the Robert H. Taylor collection];
- A Good Prince, p. 29-32 [written in London, 1895; *Savoy* (London), Jan. 1896, p. 45-7];
- 1880, p. 35-47 [written in London, 1894; *Yellow Book* (London), Jan. 1895, p. 275-83 (considerably revised); reprinted in Martin Secker (ed.), *The Eighteen-Nineties*, London, The Richards Press, 1948, p. 13-20]; see 561;
- King George the Fourth, p. 51-82 [written at Brighton, 1894; *Yellow Book* (London), Oct. 1894, p. 247-69, under the title of A Note on George the Fourth (slightly revised)]; see 560;
- The Pervasion of Rouge, p. 85-106 [written at Oxford, 1894; *Yellow Book* (London), April 1894, p. 65-82, under the title of A Defence of Cosmetics (considerably revised); issued separately by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1922 (see 10); reprinted in Norman Denny (comp.), *The Yellow Book: A Selection*, London, The Bodley Head, 1949, p. 137-54]; see 68, 552, 560, 742 and 795;
- Poor Romeo!, p. 109-25 [written in London, 1896; *Yellow Book* (London), April 1896, p. 169-81 (slightly revised); reprinted in W. van Maanen (ed.), *Stories and Poems from The Yellow Book*, Groningen, Noordhoff, 1926, p. 139-51; *Golden Book Magazine* (New York), July 1933, p. 25-32];
- Diminuendo, p. 129-38 [written at Chicago, 1895; *The Pageant*, London, Henry & Co., 1896 [1895], p. 230-5, under the title of Be it Cosiness (slightly revised); reprinted in Martin Secker (ed.), *The Eighteen-Nineties*, London, The Richards Press, 1948, p. 20-6]; see 562.

More

II. MORE | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [windmill device] 22 | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN [brown cloth; 1st ed. 1899; see 3g].

CONTENTS:

- Certificate of limitation, prp. [2];
- Dedication to Mlle de la Ramée ('Ouida'), prp. [5];
- Note in the First Edition, signed M. B., prp. [6];
- Some Words on Royalty, p. 3-11 [compounded from Royalty, in *Outlook* (London), 12 Feb. 1898, p. 35-6, and from The Prince of Wales, in *Outlook* (London), 19 Feb. 1898, p. 67-8];

- 'Punch', p. 15-23 [*To-Morrow* (London), July-Dec. 1897, p. 25-30, under the title of Ex Cathedra VIII];
- Actors, p. 27-32 [*To-Morrow* (London), Jan.-June 1897, p. 207-12, under the title of Ex Cathedra VII];
- Madame Tussaud's, p. 35-40 [*Saturday Review* (London), 13 Feb. 1897, p. 165-6; *Living Age* (Boston), 3 April 1897, p. 60-1];
- Groups of Myrmidons, p. 43-8 [*Saturday Review* (London), 8 Jan. 1898, p. 40-1, under the title of Some 'Club-Groups' at Oxford];
- Pretending, p. 51-4 [*Saturday Review* (London), 22 Jan. 1898, p. 103-4; *Living Age* (Boston), 5 March 1898, p. 682-4; reprinted in part in John Gore (ed.), *Edwardian Scrapbook*, London, Evans Bros, 1951, p. 89-90];
- An Infamous Brigade, p. 57-62 [*Daily Mail* (London), 5 Dec. 1896, p. 4; reprinted in W. M. and Mrs D. Tanner (eds), *Modern Familiar Essays*, Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1929, p. 21-5];
- The Sea-Side in Winter, p. 65-70 [*Daily Mail* (London), 27 Febr. 1897, p. 4, under the title of At the Sea-Side; reprinted in Nevile Wallis (ed.), *Fin de Siècle. A Selection of Late 19th Century Literature and Art*, London, Allan Wingate, 1947, p. 50-2; the editor's statement that this essay appeared in *The Works of M. B.*, 1896, is erroneous];
- If I were Aedile, p. 73-81 [compounded from The Wall of Devonshire House, the Sense of Beauty in Radicals, and other Strange Things (Ex Cathedra II), in *To-Morrow* (London), July-Dec. 1896, p. 211-7, and Modern Statuary; Oxford à la Rothenstein (Ex Cathedra III), in *To-Morrow* (London), July-Dec. 1896, p. 259-63 (see 396); reprinted in *Architectural Review* (London), July 1939, p. 51];
- Sign-Boards, p. 85-8 [*Daily Mail* (London), 12 Dec. 1896, p. 4, under the title of Statues, Sign-boards, and Shop-windows (revised)];
- Ouida, p. 91-101 [*Saturday Review* (London), 3 July 1897, p. 8-9; reprinted in P. M. Jones (ed.), *English Critical Essays* (Twentieth Century), London, Oxford University Press, 1933 (The World's Classics), p. 174-84];
- The Blight on Music Halls, p. 105-10 [*To-Morrow* (London), Jan.-June 1897, p. 168-73, under the title of The Blight on the Music Halls (Ex Cathedra VI)];
- Prangley Valley, p. 113-6 [*Saturday Review* (London), 28 Aug. 1897, p. 216-7, under the title of The Best Scenery I Know (considerably revised)];
- Arise, Sir— —!, p. 119-23 [*Saturday Review* (London), 19 June 1897, p. 683-4 (considerably revised)];
- Fashion and Her Bicycle, p. 127-31;
- Going Back to School, p. 135-9 [*Daily Mail* (London), 30 Jan. 1897, p. 4 (revised); reprinted in W. T. Hastings (ed.), *Contemporary Essays*, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1928, p. 1-5; V. H. Collins (ed.), *Three Centuries of*

- English Essays*, New York, Oxford University Press, 1931, p. 132-5; Claude M. Fuess and Emory S. Basford (eds), *Unseen Harvests*, New York, Macmillan Co., 1947, p. 513-5];
- 'A. B.', p. 143-9 [*Daily Mail* (London), 16 Jan. 1897, p. 4, and 23 Jan. 1897, p. 4 (revised)];
- A Cloud of Pinafores, p. 153-61 [*Daily Mail* (London), 19 Dec. 1896, p. 4, and 26 Dec. 1896, p. 4 (revised); reprinted in Ernest Rhys (ed.), *Modern English Essays*, London, J. M. Dent, 1930 (1st ed. 1922), vol. III, p. 228-36; Louis Wann (ed.), *Century Readings in the English Essay*, New York, D. Appleton-Century Co., (1939), p. 441-4];
- At Covent Garden, p. 165-9 [*Musician* (London), 7 July 1897, p. 170-1; reprinted in part in Hugh and Pauline Massingham (eds), *The London Anthology*, London, Phoenix House, 1950, p. 261];
- The Case of Prometheus, p. 173-80 [*Saturday Review* (London), 12 March 1898, p. 351-3].

Yet Again

III. YET AGAIN | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [windmill device] 22 |
LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN [white cloth; 1st ed. 1909; see 41].

CONTENTS:

- Certificate of limitation, prp. [ii];
- Note in the First Edition, signed M. B., prp. [v];
- The Fire, p. 3-14 [*New Quarterly* (London), Nov. 1907, p. 19-27; *Living Age* (Boston), 1 Feb. 1908, p. 283-7; reprinted in J. W. Marriott (ed.), *Modern Essays and Sketches*, London, T. Nelson & Sons, (1935), p. 23-33];
- Seeing People Off, p. 17-24 [*Saturday Review* (London), 1 Dec. 1906, p. 673-5; reprinted in L. B. Shackelford and F. P. Gass (eds), *Essays for Our Day*, New York, W. W. Norton & Co., 1931, p. 386-90; H. L. Tinker (ed.), *Essays—Yesterday and Today*, New York, Macmillan, 1934, p. 137-45; *Senior Scholastic* (New York), 7 Oct. 1946, p. 21-2; *W. Somerset Maugham's Introduction to Modern English and American Literature*, The New Home Library, Philadelphia, The Blakiston Co., 1943; Garden City, New York, Halcyon House, 1947, p. 581-4; David Daiches (ed.), *A Century of the Essay*, New York, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1951, p. 222-7];
- A Memory of a Midnight Express, p. 27-35 [*Traveller* (London), 15 March 1902, p. 314-5; reprinted in A. G. van Kranendonk (ed.), *Contemporary English Prose*, Groningen, Noordhoff, 1947 (1st ed. 1930), vol. I, p. 146-51];
- Porro Unum . . . , p. 39-45 [*Saturday Review* (London), 25 July 1908, p. 110-1];
- A Club in Ruins, p. 49-60 [*New Liberal Review* (London), Feb. 1901, p. 76-81];

- '273', p. 63-9 [*Saturday Review* (London), 16 Jan. 1904, p. 73-4, under the title of A Prescription];
- A Study in Dejection, p. 73-8 [*Saturday Review* (London), 31 March 1906, p. 392-3];
- A Pathetic Imposture, p. 81-5 [*Literature* (London), 13 Jan. 1900, p. 43-4];
- The Decline of the Graces, p. 89-100 [*Vanity Fair* (London), 7 Dec. 1905, p. 726-7, under the title of The Neglect of the Graces. With Advice on Deportment for Young Ladies];
- Whistler's Writing, p. 103-16 [*Pall Mall Magazine* (London), May-Aug. 1904, p. 137-41];
- Ichabod, p. 119-40 [*Cornhill Magazine* (London), Nov. 1900, p. 636-48; *Living Age* (Boston), 8 Dec. 1900, p. 633-41; reprinted in *Current Literature* (London), vol. XXX, p. 322 ff.; J. C. Dent (ed.), *Ten Modern Essays*, London, Heinemann, 1930; R. W. Jepson (ed.), *Essays by Modern Writers*, London, Longmans, Green & Co., 1935, p. 1-22];
- General Elections, p. 143-8;
- A Parallel, p. 151-5 [*Saturday Review* (London), 23 Dec. 1905, p. 809-10, under the title of Not a Dramatic Criticism];
- A Morris for May-day, p. 159-73 [*Harper's Monthly Magazine* (New York), Oct. 1907, p. 787-94; reprinted in part in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (ed.), *The Oxford Book of English Prose*, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1948 (1st ed. 1925), p. 1039-41];
- The House of Commons Manner, p. 177-87 [*Pall Mall Magazine* (London), Sep.-Dec. 1904, p. 139-42];
- Sympat, p. 191-7 [*Traveller* (London), 23 Feb. 1901, p. 211-2];
- The Naming of Streets, p. 201-16 [*Pall Mall Magazine* (London), Jan.-April 1902, p. 139-44];
- On Shakespeare's Birthday, p. 219-24 [*Saturday Review* (London), 26 April 1902, p. 521-3, under the title of Shakespeare's Birthday (considerably revised)];
- A Home-coming, p. 227-31;
- 'The Ragged Regiment', p. 235-44 [*Pall Mall Magazine* (London), Sep.-Dec. 1904, p. 289-91; reprinted in Rosalind Vallance (ed.), *One Hundred English Essays*, London, Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1936, p. 586-92];
- The Humour of the Public, p. 247-60 [*Pall Mall Magazine* (London), Jan.-April 1902, p. 421-5, and *Living Age* (Boston), 5 April 1902, p. 52-7, under the title of The Laughter of the Public; reprinted in R. W. Pence (ed.), *Essays by Present-day Writers*, New York, Macmillan, 1924, p. 20-9];
- Dulcedo Judiciorum, p. 263-77 [*New Quarterly* (London), June 1908, p. 507-17].

WORDS FOR PICTURES:

'Harlequin'. A Sign-board, Painted on Copper, Signed 'W. Evans, London'.

Circa 1820, p. 281-2 [*Saturday Review* (London), 16 April 1898, p. 515-6, under the title of 'A Sign-Board, Painted by 'W. Evans', 1829'; reprinted in *Literary Review* (New York), 15 Dec. 1923, p. 367, as Harlequin's Pirouette]; the sign-board now (1952) hangs in one of the rooms of Sir Max Beerbohm's house at Rapallo;

'The Garden of Love'. A Painting by Rubens, in the Prado, p. 283-7 [*Anglo-Saxon Review* (London and New York), Sep. 1900, p. 213-5];

'Ariane et Dionyse'. A Painting by Paul Bergeron, 1740, p. 288-92 [*Saturday Review* (London), 16 April 1898, p. 516, under the title of 'Ariane Surprise par Dionyse'. Painted by Paul Bergeron, 1740];

'Peter the Dominican'. A Painting by Giovanni Bellini, in the National Gallery, p. 293-6 [*Saturday Review* (London), 6 Aug. 1898, p. 172-3, under the title of 'The Martyrdom of St. Peter, the Dominican, 1252'. A Painting by Giovanni Bellini];

'L'Oiseau Bleu'. A Painting on Silk by Charles Conder, p. 297-8 [*Saturday Review* (London), 6 Aug. 1898, p. 172];

'Macbeth and the Witches'. A Painting by Corot, in the Hertford House Collection, p. 299-303 [*New Liberal Review* (London), July 1901, p. 758-60];

'Carlotta Grisi'. A Coloured Print, p. 304-5 [*Souvenir Book of the Charing Cross Hospital Bazaar* (held in June 1899), London, H. Virtue & Co., 1899, p. 16, under the title of Carlotta Grisi in the Ballet of Giselle ou les Wilis (a Coloured Print)];

'Ho-Tei'. A Coloured Drawing by Hokusai, p. 306-10 [*The May Book*, compiled by Mrs Aria in aid of Charing Cross Hospital, London, Macmillan & Co., 1901, p. 131-3, under the title of Words for a Drawing by Hokusai];

'The Visit'. A Painting by George Morland, in the Hertford House Collection, p. 311-22 [*Anglo-Saxon Review* (London and New York), Sep. 1901, p. 205-11].

For other 'Words for Pictures' see 42-44 and 51-52.

And Even Now

IV. AND EVEN NOW | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [windmill device] 22 | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN [green cloth; 1st ed. 1920; see 9n].

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A Relic, p. 3-12 [written 1918; *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (New York),

- May 1919, p. 834-6; reprinted in B. W. McCullough and E. B. Burgum (eds), *Book of Modern Essays*, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926, p. 227-33; B. Johnson (ed.), *Essaying the Essay*, Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1927, p. 259-66; S. O. Brown (ed.), *Essays of Our Times*, Chicago, Scott, Foresman & Co., 1928, p. 31-7; Italian translation by Aldo Camerino in *L'ipocrita Felice e altri racconti*, Milano, Valentino Bompiani, 1947, p. 189-94: Una reliquia]; see 616a;
- 'How Shall I Word It?', p. 15-25 [expanded version of A Complete Letter Writer, *Saturday Review* (London), 22 Jan. 1910, p. 102-3; written 1910; reprinted in L. E. A. Saidla (ed.), *Essays for the Study of Structure and Style*, New York, Macmillan, 1933, p. 654-61; R. S. Loomis and D. L. Clark (eds), *Modern English Readings*, New York, Rinehart & Co., 1946, p. 150-5];
- Mobled King, p. 29-45 [written 1911];
- Kolnitsch, p. 49-54 [written 1913; *Harper's Weekly* (New York), 14 Feb. 1914, p. 26];
- No. 2. The Pines, p. 57-86 [written 1914; *Fortnightly Review* (London), Aug. 1920, p. 246-61; a holograph MS. of part of this essay is now in the Ashley Library, British Museum, press-mark 4695; it is written on 14 folio-sheets, bound by Riviere, and accompanied by a holograph letter to Edmund Gosse, dated Rapallo, December 15, 1914]; a holograph MS. of the complete essay is in the Ray L. Murphy collection; see 611, 737 and 783;
- A Letter that was Not Written, p. 89-95 [written 1914; reprinted in *Prose of To-Day*, New York, Longmans, Green & Co., 1931];
- Books within Books, p. 99-111 [written 1914; *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 12 March 1914, p. 121-2; *Living Age* (Boston), 25 April 1914, p. 243-8];
- The Golden Drugget, p. 115-22 [written 1918; *Land and Water* (London), 12 June 1919, p. 24-5 (see 953); *Century* (New York), June 1920, p. 206-8; reprinted in E. S. Noyes (ed.), *Readings in the Modern Essay*, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1933, p. 383-8; T. R. Cook (ed.), *Essays in Modern Thought*, Boston, D. C. Heath & Co., 1935, p. 147-52; *English Essays of To-day* (English Association, London), London, Oxford University Press, 1936, p. 12-7; reprinted in part in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (ed.), *The Oxford Book of English Prose*, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1948 (1st ed. 1925), p. 1041-3];
- Hosts and Guests, p. 125-43 [written 1918; *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (New York), Aug. 1919, p. 425-31; *Cornhill Magazine* (London), Oct. 1920, p. 502-12; reprinted in The First Earl of Birkenhead (ed.), *The Hundred Best English Essays*, London, Cassell & Co., 1947 (1st ed. 1929), p. 826-36; M. A. Bessey and M. D. Ryan (eds), *Literary By-Paths*, Chicago, Lyons & Carnahan, 1934, p. 241-53; S. S. Morgan and W. H. Thomas (eds), *Opinions and Attitudes in the Twentieth Century*, New York, Nelson, 1934, p. 143-54; A.

Whitridge and J. W. Dodds (eds), *The Oxford Anthology of English Prose*, London, Oxford University Press, 1935, p. 926-33];

A Point to be Remembered by Very Eminent Men, p. 147-57 [written 1918];
 Servants, p. 161-82 [written 1918; *Living Age* (Boston), 10 April 1920, p. 103-12, under the title of Servants Nowadays; reprinted in B. C. Williams (ed.), *Book of Essays*, Boston, D. C. Heath & Co., 1931, p. 326-41]; see 611;
 Going Out for a Walk, p. 185-9 [written 1918; reprinted in S. Robertson (ed.), *Familiar Essays*, New York, Prentice-Hall, n. d., p. 480-3; *New York Herald Tribune* (New York), 15 Sep. 1929, p. 3, under the title of I Never Go for a Walk; *Golden Book Magazine* (New York), Sep. 1930, p. 20; Rose A. Witham (ed.), *Essays of To-Day, Informal and Formal*, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1931, p. 27-30; E. S. Noyes (ed.), *Readings in the Modern Essay*, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1933, p. 379-82; W. W. Read (ed.), *Comparative Essays: Present and Past*, New York, Noble & Noble, 1933, p. 1-6; *Reader's Digest* (Pleasantville, N. Y.), Sep. 1936, p. 56 ff.; E. V. Mitchell (ed.), *The Art of Walking*, New York, Loring & Mussay, 1941, p. 39-42; *ibid.*, *Pleasures of Walking*, New York, Vanguard Press, 1948, p. 39-42]; see 611;

Quia Imperfectum, p. 193-212 [written 1918; *Cornhill Magazine* (London), July 1919, p. 85-96, under the title of Quia Imperfectum: Tischbein's Unfinished Portrait of Goethe; Italian translation by Aldo Camerino, *Prosa*, III]; see section v, Note;

Something Defeasible, p. 215-23 [written July 1919];

'A Clergyman', p. 227-35 [written 1918; *Living Age* (Boston), 30 Aug. 1919, p. 544-7, under the title of That Young, Shy Clergyman; reprinted in *Bookman* (New York), March 1920, p. 1-4; Christopher D. Morley (ed.), *Modern Essays* (1st series), New York, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1921, p. 177-86; H. S. Milford (ed.), *Selected Modern English Essays*, London, Oxford University Press, 1925 (The World's Classics), p. 284-91; W. T. Hastings and K. O. Mason (eds), *Essays from Five Centuries*, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co., (1929), p. 398-403; A. Whitridge and J. W. Dodds (eds), *The Oxford Anthology of English Prose*, London, Oxford University Press, 1935, p. 933-6; G. Clark (ed.), *Personality in Essay Writing*, New York, Ray Long & Richard R. Smith, 1941, p. 227-34; H. C. Combs (ed.), *A Book of the Essay*, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1950, p. 374-80; Italian translation by Ginevra Vivante under the title of Un prete, *Terraferma*, 25 Nov. 1945];

The Crime, p. 239-46 [written 1920; *Athenaeum* (London), 16 July 1920, p. 70-1; *Living Age* (Boston), 21 Aug. 1920, p. 470-3, under the title of My Crime; *New Republic* (New York), 25 Aug. 1920, p. 356-8; reprinted in H. S. Milford (ed.), *Selected Modern English Essays* (2nd series), London, Oxford University Press, 1932 (The World's Classics), p. 133-8];

- In Homes Unblest, p. 249-56 [written 1919; *English Review* (London), Sep. 1920, p. 204-8; *Living Age* (Boston), 23 Oct. 1920, p. 235-8];
- William and Mary, p. 259-76 [written 1920; *Century* (New York), Dec. 1920, p. 161-8, with three drawings by George Wright; Italian translation by Aldo Camerino in *L'ipocrita Felice e altri racconti*, Milano, Valentino Bompiani, 1947, p. 195-206: Guglielmo e Maria]; see 616a;
- On Speaking French, p. 279-88 [written 1919; reprinted in *Golden Book Magazine* (New York), Jan. 1927, p. 61-4; F. W. Scott and J. Zeitlin (eds), *Essays, Formal and Informal*, New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1927, p. 394-402; W. W. Read (ed.), *Comparative Essays: Present and Past*, New York, Noble & Noble, 1933, p. 331-41; J. A. Clark (ed.), *College Book of Essays*, New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1939, p. 188-95];
- Laughter, p. 291-308 [written 1920; reprinted in *North American Review* (New York), July 1921, p. 39-49; W. A. J. Archbold (ed.), *Nineteen Modern Essays*, New York, Longmans, Green & Co., 1926, p. 74-85; *Golden Book Magazine* (New York), March 1927, p. 355-60; O. Shepard (ed.), *Contemporary Essays*, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929, p. 329-42; B. Evans (ed.), *Fifty Essays*, Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1936, p. 332-46].

A Christmas Garland

V. A CHRISTMAS | GARLAND | WOVEN BY | MAX BEERBOHM |
19 [windmill device] 22 | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN [yellow
cloth; 1st ed. 1912; see 6m].

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- Certificate of limitation, 'fifth volume', prp. [2];
- Note by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1922, prp. [5];
- Note in the First Edition, signed M. B., Rapallo, 1912, prp. [7];
- The Mote in the Middle Distance, by H*nr* J*m*s, p. 3-8 [*Saturday Review* (London), 8 Dec. 1906, p. 702-3; reprinted in Guy Pocock and M. M. Bozman (eds), *Modern Humour*, London, J. M. Dent (Everyman's Library), 1946, p. 168-72; F. W. Dupee (ed.), *The Question of Henry James: A Collection of Critical Essays*, London, Allan Wingate, 1947, p. 58-61]. First separate edition, unauthorized: THE MOTE IN THE | MIDDLE DISTANCE | A PARODY OF HENRY JAMES BY | MAX BEERBOHM | ILLUSTRATIONS BY LLOYD HOFF | PRINTED AT THE HART PRESS [Berkeley, Calif., Christmas, 1946; edges uncut; 25.5 × 16.5 cm.; [12] p.; blue-green paper wrappers, lettered; 100 copies, privately printed]; copy in Columbia University Library;

- P. C., X, 36, by R*d**rd K*pl*ng, p. 11-7 [*Saturday Review* (London), 15 Dec. 1906, p. 736-7];
- Out of Harm's Way. Chapter XLII.—Christmas, by A. C. B*ns*n, p. 21-7;
- Perkins and Mankind. Chapter XX, by H. G. W*lls, p. 31-43 [expanded from General Cessation Day (Chapter V. of 'Sitting Up For the Dawn'), *Saturday Review* (London), 29 Dec. 1906, p. 797-8];
- Some Damnable Errors about Christmas, by G. K. Ch*st*rt*n, p. 47-52 [*Saturday Review* (London), 29 Dec. 1906, p. 798-9, under the title of Christmas Day; *Bookman* (New York), Jan. 1907, p. 457-8];
- A Sequelula to 'The Dynasts', by Th*m*s H*rdy, p. 55-66; see 484;
- Shakespeare and Christmas, by Fr*nk H*rr*s, p. 69-73;
- Scruts, by Arn*ld B*nn*tt, p. 77-89;
- Endeavour, by J*hn G*lsw*rthy, p. 93-102;
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- The Feast, by J*s*ph C*nr*d, p. 113-7;
- A Recollection, by Edm*nd G*sse, p. 121-30;
- Of Christmas, by H*I**re B*ll*c, p. 133-7;
- A Straight Talk (Preface to 'Snt George: A Christmas Play.'), by G**rge B*rn*rd Sh*w, p. 141-7 [*Saturday Review* (London), 22 Dec. 1906, p. 769-70];
- Fond Hearts Askew, by M**r*ce H*wl*tt, p. 151-7 [*Saturday Review* (London), 22 Dec. 1906, p. 768-9];
- Dickens, by G**rge M**re, p. 161-6 [*Saturday Review* (London), 15 Dec. 1906, p. 737-8];
- Euphemia Clashthought: An Imitation of Meredith, p. 169-76 [improved version of The Victory of Aphasia Gibberish, *Saturday Review* (London), First Illustrated Supplement, Christmas 1896, p. 10-1; *Chap-Book* (Chicago), 15 Dec. 1896, p. 129-34].
- For other parodies see 62, 306, 394 and 487.

Zuleika Dobson

VI. ZULEIKA DOBSON | OR AN OXFORD LOVE STORY | BY |
MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [windmill device] 22 | LONDON: WILLIAM
HEINEMANN [black cloth; 1st ed. 1911; see 5h].

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- Certificate of limitation, 'sixth volume', prp. [2];
- Note by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1922, prp. [5];
- Dedication: 'Illi Almae Matri', prp. [7];
- Text, p. 1-[336].

Seven Men

VII. SEVEN MEN | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [windmill device] 22 |
LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN [grey cloth; 1st ed. 1919; see 7h].

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Certificate of limitation, 'seventh volume', prp. [2];

Note by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1922, prp. [7];

Enoch Soames, p. 3-48 [written 1912; *Century* (New York), May 1916, p. 1-19 (an autograph Letter to the Editor of *Century*, dated London, March 6, 1916, and referring to proof corrections in Enoch Soames and A. V. Laider, is in the Robert H. Taylor collection); *Cornhill Magazine* (London), June 1916, p. 717-42; reprinted in *Golden Book Magazine* (New York), Oct. 1930, p. 54-65; Carl C. Van Doren (ed.), *The Borzoi Reader*, New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1936; Philip Van Doren Stern (ed.), *The Moonlight Traveler*, Garden City, New York, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1943; Joseph A. Margolies (ed.), *Strange and Fantastic Stories*, New York, McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1946, p. 21-49; Philip Van Doren Stern (ed.), *Travelers in Time*, Garden City, New York, Doubleday, 1947, p. 125-52; Kay Dick (ed.), *The Uncertain Element*, London, Jarrolds, 1950, p. 75-99; Italian translation by Aldo Camerino in *L'ipocrita Felice e altri racconti*, Milano, Valentino Bompiani, 1947, p. 87-114]; in 1940 the autograph MS. of Enoch Soames was sold by Christie's for £126; it is now the property of Ray L. Murphy; see section v, *Note*; 488, 492, 588, 589a, and 616a;

Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton, p. 51-104 [written 1917; *Century* (New York), Feb. 1919, p. 444-64, under the title of Hilary Maltby; reprinted in Louis Kronenberger (ed.), *The Pleasure of their Company*, London, MacDonald, 1947, p. 16-42, Italian translation by Aldo Camerino in *L'ipocrita Felice e altri racconti*, Milano, Valentino Bompiani, 1947, p. 53-86; Hilary Maltby e Stephen Braxton]; see section v, *Note*, and 616a;

James Pethel, p. 107-35 [written 'September 17, 1912'; *English Review* (London), Dec. 1914, p. 5-23; *Century* (New York), Jan. 1915, p. 422-34; Italian translation by Aldo Camerino in *L'ipocrita Felice e altri racconti*, Milano, Valentino Bompiani, 1947, p. 115-33]; see 616a;

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Stories of All Times, Garden City, New York, Garden City Publishing Co., 1943; Italian translation by Aldo Camerino in *L'ipocrita Felice e altri racconti*, Milano, Valentino Bompiani, 1947, p. 31-51; autograph MS. in Gallatin collection at Harvard; see section v, *Note*, 616a, and 895;

'Savonarola' Brown, p. 175-219 [written 1917; *English Review* (London), March 1919, p. 182-203; *Living Age* (Boston), 12 April 1919, p. 98-112, under the title of Savonarola: An 'Elizabethan' Play]; the autograph MS. of 'Savonarola' Brown is owned by Ray L. Murphy; see 489, 502, 739, and section v, *Note*.

Around Theatres I

VIII. AROUND THEATRES | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | VOL. I. | 19 [windmill device] 24 | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN [for full collation see 11].

Note: The dramatic criticisms collected in *Around Theatres I* and *II* were all published in the *Saturday Review* (London). The text of some of these articles has been slightly revised, while in most cases the remarks on the actors of the play, with which M. B. used to wind up his criticisms, have not been reprinted. Where necessary I have added a brief indication of their subject matter. See also Appendix.

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'Cyrano de Bergerac', p. 7-12 [9 July 1898; Rostand, *Cyrano de Bergerac*];

'Macbeth', p. 13-8 [1 Oct. 1898, under the title of 'Macbeth' and Mrs. Kendal];

At the Tivoli, p. 19-25 [3 Dec. 1898; Music-halls];

More in Sorrow—, p. 26-33 [14 Jan. 1899; T. W. Robertson, *School*];

'Grierson's Way', p. 34-41 [11 Feb. 1899; 'H. V. Esmond', *Grierson's Way*];

Comparisons, p. 42-8 [18 March 1899];

An Aside, p. 49-53 [8 April 1899];

An Object Lesson, p. 54-60 [6 May 1899];

Hamlet, Princess of Denmark, p. 61-6 [17 June 1899; *Hamlet*]; see 521-523;

'G. B. S.' at Kennington, p. 67-72 [7 Oct. 1899; Shaw, *The Devil's Disciple*];

William Archer and A. B. Walkley, p. 73-9 [18 Nov. 1899; W. Archer, *Study and Stage*; A. B. Walkley, *Frames of Mind*];

A Vanished Hand, p. 80-5 [9 Dec. 1899; C. W. Scott, *The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day*];

- Punitive Pantomime, p. 86-91 [30 Dec. 1899; A. Sturgess, *The Snow Man*];
 First Nights, p. 92-7 [6 Jan. 1900];
 Historic Characters and the Stage, p. 98-102 [27 Jan. 1900];
 'Au Revoir', p. 103-7 [3 Feb. 1900; G. Moore, Preface to *The Bending of the Bough*];
 Two Performances of Shakespeare, p. 108-14 [24 Feb. 1900; *Henry the Fifth*; *Hamlet*, First Quarto];
 'Tess', p. 115-21 [3 March 1900, under the title of 'Tess', the Footlights and the O. U. D. S. (much shortened); H. A. Kennedy, dramatization of Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*];
 'Don Juan's Last Wager', p. 122-9 [10 March 1900; J. Zorrilla, *Don Juan's Last Wager*; Shakespeare, *Hamlet*];
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 'Quo Vadis' and 'Nil Praedicendum', p. 134-40 [12 May 1900; S. Stange, *Quo Vadis*; Shaw, *You Never Can Tell*];
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- 'The Wilderness', p. 252-8 [20 April 1901; 'H. V. Esmond', *The Wilderness*];
 A Puzzle in Literary Drama, p. 259-66 [11 May 1901; W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, *Beau Austin and Macaire*; reprinted in *Recreations and Reflections. Being Middles from the 'Saturday Review'*, London, J. M. Dent & Co., 1902, p. 139-45];
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 Honour among Dramatic Critics, p. 367-73 [7 June 1902];
 'La Veine', p. 374-9 [19 July 1902; A. Capus, *La Veine*];
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Around Theatres II

IX. AROUND THEATRES | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | VOL. II. |
 19 [windmill device] 24 | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN [for
 full collation see 11].

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 An Inquiry into a Convention, p. 14-8 [19 Dec. 1903];
 'Ruy Blas', p. 19-22 [20 Feb. 1904, under the title of 'Ruy Blas' and the O. U. D. S.; J. Davidson, *Ruy Blas*, adapted from Victor Hugo];
 Mr. Alexander's Coup, p. 23-9 [26 March 1904; O. E. Hartleben, *Love's Carnival*, adaptation of *Rosenmontag*];
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- A Panacea, p. 63-9 [23 July 1904];
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- Dan Leno, p. 90-6 [5 Nov. 1904; reprinted in A. C. Ward (ed.), *Specimens of English Dramatic Criticism XVII-XX Centuries*, London, Oxford University Press, 1945 (The World's Classics), p. 231-6];
- Mr. Shaw at his Best, p. 97-104 [12 Nov. 1904; *John Bull's Other Island*];
- The Child Barrie, p. 105-10 [7 Jan. 1905; *Living Age* (Boston), 25 Feb. 1905, p. 508-10; Barrie, *Peter Pan*];
- Mr. Sutro's New Play, p. 111-8 [18 Febr. 1905; *Mollentrave on Women*];
- 'The Thieves' Comedy', p. 119-25 [1 April 1905; G. Hauptmann, *The Thieves' Comedy* (*Der Biberpelz*)];
- A Romeo on the Hustle, p. 126-32 [29 April 1905; *Romeo and Juliet*];
- At the St. James's Theatre, p. 133-9 [6 May 1905, under the title of At the S. James's Theatre; E. Temple Thurston, adaptation of Katherine C. Thurston, *John Chilcote*, M. P.]. Reprinted in part in SHERLOCKIANA | A REMINISCENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | TEMPE | EDWIN B. HILL | 1948 |. Unauthorized (?) first edition. [36 copies printed on one sheet for Vincent Starrett and Edwin B. Hill, June 1948; top and bottom edges cut; 20 × 12.5 cm; no covers; note, signed V(incent) S(tarrett)];
- 'Salomé', p. 140-6 [13 May 1905; Wilde, *Salomé*; Ben Jonson, *The Silent Woman*]; see 536;
- Mme. Le Bargy et Cie., p. 147-52 [24 June 1905; Mme Le Bargy];
- Mr. Conrad's Play, p. 153-8 [8 July 1905; *One Day More*];
- A Word to Mr. Gillette, p. 159-65 [23 Sep. 1905; W. Gillette, *Clarice*];
- 'The Return of the Prodigal', p. 166-72 [7 Oct. 1905; St John Hankin, *The Return of the Prodigal*];
- Henry Irving, p. 173-81 [21 Oct. 1905; *Living Age* (Boston), 18 Nov. 1905, p. 419-22];
- 'The Voysey Inheritance', p. 182-9 [11 Nov. 1905; Granville-Barker, *The Voysey Inheritance*];
- Actresses and Ages, p. 190-5 [18 Nov. 1905];
- Mr. Shaw's Position, p. 196-204 [9 Dec. 1905; Shaw, *Major Barbara*];
- Idolum Aularum, p. 205-11 [13 Jan. 1906; Music-halls]; see 537;
- 'Dorothy o' the' Bowery, p. 212-8 [21 April 1906; P. Kester and C. Major, *Dorothy o' the Hall*];
- 'The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt', p. 219-23 [5 May 1906; A. Sutro, *The Fascinating Mr Vanderveldt*].

- In the Pit, p. 224-9 [12 May 1906];
 A Note on the Ballet, p. 230-5 [19 May 1906];
 Ibsen, p. 236-42 [26 May 1906];
 Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier, p. 243-7 [23 June 1906];
 J. L. Toole, p. 248-52 [4 Aug. 1906];
 Mr. Shaw's Roderick Hudson, p. 253-9 [24 Nov. 1906; *The Doctor's Dilemma*];
 The Campden Wonder, p. 260-4 [12 Jan. 1907, under the title of Two Plays;
 Masfield, *The Campden Wonder*];
 'The Philanderer', p. 265-9 [9 Feb. 1907; Shaw, *The Philanderer*];
 Unattractive, Undramatised, p. 270-6 [23 Feb. 1907];
 Fantasy in Distress, p. 277-82 [6 April 1907; W. J. Locke, *The Palace of Puck*];
 Miss Robins' 'Tract', p. 283-90 [13 April 1907; E. Robins, *Votes for Women*];
 Mr. Hawtrey's New Birth, p. 291-4 [4 May 1907; (Sir) Charles Hawtrey];
 A Revival of 'Prunella', p. 295-300 [11 May 1907; L. Housman and Granville-
 Barker, *Prunella*];
 Reading Plays Aloud, p. 301-4 [25 May 1907];
 A Published Play, p. 305-10 [17 Aug. 1907; C. Fitch, *The Truth*];
 The Ballet at the Empire, p. 311-5 [5 Oct. 1907];
 At His Majesty's Theatre, p. 316-21 [12 Oct. 1907; *As You Like It*];
 Mr. Vedrenne, p. 322-8 [26 Oct. 1907; Shaw, *The Devil's Disciple*];
 'Sarah's' Memoirs, p. 329-35 [7 Dec. 1907; Sarah Bernhardt, *Memoirs of Sarah
 Bernhardt*];
 In an Italian Music Hall, p. 336-40 [21 Dec. 1907]; see 545;
 'Arms and the Man', p. 341-4 [4 Jan. 1908; Shaw, *Arms and the Man*];
 About Pantomime, p. 345-50 [18 Jan. 1908];
 A Memorable Performance, p. 351-7 [15 Feb. 1908; Ibsen, *Rosmersholm*];
 The Sicilian Entertainment, p. 358-63 [22 Feb. 1908; Sicilian Players];
 The Grand-Guignol, p. 364-9 [28 March 1908],
 'Getting Married', p. 370-6 [23 May 1908; Shaw, *Getting Married*];
 An Adramatist, p. 377-82 [6 June 1908; M. Baring, *The Grey Stocking*];
 A Deplorable Affair, p. 383-8 [5 Sep. 1908; J. K. Jerome, *The Passing of the
 Third Floor Back*];
 'Impressions of Henry Irving', p. 389-95 [12 Sep. 1908; W. H. Pollock, *Im-
 pressions of Henry Irving*];
 'The Corsican Brothers', p. 396-401 [26 Sep. 1908; D. Boucicault, *The Corsican
 Brothers*];
 Agonising Samson, p. 402-8 [19 Dec. 1908; Milton, *Samson Agonistes*];
 Miss Ellen Terry's Book, p. 409-13 [10 Oct. 1908; E. A. Terry, *The Story of
 My Life*];
 Coquelin's Death, p. 414-20 [30 Jan. 1909; *Living Age* (Boston), 6 March 1909,
 p. 629-31];

- 'The Frogs' at Oxford, p. 421-4 [20 Feb. 1909; Aristophanes, *The Frogs*];
 Mr. Henry James' Play, p. 425-32 [27 Feb. 1909; *The High Bid*];
 A Touching Document, p. 433-40 [10 April 1909; National Theatre]; see 546;
 Mademoiselle Pandore, p. 441-6 [29 May 1909];
 Middle-class life from Without, p. 447-53 [10 July 1909; Mrs G. Cornwallis-West, *His Borrowed Plumes*];
 At the Gaiety, p. 454-8 [30 Oct. 1909];
 Mr. Shaw's Debate, p. 459-65 [26 Feb. 1910; Shaw, *Misalliance*];
 'Justice', p. 466-71 [5 March 1910; Galsworthy, *Justice*];
 'The Madras House', p. 472-8 [19 March 1910; Granville-Barker, *The Madras House*];
 'A Fashionable Tragedian', p. 479-84 [2 April 1910; Giovanni Grasso]; see 551;
 Habit, p. 485-90 [16 April 1910].

A Variety of Things

X. A VARIETY OF THINGS | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [wind-mill device] 28 | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN [for full collation see 12].

CONTENTS:

- Certificate of limitation, 'tenth volume', prp. [2];
 Note by M. B., prp. [7-9];
 The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill, p. 3-86 [first printed here; issued separately by William Heinemann, London, 8 Nov. 1928; Italian translation by Aldo Camerino in *L'ipocrita Felice e altri racconti*, Milano, Valentino Bompiani, 1947, p. 135-87: *Il terribile drago di Hay Hill*]; see 13 and 616a;
 Not That I Would Boast, p. 89-131 [written 'March 19th, 1927'; *London Mercury* (London), May 1927, p. 24-43; included in the 1950 edition of *Seven Men (Seven Men and Two Others)* as Felix Argallo and Walter Ledgett; see 7n, and also section v, *Note*];
 The Guerdon, p. 135-8 [written 1916]. First separate edition, unauthorized (cf. X, p. [8-9]): **THE | GUERDON | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | PRIVATELY PRINTED |** 1925 [New York, Max Harzof (G. A. Baker & Co.); edges uncut; 20 × 12.5 cm.; [24] p.; red boards; spine lettered in gold; 'One hundred and ten (numbered) copies printed on Crown and Sceptre paper'; type distributed]; copies in Michigan University Library (numbered 31) and Columbia University Library (numbered 42); typescript in Harvard Library;
 T. Fenning Dodworth, p. 141-59 [M. B.'s statement, on p. 141, that this story

- was written in 1922 cannot be correct, as it was first published in the *London Mercury* (London), Aug. 1921, p. 355-63, and in *Dial* (New York), Aug. 1921, p. 130-41; reprinted in *Mainly on the Air*; see 15];
- A Note on the Einstein Theory, p. 163-7 [written 1923; L. Callender (ed.), *The Windmill*, London, William Heinemann, 1923, p. 102-4; reprinted in *Mainly on the Air*; see 15];
- A Stranger in Venice, p. 171-202 [compounded from a series of articles, *Max Beerbohm in Italy*, written in 1906, and published in the *Daily Mail* (London) between 8 Nov. and 27 Dec. 1906; see 57-66];
- The Spirit of Caricature, p. 205-17 [written 1901; *Pall Mall Magazine* (London), Jan.-April 1901, p. 121-5];
- Aubrey Beardsley, p. 221-232 [written 1898; *Idler* (London), May 1898, p. 539 ff.; reprinted in *Picture Post* (London), 27 March 1948, p. 22-4 (incomplete)];
- A Social Success, p. 234-73 [produced in 1913 and 1914; first printed here; reprinted in *Golden Book Magazine* (New York), July 1934, p. 112-22, with a drawing by Alexander King; typescript of acting version in Gallatin collection at Harvard; see 501];
- The Story of the Small Boy and the Barley Sugar, p. 277-88 [written 1897; *The Parade. An Illustrated Gift Book for Boys and Girls, 1897*, London, H. Henry & Co., 1897, p. 173-83];
- Yai and the Moon, p. 291-305 [written 1897; *The Pageant*, London, H. Henry & Co., 1897, p. 143-55];
- The Happy Hypocrite, p. 309-53 [written 1896; *Yellow Book* (London), Oct. 1896, p. 11-44; reprinted in *Golden Book Magazine* (New York), 21 Dec. 1928, p. 809 ff.; Philip Van Doren Stern (ed.), *The Pocket Companion*, New York, Pocket Books Inc., 1945 (1st ed. 1942), p. 194-223; Italian translations: by Aldo Philipson under the title of *L'ipocrita Felice*, *Occidente*, July-Sep. 1934, and by Aldo Camerino in *L'ipocrita Felice e altri racconti*, Milano, Valentino Bompiani, 1947, p. 3-30; see 616a]; for separate printings see 2; for dramatizations see 498 and section v, *Note*.

ii. FIRST EDITIONS AND SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS

Note: The First Editions listed in this section are the ordinary, authorized trade editions; other First Editions have been arranged under the appropriate headings (cf. V, s.v. *The Mote in the Middle Distance*; IX, s.v. *At the St. James's Theatre*; X, s.v. *The Guerdon*; 15, s.v. *Speed*; 68; 394; 473; 476; 477; 485; 497; and 636).

1. The Writings

The Works (1896)

1. THE WORKS | OF | MAX BEERBOHM | WITH A BIBLIOGRAPHY | BY | JOHN LANE | London: JOHN LANE, *The Bodley Head* | New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS | 1896

COLL: (uncut: 16.2 × 12.7 cm.): π⁴A-L⁴M², 94 leaves, pp. [8] [1-2] 3-178 [179-180].

CONTENTS: prp. [1]: half-title; prp. [2]: *Copyrighted in the United States | All rights reserved* |; prp. [3]: title; prp. [4]: Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO. | At the Ballantyne Press |; prp. [5]: quotation: '*Amid all . . .*', etc.; prp. [6]: blank; prp. [7]: CONTENTS; prp. [8]: blank; p. [1-2] 3-159 [160]: text (for detailed contents see 1); p. [161-162] 163-178 [179]: bibliography by John Lane; p. [180]: blank. Inserted at back are 16 pages of publisher's advertisements, separately printed and gathered, dated 1896; first item advertises Francis Adams, last item *The Yellow Book*.

BINDING: red cloth. White paper label on spine, lettered in black: [rule] | THE WORKS | OF | MAX BEERBOHM | [rule]. Extra label tipped in at end (the B[ritish] M[useum] copy has *two* spare labels tipped in).

NOTES: published 10 June 1896 (BM copy stamped 6 Ju. 1896); price 4s. 6d. The Lane records do not show the number of copies printed.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R[iewald].

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. First American edition: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 6 June 1896 (date supplied by Charles Scribner's Sons in correspondence), vi, 165 p., 17 × 13 cm., 1000 copies (of which 401 were pulped in 1901), \$ 1.25 [without the Lane bibliography]; see p. 13;
- b. Anr. impression of 1: London, John Lane; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1896, 'Second edition';
- c. Anr. edition: London, John Lane, (6 May?) 1921, viii, 179 p., 18 × 12.5 cm., 6s., 'Third edition';
- d. Anr. impression of c: *ibid.*, (6 May?) 1921, 6s., 'Fourth edition';
- e. Anr. impression of c: *ibid.*, 1923, 6s., 'Fifth edition';
- f. Anr. edition: London, William Hienemann [*sic*], 2 Feb. 1922, xvi, 138 p.,

19.8 × 14 cm., 780 copies, numbered and signed by Author [= vol. (I) of the Collected Edition; see I];

g. Anr. edition: New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1922, viii, 192 p., 19 × 11 cm., 1000 copies, \$ 2; *éd. de luxe* (leather), 100 copies, \$ 3;

h. Anr. edition: *Works and More*, London, John Lane, 24 Oct. 1930, xii, 299 p., 17 × 11 cm., 3s. 6d. [Week-End Library];

i. Anr. impression of h: *ibid.*, 26 Oct. 1937, 3s. 6d. [Bodley Head Library];

j. Anr. edition: *Works and More*, London, John Lane, 21 May 1946, 251 p., 17 × 11 cm., 5s.

k. Anr. impression of j: *ibid.*, June 1952, 18.5 × 12 cm., 8s. 6d.

For reprints of the individual essays see s.v. I.

EARLY REVIEWS: *Critic* (New York), 18 July 1896, p. 42; *Saturday Review* (London), 29 Aug. 1896, p. 221; *Nation* (New York), 10 Sep. 1896, p. 202.

The Happy Hypocrite (1897)

2. [in black and red:] **The Happy Hypocrite | A FAIRY TALE FOR TIRED MEN | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | Bodley Booklets | No. 1 | JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, | New York and London | 1897**

COLL: (uncut: 16.5 × 12.8 cm.): [1]⁸ 3⁸ 5⁸ 7⁶, 30 leaves, pp. [4] [1-3] 4-52 [53-56]; gatherings 3 and 5 signed in fours (signature 4 on p. 21, 6 on p. 37).

CONTENTS: prp. [1] and [2]: blanks; prp. [3]: half-title (with period at end); prp. [4]: blank; p. [1]: title; p. [2]: COPYRIGHT, 1896 | BY JOHN LANE |; p. [3] 4-52 [53]: text; p. [54]: blank; p. [55]: Here ends the Tale of The Happy Hypocrite, | by Max Beerbohm. Printed for John Lane | by Will Bradley, at the Wanslie Press, Spring- | field, Mass., in December, in MCC XCVI. | [bright green ornament, 60 × 14 mm.]; p. [56]: blank.

BINDING: olive-green wrappers. Front: [printed in red:] THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE | By Max Beerbohm |; [in dark green, within single-rule frame, 97 × 64 mm.:] Bodley Booklets | [rule] | [portrait of Sir Thomas Bodley, within oval floral border] | [rule] | Number One. |. Spine and back blank. The following binding variants exist: a. Series title on wrapper with period at end: presumably an early state of the wrapper; b. Series title on wrapper without period at end: presumably a later state; c. Copies with two wrappers, both with an altogether different lettering and border: presumably trial states; see 639, p. 103, and 906, p. 87.

NOTES: first published in the *Yellow Book* (London), Oct. 1896, p. 11-44 (without the subtitle; the subtitle, *A Fairy Tale for Tired Men*, was added by John Lane; authority: Sir Max Beerbohm); first separate edition published 14 April 1897 (BM copy stamped 3 Ju. 1897; according to information supplied by Messrs Dodd, Mead & Co. the United States publication date was 24 Oct. 1896; this, however, seems doubtful); price 1s. (35c.); the Lane records do not show the number of copies printed.

A possible trial copy was first described in Catalogue 109 (April 1948), published by Elkin Mathews, Ltd, Takeley, Bishops Stortford, item No. 90. In 1951 the copy, which had belonged to Lord Esher's library, was described more fully by A. E. Gallatin (cf. 906, p. 84-7). Its chief 'points' are: 1. title-page undated; 2. colophon has 'November, m dccc xc vi'; 3. half-title with period at end; 4. no ornament on wrapper; 5. wrapper lettered in black: *Bodley Booklets No. 1 THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE | BY MAX BEERBOHM.* |; 6. errors on p. 11, 17, 20, 21, 22, 26 and 43 that do not occur in the other impressions; 7. beginning with p. 47 the pages break differently. See 586a.

An Autograph Letter Signed, dated Abinger Common, May 31, 1943, and referring to the MS. of *The Happy Hypocrite*, is in the Ray L. Murphy collection.

For the dramatizations of *The Happy Hypocrite* see 498 and section v, *Note*. See also 719 and 832.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. impression: New York, John Lane, Dec. 1897, ii, 55 p., 16.5 × 13 cm., 'Second Edition' [colophon: November, m dccc xc vi (i.e. vii); publisher's advertisement on verso of half-title; half-title lacks period; with or without period after series title on wrapper; in some copies the words 'Second Edition' have been erased (see 832)];
- b. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, 1897 (?), 'Third Edition';
- c. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, Feb. 1904, ii, 56 p., 'Fourth Edition';
- d. Anr. impression: New York and London, John Lane, 1906, ii, 53 p., 17 × 13 cm., 75c. [my copy has stiff green paper wrappers, stamped in red on front; but see 906, p. 89];
- e. Anr. reprint: *ibid.*, May 1908 [authority: 2q, p. [4]];
- f. Anr. reprint: *ibid.*, May 1913 [authority: 2q, p. [4]];
- g. Anr. edition: *ibid.*, 1915, ii, 54 p., 18 × 11 cm.;
- h. Anr. impression of g: *ibid.*, March 1919, 2s. 6d.;
- i. Anr. edition: London and New York, John Lane, 28 Oct. 1918, 72 p., 25.5 × 19 cm., 21s. (\$ 7.50) [col. front, col. plates (each with guard sheet),

illus. title-page (dated 1914), lining-papers, initials, and tail-pieces by George Sheringham; note by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1915];

- j. Anr. issue of i: *ibid.*, 28 Oct. 1918, 52s. 6d. [50 copies printed on Japanese vellum];
- k. Anr. edition: New York, John Lane, 5 Dec. 1919, 63 p., 18 × 11 cm., 3s. 6d.;
- l. Anr. impression of k: *ibid.*, Feb. 1922;
- m. Anr. impression of k: New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1924 [taken over from the American Branch of The John Lane Company in 1922]; \$ 1 regular, \$ 2 leather;
- n. Anr. impression of k: *ibid.*, 1927;
- o. Anr. impression of k: *ibid.*, 1931; total of m, n, and o: 5100 copies;
- p. Anr. edition: London, John Lane, Dec. 1919, 80 p., 19 × 12.5 cm. [col. frontispiece];
- q. Anr. impression of p: *ibid.*, Feb. 1922;
- r. Anr. impression of p: *ibid.*, 1924, 3s. 6d.;
- s. Anr. impression of p: *ibid.*, July 1928;
- t. Anr. edition: Girard (Kansas), Haldeman-Julius, 16 Oct. 1924, 64 p., 12 × 8.5 cm., 30,000 copies [Little Blue Book No. 595; published by arrangement with Dodd, Mead & Co.];
- u. Included in vol. X of the Collected Edition, June 1928; see X;
- v. Anr. edition: London, John Lane, mid 1936, 67 p., 18 × 12.5 cm., 3s. 6d.;
- w. Anr. impression of v: *ibid.*, 1941;
- x. Anr. impression of v: *ibid.*, 1946, 3s. 6d.;
- y. Anr. edition: London, The Shenval Press, Christmas 1948, 62 p., 18 × 11 cm., 500 copies;
- z. Anr. edition: *L'Hypocrite Sanctifié . . .*, Paris, Société du Mercure de France, 20 May 1905, 107 p., 18 × 14 cm., 544 copies, 3.50 fr. [French translation by X.-Marcel Boulestin; translator's note entitled De Max Beerbohm, Esq., p. 11-8]; reviewed in *Vanity Fair* (London), 28 Sep. 1905, p. 407-8;
- aa. Anr. issue of z: *ibid.*, 20 May 1905, 10 fr. [20 numbered copies, printed on Holland paper];
- bb. Anr. edition: *L'ipocrita Beato*, Firenze, Vallecchi, 1946 [Italian translation by Margherita Guidacci].

For other reprints see s.v. X.

EARLY REVIEWS: *Academy* (London), 8 May 1897, p. 496; [with the Sheringham illustrations:] *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 12 Dec. 1918, p. 615.

More (1899)3. MORE|BY|MAX BEERBOHM|LONDON AND NEW YORK|
JOHN LANE: THE BODLEY HEAD | 1899

COLL: (uncut: 16.7 × 12.7 cm.): π⁴ 1-12⁴ 13⁶, 106 leaves, pp. [8] 1 [2] 3-201 [202-204].

CONTENTS: prp. [1]: half-title; prp. [2]: [within single rules:] *By the Same Author.* | THE WORKS OF MAX BEERBOHM. | THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE. |; prp. [3]: title; prp. [4]: *Copyright, 1899* | BY JOHN LANE | *All rights reserved* |; prp. [5]: TO | M^{lle}. DE LA RAMÉE | WITH THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS | AND TO | OUIDA | WITH HIS LOVE |; prp. [6]: Note, signed M. B.; prp. [7]: CONTENTS; prp. [8]: blank; p. 1 [2] 3-201: text (for detailed contents see II); p. [202]: blank; p. [203]: PRINTED FOR JOHN LANE AT THE UNI- | VERSITY PRESS CAMBRIDGE U.S.A. |; p. [204]: blank.

BINDING: diced green cloth, with white paper label on spine, lettered in black in one size of type: [rule] | MORE | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | [rule], and spare label tipped in at end.

NOTES: published 20 April 1899, according to information supplied by John Lane in correspondence (BM copy stamped 17 April 1899); price 4s. 6d. The Lane records do not show the number of copies printed.

COPY EXAMINED: BM.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. issue: London and New York, John Lane, 13 April 1899 (date supplied by Dodd, Mead & Co. in correspondence), viii, 203 p., 17 × 13 cm., \$ 1.25 [American issue; title-page printed in black and red; green ribbed cloth, with either vertical or horizontal ribbing (cf. 906, p. 221). Of Lord Esher's copy in the (rare) American binding A. J. A. Symons wrote: 'If you examine it you will find that not only is the size of the page different, being larger, but also that the top edge is slightly stained [viz. green; the other edges are uncut], and, more important than either, that it has an entirely different title-page with certain words printed in red, whereas the later English one is all black. The label is in 2 sizes of type. I have never seen another copy though others exist' (585, p. 9; cf. also 906, p. 221)];
- b. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, Sep. 1899, vi, 203 p., 17 × 13 cm., 500 copies, 4s. 6d. [lacks half-title leaf, cf. 906, p. 222];

- c. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, 1907, viii, 208 p. (including 6 pages of publisher's advertisements at end, integral with the last gathering), 'Second Edition';
- d. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, 6 May 1921, viii, 201 p., 18 × 12.5 cm., 6s., 'Third Edition';
- e. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, (July?) 1921, 6s., 'Fourth Edition' [my copy has white printed paper label on spine; but see 906, p. 223];
- f. Anr. impression: London, John Lane, Nov. 1922, 6s.;
- g. Anr. edition: London, William Heinemann, 2 Feb. 1922, viii, 180 p., 19.8 × 14 cm., 780 copies [= vol. (II) of the Collected Edition; see II];
- h. Anr. edition: New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1922, x, 220 p., 19 × 11 cm., 1000 copies, \$ 2; 100 copies (leather), \$ 3 [binding variants: bright blue cloth, stamped in black; pale blue cloth, stamped in gold; cf. 906, p. 224];
- i. Anr. edition: see 1h;
- j. Anr. impression: see 1i;
- k. Anr. edition: see 1j;
- l. Anr. impression: see 1k.

For reprints of individual essays see s.v. II.

EARLY REVIEWS: *Outlook* (London), 29 April 1899, p. 418; *Academy* (London), 13 May 1899, p. 527-8; *Dial* (Chicago), 16 June 1899, p. 402; *Critic* (New York), Aug. 1899, p. 751-2.

Yet Again (1909)

4. YET AGAIN | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | LONDON | CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED | 1909

COLL: (top edge cut: 19.2 × 13.7 cm.): π⁴ A-U⁸ X⁴, 168 leaves, pp. [i-vi] vii-viii [1-2] 3-326 [327-328].

CONTENTS: prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: blank; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]: blank; prp. [v]: Note by M. B.; prp. [vi]: blank; prp. vii-viii: CONTENTS; p. [1-2] 3-326: text (for detailed contents see III); p. [327]: Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to His Majesty | at the Edinburgh University Press |; p. [328]: blank.

BINDING: blue cloth, with white paper label on spine, lettered in black: [rule] YET | AGAIN | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | [rule].

NOTES: published 5 Oct. 1909, according to information supplied by Chapman & Hall in correspondence (BM copy stamped 3 Feb. 1910); 750 copies; price 5s.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; Koninklijke Bibliotheek, The Hague.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. impression: London: Chapman & Hall, Nov. 1909, 250 copies, 5s., 'Second edition';
- b. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, Nov. 1909, 250 copies, 5s., 'Third edition';
- c. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, Dec. 1909, 500 copies, 5s., 'Fourth edition';
- d. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, Jan. 1910, 500 copies, 5s., 'Fifth edition';
- e. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, April 1910, 250 copies, 5s., 'Sixth edition';
- f. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, Nov. 1910, 250 copies, 5s., 'Seventh edition';
- g. Anr. impression: New York, John Lane, 1910, \$ 1.50, 'Fifth (?) edition';
- h. Anr. issue of g: *ibid.*, 1910, with cancel title-page (cf. 906, p. 227);
- i. Anr. edition: London, William Heinemann, 2 Feb. 1922, viii, 322 p., 19.8 × 14 cm., 780 copies [= vol. (III) of the Collected Edition; see III];
- j. Anr. edition: *ibid.*, 4 Oct. 1923, viii, 306 p., 19 × 12.5 cm., 3000 copies, 7s. 6d.;
- k. Anr. edition: New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Nov. 1923, viii, 306 p., 19 × 12.5 cm., \$ 2.50;
- l. Anr. impression of k: *ibid.*, April 1928, 'Second Printing';
- m. Anr. impression of j: London, William Heinemann, May 1928, 2000 copies;
- n. Anr. impression of j: *ibid.*, July 1930, 3s. 6d.;
- o. Anr. edition: *ibid.*, Feb. 1951, viii, 334 p., 19.5 × 13 cm., 3000 copies, less 500 to Knopf, 10s. 6d.

For reprints of individual essays see s.v. III.

EARLY REVIEWS: *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 4 Nov. 1909, p. 408; *Athenaeum* (London), 18 Dec. 1909, p. 759–60; *Dial* (Chicago), 16 March 1910, p. 202; *New York Times Saturday Review* (New York), 9 April 1910, p. 191; *A. L. A. Booklist* (Chicago), June 1910, p. 364; *Nation* (New York), 7 July 1910, p. 15. See also 816a.

Zuleika Dobson (1911)

5. [in black and brown:] ZULEIKA DOBSON | OR AN OXFORD LOVE STORY | BY MAX BEERBOHM | [device: windmill in square frame, 19 × 19 mm., initialled W H] | 1911 | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

COLL: (top edge cut: 19.1 × 13.2 cm.): π⁴ A–Y⁴, 180 leaves, pp. [δ] 1–350 [351–352].

CONTENTS: prp. [1]: blank; prp. [2]: publisher's advertisement headed NEW 6s. NOVELS; prp. [3]: half-title [in brown]; prp. [4]: blank; prp. [5]: title; prp. [6]: *Copyright, London 1911, by William Heinemann; | and Washington U.S.A., by John Lane Company |*; prp. [7]: ILLI | ALMAE MATRI |; prp. [8]: blank; p. 1-350: text; p. [351]: PRINTED BY | BALLANTYNE & COMPANY LTD. | TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN | LONDON |; p. [352]: blank.

BINDING: smooth dull-brown cloth. Spine lettered in gold: Zuleika Dobson | by | Max Beerbohm | Heinemann |. Back cover: W. H. within circle, stamped in blind in lower right corner. For the use of circulating libraries 1390 copies were bound in rough red-brown cloth, with front stamped in blind, and spine lettered in gold capitals with ornamental frame stamped in gold. They were issued simultaneously with the copies bound in the ordinary smooth brown cloth (cf. 687, p. 92). Gallatin (906, p. 229) records a sub-variant of both the ordinary and the library binding.

NOTES: begun in the late Nineties; finished 1911; published 26 Oct. 1911 (BM copy stamped 26 Oct. 1911); 4000 copies, less 525 to Colonial edition; price 6s.; see section v, *Note*, 580, 587, 632, 637, 688a, 775, 851, 896, 899, and 908a. The autograph MSS of the first and of the final draft of *Zuleika Dobson* are in the Robert H. Taylor collection; Mr Robert Montgomery possesses an Autograph Letter Signed concerning the MS. of *Zuleika Dobson*, addressed to him from Rapallo, July 19, 1935. See also 482-483.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; Koninklijke Bibliotheek, The Hague.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. reprint: New York, John Lane, Oct. 1911, 350 p., 17.5 × 11 cm., \$ 1.30;
- b. Anr. edition: Leipzig, Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1912 (paper wrapper dated Jan. 1912; publisher's advertisement dated 1 April 1912); 296 p., 16.5 × 11 cm. [Collection of British and American Authors, vol. 4309];
- c. Anr. edition: New York, John Lane, 1912, 358 p., 19.5 × 12.5 cm., \$ 1.30;
- d. Anr. impression of 5: London, William Heinemann, 1912, viii, 350 p., 19 × 13 cm.;
- e. Anr. impression of 5: *ibid.*, April 1913, 500 copies;
- f. Anr. impression of c: New York, Boni & Liveright, 1918, 358 p., 17.5 × 12 cm., 70 c.;
- g. Anr. impression of 5: London, William Heinemann, April 1922, 2000 copies, 7s. 6d.;
- h. Anr. edition: *ibid.*, Oct. 1922, viii, 336 p., 19.8 × 14 cm., 780 copies [= vol. VI of the Collected Edition; see VI];

- i. Anr. impression of c: New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1924, iv, 358 p., 19.5 × 12.5 cm., \$ 1.30 [with introduction by Francis Hackett]; taken over from the American Branch of The John Lane Company in 1922;
- j. Anr. impression of c: *ibid.*, 1926 [introduction by Francis Hackett];
- k. Anr. impression of c, subject to royalty payment to Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York, Random House, 1926, xi, 358 p., 17.5 × 12 cm., 95c. [The Modern Library of the World's Best Books, No. 116; introduction by Francis Hackett]; many subsequent impressions; 43,000 copies sold since 1926;
- l. Anr. impression of 5: London, William Heinemann, June 1928, 2000 copies;
- m. Anr. impression of c: New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1929, \$ 1.30;
- n. Anr. edition: London, William Heinemann, July 1947, viii, 252 p., 19.5 × 13 cm., 5000 copies, 10s. 6d. [with frontispiece in colour, representing Zuleika Dobson, by the Author, and Note, signed M. B. 1946];
- o. Anr. impression of n: *ibid.*, Nov. 1947, 2000 copies, 10s. 6d.;
- p. Anr. impression of n: *ibid.*, March 1950, 2000 copies, 10s. 6d.;
- q. Anr. edition, in celebration of M. B.'s eightieth birthday: Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, in association with William Heinemann, 24 Aug. 1952, 252 p., 18 × 11 cm., 50,000 copies, 2s. [Penguin Books, No. 895; with the note first printed in 5n, and notes on *Zuleika Dobson* and M. B.; portrait (see 980a)].

EARLY REVIEWS: *Athenaeum* (London), 4 Nov. 1911, p. 552; *Saturday Review* (London), 11 Nov. 1911, p. 613; *Spectator* (London), 11 Nov. 1911, p. 801-2; *Bookman* (London), Dec. 1911, p. 156-7; *Bookman* (New York), June 1912, p. 425-8.

A Christmas Garland (1912)

6. [in black and red:] **A CHRISTMAS | GARLAND** woven | by MAX BEERBOHM | [device: windmill in square frame, 18 × 19 mm., initialled W H] | LONDON MCMXII | **WILLIAM HEINEMANN**

COLL: (top edge cut: 18.7 × 14 cm.): [A]⁴ B-N⁴ O⁴, 104 leaves, pp. [i-iv] v-vii [viii] [1-2] 3-197 [198-200].

CONTENTS: prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: publisher's advertisement, framed by single rules, and headed PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES.; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]: *Copyright*, 1912.; prp. v-vi: NOTE by M. B., dated *Rapallo*, 1912.; prp. vii: CONTENTS; prp. [viii]: blank; p. [1-2] 3-197: text (for detailed contents see V); p. [198]: RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED, | BRUNSWICK ST.,

STAMFORD STREET, S.E. | AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK. |; p. [199-200]: press opinions on *Zuleika Dobson*, framed by single rules, and headed BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

BINDING: diced violet cloth. Front cover: a wreath of holly and the title [A Christmas Garland | *woven by* Max Beerbohm] stamped in gold, within a single rule in gold. Spine lettered in gold: [rule in gold] A | *Christmas | Garland | woven by* | Max | Beerbohm | Heinemann [rule in gold]. Back cover: W. H, within circle, stamped in blind in lower right corner, within a blind single-rule frame.

NOTES: published 12 Oct. 1912 (BM copy stamped 12 Nov. 1912); 3000 copies, less 1040 to Dutton; price 5s.; see 586a and 774.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. impression: London, William Heinemann, Oct. 1912 [authority: 6h, p. [iv]];
- b. Anr. issue of 6: New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., Nov. 1912, 18 × 12.5 cm., 1040 copies, imported from Heinemann, \$ 1.35;
- c. Anr. impression: London, William Heinemann, Dec. 1912, 1000 copies;
- d. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, Dec. 1912, 1000 copies, less 250 to Dutton;
- e. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, July 1913, 1000 copies, less 550 to Dutton;
- f. Anr. issue of d: New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1913, vi, 200 p., 250 copies, imported from Heinemann;
- g. Anr. issue of e: *ibid.*, 1913, viii, 200 p. (without the press opinions at end), 550 copies, imported from Heinemann;
- h. Anr. impression: London, William Heinemann, Sep. 1918, 1000 copies, less 600 to Dutton;
- i. Anr. issue of h: New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1918, 600 copies, imported from Heinemann, \$ 2;
- j. Anr. issue of h: *ibid.*, 1918, with cancel title-page (cf. 906, p. 233);
- k. Anr. impression: London, William Heinemann, March 1921, 1800 copies, less 500 to Dutton;
- l. Anr. issue of k: New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1921, 500 copies, imported from Heinemann [without the press opinions];
- m. Anr. edition: London, William Heinemann, Oct. 1922, x, 176 p., 19.8 × 14 cm., 780 copies; with Note by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1922 [= vol. V of the Collected Edition; see V];
- n. Anr. impression of 6: *ibid.*, Oct. 1922, 1500 copies, less 500 to Dutton, 7s. 6d.;

- o. Anr. issue of n: New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1922, 500 copies, imported from Heinemann, \$ 2;
 - p. Anr. reprint: *ibid.*, 1925;
 - q. Anr. impression of 6: London, William Heinemann, May 1926, 1500 copies, less 1040 to Dutton;
 - r. Anr. issue of q: New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1926, 1040 copies, imported from Heinemann, \$ 2.50;
 - s. Anr. impression of 6: London, William Heinemann, June 1932;
 - t. Anr. issue of s: London, William Heinemann; New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., June 1932;
 - u. Anr. edition: New York, Oxford University Press, 29 Oct. 1936, viii, 199 p., 15 × 9 cm., 1800 copies, 80c. [The World's Classics, 449; published in the U.S.A. only];
 - v. Anr. impression of u: *ibid.*, Jan. 1937, 1000 copies;
 - w. Anr. impression of 6: London, William Heinemann, June 1937, 500 copies;
 - x. Anr. impression of 6: *ibid.*, March 1938, 500 copies;
 - y. Included in A. Woolcott, *Woolcott's Second Reader*, 1938, p. 65-152;
 - z. Anr., enlarged edition: London, William Heinemann, Feb. 1950, viii, 194 p., 19.5 × 13 cm., 5000 copies, 10s. 6d. [with Postscript by M.B., dated Rapallo, 1949, and a hitherto unpublished parody on M**r*ce B*r*ng, entitled All Roads—. Chapter V, p. 57-65]; see 909a;
 - aa. Braille edition: the National Institute for the Blind, London, hopes to publish a Braille edition of *A Christmas Garland* in 1954.
- For reprints of individual parodies see s.v. V.

EARLY REVIEWS: *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 7 Nov. 1912, p. 492; Filson Young in *Saturday Review* (London), 9 Nov. 1912, p. 578; *Athenaeum* (London), 16 Nov. 1912, p. 598; *Bookman* (London), Dec. 1912, p. 182-3; *New York Times Book Review* (New York), 1 Dec. 1912, p. 744; 26 Jan. 1913, p. 32; E. F. E. in *Boston Evening Transcript* (Boston), 14 Dec. 1912, p. 10; *Outlook* (New York), 21 Dec. 1912, p. 865; *Spectator* (London), 21 Dec. 1912, p. 1068; *Independent* (New York), 26 Dec. 1912, p. 1502; A. L. A. *Booklist* (Chicago), Feb. 1913, p. 257; [enlarged edition:] Harold Nicolson in *Observer* (London), 12 Feb. 1950; Raymond Mortimer in *Sunday Times* (London), 26 Feb. 1950; *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 3 March 1950, p. 131.

Seven Men (1919)

7. SEVEN MEN | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [device: windmill, 18 × 17 mm.] 19 | [rule, 60 mm.] | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

COLL: (top edge cut: 18.9×14 cm.): π^4 A-O⁸, 116 leaves, pp. [8] [1-2] 3-218 [219-224].

CONTENTS: prp. [1] and [2]: blanks; prp. [3]: half-title; prp. [4]: *By the same Author* . . . [11 works are listed]; prp. [5]: title; prp. [6]: blank; prp. [7]: CONTENTS; prp. [8]: blank; p. [1-2] 3-218 [219]: text (for detailed contents see VII); p. [220]: PRINTED AT | THE COMPLETE PRESS | WEST NORWOOD | LONDON |; p. [221-224]: publisher's advertisements, framed by single rules, and headed *The WORKS of ALGERNON SWINBURNE*.

BINDING: early binding state: diced bright blue cloth; later binding state: dull, slaty blue cloth (cf. 687, p. 92); my copy, however, has bright blue, vertically ribbed cloth. Front cover stamped in gold within a blind single-rule frame: Seven Men | *by* Max Beerbohm |. Spine lettered in gold: [rule in gold] *Seven | Men | by | Max | Beerbohm | Heinemann |* [rule in gold]. Back cover: W. H, within circle, stamped in blind in lower right corner.

NOTES: published 30 Oct. 1919 (BM copy stamped 30 Oct. 1919); 5000 copies; price 7s.; see 678. An autograph Letter to the Editor of *Century* (New York), written from London [1919], in which M. B. offers publication rights to *Seven Men*, is in the Harvard University Library.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. impression: London, William Heinemann, Feb. 1920, 3000 copies;
- b. Anr. edition: New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Oct. 1920, 238 p., 22.5×17.5 cm., 2000 numbered copies, \$ 3.50, 'First American edition'; contains an Appendix, signed M. B., and five mounted plates in half-tone, representing six of the 'Men', with descriptive letterpress by M.B.; see 412. The original drawings of the six 'Men' and the autograph MS. of the Appendix, together with six unpublished drawings intended as illustrations for this edition, are in the Alfred A. Knopf collection, New York;
- c. Anr. impression of b: *ibid.*, April 1921, 238 p., 20×15 cm., 'Second Printing' [popular edition];
- d. Anr. impression of b: *ibid.*, Jan. 1922, 'Third Printing' [popular edition];
- e. Anr. impression of b: *ibid.*, Jan. 1924, 'Fourth Printing' [popular edition];
- f. Anr. impression of b: *ibid.*, March 1932, 238 p., 22.6×17 cm., \$ 4, 'in first edition format';
- g. Anr. impression of b: *ibid.*, Oct. 1944, \$ 4, 'in first edition format, Second Printing';

- h. Anr. edition: London, William Heinemann, Oct. 1922, viii, 219 p., 19.8 × 14 cm., 780 copies; with Note by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1922 [= vol. VII of the Collected Edition; see VII];
- i. Anr. impression of 7: *ibid.*, Nov. 1923, viii, 218 p., 19 × 14 cm., 1000 copies;
- j. Anr. impression of 7: *ibid.*, July 1926, 1000 copies;
- k. Anr. impression of 7: *ibid.*, July 1932, 500 copies;
- l. Anr. impression of 7: *ibid.*, July 1937, 500 copies;
- m. Anr. edition: New York, Council on Books in War-time, Nov. 1943, 224 p., 10 × 14 cm., 50,000 copies, and 12,488 copies at a later date (cf. 906, p. 240) ['Armed Services Editions' No. C-67; published by arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf];
- n. Anr., enlarged edition: *Seven Men and Two Others*, London, William Heinemann, Jan. 1950, x, 283 p., 19.5 × 13 cm., 5000 copies, 10s. 6d. [with Note by M. B., dated 1949, and an additional 'memory', Felix Argallo and Walter Ledgett, first published in the *London Mercury* (London), May 1927, p. 24-43 as Not That I Would Boast, and included in *A Variety of Things*, 1928, under the same title; see X].

For reprints of the individual stories see s.v. VII.

EARLY REVIEWS: *Athenaeum* (London), 31 Oct. 1919, p. 1138; 14 Nov. 1919, p. 1186; *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 6 Nov. 1919, p. 627; *Saturday Review* (London), 15 Nov. 1919, p. 465; *Bookman* (London), Jan. 1920, p. 148-9; *Spectator* (London), 3 Jan. 1920, p. 19; *Springfield Republican* (Springfield, Mass.), 25 Jan. 1920, p. 13a; 3 Jan. 1921, p. 8; P. L. in *New Republic* (New York), 25 Feb. 1920, p. 386; C. K. H. in *Boston Evening Transcript* (Boston), 4 Dec. 1920, p. 6; *Nation* (New York), 29 Dec. 1920, p. 785; H. S. Gorman in *New York Times Book Review* (New York), 2 Jan. 1921, p. 9; [Seven Men and Two Others:] Harold Nicolson in *Observer* (London), 12 Feb. 1950; Raymond Mortimer in *Sunday Times* (London), 26 Feb. 1950; *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 3 March 1950, p. 131.

Herbert Beerbohm Tree (1920)

**8. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE | SOME MEMORIES | OF HIM
AND OF HIS ART | COLLECTED BY | MAX BEERBOHM | WITH
PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE | AND 57 ILLUSTRATIONS |
LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO. | PATERNOSTER ROW [1920]**

COLL: (edges cut: 21.4 × 13.8 cm.): [A]⁴ ([A]₄ + B²) 1-19⁸ 20⁶, 164 leaves, pp. [i-vi] vii [viii-ix] x [xi-xii] 1-314 [315-316]; frontispiece (opp. sig. [A]₂^r); half-tone plates [24] (opp. sigs 1₄^v, 2₂^v, 3₂^r, 3₇^r, 4₆^r, 5₅^v, 5₇^v, 6₅^r, 7₂^r,

7,^v, 8,^v, 9,^{2v}, 9,^r, 10,^v, 12,^v, 12,^{8v}, 13,^v, 13,^{8v}, 14,^{2v}, 14,^r, 15,^{2v}, 15,^{8v}, 16,^v, 16,^r).

CONTENTS: prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: blank; frontispiece: photogravure portrait of Herbert Tree, with guard sheet; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]: blank; prp. [v]: CONTENTS; prp. [vi]–vii: LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS [incomplete]; prp. [viii]: NOTE [unsigned]; prp. [ix]–x: TABLE OF FACTS AND DATES; prp. [xi]: sonnet by Iris Tree, entitled MY FATHER; prp. [xii]: blank; p. [1] 2–314: text and illustrations: p. [1] 2–170: Herbert and I, by Maud Tree; p. 171–80: My Father, by Viola Tree; p. 181–6: Memories, by Iris Tree; p. 187–202: From a Brother's Standpoint, by Max Beerbohm; p. 203–5: A Sketch, by Edmund Gosse, C. B.; p. 206–15: A Tribute, by Louis N. Parker; p. 216–26: From the Stalls, by Desmond MacCarthy; p. 227–35: Herbert Tree—My Friend, by C. Haddon Chambers; p. 236–9: To the Memory of a Friend, by Gilbert Parker; p. 240–52: From the Point of View of a Playwright, by Bernard Shaw; p. 253–66: An Open Letter to an American Friend, by W. L. Courtney; p. 267: A Sonnet, by Iris Tree; p. [268]: blank; p. 269–72: Appendix I.—Sermon preached by the Bishop of Birmingham [H. R. Wakefield] at the Memorial Service, 12th July, 1917; p. 273–7: Appendix II.—Speeches made at the Unveiling of the Memorial Tablet; p. 278–309: Appendix III.—Impressions of America, by Herbert Tree; p. 310–4: Appendix IV.—Extracts from Herbert Tree's Note-books; p. [315]: blank; p. [316]: PRINTED AT | THE CHAPEL RIVER PRESS, | KINGSTON, SURREY. |.

BINDING: purple ribbed cloth. Front cover: blind single-rule frame. Spine: [stamped in gold:] [double rule] | HERBERT | BEERBOHM | TREE | MAX | BEERBOHM | HUTCHINSON | [double rule]. Back cover blank.

NOTES: published 9 Oct. 1920 (BM copy stamped 9 Oct. 1920); number of copies printed unknown, as the Hutchinson records were destroyed in the 1940 blitz.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. impression: London, Hutchinson & Co., [1920]. The copy in the New York Public Library has 'second edition' printed on the title-page, directly above the publisher's imprint; the volume was received by the Library in Nov. 1920; it has been rebound in blue buckram, and lacks p. [315] and [316];
- b. Anr. issue: New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., [1920], 22 × 13.8 cm., 1246 copies, imported from Hutchinson, \$ 7.

EARLY REVIEWS: A. B. W[alkley] in *Times* (London), 29 Sep. 1920, p. 8a; *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 30 Sep. 1920, p. 633; D. L. M. in *Athenaeum* (London), 15 Oct. 1920, p. 519; *Saturday Review* (London), 16 Oct. 1920, p. 318; *Springfield Republican* (Springfield, Mass.), 23 Oct. 1920, p. 8; 8 Jan. 1921, p. 8; *Spectator* (London), 30 Oct. 1920, p. 569; *Bookman* (London), Nov. 1920, p. 86; *New York Times Book Review* (New York), 19 Dec. 1920, p. 7; E. L. Pearson in *Weekly Review* (New York), 29 Dec. 1920, p. 648.

And Even Now (1920)

9. AND EVEN NOW | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [device: windmill, 19 × 18 mm.] 20 | [rule, 67 mm.] | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

COLL: (top edge cut: 19.7 × 14 cm.): π^4 ($\pi_4 + \chi^1$) [A]⁸ B-U⁸, 165 leaves, pp. [i-viii] ix [x] [1-2] 3-320.

CONTENTS: prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: [within single rules:] *By the same Author* . . . [12 works are listed]; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]: blank; prp. [v]: TO MY WIFE; prp. [vi]: *H. & K., Ltd., London, S. E. 1.*; prp. [vii]: Note by M. B., dated *Rapallo*, 1920.; prp. [viii]: blank; prp. ix: CONTENTS; prp. [x]: blank; p. [1-2] 3-320: text (for detailed contents see IV).

BINDING: yellow cloth, with white paper label on spine, lettered in black: [double rule] | AND | EVEN NOW | MAX | BEERBOHM | [double rule]; extra label tipped in at end.

NOTES: published 7 Dec. 1920 (BM copy stamped 7 Dec. 1920); 5000 copies; price 7s. 6d.; see 679.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. impression: London, William Heinemann, Jan. 1921, 1500 copies;
- b. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, Feb. 1921, 2000 copies;
- c. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, Aug. 1921, 2000 copies;
- d. Anr. impression: *ibid.*, Nov. 1924 [authority: 9c, p. [iv]];
- e. Anr. impression, with a different imposition: *ibid.*, April 1950, x, 320 p., 19.5 × 13 cm., 5000 copies, less 260 to Dutton, 10s. 6d.;
- f. Anr. issue: New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1950, 260 copies, imported

from Heinemann, \$ 3. The total number of copies published by Dutton is 7333 (information supplied by publisher in correspondence);

- g. Anr. edition: New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., Sep. 1921, ix, 320 p., 19 × 12.5 cm., \$ 2. Binding variants: a. Red cloth; b. Light blue cloth (cf. 906, p. 340). First American edition;
- h. Anr. issue of g: *ibid.*, Sep. 1921, 20.5 × 13.5 cm., \$ 5. 'This edition is limited to 1500 copies';
- i. Anr. impression of g: *ibid.*, Dec. 1921, 'Second Printing';
- j. Anr. impression of g: *ibid.*, Jan. 1922, 'Third Printing';
- k. Anr. impression of g: *ibid.*, Nov. 1924, 'Fourth Printing';
- l. Anr. impression of g: *ibid.*, July 1929, 'Fifth Printing';
- m. Anr. impression of g: *ibid.*, Aug. 1936, 'Sixth Printing';
- n. Anr. edition: London, William Heinemann, 2 Feb. 1922, viii, 308 p., 19.8 × 14 cm., 780 copies [= vol. (IV) of the Collected Edition; see IV].

For reprints of the individual essays see s.v. IV.

EARLY REVIEWS: *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 23 Dec. 1920, p. 873; S. W. in *Nation and Athenaeum* (London), 31 Dec. 1920, p. 888; 19 March 1921, p. 882; *Saturday Review* (London), 1 Jan. 1921, p. 8; *Spectator* (London), 22 Jan. 1921, p. 108; *Bookman* (London), Feb. 1921, p. 201; E. L. Pearson in *Weekly Review* (New York), 23 March 1921, p. 275; Samuel Roth in *New York Herald* (New York), 24 April 1921, p. 12; A. B. W[alkley] in *Times* (London), 4 May 1921, p. 8b; J. W. Krutch in *Nation* (New York), 12 Oct. 1921, p. 413; S. L. C. in *Boston Evening Transcript* (Boston), 5 Nov. 1921, p. 7; E. L. Pearson in *Independent and Weekly Review* (New York), 5 Nov. 1921, p. 138; J. W. Krutch in *Literary Review of the New York Evening Post* (New York), 19 Nov. 1921, p. 186; Anne Pendleton in *Springfield Republican* (Springfield, Mass.), 4 Dec. 1921, p. 12a; L. M. C. in *Freeman* (New York), 28 Dec. 1921, p. 382; Gilbert Seldes in *Dial* (New York), Jan. 1922, p. 95; *New York Times Book Review* (New York), 8 Jan. 1922, p. 16.

A Defence of Cosmetics (1922)

10. [in black and blue:] **A Defence of Cosmetics** | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | [device: oval surrounded by ornamental border of scrollwork and leaves forming a rough square, 18 × 20 mm.; inside the oval is a face above two opened books] | NEW YORK | DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY | 1922

COLL: (top and bottom edges cut: 18 × 11 cm.): [1^a 2¹⁰], 18 leaves, stabbed, pp. [6] 1-29 [30].

CONTENTS: prp. [1]: half-title; prp. [2]: [within single rules:] BY THE SAME AUTHOR . . . [2 works are listed]; prp. [3]: title; prp. [4]: Copyright, 1896 | BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY | PRINTED IN U.S.A. |; prp. [5]: half-title; prp. [6]: blank; p. 1-29: text; p. [30]: blank.

BINDING: pale blue cloth. Front cover lettered in gold: A DEFENCE | of COSMETICS | [rule] | Max Beerbohm. |, upon a blind rectangular stamp, 25 × 44 mm.

NOTES: first separate edition (see I, s.v. The Pervasion of Rouge, also for reprint); published Aug. 1922 (according to information supplied by the publishers in correspondence); 1000 copies; price \$ 1. This edition was not re-registered in the Copyright Office; the Library of Congress copy was ordered on Sep. 30 and accessioned on Oct. 16, 1922.

COPY EXAMINED: Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. There is another copy in Michigan University Library. No copy in BM.

Around Theatres I and II (1924)

11. AROUND THEATRES | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | VOL. I. [II.] | 19 [device: windmill, 14 × 14 mm.] 24 | [rule, 69 mm.] | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN [= VIII, IX]

COLL: (edges uncut: 19.8 × 14 cm.); vol. I: [A]⁸ B-2K⁸ 2L⁶, 270 leaves, pp. [2] [i-iv] v-ix [x] xi-xiv, 1-524; vol. II: [A]⁴ B-2H⁸ 2I⁶, 250 leaves, pp. [i-iv] v-viii, 1-492.

CONTENTS: vol. I: prp. [1-2]: blanks; prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: *This edition of the Works of Max | Beerbohm is limited to seven | hundred and eighty sets, of which | seven hundred and fifty are for | sale and thirty for presentation. | "Around Theatres" I. is the | eighth volume of the edition.* |; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]: *Printed in Great Britain by the Whitefriars Press, Ltd., London and Tonbridge.* |; prp. v-ix: EPISTLE DEDICATORY | to | EDWARD GORDON CRAIG, dated *Villino Chiaro, Rapallo. 1924.*; prp. [x]: blank; prp. xi-xiv: CONTENTS; p. 1-522: text (for detailed contents see VIII); p. 523-524: INDEX OF PLAYS (AND BOOKS) | CRITICISED |; vol. II: prp. [ii]: . . . *"Around Theatres" II. is the | ninth volume of the edition.* |; prp. v-viii: CONTENTS; p. 1-490: text (for detailed contents see IX); p. 491-492: INDEX . . . [as in vol. I].

BINDING: vol. I: bright blue cloth; vol. II: red-purple cloth. White paper

label on spine, lettered in black: [double rule] | *Around Theatres* | I [II] | *Max* | *Beerbohm* | [double rule], and spare label tipped in at end.

NOTES: published Oct. 1924 (BM copies stamped 6 Nov. 1924).

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. edition: New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1930; vol. I: xii, 380 p., with a Note by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1930; vol. II: x, 381-749, xiii p.; 21.5 × 14 cm., \$ 7.50. First American edition;
- b. Anr. edition: London, Rupert Hart-Davis, to be published April 1953, xvi, 583 p., 21.5 × 13.7 cm., 30s. [one-volume reprint].

For reprints of individual articles see s.v. VIII and IX.

EARLY REVIEWS: Edward Shanks in *Outlook* (London), 29 Nov. 1924, p. 385; Harry Hansen in *World* (New York), 8 Nov. 1930, p. 11; J. Brooks Atkinson in *New York Times* (New York), 16 Nov. 1930, section VIII, p. 1-2; H. I. Brock in *New York Times Book Review* (New York), 23 Nov. 1930, p. 2 &c.; W. P. Eaton in *New York Herald Tribune Books* (New York), 7 Dec. 1930, p. 5; Mark Van Doren in *Nation* (New York), 17 Dec. 1930, p. 680; Stark Young in *New Republic* (New York), 31 Dec. 1930, p. 192-3; W. Losey in *Saturday Review of Literature* (New York), 22 Aug. 1931, p. 72.

A Variety of Things (1928)

12. A VARIETY OF THINGS | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [device: windmill, 14 × 14 mm.] 28 | [rule, 68 mm.] | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN [= X]

COLL: (edges uncut: 19.8 × 14 cm.): [A]⁴ b¹ B-Z⁸ 2A¹, 182 leaves, pp. [10] 1-353 [354].

CONTENTS: prp. [1]: half-title; prp. [2]: *This edition of the Works of Max Beerbohm is limited to seven hundred and eighty sets, of which seven hundred and fifty are for sale and thirty for presentation. 'A Variety of Things' is the tenth volume of this edition.* |; prp. [3]: title; prp. [4]: blank; prp. [5]: CONTENTS; prp. [6]: blank; prp. [7-9]: NOTE, signed M. B.; prp. [10]: blank; p. 1-353: text (for detailed contents see X); p. [354]: THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS, LTD., LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.].

BINDING: violet cloth, with white paper label on spine, lettered in black: [double rule] | *A Variety* | of *Things* | *Max* | *Beerbohm* | [double rule], and spare label tipped in at end.

NOTES: published June 1928 (BM copy stamped 28 June 1928).

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. edition: New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 28 Sep. 1928, x, 268 p., 20 × 13.5 cm., \$3. 'This, the first American edition . . . containing a note [dated Rapallo, 1928] not published elsewhere, consists of two thousand [numbered] copies'; A Note on the Einstein Theory and The Happy Hypocrite are not included; see 68 and 394;
- b. Anr. impression of a: *ibid.*, Oct. 1928, 'Second printing';
- c. Anr. impression of a: *ibid.*, Nov. 1928, 'Third printing'.

For reprints of individual items see s.v. X.

EARLY REVIEWS: L. Kronenberger in *New York Times Book Review* (New York), 30 Sep. 1928, p. 2; A. E. L. in *Boston Evening Transcript* (Boston), 6 Oct. 1928, p. 2; Rebecca West in *New York Herald Tribune Books* (New York), 14 Oct. 1928, p. 1; Edgar Johnson in *New York Evening Post* (New York), 3 Nov. 1928, p. 8m; T. S. Matthews in *New Republic* (New York), 7 Nov. 1928, p. 334; *Outlook and Independent* (New York), 14 Nov. 1928, p. 1175.

The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill (1928)

13. THE | **DREADFUL DRAGON** | **OF** | **HAY HILL** | **MAX**
BEERBOHM | 19 [device: windmill, 14 × 13 mm.] 28 | [rule, 70 mm.] |
LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD.

COLL: (edges cut: 22.8 × 24.5 cm.): [A]² B-H⁸ I², 60 leaves, pp. [1-4] 1-III [112-116]; frontispiece (opp. sig. [A]₂¹).

CONTENTS: prp. [1]: half-title; prp. [2]: *Other Books by Max Beerbohm* . . . [17 works are listed]; frontispiece in colour, inscribed: Thia and Thol—B. C. 39,000; prp. [3]: title; prp. [4]: *Printed in Great Britain*; p. 1-III [112-113]: text; p. [114]: **PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS, LTD., | LONDON AND TONBRIDGE. |**; p. [115-116]: blanks.

BINDING: stiff grey boards, with red cloth spine lettered in gold: **THE** |

DREADFUL | DRAGON | OF | HAY | HILL | MAX | BEERBOHM | HEINEMANN |.

NOTES: first separate edition (see X); published 8 Nov. 1928; 3000 copies; price 7s. 6d.

COPY EXAMINED: R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. impression: London, William Heinemann, Jan. 1929, 2000 copies;
- b. Anr. printing: *ibid.*, April 1931, 3s. 6d.

EARLY REVIEW: Gerald Gould in *Saturday Review* (London), 17 Nov. 1928, p. 645-6.

Lytton Strachey (1943)

14. LYTTON STRACHEY | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | THE REDE
LECTURE | 1943 | CAMBRIDGE | AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS |
1943

COLL: (edges cut: 18 × 12.2 cm.): [1-4¹], 16 leaves, pp. [2] [1-4] 5-26 [27-30].

CONTENTS: prp. [1] and [2]: blanks; prp. [1]: half-title; prp. [2]: CAM-
BRIDGE | UNIVERSITY PRESS | LONDON: BENTLEY HOUSE | TORONTO BOMBAY
CALCUTTA | MADRAS: MACMILLAN | *All rights reserved* |; prp. [3]: title; prp.
[4]: PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN |; p. 5-26 [27]: text, followed by imprint:
CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY WALTER LEWIS, M. A., AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS |;
p. [28-30]: blanks.

BINDING: plum-coloured watermarked wrappers. Front: [printed in black,
the first five words within triple-rule frame, 68 × 98 mm.:] LYTTON |
STRACHEY | BY MAX BEERBOHM | CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS |; [on
front flap:] 1s. 6d. net |.

NOTES: published June 1943 (BM copy stamped 23 June 1943); 10,000 copies;
price 1s. 6d.

COPIES EXAMINED: R; the BM copy is bound.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. impression: Cambridge, University Press, Aug. 1943, 5000 copies;

- b. Anr. edition: New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1 Dec. 1943, 37 p., 21 × 13 cm., boards, \$ 1, 'First American Edition';
- c. Included in R. W. Jepson (ed.), *Modern Prose*, London, Longmans, Green & Co., p. 205-26.

EARLY REVIEWS: W. J. Turner in *Spectator* (London), 9 July 1943, p. 40; Ralph Partridge in *New Statesman and Nation* (London), 31 July 1943, p. 76; Edward Weeks in *Atlantic Bookshelf of the Atlantic Monthly* (Boston), Oct. 1943, p. 125; Harry Hansen in *New York World-Telegram* (New York), 1 Dec. 1943; Cyril Clemens in *Springfield Republican* (Springfield, Mass.), 12 Dec. 1943, p. 7c; *New York Times* (New York), 24 Dec. 1943, p. 11f.; Christopher Lazare in *New York Times Book Review* (New York), 16 Jan. 1944, p. 18.

Mainly on the Air (1946)

15. MAINLY ON THE AIR | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | [device : wind-mill, initialled W H, 19 × 18 mm.] | [rule, 67 mm.] | WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD | LONDON :: TORONTO [1946]

COLL: (edges cut: 19.6 × 13 cm.): [A]⁸ B-H⁸ I⁶ (mis-signs I on I₂), 70 leaves, pp. [6] [1-2] 3-132 [133-134].

CONTENTS: prp. [1]: half-title; prp. [2]: *Other Books by Max Beerbohm* . . . [19 works are listed]; prp. [3]: title; prp. [4]: FIRST PUBLISHED 1946 | THIS BOOK IS PRODUCED IN COMPLETE | CONFORMITY WITH THE AUTHORISED | ECONOMY STANDARDS | [short rule] | PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT THE WINDMILL PRESS | KINGSWOOD, SURREY |; prp. [5]: NOTE, signed M. B.; prp. [6]: contents, headed BROADCASTS; p. [1-2] 3-132: text, as follows:

[BROADCASTS:]

London Revisited, p. 3-11 [broadcast 29 Dec. 1935; *Listener* (London), 1 Jan. 1936, p. 2-5; reprinted in part in Hugh and Pauline Massingham (eds), *The London Anthology*, London, Phoenix House, 1950, p. 38]; see 853 f.; Speed, p. 15-23 [broadcast 19 April 1936; *Listener* (London), 22 April 1936, p. 751-4; autograph MS. in Gallatin collection at Harvard]; part of this broadcast reprinted as THE FETISH | OF SPEED [London, The Pedestrians' Association, 1936; edges cut; 21.5 × 14 cm.; [4] p.; no covers; note]; first separate edition; also reprinted in Guy Boas (ed.), *Modern English Prose*, 3rd series, London, Macmillan & Co., 1951, p. 126-35, with Notes on p. 202-3; see 855;

A Small Boy Seeing Giants, p. 27-36 [broadcast 26 July 1936; repeated on

M. B.'s eightieth birthday, 24 Aug. 1952; *Listener* (London), 5 Aug. 1936, p. 239-43; *Living Age* (New York), Oct. 1936, p. 102-7]; see 857 and 909b; Music Halls of My Youth, p. 39-47 [broadcast 18 Jan. 1942; *Listener* (London), 22 Jan. 1942, p. 107-9]; Advertisements, p. 51-9 [broadcast 20 Sep. 1942; *Listener* (London), 24 Sep. 1942, p. 387-9]; Playgoing, p. 63-70 [broadcast 7 Oct. 1945; *Listener* (London), 11 Oct. 1945, p. 397-8]; see 486;

[OTHER THINGS:]

A Note on the Einstein Theory, p. 73-6 [reprinted from *A Variety of Things*; see X, p. 163-7]; From Bloomsbury to Bayswater, p. 79-85 [written 1940; *World Review* (London), Aug. 1940, p. 30-4; *Living Age* (Boston), Oct. 1940, p. 155-8, under the title of A Tale of Two Sections; reprinted in part in Hugh and Pauline Massingham (eds), *The London Anthology*, London, Phoenix House, 1950, p. 41]; Old Carthusian Memories, p. 89-93 [written 1920; *Carthusian* (Godalming), Dec. 1920, p. 34-5]; see 478; The Top Hat, p. 97-102 [written 1940; *World Review* (London), Dec. 1940, p. 11-4]; Fenestralia, p. 105-15 [written 1944; *Cornhill Magazine* (London), Jan. 1944, p. 26-33 (see 950); *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston), April 1944, p. 85-9]; T. Fenning Dodworth, p. 119-132 [reprinted from *A Variety of Things*; see X, p. 141-59]; p. [133-134]: blanks.

BINDING: bright red cloth. Front cover blank. Spine lettered in gold: MAINLY | ON THE | AIR | MAX | BEERBOHM | HEINEMANN |. Back cover: Heinemann's windmill device stamped in blind in lower right corner. The dust-wrapper reproduced in *Books of the Month* (London, Simpkin Marshall, Sep. 1946) was not used on the actual book, but was discarded for a different design.

NOTES: published 2 Sep. 1946 (BM copy stamped 2 Sep. 1946); 8200 copies; price 8s. 6d. For the dates of the broadcasts I have relied on the *Listener*, not on M. B.'s own indications.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

a. Anr. impression: London, William Heinemann, Sep. 1946, 3000 copies,

- 8s. 6d. ['Second Edition' printed on front flap of dust-wrapper];
 b. Anr. edition: New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1947 [actually 26 Dec. 1946],
 vii, 142 p., 18 × 12 cm., 3500 copies, \$ 2, 'A Borzoi Book', 'First American
 Edition';
 c. Braille edition: London, National Institute for the Blind, 28 July 1947,
 2 vols., 136 p., 33 × 26.5 cm., 236 copies, 6d. per volume [Panda Series,
 No. 105].

EARLY REVIEWS: Desmond MacCarthy in *Sunday Times* (London), 1 Sep. 1946, p. 32; C. E. Vulliamy in *Spectator* (London), 6 Sep. 1946, p. 244; *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 7 Sep. 1946, p. 426; J. M. D. P. in *Manchester Guardian* (Manchester), 18 Sep. 1946, p. 3; Conal O'Riordan in *New Statesman and Nation* (London), 26 Oct. 1946, p. 303; Philip Henderson in *British Book News* (London), Dec. 1946, p. 496-7; Edmund Blunden in *Britain To-day* (London), Jan. 1947, p. 37-8; Irwin Edman in *New York Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review* (New York), 26 Jan. 1947, p. 6; Frances Winwar in *New York Times Book Review* (New York), 26 Jan. 1947, p. 4; Charles Duffy in *Commonweal* (New York), 31 Jan. 1947, p. 404; *Booklist* (Chicago), 15 Febr. 1947, p. 182; George Freedley in *Library Journal* (New York), 15 Feb. 1947, p. 322; *Chicago Sun Book Week* (Chicago), 23 Feb. 1947, p. 6; Edward Weeks in *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston), March 1947, p. 128; Rolfe Humphries in *Nation* (New York), 22 March 1947, p. 338; *Christian Science Monitor* (Boston), 5 April 1947, p. 10; *Bookmark* (Albany, N. Y.), 8 May 1947, p. 8; *Theatre Arts* (New York), June 1947, p. 75; Louis Kronenberger in *Saturday Review of Literature* (New York), 21 June 1947, p. 9; *Blackfriars* (Oxford), Feb. 1948, p. 106-7.

2. The Drawings

Caricatures of Twenty-Five Gentlemen (1896)

16. CARICATURES | OF | TWENTY-FIVE GENTLEMEN | BY | MAX
 BEERBOHM | WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY L. RAVEN-HILL |
 [vignette by Aubrey Beardsley, signed A.B., 42 × 33 mm.] | LEONARD
 SMITHERS | 4 AND 5 ROYAL ARCADE: OLD BOND STREET |
 LONDON W | 1896

COLL: (edges cut: 24.7 × 18.7 cm.): π^4 ($\pi_2 + \chi^1$, $\pi_3 + \chi^1$) [1-6⁸ 7²], 56
 leaves, pp. [i-iv] [iv + 1] [iv + 2] [v-vi] [vi + 1] [vi + 2] [vii-viii] [1-100].

CONTENTS: prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: blank; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]:

P. NAUMANN, | 65-71 PENTONVILLE ROAD, LONDON, N. |; prp. [iv + 1]: TO THE SHADE | OF | CARLO PELLEGRINI |; prp. [iv + 2]: blank; prp. [v-vi]: PREFACE, signed L. RAVEN-HILL.; prp. [vi + 1]: CONTENTS; prp. [vi + 2], [vii] and [viii]: blanks; p. [1-100]: 25 numbered wood-engravings, printed on rectos only; each plate preceded by a leaf with descriptive letterpress printed on recto: 1. The Right Hon. The Earl of Rosebery, K. G.; 2. Monsieur Paderewski; 3. Mr. Henry Labouchere; 4. Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero; 5. His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, K. G.; 6. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne; 7. The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M. P.; 8. Mr. Frank Harris; 9. Lord William Nevill; 10. Mr. Rudyard Kipling; 11. The Right Hon. Sir William Vernon V. Harcourt, M. P.; 12. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley; 13. Mr. Robert S. Hichens; 14. The Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M. P.; 15. Mr. Henry Harland; 16. Mr. George Alexander; 17. The Marquis of Queensberry; 18. The Hon. The Warden of Merton [George C. Brodrick]; 19. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P.; 20. Mr. George Bernard Shaw; 21. Sir George Lewis; 22. Mr. George Moore; 23. The Marquis of Granby; 24. Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree; 25. His Royal Highness The Duke of Cambridge, K. G.

BINDING: purple-blue ribbed cloth. Front cover: [title:] CARICATURES | OF | TWENTY-FIVE | GENTLEMEN | BY MAX | BEERBOHM | and large self-caricature by M. B. stamped in gold, within a single-rule border in gold. Spine lettered in gold: [rule] | CARICA- |TURES | OF | TWENTY- | FIVE | GENTLE- | MEN | BY MAX | BEERBOHM | LEONARD | SMITHERS | 1896 | [rule]. Back cover: title-page vignette by Beardsley stamped in gold, 65 × 52 mm. Later bindings-up have the binding 'imprint' Leonard Smithers & Co. at foot of spine (cf. 639, p. 3; 688, p. 82; 906, p. 84).

NOTES: published Dec. 1896 (BM copy stamped 7 Dec. 1896); 500 copies; price 10s. 6d. The project of issuing 25 copies at 42s., with the caricatures coloured by the Artist, was not carried out (cf. 639, p. 3-4). The original drawing for the cover is in the Robert H. Taylor collection.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

The Poets' Corner (1904)

17. [in black and red:] *The POETS' | CORNER |* By MAX | BEERBOHM | LONDON, | WILLIAM HEINEMANN. | 1904.

COLL: (edges cut: 37.5 × 27 cm.): 22 single leaves, stapled, pp. [1-44].

CONTENTS: p. [1]: title; p. [2]: *Copyright 1904. | PRINTED BY | HAZELL, ... | WATSON ... | & VINEY, L^D, | LONDON. ...* |; p. [3]: *LIST OF CONTENTS.* |; p. [4]: blank; p. [5-44]: 20 unnumbered caricatures, in colour, lithographed on rectos only, with descriptive letterpress at bottom: Omar Khayyam; Robert Browning; Goethe; Matthew Arnold [and Mary Augusta Arnold, later Mrs Humphry Ward]; Henrik Ibsen and William Archer; Lord Byron; Walt Whitman; William Watson, Abdul-Hamid, and John Lane; William Wordsworth; Alfred, Lord Tennyson and Queen Victoria; Paul Verlaine; William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon; Samuel Taylor Coleridge; W. B. Yeats and George Moore; Homer; Robert Burns; Dante; Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, and Joseph Chamberlain; Dante Gabriel Rossetti [and Swinburne, Theodore Watts, Meredith, Hall Caine, Whistler, Burne-Jones, William Morris, Holman Hunt, and Ruskin]; Rudyard Kipling.

BINDING: light grey covers. Front cover: self-caricature in black and grey, overprinted in red: *The | POETS' CORNER | By | MAX | BEERBOHM* |. Back cover blank. Early binding state: stiff paper boards; later binding state: stiff paper wrappers, with slightly different size of page (cf. 687, p. 91); my copy has a black cloth back strip.

NOTES: published May 1904 [BM copy stamped 2 May 1904]; price 5s.; number of copies printed unknown, as the early Heinemann records have been destroyed. The drawings were shown at the Carfax Gallery, London, 1904 (see 504). The originals of the drawings of Robert Browning and of Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, and Joseph Chamberlain are in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; see 889; the original of the drawing of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (and others) is owned by Messrs Van Wyck Brooks.

COPIES EXAMINED: R; the BM copy was rebound in 1935.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. issue: New York, Dodd, Mead & Co.; London, William Heinemann, 29 Sep. 1904, 44 p., 37.5 × 27 cm., \$ 1.50. Of this American issue Messrs Dodd, Mead & Co. write: 'We imported 1000 copies (bound) from Heinemann. Part of these were, I believe, remaindered' (information supplied in correspondence);
- b. Anr. edition: London and New York, The King Penguin Books (K 12), Dec. 1943, 16 p., 24 coloured plates, 18 × 12 cm., 50,000 copies, 2s. [misprints *The Poet's Corner* on title-page; introduction, etc., by John Rothenstein; plates 1 to 4 reprinted from *Rossetti and His Circle* (see 22); plates 5 to 24 from *The Poets' Corner*]. See 466, 705, 706 and 976b.

EARLY REVIEWS: *Athenaeum* (London), 28 May 1904, p. 695; D. S. MacColl in *Saturday Review* (London), 28 May 1904, p. 682-3 (see 753).

A Book of Caricatures (1907)

18. A BOOK OF CARICATURES | By MAX BEERBOHM | METHUEN & CO., 36 ESSEX STREET, LONDON, W. C. [1907]

COLL: (all edges cut; top edge gilt: 37.5 × 26.8 cm): 53 single leaves, stabbed in 8 groups of 6 leaves each, and a final group of 5 leaves, pp. [1-106].

CONTENTS: p. [1-2]: blanks; p. [3]: half-title; p. [4-5]: blanks; p. [6]: frontispiece in colour, representing Mr J. S. Sargent, pasted on white cardboard mount; guard sheet with facsimile title on verso; p. [7]: title; p. [8]: *First published in 1907* |; note by M. B., dated *October, 1907.*; p. [9-10].; **CONTENTS**; p. [11-106]: 48 caricatures in half-tone, pasted on rectos of white cardboard mounts; each preceded by guard sheet with roman numeral and description in facsimile on recto: I. Lord Althorp; II. Mr. George Moore & Lord Howard de Walden; III. Mr. Henry Chaplin; IV. Mr. W. J. Locke; V. 'Sem'; VI. Lord de Grey; VII. Mr. Benjamin, Mr. Chaine, & Mr. Arthur Cohen; VIII. Mr. H. G. Wells; IX. Lord Grimthorpe; X. Lord Tweedmouth; XI. Mr. Henry James (in London); XII. The Marquis de Soveral; XIII. M. Coquelin; XIV. Some Members of the New English Art Club; XV. Sir Hedworth Williamson; XVI. Mr. Bernard Shaw; XVII. Lord Northcliffe & Mr. Edmund Gosse; XVIII. Mr. Reginald Turner; XIX. Mr. St. John Hankin; XX. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; XXI. Mr. Claude Lowther; XXII. Lord Lytton; XXIII. M. Brasseur; XXIV. Mr. Walter Sickert; XXV. Mr. Evan Charteris; XXVI. Mr. John Davidson; XXVII. Lord Ribblesdale; XXVIII. Mr. Charles Whibley & Mr. Augustine Birrell; XXIX. Mr. F. E. Smith; XXX. Mr. P. Wilson Steer; XXXI. Mr. Clyde Fitch; XXXII. Lord Weardale; XXXIII. Sir Alexander Mackenzie; XXXIV. Count Benckendorff; XXXV. Sir William Eden; XXXVI. Professor Ray Lankester; XXXVII. Captain Swinton; XXXVIII. M. Jacques Blanche & M. Maurice Maeterlinck; XXXIX. Sir Herbert Stephen; XL. Mr. Hilaire Belloc & Mr. Gilbert Chesterton; XLI. Mr. William Nicholson; XLII. Mr. Winston Churchill; XLIII. Mr. Arthur Balfour; XLIV. Signor Tosti; XLV. Mr. Charles Boyd; XLVI. Mr. R. B. Haldane; XLVII. Mr. Haddon Chambers; XLVIII. Mr. Henry James (in America).

BINDING: bright red boards, with blank red buckram spine, and white paper label on front, lettered in black in three sizes of type, within a single-rule frame, 74 × 100 mm.: *A BOOK OF | CARICATURES | BY | MAX*

BEERBOHM |; below, in smaller type: **METHUEN & CO.** |. Back cover blank. Binding variants: a. light red cloth; b. deeper red cloth, both with dark red buckram spine gold-stamped (cf. 906, p. 226).

NOTES: published Nov. 1907 (BM copy unstamped); 1040 copies; price 21s. Most of the drawings were shown at the Carfax Gallery, London, April 1907; see 505. The originals of Nos. IX and XLVI are in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford (see 889); those of Nos. XXIV and XXX are the property of Sir Alec Martin; No. XI is owned by Mrs Guedalla; No. XXVII is in the Gallatin collection at Harvard.

COPIES EXAMINED: R; the BM copy was rebound in 1925.

Cartoons 'The Second Childhood of John Bull' (1911)

19. [in black and red:] **CARTOONS** | "The Second Childhood | of John Bull" | BY | **MAX BEERBOHM** | [publisher's device, initialled **S S**, 19 × 23 mm.] | LONDON: PUBLISHED BY | **STEPHEN SWIFT & CO. LTD.** | AT 10, JOHN ST., ADELPHI, W. C. [1911]

COLL: (edges cut: 50.3 × 37.5 cm.): [I-34¹], as in the BM copy, or [I-17²], as in the copy owned by me, 34 leaves, pp. [I-68].

CONTENTS: p. [1]: blank; p. [2]: *Produced by Carl Hentschel, L^{td} | 182-3-4, Fleet Street, London, E. C. |*; p. [3]: half-title in red; p. [4]: blank; p. [5]: title; p. [6]: blank; p. [7]: CONTENTS (heading in red); p. [8]: *This series of Cartoons, entitled "The | Second Childhood of John Bull," was drawn | by Mr. Max Beerbohm in 1901. |*; p. [9-68]: 15 unnumbered cartoons, in colour, lithographed on rectos only; each cartoon preceded by a leaf bearing printed caption on verso (in a few cases the facsimile titles are reproduced inaccurately): The Ideal John Bull, 1901; The Real John Bull, 1901; Lest We forget Ourselves: Kimberley—Ladysmith—Mafeking; An Errand of Mercy; St. George and the Dragon; Colenso—Magersfontein—Spion Kop; That Krooger Telegram; To Brother Jonathan; Ireland; The Crusade against Ritualism; De Arte Theatri; De Arte Pictoria; De Arte Poetica [Rudyard Kipling]; Darby and Joan at Dover Castle; The Twentieth Century pressing the English Rose between the pages of History.

BINDING: early binding state: book form: blue-grey boards, with blue cloth spine; front cover lettered in black: **CARTOONS** | BY | **MAX BEERBOHM** |; spine and back cover blank; later binding state: portfolio form: slightly larger

sheets loosely inserted in lettered grey cloth case with tyers; remaindered copies (cf. 687, p. 91-2).

NOTES: published Nov. 1911 (BM copy stamped 20 Nov. 1911); price 21s.; number of copies printed unknown. The cartoons were shown at the Carfax Gallery, London, Nov. 1901; see 503.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

EARLY REVIEW: *Athenaeum* (London), 23 Dec. 1911, p. 802.

Fifty Caricatures (1913)

20. [in black and red, within a heavy single-rule frame, 179 × 128 mm.:] **FIFTY CARICATURES** | by **MAX BEERBOHM** | [device: windmill in square frame, 19 × 19 mm., initialled W·H] | **WILLIAM HEINEMANN** | LONDON MCMXIII

COLL: (edges cut: 22.1 × 17.7 cm.): [A¹] B-O⁴, 56 leaves, pp. [i-iv] v [vi] vii [viii] [1-100] 1-2 [3-4].

CONTENTS: prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: publisher's advertisement, framed by single rule, and headed **WORKS OF WILLIAM NICHOLSON**; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]: *Copyright*; prp. v: **CONTENTS**; prp. [vi]: blank; prp. vii: **CONTENTS—continued**; prp. [viii]: blank; p. [1-96]: 48 caricatures in sepia, tipped on rectos of brown mounts with descriptive letterpress at bottom: 1. Amurath and Amurazze [Balfour]; 2. Mr. Asquith in Office; 3. Dawning of a Horrid Doubt as to the Divine Right; 4. 'The Rising Hope of the Stern, Unbending Tories', Lord Halsbury [Lord Alverstone; F. E. Smith]; 5. On Circuit [Justice Darling]; 6. Mr. Joseph Pennell thinking of the old 'un; 7. Rentrée of Mr. George Moore into Chelsea; 8. Mr. Bernard Shaw [and Max Beerbohm]; 9. Some Ministers of the Crown [Sir Rufus Isaacs]; 10. Sir Edward Carson; 11. Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio; 12. Mr. John Masfield; 13. The Torch [H. B. Irving; Winston Churchill]; 14. M. Rodin; 15. Lord Londonderry and Others [Lord Curzon; the Duke of Devonshire]; 16. Insatiate [Sir Edgar Speyer]; 17. Sir Edward Grey; 18. In St. James's Palace [Charles Brookfield; Mr Bendall]; 19. A Loathsome Proposal [William Archer]; 20. Mr. George Grossmith; 21. Lord Charles Beresford; 22. Mr. Lloyd George and his Guardians; 23. Lord Rosebery; 24. Cecils in Conclave; 25. Mr. Thomas Hardy composing a lyric; 26. Girth [Charles Hawtrey; (Sir) Gerald Du Maurier]; 27. M. Rostand; 28. Mr. Reginald Mc-

Kenna; 29. Lord Alexander Thynne enchanting the Labour Party; 30. Almost like Simony [Harold Begbie; Sir William Robertson Nicoll]; 31. Lord Chesterfield; 32. Cold-Shouldered Yet [Bonar Law]; 33. Gerhart Hauptmann making the most of the Riviera di Levante; 34. Such Good 'Copy'; 35. Signor Caruso; 36. Mr. Balfour—A Frieze; 37. A Milestone [Arnold Bennett]; 38. Evenings in Printing House Square [Lord Northcliffe]; 39. Colonel Seeley; 40. Members of the Academic Committee; 41. Leaders of Cashmiote Society [J. S. Sargent]; 42. Annual Banquet—A Suggestion to the New English Art Club; 43. Mr. Roger Fry; 44. A Study in Democratic Assimilation; 45. The Twentieth Century; 46. Dons of Magdalen; 47. Are we as welcome as ever? 48. Duties and Diversions of this sweeter, simpler Reign [George V]; p. [97-100]: 2 line-drawings, printed on rectos of white leaves, with title at bottom: 1. Mr. Henry Chaplin; 2. Lord Lansdowne; p. 1: press opinions on *Zuleika Dobson*, framed by single rules; p. 2: press opinions on *A Christmas Garland*, framed by single rules; p. [3]: RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED, | BRUNSWICK STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S. E. | AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK |; p. [4]: blank.

BINDING: diced green cloth. Front cover: [stamped in gold, within a single-rule gold frame:] FIFTY CARICATURES | by MAX BEERBOHM | [rule] | [caricature by Artist representing 'triumphant mediocrity' (906, p. 237)]. Spine: [stamped in gold:] FIFTY | CARICA- |TURES | by | MAX | BEERBOHM | HEINEMANN |. Back cover blank.

NOTES: published Oct. 1913 (BM copy stamped 10 Oct. 1913); 3000 copies, less 630 to Dutton; price 6s. Some of these caricatures were included in the first two Exhibitions at the Leicester Galleries; see 507 and 509. The originals of Nos. 21 and 23 are in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford (see 889); those of Nos. 8 and 25 are the property of A. B. Horne and Henry Tozer respectively.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. issue: New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., Nov. 1913, 630 copies, imported from Heinemann, \$ 2;
- b. Anr. impression: London, William Heinemann, Jan. 1914, 1000 copies, 'Second Impression'.

EARLY REVIEWS: *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 16 Oct. 1913, p. 442; *Athenaeum* (London), 25 Oct. 1913, p. 461; *Spectator* (London), 22 Nov. 1913, p. 872; *New York Times Book Review* (New York), 30 Nov.

1913, p. 700; *Bookman* (London), Dec. 1913, p. 177; *Nation* (New York), 11 Dec. 1913, p. 562; *Dial* (Chicago), 16 Dec. 1913, p. 532; *Boston Evening Transcript* (Boston), 20 Dec. 1913, p. 9; *International Studio* (New York), Jan. 1914, p. 246; *Independent* (New York), 23 March 1914, p. 417.

A Survey (1921)

21. A SURVEY | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [device: windmill, 18 × 19 mm.] 21 [rule, 68 mm.] | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

COLL: (top edge cut: 25.5 × 18.8 cm.): π^4 ($\pi_1 + \chi^1$) [1-13¹], 57 leaves, pp. [i-ii] [ii + 1] [ii + 2] [iii-iv] v-viii [1-104].

CONTENTS: prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: [within single rules:] *Other Books by Max Beerbohm* . . . [13 works are listed] | *First printed in 1921 by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk.*; prp. [ii + 1]: blank; prp. [ii + 2]: frontispiece in colour, tipped on yellowish brown mount; guard sheet with descriptive letterpress: Somewhere in the Pacific [Joseph Conrad] on recto; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]: *All but four of the drawings in this book have been chosen from | among many that were shown this year [i.e. May-June, 1921; see 510] at the Leicester Galleries. | These four, which are in a collection made by Mr. Philip Guedalla, | are here "shown" for the first time.* |; prp. v-vi: **EPISTLE DEDICATORY | TO | BRITANNIA** | by M. B., dated *Rapallo. September, 1921.* |; prp. vii-viii: **CONTENTS**; p. [1-102]: 51 tinted caricatures, tipped on rectos of yellowish brown mounts; each caricature preceded by a guard sheet with descriptive letterpress on verso: 1. Mr. Lloyd George; 2. Mr. Balfour, reading; 3. The Future as beheld by the Eighteenth Century; 4. The Future as beheld by the Nineteenth Century; 5. The Future as beheld by the Twentieth Century; 6. Mr. Lytton Strachey, writing; 7. A Translethean Soliloquy; 8. A Study in Temptation; 9. Woodrow Wilson's peace . . . 1920 [Woodrow Wilson; Lloyd George; Clemenceau]; 10. Mr. Gordon Craig, proselytising; 11. Mr. Philip Guedalla, distraught; 12. John Bull and Another [Sir Edward Carson]; 13. St. James's Street Yesterday and To-day; 14. Doctrinaire Socialists in Conclave; 15. Mr. Maurice Hewlett; 16. A Prevision by M. Cambon; 17. Mr. Augustus John and Lord Leverhulme; 18. Blame the Cloth; 19. Mr. Asquith, reading; 20. Sir Philip Sassoon in Strange Company; 21. The Trick Election of 1918 [Lloyd George]; 22. An Enigma in 1920 [Walter Hume Long]; 23. Sir Claude Phillips 'going on'; 24. Mr. [Logan] Pearsall Smith, Mr. [J. C.] Squire, and Mr. [Edward] Shanks; 25. Judicial Criticism; 26. Count Wilhelm von Hohenzollern; 27. Politics; 28. Mr. [Edmund] Gosse reassuring Mr. [George] Moore; 29. 'A Chiel' [Colonel

Repington]; 30. A False Prophecy (let us hope); 31. Paderewski and D'Annunzio; 32. Mr. Belloc at the Vatican [Benedict XV?]; 33. The Cecils Cross Over [Lloyd George]; 34. 'Si Vieillesse Pouvait!'; 35. Independent Liberalism on the hand of Labour; 36. Lord Randolph, and Mr. Winston Churchill; 37. The Mercilessness of Youth; 38. Mr. Stephen Gwynn; 39. The King of Spain [Alfonso XIII]; 40. [Sir Oliver] Lodge and [Sir E. Ray] Lankester, mutually wondering; 41. Lord Spencer, still seeing; 42. Mr. Ralph Nevill, lecturing; 43. A Gentleman Usher [Sir Lionel Henry Cust]; 44. [Georg] Brandes and G. B. S.; 45. Mr. Filson Young; 46. Mr. [W. W.] Jacobs and Sir Gilbert Parker; 47. The Old Pilgrim [Henry James]; 48. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Robey; 49. Mr. Sidney Webb on his Birthday; 50. President Wilson addressing Congress; 51. Mr. [Joseph] Conrad Again; p. [103-104]: blanks.

BINDING: red cloth. Front cover gold-lettered: A Survey | *by* | Max Beerbohm |, within blind single-rule border. Spine lettered in gold: [rule] | A | Survey | *by* | Max | Beerbohm | [rule] | Heinemann |. Back cover: Heinemann's windmill device stamped in blind in lower right corner.

NOTES: published 1 Dec. 1921 (BM copy stamped 2 Dec. 1921); 5000 copies, less 1530 to Doubleday; price 25s. The originals of Nos. 1, 14, 26, 33 and 49 are in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford (see 889); those of Nos. 3, 4 and 5 are in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; the original of No. 28 is in the Gallatin collection at Harvard.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. issue: New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., 10 March 1922 [dated 1921], 1530 copies, imported from Heinemann, \$ 4.
- b. Anr. issue: A SURVEY | [within single rules, in facsimile:] *by* | [self-caricature, 134 × 103 mm.] | *Max* | 1921 | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

COLL: (all edges cut and gilt: 25.4 × 18.3 cm.).

CONTENTS: prp. [ii]: *This Edition, numbered and signed by the author, is limited to | two hundred and seventy-five copies, of which two hundred and | fifty are for sale, and twenty-five for presentation. This is | No. . . . | [signed:] Max Beerbohm | Printed by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk, England. |*; prp. [iv]: *All but four, etc.*; windmill device, 23 × 23 mm.

BINDING: purple cloth, bevelled edges. No rule border on front.

NOTES: published April 1922; price \$ 10.

COPY EXAMINED: Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. (numbered 256); Columbia University Library, New York, has another copy, numbered 101; no copy in BM.

EARLY REVIEWS: *Bookman* (London), Jan. 1922, p. 189-90; *Saturday Review* (London), 7 Jan. 1922, p. 17; *Spectator* (London), 21 Jan. 1922, p. 80; *New York Times Book Review* (New York), 12 March 1922, p. 3; *Springfield Republican* (Springfield, Mass.), 14 April 1922, p. 14; W. McFee in *Literary Review of the New York Evening Post* (New York), 22 April 1922, p. 597; Gilbert Seldes in *Dial* (New York), May 1922, p. 522; *New Republic* (New York), 10 May 1922, p. 323; H. L. Stuart in *Freeman* (New York), 17 May 1922, p. 237.

Rossetti and His Circle (1922)

22. ROSSETTI | AND HIS CIRCLE | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19
[device: windmill, 19 × 18 mm.] 22 | [rule, 71 mm.] | LONDON: WILLIAM
HEINEMANN

COLL: (edges cut: 25.4 × 18.6 cm.): π^6 ($\pi_2 + \chi^1$) [I-I1²], 29 leaves, pp. [2]
[i-ii] [ii + 1] [ii + 2] [iii-iv] v-vii [viii] ix [x] [I-44].

CONTENTS: prp. [1-2]: blanks; prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: [within single rules:] *Other Books by Max Beerbohm* . . . [14 works are listed]; prp. [ii + 1]: blank; prp. [ii + 2]: frontispiece in colour, tipped on stout buff mount; guard sheet with descriptive letterpress [Rossetti in Childhood] on recto; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]: *First printed in 1922 by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk.*; prp. v-vii: NOTE by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1922.; prp. [viii]: blank; prp. ix: CONTENTS; prp. [x]: blank; p. [I-44]: 22 caricatures in colour, tipped on rectos of stout buff mounts; each caricature preceded by a guard sheet with arabic numeral and descriptive letterpress on verso: 1. British Stock and Alien Inspiration [Holman Hunt; John Millais]; 2. Rossetti's Courtship [Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal]; 3. A Momentary Vision that once befell Young Millais; 4. A Remark by Benjamin Jowett [Rossetti]; 5. Coventry Patmore at Spring Cottage [D. G. and Mrs Rossetti]; 6. Ned Jones and Topsy [Burne-Jones; William Morris]; 7. John Ruskin meets Miss Cornforth [Rossetti]; 8. Blue China [Whistler; Carlyle]; 9. Woolner at Farringford [Alfred and Mrs

Tennyson]; 10. Ford Madox Brown patronised by Holman Hunt; 11. The Small Hours in the 'Sixties at 16, Cheyne Walk [Swinburne; D. G. and William Rossetti]; 12. Gabriel and Christina [Rossetti]; 13. George Meredith's Hortation [Rossetti]; 14. William Bell Scott wondering [Rossetti]; 15. Robert Browning introduces a Great Lady [Rossetti]; 16. George Augustus Sala with Rossetti; 17. Swinburne and Mr. Gosse; 18. Mr. Morley brings Mr. [John Stuart] Mill [Rossetti]; 19. Mr. [Frederic] Leighton suggests Candidature; 20. Mr. [Theodore] Watts, Mr. [Frederic James] Shields, and Mr. [Hall] Caine [Rossetti]; 21. The Touch of a Vanished Hand [Charles Augustus Howell?; Rosa Corder?]; 22. Rossetti's Name is heard in America [Oscar Wilde].

BINDING: purple-blue cloth. Front cover lettered in gold: Rossetti | and | His Circle | *by* Max Beerbohm |, within a blind single-rule border. Spine lettered in gold: [rule] | Rossetti | and | His Circle | *by* | Max Beerbohm | [rule] | Heinemann |. Back cover: device of a windmill stamped in blind in lower right corner.

NOTES: published 28 Sep. 1922 (BM copy stamped 28 Sep. 1922); 3500 copies, less 1000 to Doubleday (27 Oct. 1922); price 25s. (\$ 6). The drawings were begun at Far Oakridge, during the First World War. Eighteen of them were shown at the Leicester Galleries, London, in September 1921; see 511. The original water-colours, formerly owned by Hugh Walpole, are now in the Tate Gallery, London. See 724 and 793 f.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. issue: ROSSETTI | AND HIS CIRCLE | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | [drawing of Rossetti within double circle, 70 × 70 mm.] | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

COLL: (all edges cut and gilt): $\pi^6 (\pi_2 + \chi^1, \pi, \pm \pi_3) [1-11^2]$.

CONTENTS: prp. [ii]: *This Edition, numbered and signed by the author, is limited | to three hundred and eighty copies, of which three hundred and | fifty are for sale, and thirty for presentation. This is | No. . . . |* [signed:] Max Beerbohm | *Printed by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk, Eng-land.* |; prp. [iv]: windmill device, 25 × 23 mm., in lower left corner.

BINDING: cream-coloured cloth, bevelled edges. No rule border on front. Back cover blank.

NOTES: published Nov. 1922 (BM copy stamped 23 Dec. 1922); 380 copies, less 50 to Doubleday; the Doubleday copies form a single numbered series with the Heinemann copies (cf. also 906, p. 344-5).

COPY EXAMINED: BM (numbered 261).

EARLY REVIEWS: *Times* (London), 3 Oct. 1922, p. 12d; *Nation* (London), 14 Oct. 1922, p. 49-51; *New York Times* (New York), 5 Nov. 1922, III, p. 7a; Thomas Craven in *New Republic* (New York), 21 Feb. 1923, p. 353-4.

Things New and Old (1923)

23. THINGS | NEW AND OLD | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [device: windmill, 18 × 18 mm.] 23 | [rule, 94 mm.] | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD.

COLL: (edges cut: 28.1 × 21.7 cm.): π^4 ($\pi_1 + \chi^1$) A-M⁴ [N]¹, 54 leaves, pp. [i-ii] [ii + 1] [ii + 2] [iii-vi] vii-viii [1-98].

CONTENTS: prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: [within single rules:] *Other Books by Max Beerbohm* . . . [15 works are listed]; prp. [ii + 1]: blank; prp. [ii + 2]: frontispiece in colour; guard sheet with descriptive letterpress: The Beneficent Despot [Mussolini; Victor Emmanuel III; George V] on recto; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]: *First published 1923. | Printed in Great Britain by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk.* |; prp. [v]: NOTE by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1923.; prp. [vi]: blank; prp. vii-viii: CONTENTS; p. [1-98]: 49 caricatures, printed in half-tone on rectos only; each caricature preceded by a guard sheet with arabic numeral and descriptive letterpress on verso: *TALES OF THREE NATIONS*: 1. England, France and Germany in the early years of the nineteenth century; 2. England, France and Germany, 1815; 3. England, France and Germany in the eighteen-forties; 4. England, France and Germany in the eighteen-sixties; 5. England, France and Germany in the eighteen-seventies; 6. England, France and Germany in the early years of the twentieth century; 7. England, France and Germany, 1914; 8. England, France and Germany, 1919; 9. England, France and Germany, January, 1923; *VARIOUS PERSONS AND IDEAS*: 10. Visits of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to Windsor Castle [Queen Victoria]; 11. Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett; 12. Lord Berners; 13. Diffidence [Sir Arthur Pinero; Joseph Conrad]; 14. Mr. Aldous Huxley; 15. English Fiction—Ancient and Modern; 16. Lord Lascelles inspecting a hat; 17. Mr. E. V. Lucas; 18. The Glasgow

School [Lloyd George]; 19. Mr. Rudyard Kipling; 20. Mr. Osbert, and Mr. Sacheverell, Sitwell; 21. Bohun Lynch, Edmond Kapp, 'Quiz' and another [viz. Max Beerbohm]; 22. Further Economies [the Duke of Devonshire]; 23. Sir Arthur Colefax; 24. The British Drama [Granville-Barker; St John Ervine; Arnold Bennett; Lord Howard de Walden; Bernard Shaw; Henry Arthur Jones; A. B. Walkley; Gordon Craig; William Archer; Masfield; George Moore]; 25. Communist Sunday School; 26. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, much embarrassed; 27. Mr. Frederic Manning; 28. 'The Flourish set on Youth' [the Duke of Connaught]; 29. Echo [Lytton Strachey]; 30. Mr. H. Harris in doubt; 31. A Flask of Bombarolina [Norman Douglas]; 32. Reciprocity; 33. In the Shades [Dr Johnson; Boswell]; *STUDIES IN THE EIGHTEEN-SEVENTIES* [imaginary portraits]; 34. Mr. Ashby Blount-Williamson; 35. Mr. Sergeant Gibbs; 36. Count Zariocinski; 37. Mr. Alfred Nixon; 38. Admiral Sir Japhet Kenway, K. C. B., etc.; 39. Mr. Thomas MacGrath, M. P.; 40. General Sir George Rawlinson, V. C., G. C. M. G., etc.; 41. Mr. Jacob Stanning, R. A.; 42. Sir Archibald Boyd, M. D., F. R. S., etc.; 43. Mr. Ambrose Hart; 44. Sir Herbert Vansittart; 45. Father Vernon; 46. Viscount Westerville; 47. Mr. Justice Blethlake; 48. The Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Hippister; 49. Lord Pentham of Lithway.

BINDING: light brown cloth. Front cover blank. Spine lettered in gold: THINGS | NEW | AND OLD | MAX | BEERBOHM | HEINEMANN |. Back cover: device of a windmill stamped in blind in lower right corner.

NOTES: published 25 Oct. 1923 (BM copy stamped 26 Oct. 1923); 2000 copies, less 750 to Doubleday (23 Nov. 1923); price 25s. (\$ 6). Many of these drawings were shown at the Leicester Galleries, London, June 1923; see 512. The originals of the frontispiece and of No. 11 are in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford (see 889); the original of No. 10 is the property of Mrs Guedalla; No. 29 is in the City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham; No. 19 in the Gallatin collection at Harvard.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM; R.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

a. Anr. issue: London, William Heinemann, 1923.

COLL: (all edges cut and gilt): π^4 ($\pi_1 + \chi^1$) [1-24² 25¹], 54 leaves, pp. [i-ii] [ii + 1] [ii + 2] [iii - iv] v [vi] vii-viii [1-98].

CONTENTS: prp. [ii]: *This edition of "Things New and Old" is limited | to three*

hundred and eighty numbered copies, of which | three hundred and fifty are for sale. Each copy | contains in a pocket at the back an additional print | signed by the Artist. | This is No. . . . | [signed:] Max Beerbohm |; prp. [iv]: Printed in Great Britain by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk. |; prp. v: NOTE by M. B., dated Rapallo, 1923. [text different from that in parent edition]; prp. vii-viii: CONTENTS [extra plate listed]; frontispiece and other caricatures pasted on rectos of buff mounts; extra plate lithographed in colour, entitled: At 21, Bedford Street [Max Beerbohm; T. Byard; C. S. Evans], and signed: Max | 1923, in pocket at end.

BINDING: cream-coloured cloth, bevelled edges. Front cover lettered in gold: Things New | and Old | by Max Beerbohm |. Spine lettered in gold: [rule] | Things | New | and Old | by | Max | Beerbohm | [rule] | Heinemann |. Back cover as in parent edition.

NOTES: published Nov. 1923 (BM copy stamped 11 Dec. 1923); 380 copies, less 50 to Doubleday; price 63s.

COPY EXAMINED: BM (numbered 352).

EARLY REVIEWS: *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 1 Nov. 1923, p. 730; 29 Nov. 1923, p. 803; H. Strachey in *Spectator* (London), 1 Dec. 1923, p. 845; Rollin Kirby in *World* (New York), 16 Dec. 1923, p. 6c; *Yale Review* (New Haven, Conn.), Jan. 1924, Supplement, p. 1-11 [*Tales of Three Nations*].

Observations (1925)

24. OBSERVATIONS | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | 19 [device: wind-mill, 18 × 18 mm.] 25 | [rule, 94 mm.] | LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD

COLL: (edges cut: 28 × 21.7 cm.): [A]⁴ ([A]₁ + χ¹) B-O⁴, 57 leaves, pp. [i-ii] [ii + 1] [ii + 2] [iii-vi] vii-viii [1-104].

CONTENTS: prp. [i]: half-title; prp. [ii]: [within single rules:] *Other Books by Max Beerbohm . . .* [16 works are listed]; prp. [ii + 1]: blank; prp. [ii + 2]: frontispiece in colour; guard sheet with descriptive letterpress [Lord Balfour] on recto; prp. [iii]: title; prp. [iv]: *First published 1925 | Printed in Great Britain by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk. |*; prp. [v-vi]: dedication, headed TO | EDMUND GOSSE |, and dated Rapallo. July 18, 1925.; prp. vii-viii:

CONTENTS; p. [1-102]: 51 caricatures, printed in half-tone on rectos only; each caricature preceded by a guard sheet with arabic numeral and descriptive letterpress on verso: *VARIOUS PERSONS AND IDEAS*: 1. Parerga of Statesmanship; 2. Mr. Osbert and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell; 3. Mr. Walter De La Mare gaining inspiration; 4. Mr. Duff Cooper and Lord Birkenhead; 5. Deep but Dubious Impression made by Mr. Austen Chamberlain in Paris; 6. Civilisation and the Industrial System; 7. The Poor Relation; 8. Things in General; 9. Logic and Mathematics Reconciled [Bertrand Russell]; 10. Lord Balfour quotes from one of his Gifford Lectures; 11. Our Abbey [Lord Byron; H. E. Ryle, Dean of Westminster]; 12. Mr. John Drinkwater; 13. Swinburne and Jowett; 14. 'Stephen Hudson' [i.e. Sydney Schiff]; 15. Let Justice be Done [Clement Shorter; Alexander Nelson Hood]; 16. The Governing Classes and Communism; 17. Back at Chequers. (1924) [Baldwin]; 18. 'Vision'. (1925) [Baldwin]; 19. Miniature Design for Colossal Fresco; 20. Some Persons of 'The Nineties' [Beardsley; Max Beerbohm; Conder; Harland; Le Gallienne; Moore; Rothenstein; Sickert; Symons; Wilde; Yeats]; 21. Sir William Joynson-Hicks; 22. Mr. Frank Brangwyn; 23. Two Dear Little Sisters; 24. Recurrent Alarms [Max Beerbohm]; 25. Mr. Norman Davey, quoting Catullus; 26. Marianne's Creditors. (December, 1924); 27. The Prince of Wales in New York. (1924); 28. Mr. Lytton Strachey; 29. Sweet Fancies and Hard Facts [Ramsay MacDonald]; 30. One of Fortune's Favourites [Baron Henri de Rothschild]; 31. 'Mr. Shaw's Apotheosis'; 32. 'Class-Consciousness'; 33. The Insurgence of Youth; *THE OLD AND THE YOUNG SELF*: 34. Sir Edmund Gosse; 35. Mr. H. G. Wells; 36. Lord Chesterfield; 37. Mr. Maurice Baring; 38. Mr. Cunninghame Graham; 39. Mr. Walter Sickert; 40. Mr. Lloyd George; 41. Mr. Rudyard Kipling; 42. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby; 43. Joseph Conrad; 44. Mr. Augustus John; 45. Lord Oxford; 46. Professor William Rothenstein; 47. Mr. George Moore; 48. Mr. Baldwin; 49. Mr. [James] Pryde and Mr. [William] Nicholson; 50. Mr. Arnold Bennett; 51. Mr. Bernard Shaw; p. [103-104]: blanks.

BINDING: yellow cloth. Front cover blank. Spine lettered in gold: OBSERV- | ATIONS | MAX | BEERBOHM | HEINEMANN |. Back cover: device of a windmill stamped in blind in lower right corner.

NOTES: published 22 Oct. 1925 (BM copy stamped 22 Oct. 1925); 1000 copies, less 750 to Doubleday (10 Dec. 1925); price 25s. (\$ 7.50). The drawings were shown at the Leicester Galleries, London, April-May 1925; see 513. The originals of Nos. 3, 5, 20, 28, 34 and 44 are in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford (see 889); those of Nos. 14, 46 and 51 are the property of Mrs Violet Schiff, Sir John Rothenstein, and Major E. Beddington Behrens respectively.

COPY EXAMINED: BM.

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

a. Anr. impression: London, William Heinemann, 1926.

COLL: (all edges cut and gilt): $\pi^4 (\pi_1 + \chi^1)$ [1-25² 26¹], 56 leaves, pp. [i-ii] [ii + 1] [ii + 2] [iii-vi] vii-viii [1-102].

CONTENTS: prp. [ii]: *This edition of "Observations" is limited to | Two hundred and eighty copies, of which Two | hundred and fifty are for sale. | Each copy contains in a pocket at the back an | additional print signed by the Artist. | This is No. . . .* [signed:] Max Beerbohm |; prp. [ii + 2]: frontispiece in colour [as in parent edition] tipped on grey mount; prp. [iv]: *Printed in Great Britain by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk.*; prp. vii-viii: CONTENTS [extra plate listed]; frontispiece and other caricatures tipped on rectos of grey mounts; extra plate lithographed in colour, entitled: School for those about to become Cartoonists [Max Beerbohm], and signed: Max, in pocket at end.

BINDING: light green cloth, bevelled edges. Front cover lettered in gold: Observations | by Max Beerbohm |. Spine lettered in gold: [rule] | Observ- | ations | by | Max | Beerbohm | [rule] | Heinemann |. Back cover blank.

NOTES: published Jan. 1926 (BM copy stamped 25 Jan. 1926); 275 copies, less 50 to Doubleday; price 63s.

COPIES EXAMINED: BM (numbered 253); R (numbered 123).

EARLY REVIEWS: Bohun Lynch in *Saturday Review* (London), 7 Nov. 1925, p. 540; *Spectator* (London), 26 Dec. 1925, p. 1192; *World* (New York), 27 Dec. 1925, p. 6m; *Saturday Review of Literature* (New York), 2 Jan. 1926, p. 461; T. Craven in *New York Herald Tribune Books* (New York), 7 Feb. 1926, p. 1; Helen MacAfee in *Yale Review* (New Haven, Conn.), July 1926, p. 813.

Heroes and Heroines of Bitter Sweet (1931)

25. [in blue:] HEROES AND HEROINES | OF | BITTER SWEET | BY | MAX BEERBOHM [1931]

COLL: (edges cut: 40 × 28.7 cm.): 8 single leaves of grey-blue cardboard, pp. [1-16].

CONTENTS: p. [1]: title; p. [2]: blank; p. [3]: CONTENTS [in blue]; p. [4]: blank; p. [5-16]: facsimile of MS. note, signed: Max Beerbohm, and 5 'sentimental' drawings in colour of members of the cast of Noel Coward's play *Bitter Sweet* (1929), tipped on rectos; each leaf preceded by grey-blue paper guard sheet with title printed in blue on recto: 1. Mr. Noel Coward; 2. Mr. Georges Metaxa as "Carl Linden"; 3. Miss Peggy Wood as "Sari Linden"; 4. Mr. Charles B. Cochran; 5. Miss Ivy St. Helier as "Manon".

BINDING: portfolio; stiff grey-blue boards; white vellum spine. Front cover lettered in gold: HEROES AND HEROINES | OF | BITTER SWEET | BY | MAX BEERBOHM |. Spine and back cover blank. White paper label lettered in black [within double-rule frame, 32 × 47 mm.:] *This is No. . . . of the | edition of nine hundred copies of | the portfolio of "Heroes and | Heroines of Bitter Sweet" by | Max Beerbohm. |*, pasted on reverse of front cover in lower left corner.

NOTES: published May (?) 1931, by Messrs Leadlay, Ltd (of 6, Clement's Inn, London, W. C. 2?); price 21s. No copy in BM. The drawings were made during a recent visit to England. See 845.

COPY EXAMINED: R (numbered 741).

SUBSEQUENT PRINTINGS:

- a. Anr. issue: London, Leadlay, Ltd, May (?) 1931 (BM copy stamped 13 Feb. 1931). The label reads: *This is No. . . . of the | edition of a hundred copies of | the portfolio of "Heroes and | Heroines of Bitter Sweet" by | Max Beerbohm. | Each plate signed by the subject | of the caricature. |* [the signatures occur at bottom of mounts]. Copy examined: BM (numbered 43); but this copy was bound in 1931.

iii. UNCOLLECTED PROSE

1. Essays

26. The Incomparable Beauty of Modern Dress [signed: H. M. Beerbohm], *Spirit Lamp* (Oxford), June 1893, p. 90-8. See 830.
27. An Evening of Peculiar Delirium, *Sketch* (London), 24 July 1895.
28. Ex Cathedra IV—A Word to Mr. Edgar L. Simon, *To-Morrow* (London), July-Dec. 1896, p. 380-3 [M. B. on an economic question: the price of sugar].

The following essays appeared in the *Daily Mail* (London), under the heading: 'A Commentary made by Max Beerbohm':

29. The Best Club in Kensington, 2 Jan. 1897, p. 4.
30. More of the Kensington Parliament, 9 Jan. 1897, p. 4.
31. The Apotheosis of Henry Labouchere, 6 Feb. 1897, p. 4.
32. Mr. Le Gallienne's New Book, 13 Feb. 1897, p. 4 [*The Quest of the Golden Girl*].
33. The Anger of Admiral Field, 20 Feb. 1897, p. 4.
34. The National Liberal Club, 6 March 1897, p. 4.
35. The Policy of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, 13 March 1897, p. 4.
36. Suggested by the Bookmakers' Doom, 20 March 1897, p. 4.
37. The Boat Race, 27 March 1897, p. 4.
38. Certain Old Customs, 3 April 1897, p. 4.
39. Timely Observations, 10 April 1897, p. 4.
40. Envoi, 17 April 1897, p. 4. See 574.
41. Words of Consolation and of Caution to Mr. Jerome, *Saturday Review* (London), 12 June 1897, p. 653-4 [discusses Mr. Jerome's recent work]. See 519.
42. Words for Pictures.—II. 'The Battle of Sant' Egidio, 1416'. A Painting by Paolo Uccello, in the National Gallery, *Saturday Review* (London), 30 April 1898, p. 589-90. See also s.v. III.
43. Words for Pictures.—II. 'The Author of 'Our Village''. 'A Pen-Portrait by Maclise, *Saturday Review* (London), 30 April 1898, p. 590. See also s.v. III.
44. 'Musidora' Bathing her Feet', a Painting by Thomas Gainsborough; 'Cricket', a coloured Wood-engraving, by William Nicholson, *Saturday Review* (London), 13 Aug. 1898, p. 199-200. See also s.v. III.
45. Many Happy Returns, *London Life* (London), 17 Sep. 1898, p. 11-2.
46. Where to Go, *Academy* (London), 10 June 1899, p. 631.
47. Ermine and Motley, *Cornhill Magazine* (London), July 1900, p. 68-74.
48. London Lorn, *Traveller* (London), 3 Nov. 1900, p. 99.
49. The Flight out of London, *Traveller* (London), 10 Nov. 1900, p. 147-8.
50. 'Tipping', *Traveller* (London), 8 June 1901, p. 272.
51. 'Marche Comique', a painting by Jean Baptiste Pater, *New Liberal Review* (London), July 1901, p. 761-2. See also s.v. III.
52. 'Don Baltasar Carlos in the Riding School', a painting by Velasquez, now exhibited at the Guildhall, *New Liberal Review* (London), July 1901, p. 762-4. See also s.v. III.
53. Counsel in Season, *Pall Mall Magazine* (London), Aug. 1901, p. 564-8.
54. Christmas in London, *Pall Mall Magazine* (London), Dec. 1901, p. 563-7.

55. A Needed Noun, *Academy* (London), 8 Feb. 1902, p. 149-50 [advocates the use of the noun 'prosaist' instead of the impossible 'writer of prose', and defends the rights of prose as an art as opposed to poetry].
56. The New British Academy, *New Liberal Review* (London), March 1902, p. 181-3.

The series *Max Beerbohm in Italy* appeared in the *Daily Mail* (London), as follows:

57. I.—He arrives, 8 Nov. 1906, p. 6.
58. II.—He visits Venice, 9 Nov. 1906, p. 6.
59. III.—A City without Flowers, 14 Nov. 1906, p. 6.
60. IV.—Venetian Pictures, 15 Nov. 1906, p. 6.
61. V.—Roving through Venice, 21 Nov. 1906, p. 6.
62. VI.—He goes to Padua, but—, 27 Nov. 1906, p. 6.
63. VII.—He reaches Verona, 3 Dec. 1906, p. 6.
64. VIII.—On sight-seeing, 11 Dec. 1906, p. 6.
65. IX.—Florence, old and new, 17 Dec. 1906, p. 6.
66. X.—Envoi, 27 Dec. 1906, p. 6. See X, s.v. A Stranger in Venice.
67. From a Brother's Standpoint, in *Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Some Memories of him and of his Art Collected by Max Beerbohm*, London, Hutchinson, [1920], p. 187-202. See 8.
68. A PEEP INTO THE PAST | By | MAX BEERBOHM | PRIVATELY PRINTED | 1923 [New York, Max Harzof (G. A. Baker & Co.)]. Unauthorized (cf. 12a, p. viii-x) first edition of the essay written by M. B. for the first number of the *Yellow Book*, but held over to make way for the author's A Defence of Cosmetics; see I, s.v. The Pervasion of Rouge. The essay is a delicate, good-natured satire of Oscar Wilde, in which the arch-Decadent is represented as a domesticated old gentleman. It is done in a technique which the author was to employ in certain of his later caricatures (e.g. in 22, No. 3). [Edges cut; 28 × 17.5 cm.; 16 numbered leaves; leaves 2-16 printed on one side only; light brown boards, cloth spine; paper labels on front and spine; title-page with coloured caricatures of Wilde; introduction by Ernest Boyd, p. 3-4; facsimile of MS. with same caricatures as on title-page; 'This edition is limited to 300 copies printed from type on Japan vellum'; type distributed]; copies in Ashley Library, British Museum (press-mark 4697), Library of Congress, and Columbia University Library. The original MS. is in the Berg collection at the New York Public Library. See 737.
69. Meditations of a Refugee, in E. V. Lucas (ed.), *The Book of the Queen's*

- Dolls' House Library*, London, Methuen & Co., 1924 [contains facsimile reproduction of a page of the MS.].
- 69a. Charterhouse in the Eighties, *Greyfriar* (school periodical, Charterhouse), 1927, p. 147-9 [with drawings; anonymous, but indexed under M. B., and obviously by him].
70. Two Glimpses of Andrew Lang, *Life and Letters* (London), June 1928, p. 1-11.
71. Punting, in *The New Forget-Me-Not. A Calendar*. Decorated by Rex Whistler, London, Cobden-Sanderson, 1929, p. 43-4.
72. Suppose—, in *The New Keepsake*, London, Cobden-Sanderson, 1931, p. 76-8.
- 72a. A Sight that Gladdened Me, in *Oxford* (published by the Oxford University Press, London, for the Oxford Society), vol. I, No. 2, Winter 1934, p. 25-9.
- 72b. A Short but True Story, *Abinger Chronicle* (Dorking, Surrey), Nov. 1940, p. 103-5.
73. Then and Now. By Vera Lady Elderton. (Communicated to 'The Spectator' by Max Beerbohm), *Spectator* (London), 22 Nov. 1940, p. 519-20.
- 73a. Remembered Meals, *Abinger Chronicle* (Dorking, Surrey), Sep.-Oct. 1942, p. 35-8. MS. owned by J. G. Riewald; see Plate II; reprinted in L. Grooten, J. Riewald and Th. Zwartkruis (eds), *A Book of English and American Literature*, Bussum, Paul Brand, 1953.
74. Nat Goodwin—and Another [viz. Hall Caine; written 1912; broadcast 3 June 1949], *Listener* (London), 9 June 1949, p. 967-9; *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston), Aug. 1949, p. 33-7. The typescript of this essay is in the Harvard Library.
75. George Moore [written 1912 or 1913; broadcast 6 Oct. 1950], *Listener* (London), 2 Nov. 1950, p. 465-7; *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston), 9 Dec. 1950, p. 34-9.
- 75a. Tribute to Sir Desmond MacCarthy [broadcast 22 June 1952], *Listener* (London), 26 June 1952, p. 1031.

2. Dramatic Criticisms

Note: This list contains all the uncollected articles written by M. B. for the *Saturday Review* (London) in his capacity as dramatic critic.

76. Gibbies Oblige, 9 April 1898, p. 482-3 [William Heinemann, *Summer Moths*].
77. Mr. Shaw's Profession, I and II, 14 May 1898, p. 651-2; 21 May 1898, p. 679 [*Mrs Warren's Profession*].

78. 'The Beauty Stone', 4 June 1898, p. 744-5 [A. W. Pinero and J. W. Comyns Carr, *The Beauty Stone*].
79. 'The Ambassador', 11 June 1898, p. 775-6 [Mrs Pearl M. T. Craigie ('John Oliver Hobbes'), *The Ambassador*].
80. Two Plays, 18 June 1898, p. 815-6 [R. Marshall, *His Excellency the Governor*; 'Stepniak', *The Convert*].
81. 'Pelleas and Melisande', and Sarah, 25 June 1898, p. 843-4 [Maeterlinck, *Pelléas and Mélisande*].
82. Ragged Robin, 2 July 1898, p. 11 [L. N. Parker, *Ragged Robin*].
83. A Poor Farce, 16 July 1898, p. 73-4 ['A. Vicarson', *The Vicar's Dilemma*].
84. Intercalary, 23 July 1898, p. 106-7.
85. At Cowes, 20 Aug. 1898, p. 232-3.
86. A Startled Faun, 3 Sep. 1898, p. 308-9 [G. R. Sims, *The Gipsy Earl*].
87. 'The Termagant', 10 Sep. 1898, p. 341 [L. N. Parker and S. Murray Carson, *The Termagant*].
88. Mr. George Bancroft as Casabianca, 17 Sep. 1898, p. 374-5 [G. P. Bancroft, *Teresa*; A. Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*].
89. 'The Great Ruby', etc., 24 Sep. 1898, p. 405-6 ['Cecil Raleigh' and H. Hamilton, *The Great Ruby*].
90. Max, Mr. Archer, and Others, 15 Oct. 1898, p. 498-9 [W. Archer].
91. An Awful Warning, 22 Oct. 1898, p. 534-5 [A. Hope and E. Rose, *When a Man's in Love*].
92. Mr. Davidson and his Play, 29 Oct. 1898, p. 576-7 [J. Davidson, *Godfrida*].
93. Mr. Jones, 5 Nov. 1898, p. 603-5 [H. A. Jones, *The Manœuvres of Jane*].
94. 'The Jest', 19 Nov. 1898, p. 669-70 [S. Murray Carson and L. N. Parker, *The Jest*].
95. Dumas Debased, 26 Nov. 1898, p. 703-4 [H. Jay and R. Buchanan, *Two Little Maids from School (Les Demoiselles de St Cyr)*].
96. One Thing and Another, 17 Dec. 1898, p. 813-4 ['H. V. Esmond', *Cupboard Love*; F. W. Sidney, *The Brixton Burglary*].
97. A Play and a Book, 24 Dec. 1898, p. 845-6 [A. Roberts, *Milord Sir Smith*].
98. Two Pantomimes, 31 Dec. 1898, p. 878-9 [*Ali Baba*; *Dick Whittington*].
99. R. I. P., 7 Jan. 1899, p. 14-5 [review of English drama in 1898; M. Ambient and W. Heriot, *A Little Ray of Sunshine*].
100. An Exquisite Matinée, 21 Jan. 1899, p. 76-7 [*Matches*].
101. Pat and Sandy, 28 Jan. 1899, p. 106-8 [E. Martyn, *The Heather Field*].
102. Olla Podrida, 4 Feb. 1899, p. 139-40 [A. Boucicault and O. Shillingford, *A Court Scandal*].
103. Oxford Revisited, 18 Feb. 1899, p. 203-4 [*A Midsummer Night's Dream*]; reprinted, under the title of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' in Oxford,

- in *Recreations and Reflections. Being Middles from the 'Saturday Review'*, London, J. M. Dent, 1902, p. 153-9.
104. Pinerobertsoniana, 25 Feb. 1899, p. 233-4 [T. W. Robertson, *Ours*; A. W. Pinero, *Sweet Lavender*; F. Wills and F. Langbridge, *The Only Way*].
 105. More from Maeterlinck, 4 March 1899, p. 268-9 [Maeterlinck's dramas; Mrs Pearl M. T. Craigie ('John Oliver Hobbes'), *A Repentance*].
 106. A Triptych, 11 March 1899, p. 301-2 [*The Cuckoo*, adapted by C. H. E. Brookfield; L. N. Parker, *The Mayflower*].
 107. Silet, Sapit, 25 March 1899, p. 365.
 108. Two Comedies, 15 April 1899, p. 459-60 [A. W. Pinero, *The Gay Lord Quex*; C. Haddon Chambers, *The Tyranny of Tears*].
 109. Background in Foreground, 22 April 1899, p. 491-2 [Sardou, *Robespierre*; H. A. Jones, *Carnac Sahib*].
 110. Mr. Rose Rampages, 29 April 1899, p. 524-5 [E. Rose, *In Days of Old*].
 111. In Dublin, 13 May 1899, p. 586-8 [W. B. Yeats, *The Countess Cathleen*; E. Martyn, *The Heather Field*].
 112. 'Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of', 20 May 1899, p. 622-3 [Calderón, *La Vida es Sueño*, adapted by E. FitzGerald].
 113. Mr. Carton's New Play, 27 May 1899, p. 652-3 ['R. C. Carton', *Wheels within Wheels*].
 114. Playwrights and their Betters, 3 June 1899, p. 682-3.
 115. Two Very Different Things, 10 June 1899, p. 718-9 [C. Fitch, *The Cowboy and the Lady*; E. Martyn, *The Heather Field*].
 116. No Common Denominator, 24 June 1899, p. 781-2 [M. L. Ryley, *An American Citizen*; Sir Edward G. Bulwer-Lytton, *Richelieu*; G. G. A. Murray, *Carlyon Sahib*].
 117. The Art Workers' Masque: As Drama, 1 July 1899, p. 10-1.
 118. The Old Pack, 8 July 1899, p. 42-3 [Sir Francis C. Burnand, *The Lady of Ostend*].
 119. Discursion, 15 July 1899, p. 71-2 [Charles Klein, *El Capitan*; B. Thomas and H. Granville-Barker, *The Weather Hen*].
 120. Ibsen, After All, 22 July 1899, p. 101-2 [G. M. C. Brandes's book, *Ibsen and Björnson*].
 121. The Flavour of the Lees, 29 July 1899, p. 131-2.
 122. 'The Degenerates', 9 Sep. 1899, p. 325-6 [S. Grundy, *The Degenerates*; G. H. Broadhurst, *The Last Chapter*].
 123. 'The Ghetto', and Other Plays, 16 Sep. 1899, p. 356-7 [H. Heyermans, *The Ghetto*; M. L. Ryley, *An American Citizen*; Shakespeare, *Richard the Third*].
 124. At Drury Lane, 23 Sep. 1899, p. 388-9 ['Cecil Raleigh', *Hearts are Trumps*].

125. 'King John' and Other Plays, 30 Sep. 1899, p. 420-2 [Shakespeare, *King John*; C. B. Fernald, *The Moonlight Blossom*; F. K. Peile, *An Interrupted Honeymoon*].
126. A Melodrama and its Makers, 14 Oct. 1899, p. 483-4 [W. Barrett and L. N. Parker, *Man and his Makers*].
127. Greeba in London, 21 Oct. 1899, p. 515-6 [H. Caine, *The Christian*; R. Marshall, *A Royal Family*]. See 524.
128. Two Plays, 4 Nov. 1899, p. 579-80 [S. Grundy, *The Black Tulip*; L. N. Parker, *Captain Birchell's Luck*].
129. A Plea for the Mimes, 11 Nov. 1899, p. 611-2 [S. Jones's book, *The Actor and his Art*].
130. Miss Fletcher's Play, 25 Nov. 1899, p. 675-6 [*The Canary*].
131. Bellona in Oxford Street, 2 Dec. 1899, p. 702-3 [Kipling, *The Absent-Minded Beggar, or For Queen and Country*].
132. 'Children of the Ghetto', 16 Dec. 1899, p. 763-4 [I. Zangwill, *Children of the Ghetto*; Charles Klein, *The Mystical Miss*].
133. Ancient and Modern, 23 Dec. 1899, p. 795-7 [Molière, *Don Juan*; J. K. Jerome, *Miss Hobbs*].
134. Two Farces, 13 Jan. 1900, p. 44-5 [C. Fitch, *The Masked Ball*; Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*].
135. At 'Her Majesty's', 20 Jan. 1900, p. 77-8 [*A Midsummer Night's Dream*].
136. Mr. Anthony Hope's Talent, 10 Feb. 1900, p. 169-70.
137. 'Dandy Dick', 17 Feb. 1900, p. 200-1 [A. W. Pinero, *Dandy Dick*].
138. At the Adelphi, 17 March 1900, p. 330-1 [Laurence B. Irving]. See 525.
139. At the Lyceum, 24 March 1900, p. 359-60 [*Richard II* and *Twelfth Night*].
140. 'The Man of Forty', 31 March 1900, p. 391-2 [W. Frith, *The Man of Forty*]; this article is not signed.
141. Acting Good and Evil, 7 April 1900, p. 424-5 [Sheridan, *The Rivals*; Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*].
142. 'Samson Agonistes' and 'Zaza', 21 April 1900, p. 489 [Milton, *Samson Agonistes*; D. Belasco, *Zaza*].
143. Mr. Carton's Play, 5 May 1900, p. 556-7 ['R. C. Carton', *Lady Huntworth's Experiment*].
144. Lord Hopetoun's Unstrengthened Hands, 19 May 1900, p. 615-6 [licensing-system; C. H. E. Brookfield, *Kenyon's Widow*].
145. A Migniard Play, 2 June 1900, p. 680-1 [E. Rostand, *The Fantasticks (Les Romanesques)*].
146. 'Rip Van Winkle', 9 June 1900, p. 712-3 [D. Boucicault, *Rip Van Winkle*].
147. Demos' Mirror, 21 July 1900, p. 80-1 [Music-halls].
148. Drama of this Year, 28 July 1900, p. 112-3 [the past theatrical season; E. O'Connor, *Madame Delphine*].

149. The St. James's Theatre, 8 Sep. 1900, p. 296-8 [S. Grundy, *A Debt of Honour*].
150. Caesar and Cromwell, 15 Sep. 1900, p. 327-9 [Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*; C. Cartwright, a. o., *Colonel Cromwell*]. See 526 and 527.
151. Farce for Merrie England, 22 Sep. 1900, p. 359-60 [P. Decourcelle, *Self and Lady*].
152. A Hint to the Druriocracy, 29 Sep. 1900, p. 393-4 ['Cecil Raleigh', *The Price of Peace*].
153. This Inimpossible Mr. Jones, 13 Oct. 1900, p. 458-9 [H. A. Jones, *Mrs Dane's Defence*].
154. Advice to Old Playgoers, 20 Oct. 1900, p. 490-1.
155. 'Style' and the Stage, 27 Oct. 1900, p. 516-8 [R. Marshall, *The Noble Lord*].
156. Enter Mr. Frank Harris, 3 Nov. 1900, p. 551-2 [F. Harris, *Mr and Mrs Daventry*]. See 498.
157. 'Herod', 10 Nov. 1900, p. 584-5 [S. Phillips, *Herod*].
158. 'Herod' as Dramaturgy, 17 Nov. 1900, p. 614-6 [S. Phillips, *Herod*].
159. Aeschylus made Ridiculous, 24 Nov. 1900, p. 644-5 [*Agamemnon*].
160. Two Plays, 1 Dec. 1900, p. 681-2 [Mrs Pearl M. T. Craigie ('John Oliver Hobbes'), *The Wisdom of the Wise*; R. Marshall, *Second in Command*].
161. A Satire on Romantic Drama, 8 Dec. 1900, p. 719-20 [L. N. Parker, *The Swashbuckler*; and on the death of Oscar Wilde].
162. 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion', 29 Dec. 1900, p. 818-9 [Shaw, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*; P. Carr and Sir Nigel Playfair, *Struwwelpeter*].
163. Shakespeare in Two Directions, 5 Jan. 1901, p. 14-5 [*Henry V* and *The Taming of the Shrew*].
164. 'The Merchant of Venice', 19 Jan. 1901, p. 76-7.
165. 'Twelfth Night', 9 Feb. 1901, p. 171-2.
166. Metropolitan, Transmarine, and Transpontine, 16 Feb. 1901, p. 205-6 [C. Haddon Chambers, *The Awakening*; E. Pailleron, *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*].
167. Melodrama and the Seventh Standard, 23 March 1901, p. 368-9 [M. Wallerton and F. Gilbert, *Under False Colours*].
168. 'Hamlet' in Panton Street, 30 March 1901, p. 401-2.
169. Mr. Lyall Swete in Two Plays, 6 April 1901, p. 437-8 [G. Hauptmann, *Lonely Lives*; R. Filippi, *The Bennets*, adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice*].
170. 'Coriolanus' and Other Plays, 27 April 1901, p. 536-7 [Basil Hood, *Sweet and Twenty*].
171. Three Plays, 18 May 1901, p. 631-2 [Ibsen, *The Pillars of Society*; W.

Grossmith, *The Night of the Party*; G. R. Sims and L. Merrick, *A Woman in the Case*].

172. Phillips and Philistinism, 25 May 1901, p. 669-70 [S. Phillips].
173. Several Theatres, 1 June 1901, p. 702-3 [J. Echegaray, *Mariana*; H. A. Jones, *The Case of Rebellious Susan*; 'R. C. Carton', *Wheels within Wheels*; Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*].
174. Mainly About Mimes, 8 June 1901, p. 737-8.
175. A Bibliomantic View of the Stage, 6 July 1901, p. 13-4 [on Professor Walter Raleigh's views].
176. Phèdre and Mascarille, 13 July 1901, p. 44-5 [Molière, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*].
177. In a Music Hall, 20 July 1901, p. 76-7.
178. 'Every-man', 27 July 1901, p. 107-8 [the medieval morality].
179. Two Padded Plays, 21 Sep. 1901, p. 363-4 ['H. V. Esmond', *When We Were Twenty-One*; 'R. C. Carton', *The Undercurrent*].
180. Parlour Melodrama, 19 Oct. 1901, p. 494-6 [I. Henderson, *The Mummy and the Humming Bird*].
181. Luck Among Theatres, 26 Oct. 1901, p. 523-4.
182. Two Plays, Professional and Amateur, 9 Nov. 1901, p. 586-7 ['H. V. Esmond', *The Sentimentalist*; L. L. Clifford, *The Likeness of the Night*].
183. Ought Theatres to be Rased?, 23 Nov. 1901, p. 647-8 [censorship].
184. The Power of Inexpert Criticism, 14 Dec. 1901, p. 739-40.
185. Two of the Christmas Plays, 28 Dec. 1901, p. 802-3 [Sir Edward A. Parry, *Katawampus*].
186. An Anomaly in Theatrical Ethics, 4 Jan. 1902, p. 13-4.
187. Mr. Grundy in Two Samples, 11 Jan. 1902, p. 44-5 [*Frocks and Frills* and *A Pair of Spectacles*, adaptations from the French by S. Grundy].
188. 'Ulysses', 8 Feb. 1902, p. 170-1 [S. Phillips].
189. The Lyric, the Garrick, and the O.U.D.S., 15 Feb. 1902, p. 204-5 [M. L. Ryley, *Mice and Men*; A. Hope, *Pilkerton's Peerage*; Shakespeare, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*].
190. A Triple Bill, 8 March 1902, p. 295-6 [*Caesar's Wife*, adapted from P. Hervieu's *L'Enigme* by F. Harris and Max Beerbohm]. See 499.
191. A Tragedy and a Curtain-raiser, 15 March 1902, p. 332-3 [S. Phillips, *Paolo and Francesca*].
192. An Indiscreet Play, 22 March 1902, p. 363-4 [H. A. Jones, *The Princess' Nose*].
193. Drury Lane, and Wyndham's, 19 April 1902, p. 490-1 [Lady Bell, *Ben-Hur*; J. D. Morgan, *The End of a Story*].
194. Two Antique Novelties in Drama, 3 May 1902, p. 555-6 [W. G. Wills, *Faust*; T. W. Robertson, *Caste*].

195. *The Threshold of a Theatre*, 10 May 1902, p. 595-6 [G. S. Street, *Miss Bramshott's Engagement*].
196. *Miss Syrett's Play*, 17 May 1902, p. 633-4 [N. Syrett, *The Finding of Nancy*].
197. *Mr. Hawtrey, Recurring*, 31 May 1902, p. 695-6 [G. Arliss, *There and Back*].
198. *A New Play and an Old*, 14 June 1902, p. 767-8 [Mrs Pearl M. T. Craigie ('John Oliver Hobbes') and S. Murray Carson, *The Bishop's Move*; Shakespeare, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*].
199. *Crawford versus Dante*, 21 June 1902, p. 804-5 [F. M. Crawford, *Francesca da Rimini*].
200. *The Case of 'Monna Vanna'*, 28 June 1902, p. 835-6 [Maeterlinck, *Monna Vanna*].
201. *A Non-Theatrical Criticism*, 5 July 1902, p. 10-2.
202. 'Hamlet' and 'The Hedonists', 12 July 1902, p. 43-4 [*Hamlet*; Mrs Ashton Jonson, *The Hedonists*].
203. 'Chance the Idol', 13 Sep. 1902, p. 328-30 [H. A. Jones, *Chance, the Idol*].
204. 'What Would a Gentleman Do?', 27 Sep. 1902 [G. Dayle, *What Would a Gentleman Do?*].
205. *The Triumph of the 'Variety Show'*, 18 Oct. 1902, p. 487-8.
206. 'My Lady Virtue', 1 Nov. 1902, p. 547-8 ['H. V. Esmond', *My Lady Virtue*].
207. *Mrs. Humphry Ward's Play*, 8 Nov. 1902, p. 580-1 [*Eleanor*].
208. 'Lyre and Lancet', 22 Nov. 1902, p. 639-40 ['F. Anstey', *Lyre and Lancet*].
209. *A Play in a Suburb*, 29 Nov. 1902, p. 673-4 [F. Fenn, *A Married Woman*].
210. *A Feuilleton-Play*, 13 Dec. 1902, p. 735-6 [R. Marshall, *The Unforeseen*].
211. 'Othello' Re-interpreted, 20 Dec. 1902, p. 769-70.
212. *Drama for Epicures*, 3 Jan. 1903, p. 11-2 [F. Melville, *Between Two Women*].
213. 'Fiamma', 17 Jan. 1903, p. 76-7 [M. Uchard, *Fiamma*].
214. Ibsen's 'Epilogue', 7 Feb. 1903, p. 168-9 [*When We Dead Awaken*].
215. *A Chaotic Play*, 28 Feb. 1903, p. 260-1 ['R. C. Carton', *A Clean Slate*; Somerset Maugham, *A Man of Honour*].
216. *At the Garrick Theatre*, 7 March 1903, p. 291-2 [H. A. Jones, *White-washing Julia*].
217. 'The Prophecy', 14 March 1903, p. 323-4 [R. Ganthony, *The Prophecy*].
218. *Three Plays*, 21 March 1903, p. 356-7 [G. Colman and D. Garrick, *The Clandestine Marriage*; St John Hankin, *The Two Mr Wetherbys*].
219. 'Old Heidelberg', 28 March 1903, p. 387-9 [W. Meyer-Förster, *Old Heidelberg*].
220. 'The Altar of Friendship', 4 April 1903, p. 421-2 [M. L. Ryley, *The Altar of Friendship*].

221. 'Everyman' Revisited, 11 April 1903, p. 452-3 [the morality play].
222. A Gallery of Significant Pictures, 18 April 1903, p. 483-5.
223. At the Imperial Theatre, 25 April 1903, p. 517-8 [Ibsen, *The Vikings*]. See 531.
224. Sardou's Antidantedote, 9 May 1903, p. 584-5 [Sardou, *Dante*].
225. Drama at Oxford, 23 May 1903, p. 649-51 [on the O. U. D. S.].
226. 'Much Ado' and Mr. Craig's Setting, 30 May 1903, p. 681-2 [*Much Ado About Nothing*].
227. A New Farce, 6 June 1903, p. 713-4 [C. G. Lennox, *Just Like Callaghan*].
228. A Triple Bill, 13 June 1903, p. 744-5 [Shaw, *The Admirable Bashville*; I. Robertson, *The Golden Rose, or The Scarlet Woman*; S. Fox, *The Waters of Bitterness*].
229. Advice to those about to translate Plays, 18 July 1903, p. 75-6 [on W. Archer's translations of Ibsen's plays].
230. A Play Without Words, 25 July 1903, p. 106-7 [R. Turner, *Prince Pierrot*].
231. A Contrast in Hospitality, 26 Sep. 1903, p. 392-3.
232. 'Little Mary', 3 Oct. 1903, p. 423-4 [J. M. Barrie, *Little Mary*].
233. A Play with an Idea, 21 Nov. 1903, p. 639-40 [S. Murray Carson and N. Keith, *A Man and Himself*].
234. Contempt for Ideas, 28 Nov. 1903, p. 668-9.
235. The Professor's Love Story, 12 Dec. 1903, p. 731-2 [J. M. Barrie, *The Professor's Love Story*].
236. A Play, and Two Entertainments, 2 Jan. 1904, p. 12-3 [M. T. Pigott, *All Fletcher's Fault*; Lewis Carroll, *Alice through the Looking Glass*; P. Carr, *Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men*].
237. 'Joseph Entangled', 23 Jan. 1904, p. 107-8 [H. A. Jones, *Joseph Entangled*].
238. Thomas Hardy as Panoramist, 30 Jan. 1904, p. 136-8; *Littell's Living Age* (Boston), 20 Feb. 1904, pp. 507-10 [*The Dynasts*].
239. 'We, the Undersigned, . . .', 6 Feb. 1904, p. 168-9.
240. Another 'Real Conversation', 13 Feb. 1904, p. 200-1 [W. Archer, *Real Conversations*].
241. 'Sketches' and Theatres, 27 Feb. 1904, p. 264-5 [A. Hope and H. Rhodes, *Captain Dieppe*; J. W. Comyns Carr, *My Lady of Rosedale*].
242. An Uncommercial Play, 5 March 1904, p. 297-8 [Somerset Maugham, *A Man of Honour*].
243. Two Plays of Artifice, 12 March 1904, p. 329-30 [G. Edwardes, *The Cingalee*; S. Murray Carson and N. Keith, *When a Man Marries*; S. Grundy, *A Marriage of Convenience*, adapted from Dumas père].
244. Better Plays and Better Acting, 19 March 1904, p. 359-60.
245. A Peril for Plays, 16 April 1904, p. 488-9.
246. Two New Plays, 23 April 1904, p. 520-1 [F. Fenn and R. Pryce, *Saturday*].

- to *Monday*; Miss E. Page and Mrs Ashton Jonson, *The Wheat King*].
247. 'The House of Burnside', 7 May 1904, p. 583-4 [L. N. Parker, *The House of Burnside*, adapted from G. Mitchell].
 248. A Presentation, 21 May 1904, p. 650-1 [H. H. Davies, *Cynthia*].
 249. Hippolytus on the Modern Stage, 4 June 1904, p. 716-7 [Euripides, *Hippolytus*].
 250. A Play and a Mimic, 11 June 1904, p. 748-9.
 251. Love-Scenes on the Stage, 18 June 1904, p. 779-80; *Littell's Living Age* (Boston), 27 Aug. 1904, p. 572-4.
 252. The Alcestis at Bradfield College, 25 June 1904, p. 812-4 [Euripides, *Alcestis*].
 253. Clement Scott's Work, 2 July 1904, p. 10-1.
 254. A Georgian Play, 16 July 1904, p. 74-5 ['G. Paston', *The Pharisee's Wife*].
 255. 'The Chevaleer', 10 Sep. 1904, p. 328-9 [H. A. Jones, *The Chevaleer*].
 256. Superior Melodrama, 1 Oct. 1904, p. 424-5 [J. Fagan, *The Prayer of the Sword*].
 257. Mr. Pinero's New Play, 22 Oct. 1904, p. 511-2 [*A Wife without a Smile*].
 258. Mr. Pinero's Doll, 29 Oct. 1904, p. 545-6 [*A Wife without a Smile*].
 259. 'The Flute of Pan', 19 Nov. 1904, p. 642-3 [Mrs Pearl M. T. Craigie ('John Oliver Hobbes'), *The Flute of Pan*; Congreve, *The Way of the World*].
 260. 'Lady Windermere' and 'Aglavaine', 26 Nov. 1904, p. 665-6 [Wilde, *Lady Windermere's Fan*; Maeterlinck, *Aglavaine and Selysette*].
 261. 'Eager Heart', 10 Dec. 1904, p. 729-30 [A. M. Buckton, *Eager Heart*].
 262. Drama of the Second Empire, 17 Dec. 1904, p. 760-1 [Daudet, *Margot*, adapted from *La Mentreuse*].
 263. The Stage Society, 31 Dec. 1904, p. 823-4 [Gorky, *The Lower Depths*; Tolstoy, *The Power of Darkness*]. See 532 and 533.
 264. Pantomime for Children, 14 Jan. 1905, p. 44-5.
 265. Dramatic Translation, 21 Jan. 1905, p. 76-7 [reply to Shaw's challenge contained in his letter to the Editor of the *Saturday Review*, 14 Jan. 1905]. See 533, and also 532.
 266. Mr. Street, Playwright, 4 Feb. 1905, p. 137-8 [G. S. Street, *Great Friends*]. See 534.
 267. Mr. Carton on High and Low Life, 25 Feb. 1905, p. 236-7 ['R. C. Carton', *Mr Hopkinson*].
 268. 'The Clouds' at Oxford, 4 March 1905, p. 268-9 [Aristophanes, *The Clouds*]. See 269 and 535.
 269. 'Still in the Groves of Academe', 11 March 1905, p. 305-6 [Aristophanes, *The Clouds*]. See 268 and 535.
 270. At the Haymarket, 18 March 1905, p. 339-40 [R. Marshall and L. N. Parker, *Everybody's Secret*].

271. Mr. De Vries' Performance, 25 March 1905, p. 375-6 [H. Heyermans, *A Case of Arson*].
272. Elsinore Again Overhauled, 8 April 1905, p. 450-1 [*Hamlet*].
273. Mr. Barrie Again, 15 April 1905, p. 483-4 [J. M. Barrie, *Pantaloon*; *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*].
274. A Lesson from the Court Theatre, 22 April 1905, p. 520-1 [Euripides, *The Trojan Women*].
275. A Classic in Humour, 27 May 1905, p. 696-8 [W. S. Gilbert, *Bab Ballads*].
276. A Conventional Play, 10 June 1905, p. 768-9 [J. Fagan, *Hawthorne, U. S. A.*].
277. At the S. James' Theatre, 17 June 1905, p. 801-2 [E. Arène and A. Capus, *The Man of the Moment (L'Adversaire)*].
278. 'The New Felicity', 1 July 1905, p. 14-5 [L. Alma-Tadema, *The New Felicity*].
279. A Fantasy Misbegotten, 15 July 1905, p. 80-1 [S. Phillips, *Aylmer's Secret*].
280. Of Musical Comedy, 22 July 1905, p. 111-2.
281. A 'Yellow' Critic, 29 July 1905, p. 143-4 [review of J. Huneker, *Iconoclasts: A Book of Dramatists*].
282. The Theatre Revisited, 16 Sep. 1905, p. 368-9 [W. Gayer Mackay and E. Ostlere, *Dr Wake's Patient*].
283. 'The Conqueror', 30 Sep. 1905, p. 432-3 [R. E. Fyffe, *The Conqueror*].
284. Mr. Carton's New (?) Play, 14 Oct. 1905, p. 493-4 ['R. C. Carton', *Public Opinion*].
285. 'Lights Out', 28 Oct. 1905, p. 553-4 [F. A. Beyerlein, *Lights Out*].
286. Mr. Sutro, Strategist, 4 Nov. 1905, p. 586-7 [A. Sutro, *The Perfect Lover*].
287. A Play Adrift, 25 Nov. 1905, p. 678-9 [M. L. Ryley, *Mice and Men*].
288. A Vapid Play, 16 Dec. 1905, p. 774-5.
289. A Load of Weeds from the Kailyard, 30 Dec. 1905, p. 838-9 [*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, adapted from 'Ian Maclaren', by A. Thomas and J. MacArthur]. See s.v. 394.
290. At the Shaftesbury Theatre, 6 Jan. 1906, p. 12-3 [C. M. S. McLellan, *The Jury of Fate*].
291. The Courage of One's Opinions, 20 Jan. 1906, p. 75 [Euripides, *Electra*].
292. 'The Heroic Stubbs', 27 Jan. 1906, p. 104-5 [H. A. Jones, *The Heroic Stubbs*].
293. Mr. Pinero's New Play, 10 Feb. 1906, p. 167-8 [*His House in Order*].
294. Brutus as 'Villain', 17 Feb. 1906, p. 199-201 [on Harold Hodge's essay on *Julius Caesar* in *Harper's Magazine*, Feb. 1906]. See 295, 538 and 539.
295. Brutus: Villain or Hero?—A Rejoinder, 24 Feb. 1906, p. 234-5 [to Harold Hodge's *A Reply*, in the same issue]. See 294, 538 and 539.

296. Mr. Hewlett at the Court Theatre, 10 March 1906, p. 294-5 [M. Hewlett, *The Youngest of the Angels* and *Pan and the Young Shepherd*].
297. At Terry's Theatre, 17 March 1906, p. 326-7 [B. Thomas, *A Judge's Memory*].
298. 'A Great Dear', 24 March 1906, p. 360 [Ellen Terry, the actress].
299. Between Two Halls, 14 April 1906, p. 455-6 [A. Symons, *The Fool of the World: A Morality*; Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, *La Révolte*, translated by Lady Barclay]. See 540.
300. Reichismus, 9 June 1906, p. 717-8 [on the lectures of Dr Emil Reich].
301. 'A Florentine Tragedy' and 'Salomé', 16 June 1906, p. 751-2 [both by O. Wilde].
302. Languishing Theatres, 14 July 1906, p. 42-3.
303. A Plea for a Short Act of Parliament, 21 July 1906, p. 74-5 [on the fuss made about actors as men and women].
304. To Bouch, 11 Aug. 1906, p. 166-7 [on A. Bourchier, the actor]. See 541-543.
305. 'Tristram and Iseult', 15 Sep. 1906, p. 328-9 [J. W. Comyns Carr, *Tristram and Iseult*].
306. A Christmas Garland. I and Matter. By J*hn D*v*ds*n (Preface to 'Hell: A Harlequinade'. J*hn D*v*ds*n. 1907), 8 Dec. 1906, p. 703-4. See V, 6, and 394.
307. Comfort for the Academic, 15 Dec. 1906, p. 734-5 [Music-halls].
308. At Wyndham's Theatre, 22 Dec. 1906, p. 767-8.
309. Plays Commercial and Uncommercial, 19 Jan. 1907, p. 74-5 ['R. C. Carton', *Lady Huntworth's Experiment*].
310. An Enigma of Our Time, 26 Jan. 1907, p. 105-6.
311. 'The Cassilis Engagement', 16 Feb. 1907, p. 199-200 [St John Hankin, *The Cassilis Engagement*].
312. 'Hedda Gabler', 9 March 1907, p. 296-7 [Ibsen, *Hedda Gabler*].
313. 'John Glayde's Honour', 16 March 1907, p. 328 [A. Sutro, *John Glayde's Honour*].
314. 'Her Son', 23 March 1907, p. 360 [H. A. Vachell, *Her Son*].
315. An Afternoon with Aeschylus, 30 March 1907, p. 390-1 [Aeschylus, *The Persians*; Granville-Barker, *A Miracle*].
316. G. B. S. Republished, 27 April 1907, p. 518-9 [review of Shaw's *Dramatic Opinions and Essays*].
317. G. B. S. Again, 8 June 1907, p. 713 [*Man and Superman*; *The Man of Destiny*].
318. Two Plays, 15 June 1907, p. 745-6 [C. A. MacEvoy, *David Ballard*; F. Wedekind, *Der Kammersänger*].
319. Joseph Knight, 29 June 1907, p. 811-2 [A. Thomas, *The Earl of Pawtucket*].

320. About, and In, Oxford, 6 July 1907, p. 12-3 [on the Pageant at Oxford].
321. A Book of Short Plays, 13 July 1907, p. 46-7 [G. S. Viereck, *A Game at Love*].
322. A 'Freak', 31 Aug. 1907, p. 261-2.
323. Re-enter Mr. Jones, 7 Sep. 1907, p. 297-8 [H. A. Jones, *The Hypocrites*].
324. Attila, 14 Sep. 1907, p. 327-8 [L. Binyon, *Attila*]. See 344.
325. Mayfair Whitewashed, 21 Sep. 1907, p. 359-60 ['C. Raleigh' and H. Hamilton, *The Sins of Society*].
326. At the Savoy Theatre, 28 Sep. 1907, p. 389-90 [Galsworthy, *Joy*].
327. Two Plays, 19 Oct. 1907, p. 478-9 [A. Sutro, *The Barrier*; 'Anthony Wharton', *Irene Wycherley*].
328. 'The Mollusc', 2 Nov. 1907, p. 538-9 [H. H. Davies, *The Mollusc*].
329. 'Peter Pan' Revisited, 28 Dec. 1907, p. 792-3 [J. M. Barrie, *Peter Pan*].
330. 'A Comedy of Sentiment', 25 Jan. 1908, p. 100-1 [E. M. Albanesi, *Susannah—and Some Others*].
331. 'Her Father', 8 Feb. 1908, p. 169-70 [M. Morton, *Her Father*].
332. The O. U. D. S., 29 Feb. 1908, p. 265-6 [*A Midsummer Night's Dream*].
333. A Play of Fantasy, 7 March 1908, p. 298-9 [I. York, *The Philosopher's Stone*].
334. Mr. Gosse's 'Ibsen', 14 March 1908, p. 330-1 [review of E. Gosse, *Ibsen*].
335. Tickled Groundlings, 21 March 1908, p. 369 [*Romeo and Juliet*].
336. 'Jack Straw', 4 April 1908, p. 431-2 [Somerset Maugham, *Jack Straw*].
337. 'A Fearful Joy', 25 April 1908, p. 525-6 [S. Grundy, *A Fearful Joy*, adapted from E. M. Labiche].
338. 'The Follies', 9 May 1908, p. 590-1.
339. 'The Thunderbolt', 16 May 1908, p. 624-5 [A. W. Pinero, *The Thunderbolt*].
340. Madame Bartet, 30 May 1908, p. 690-1.
341. 'Nan', 13 June 1908, p. 750-1 [J. Masfield, *The Tragedy of Nan*].
342. 'How Dare He?', 20 June 1908, p. 782-3 [Somerset Maugham, *The Explorer*].
343. At the Palace Theatre, 4 July 1908, p. 11.
344. Marine Drama, 18 July 1908, p. 73-4.
345. A Defence of Mr. Barrie, 19 Sep. 1908, p. 361-2 [J. M. Barrie, *What Every Woman Knows*].
346. 'Lady Epping's Lawsuit', 17 Oct. 1908, p. 478-9 [H. H. Davies, *Lady Epping's Lawsuit*].
347. Miss Christabel Pankhurst, 24 Oct. 1908, p. 509-10.
348. At 'The Empire', 31 Oct. 1908, p. 538-9.
349. 'Dolly Reforming Herself', 7 Nov. 1908, p. 573-4 [H. A. Jones, *Dolly Reforming Herself*].

350. 'The Bacchae', with a Note on Sardou, 14 Nov. 1908, p. 603-4 [Euripides, *The Bacchae*].
351. 'The Builder of Bridges', 21 Nov. 1908, p. 633-4 [A. Sutro, *The Builder of Bridges*].
352. A Comedy of the Suburbs, 5 Dec. 1908, p. 696-7 [C. Haddon Chambers, *Sir Anthony*; E. Hepworth Dixon, *Love's Toyshop*].
353. 'The Last of the De Mullins', 12 Dec. 1908, p. 726-7 [St John Hankin, *The Last of the De Mullins*].
354. Mr. Graham Robertson and the Fairies, 2 Jan. 1909, p. 9-10 [W. Graham Robertson, *Pinkie and the Fairies*].
355. A Parenthesis, 9 Jan. 1909, p. 39-40 [Somerset Maugham].
356. A Baffling Play, 16 Jan. 1909, p. 71-2 [W. Devereux, *Henry of Navarre*].
357. 'Olive Latimer's Husband', 23 Jan. 1909, p. 104-5 [R. Besier, *Olive Latimer's Husband*].
358. An Actor in Jeopardy, 6 Feb. 1909, p. 169-70.
359. A Young Old Play, 6 March 1909, p. 298-9 [A. Hope, *The Prisoner of Zenda*].
360. 'Nan Pilgrim', 13 March 1909, p. 330-1 [J. M. Dearmer, *Nan Pilgrim*].
361. Two Plays, 20 March 1909, p. 367-8 [H. Bergström, *The Head of the Firm* (adaptation); Galsworthy, *Strife*].
362. A Costume Play, 27 March 1909, p. 399-400 [E. Grenet-Dancourt, *The Noble Spaniard*, adapted by Somerset Maugham].
363. A Curtain-Raiser, and 'The Fountain', 3 April 1909, p. 428-9 [G. L. Calderon, *The Fountain*].
364. An Exotic Comedian, 24 April 1909, p. 524 [Miss Rose Stahl].
365. Mr. Mason's Play, 1 May 1909, p. 555-6 [A. E. W. Mason, *Colonel Smith*].
366. 'What the Public Wants', 8 May 1909, p. 591-2 [A. Bennett, *What the Public Wants*]. See 547.
367. At the Haymarket, 15 May 1909, p. 625-6 [R. de Flers and G. A. de Caillavet, *Love Watches* (adaptation)].
368. Some Censors, 5 June 1909, p. 715-6.
369. Irish Players, 12 June 1909, p. 748 [J. M. Synge, *The Shadow of the Glen*; *Riders to the Sea*; Lady Gregory, *Hyacinth Halvey*; 'F. Norreys Connell', *An Imaginary Conversation*].
370. A Play and an Actress, 19 June 1909, p. 779-81 [C. A. MacEvoy].
371. A Note on St. John Hankin, 26 June 1909, p. 810 [tribute on the death of St John Hankin].
372. 'School' and 'The Grotesques', 3 July 1909, p. 9-10 [T. W. Robertson, *School*; Vere Smith, *The Grotesques*].
373. Antinomian Drama, 4 Sep. 1909, p. 283-4 ['F. de Croisset' and M. Leblanc, *Arsène Lupin*].

374. 'Mid-Channel', 11 Sep. 1909, p. 310-1 [A. W. Pinero, *Mid-Channel*].
375. Lear at the Haymarket, 18 Sep. 1909, p. 348-9 [*King Lear*]. See 348-550.
376. 'The Making of a Gentleman', 25 Sep. 1909, p. 376-7 [A. Sutro, *The Making of a Gentleman*].
377. Mr. H. B. Irving in 'The Bells', 2 Oct. 1909, p. 404 [L. Lewis, *The Bells*].
378. 'Don', 16 Oct. 1909, p. 469-70 [R. Besier, *Don*].
379. Stage Crowds, 23 Oct. 1909, p. 496.
380. A Matter of Sex, 6 Nov. 1909, p. 560-1.
381. Advice to Mr. Carton, 13 Nov. 1909, p. 592-3 ['R. C. Carton'].
382. The Censorship Report, 20 Nov. 1909, p. 625-6.
383. The Voice of Marinetti, 27 Nov. 1909, p. 656-7 [condemnation of Marinetti's Futurism].
384. A Classic Farce, 11 Dec. 1909, p. 725-6 [O. Wilde, *The Importance of Being Earnest*].
385. 'The Blue Bird', 18 Dec. 1909, p. 749-50 [Maeterlinck, *The Blue Bird*].
386. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' 'Sketch', 1 Jan. 1910, p. 11 [*The Knife*].
387. 'For the Soul of the King', 8 Jan. 1910, p. 44 [*For the Soul of the King*, adapted from de Balzac by F. Richardson; P. Landon, *The House Opposite*].
388. Actor and Critic, 15 Jan. 1910, p. 72-3.
389. A Survival of Custom, 22 Jan. 1910, p. 134-5.
390. 'Chantecler', 12 Feb. 1910, p. 198-200 [Rostand, *Chantecler*].
391. Confessional, 19 Feb. 1910, p. 233 [Lady Bell, *The Way the Money Goes*].
392. More of the Repertory, 12 March 1910, p. 327-8 [Meredith, *The Sentimentalists*; J. M. Barrie, *Old Friends*; *The Twelve Pound Look*].
393. Three Exotics, 26 March 1910, p. 394-5 ['Felix Salten', *Count Festenberg*; *Life's Importance*; *The Return*].

3. Parodies

394. A Christmas Garland Woven by Max Beerbohm:
M*rie C*r*lli, The Sorrows of Millicent. A Christmas Cameo;
R*ch*rd L* G*ll*nn, The Blessedness of Apple-Pie Beds;
H. G. W*lls, The Defossilized Plum-Pudding;
I*n M*cl*r*n, Beside the Bonnie Mark; see 289;
Al*ce M**n*ll, Holly;
G**rge M*r*d*th, The Victory of Aphasia Gibberish [an improved version of this appeared in *A Christmas Garland* under the title of Euphemia Clashthought; see V];
Max Beerbohm, A Vain Child [*Saturday Review* (London), First Illustrated Supplement, Christmas 1896, p. 8-11; *Chap-Book* (Chicago), 15 Dec.

1896, p. 115-36]. First separate edition, unauthorized (cf. 12a, p. viii-x), of the first five of these parodies, and the last: LEAVES | FROM THE | GARLAND | *Woven By* | MAX BEERBOHM | NEW YORK | PRIVATELY PRINTED | MCMXXVI [Max Harzof (G. A. Baker & Co.); edges uncut; 22.5 × 14.5 cm.; [48] p.; green boards; front and spine lettered in black; note, signed M. B.; 72 copies; type distributed]; copy in New York Public Library (numbered 51).

See also V, 6z, 306, 484 and 487.

4. Reviews

Note: Under this heading are recorded the reviews not yet mentioned in any of the preceding sections.

395. Ex Cathedra I—Mrs. Meynell's Cowslip-wine, *To-Morrow* (London), July-Dec. 1896, p. 160-6 [Alice Meynell, *The Colour of Life*].
396. Ex Cathedra III—Modern Statuary; Oxford à la Rothenstein, *To-Morrow* (London), July-Dec. 1896, p. 259-63 [William Rothenstein, *Oxford Characters: A Series of Lithographs*; partly used for *If I were Aedile*, in *More*; see II].
397. Doctor Conan Doyle's Latest Case, *Saturday Review* (London), 26 Dec. 1896, p. 665-6 [Arthur Conan Doyle, *Rodney Stone*]. See 441, 517 and 518.
398. Ex Cathedra V—Mr. Beardsley's Fifty Drawings, *To-Morrow* (London), Jan.-June 1897, p. 28-35 [Aubrey Beardsley, *Fifty Drawings*].
399. Chromoconanography, *Saturday Review* (London), 10 July 1897. p. 31-2 [Arthur Conan Doyle, *Uncle Bernac*].
400. A Cheap Excursion in Criticism, *Saturday Review* (London), 31 July 1897, p. 109-10 [A. T. Quiller-Couch].
401. An Appreciation, *Saturday Review* (London), 4 Sep. 1897, p. 254-5 [Clement Scott, *Sisters by the Sea*].
402. How to Behave, *Saturday Review* (London), 6 Nov. 1897, p. 484-5 [review of an anonymous *The Art of Conversing*].
403. A Strong Writer, *Saturday Review* (London), 13 Nov. 1897, p. 509-10 [Max Pemberton].
404. Papillon Rangé, *Saturday Review* (London), 20 Nov. 1897, p. 546-7 [Whistler, *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*]. See 520.
405. 'A Lord of Language', *Vanity Fair* (London), 2 March 1905, p. 309 [Oscar Wilde, *De Profundis*].
406. A. B. W. 'Pastiche and Prejudice', *Times* (London), 15 Sep. 1921, p. 6a [A. B. Walkley, *Pastiche and Prejudice*].

407. Having Read 'Golden Horn', *Spectator* (London), 6 Aug. 1932, p. 175-6 [Francis Yeats-Brown, *Golden Horn*]; typescript in Gallatin collection at Harvard.
408. Looking Backward, *Observer* (London), 3 Oct. 1948, p. 3 [Martin Secker (ed.), *The Eighteen-Nineties. A Period Anthology in Prose and Verse*, London, The Richards Press, 1948].
409. From of Yore, *Observer* (London), 13 Nov. 1949, p. 7 [Henry James, *A Little Tour in France*].
410. Of Duse, *Sunday Times* (London), 5 Feb. 1950 [Bertita Harding, *Age Cannot Wither*].

5. Introductions, Prefaces, &c.

a. To Editions of Beerbohm's own Books other than First and Collected Editions, and to the Catalogues of his Exhibitions

411. Note, dated Rapallo, 1915, to *The Happy Hypocrite*, illustrated by George Sheringham, London, John Lane, The Bodley Head; New York, The John Lane Co., [1918]; see 2i.
412. Appendix to the first American edition of *Seven Men*, New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1920, p. [220]; descriptions of the caricatures on p. [222], [226], [230], [234] and [238]; see 7b.
413. Note in *Catalogue of Another Exhibition of Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, May-June 1921; see 510.
414. Note in *Catalogue of Another Exhibition of Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, April-May 1925; see 513.
415. Note, dated Rapallo, 1928, to the first American edition of *A Variety of Things*, New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1928; see 12a.
416. Letter in *Catalogue of an Exhibition entitled "Ghosts" by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, Nov.-Dec. 1928; see 514.
417. Note, dated Rapallo, 1930, to the first American edition of *Around Theatres*, vol. I, New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1930; see 11a.
418. Note, dated Sep. 14, 1945, in *Catalogue of the Philip Guedalla Collection of Caricatures by Sir Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, Sep.-Oct. 1945; see 515.
419. Note, dated 1946, to the 1947 edition of *Zuleika Dobson, or An Oxford Love Story*, London, William Heinemann; see 5n.
420. Postscript, dated Rapallo, 1949, to enlarged edition of *A Christmas Garland*, London, William Heinemann, 1950; see 6z.
421. Note, dated 1949, to enlarged edition of *Seven Men (Seven Men and Two Others)*, London, William Heinemann, 1950; see 7n.

422. Note [undated] in *Catalogue of an Exhibition of Drawings by Sir Max Beerbohm entitled 'Max' in Retrospect*, London, The Leicester Galleries, May 1952; see 516.

b. To Books written by Others

423. W. Rothenstein, *Six Portraits of Sir Rabindranath Tagore*, London, Macmillan & Co., 1915: Prefatory Note, p. ix-x.
424. Dixon Scott, *Men of Letters*, London, Hodder & Stoughton, 1916: Introduction, p. ix-xix.
425. Capt. L. de G. Sieveking, D. S. C., *Dressing Gowns and Glue*. With Illustrations by John Nash, London, Cecil Palmer & Hayward, 1919: Introduction about the Drawings, p. 13-5; the Introduction was reprinted in L. de G. Sieveking, *Bats in the Belfry. The Collected Nonsense Poems of L. de Giberne Sieveking*. Illustrated by John Nash, London, George Routledge, 1926, p. xiii-xvii.
426. [Arthur] Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell, *The Tragedy of Mr. Punch. A Fantastic Play in Prologue and One Act*. Illustrations by Arthur Watts, London, Duckworth & Co., 1923: Introductory essay, entitled Mr. Punch, p. 5-10.
427. *Catalogue of an Exhibition of Caricatures by 'Quiz'*, London, The Leicester Galleries, 1923: Introductory Note.
428. John Rothenstein, *The Portrait Drawings of William Rothenstein 1889-1925. An Iconography*. With 101 Collotype Plates, London, Chapman & Hall, 1926: Preface, p. xi-xiv.
429. George Sheringham and R. Boyd Morrison (eds.), *Robes of Thespis. Costume Designs by Modern Artists*, London, Ernest Benn, 1928: Fantasy in Costume: Points Raised by an Opera Hat, p. 3-6.
430. Doris Arthur Jones, *The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones*, London, Victor Gollancz, 1930 [*Taking the Curtain Call. The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones*, New York, The Macmillan Co., 1930]: Letter written to the Author, p. 7-11.
431. Grant Richards, *Memories of a Misspent Youth, 1872-1896*, London, William Heinemann, 1932 [New York and London, Harpers & Co., 1933]: Introduction, p. vii-x. See 698.
432. S. C. Roberts, *Zuleika in Cambridge*, Cambridge, Heffer, 1941: Note, printed on the cover.
433. Alan Dent, *Preludes and Studies*, London, Macmillan & Co., 1942: Preface.
434. J. B. Booth (ed.), *Seventy Years of Song*, London, Hutchinson & Co., [1943]: Foreword, p. 2-3.
435. *Catalogue of an Exhibition of Drawings and Wood-Engravings by Edward*

Gordon Craig, London, The Leicester Galleries, 1948: Introductory Note.

436. Ronald Searle, *The Female Approach, with Masculine Sidelights*, London, Macdonald, 1950 [1st ed. 1949]: Prefatory Letter, p. 7-8.
- 436a. R. C. Trevelyan, *Selected Poems*, London, MacGibbon & Kee, 1953: Introductory Letter.

6. Letters to the Editor

437. *Carthusian* (Oxford), Dec. 1886, p. 278; signed 'Diogenes' [a 'Complaint against the dullness of that estimable school paper'; with Editor's comment; M. B.'s first appearance in print]. Reprinted in 909c, p. 215-6.
438. A Letter to the Editor, *Yellow Book* (London), July 1894, p. 281-4; see 560.
439. An Unhappy Poet, *Saturday Review* (London), 19 Sep. 1896, p. 315-6; signed 'A Lover of Fair Play' [attack on Clement Scott, the poet and dramatic critic; see 440].
440. 'Hold, Furious Scot!', *Saturday Review* (London), 10 Oct. 1896, p. 395-6 [reply to Clement Scott's reaction to letter 439].
441. *Saturday Review* (London), 2 Jan. 1897, p. 16 [concerning A. Conan Doyle's reply to M. B.'s review of Doyle's *Rodney Stone*; see 397, 517 and 518].
442. *Saturday Review* (London), 26 June 1897, p. 718 [reply to Robert Buchanan's letter to the Editor of the *Saturday Review* (London), 19 June 1897, p. 690; see 519].
443. *Budget* (Horsmonden School, Kent), 28 May 1898; reprinted in *The Budget*, New York, M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, 1899, p. 20-2.
444. *Daily Herald* (London), 28 May 1921, p. 1 [on first 1921 Exhibition; see 510].
445. 'Max', Mr. Granville-Barker and the National Theatre. A Letter, *Drama* (London), April 1923.
446. *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 28 Feb. 1924, p. 128 [about an untrue anecdote in Frank Harris, *Contemporary Portraits*. Fourth Series, London, Grant Richards, 1924 [New York, Brentano's, 1923; see 651].
447. *Saturday Review* (London), 7 Nov. 1925, p. ix-xii.
448. *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 26 Nov. 1925, p. 812 [concerning a painful incident between the Author and W. H. Davies, mentioned in the latter's *Later Days*, London, Jonathan Cape, 1925; see 627].
- 448a. Memory and Imagination, *Greyfriar* (school periodical, Charterhouse), 1928, p. 2 [with two illustrations: *Some Masters of Forty Years Ago* and *Some Masters of To-Day*].

449. Whitehall Gardens, *Times* (London), 22 April 1936, p. 10d [letter from M. B. and others].
450. A Chelsea Square. Trolley-bus proposal, *Times* (London), 31 July 1937, p. 8e [letter from M. B. and others, on Paulton's Square].
451. A New Kind of Crossword. Night Thoughts, *Times* (London), 9 March 1940, p. 4a; see 864.
452. A Letter on the use of the word Esquire, *Times* (London), 17 Nov. 1941, p. 5.
453. Mr. Arthur Machen, *Times* (London), 18 Feb. 1943, p. 5g [letter from M. B. and others, on fund for A. Machen's 80th birthday gift].
454. A Question of Cadence, *Spectator* (London), 5 Nov. 1943, p. 432.
455. *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 7 Dec. 1946, p. 603 [on Tree's *Hamlet*].
456. A Friend of Trollope's, *Spectator* (London), 13 Dec. 1946, p. 644.

7. Other Letters

457. [John Gilbert] Bohun Lynch, *Max Beerbohm in Perspective*, London, William Heinemann, 1921: Letter on p. vii-x; see 673.
458. Letter to the Directors of the Leicester Galleries, *Times* (London), 31 May 1923, p. 14c [on 1923 Exhibition]; see 512, 801 ff., and 805.
459. *Max Beerbohm: A Self-Caricature Printed, Not Published for the Friends of Earl E. Fisk*, Christmas 1926: Letter to Earl E. Fisk, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, U. S. A., dated Villino Chiaro, Rapallo, Italy, August 14, 1926, on p. [8]; see 636.
460. Richard Le Gallienne, *The Romantic '90s*, London and New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1926: Facsimile of postcard to Richard Le Gallienne on p. 171; see 480 and 669.
461. Doris Arthur Jones, *The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones*, London, Victor Gollancz, 1930 [*Taking the Curtain Call. The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones*, New York, The Macmillan Co., 1930]: Letters to H. A. Jones on p. 73, 136-7, 138, 252-4, 270-1, 364-7; see 660; the letter dated 14 May 1926 is reprinted in *The First Earl of Birkenhead* (ed.), *The Five Hundred Best English Letters*, London, Cassell & Co., 1931, and in the *Albatross Book of English Letters* from the Selection by the First Earl of Birkenhead, Hamburg-Paris-Bologna, The Albatross, 1936.
462. William Rothenstein, *Men and Memories, 1872-1900*, London, Faber & Faber, 1931 [New York, Coward-McCann, 1931]: Letters on p. 145, 164-5, 182-3, 268-9, 275, 283-5, 289-90, 300, 314-5, 370; see 708.
463. E. V. Lucas, *Post-Bag Diversions*, London, Methuen & Co., 1934: parts of 3 letters written to the Author.

464. Stage Designs and Sketches. Mr. Max Beerbohm's Letter to Mr. J. R. Monsell, *Times* (London), 13 Dec. 1935, p. 11f.: Letter quoted, in which M. B. refuses to write a foreword to J. R. Monsell's Art Exhibition.
465. *Alan Parsons' Book*. Edited by his wife, London, William Heinemann, 1937: Letter on p. xiii-xiv.
466. Sir Max Beerbohm, *The Poet's* [sic] *Corner*, London and New York, The King Penguin Books, 1943: parts of a letter to John Rothenstein on p. 15-6; see 17b.
467. S. Winsten (ed.), G. B. S. 90. *Aspects of Bernard Shaw's Life and Work* [by M. B., and others], London, Hutchinson & Co., 1946: Letter on p. 56.
468. A Letter to James Bone, *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston), Feb. 1949, p. 80 [on James Bone's *London Echoing*].
469. Margery Ross (ed.), *Robert Ross: Friend of Friends. Letters to Robert Ross, Art Critic and Writer, together with Extracts from his Published Articles*, London, Jonathan Cape, 1952: some 13 letters written to Robert Ross.

8. *Miscellaneous Prose*

470. 'Fry of Wadham', *English Illustrated Magazine* (London), Aug. 1894, p. 1057-62 [interview with the famous Oxford athlete].
471. Press Notices on 'Punch and Judy', selected by Max Beerbohm, *Sketch* (London), 16 Oct. 1895, p. 644.
472. Replies to invitation by the *Academy* (London) to various authors to mention the books they had most enjoyed during the year. M. B. replied, naming two books, in the issue of 8 Dec. 1900, p. 579, but on 7 Dec. 1901, p. 569, he wrote a refusal to this request. See 564.
473. A NOTE ON "PATIENCE" | BY | MAX BEERBOHM [London, Miles & Co., Ltd, 1918?]. First edition. Pamphlet given away with the programme at the performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* at the Princes Theatre, London, 24-29 Nov. 1919. [Caption-title; edges cut; 18.5 x 10.8 cm.; [8] p.; stapled; no covers; printed in brown; contains a drawing by George Du Maurier from *Punch* (London), 9 April 1881, a preface signed R. D. C. and dated July, 1918, and an illustration from a newspaper of 15 Oct. 1881 of one of the dresses worn in the original production of *Patience*]. Copy in Library of Congress. See 614.
474. Vague Hints from the Author to the Company, in George Arliss, *Up the Years from Bloomsbury*, Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1927, p. 185 ff.; reprinted in 639, p. 71-3 [a series of directions written for the company who played *The Happy Hypocrite* at the Royalty Theatre, London, in December 1900; they were passed to the actors with the parts]; see 498 and 596.

475. Tribute to Sir Edward Marsh, *Times* (London), 18 March 1937, p. 14d.
- 475a. Old Surrey Saws and Sayings. Collected and communicated by Sir Max Beerbohm, P. R. A. (Professor of Rural Archaeology), *Abinger Chronicle* (Dorking, Surrey), April 1940, p. 42-3.
476. WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN | AN ADDRESS DELIVERED | BY | MAX BEERBOHM | AT THE | MEMORIAL SERVICE | HELD AT | SAINT MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS | TUESDAY, MARCH 6TH | 1945 | 100 COPIES | PRIVATELY PRINTED | AT THE CURWEN PRESS | LONDON |. First edition. [Edges cut; 18.5 × 12 cm.; [8] p.; blue-green paper wrappers, lettered].
- 476a. Marie Lloyd. Presented in a conversation between Compton Mackenzie and Colin MacInnes, with recollections by M. B. and others [broadcast by the BBC on 8 Jan., and repeated on 20 Aug. 1952; not published].

iv. VERSE

(See also section vi and 739)

477. CARMEN BECCERIENSE. | CUM PROLEGOMENIS ET COMMENTARIO CRITICO | EDIDIT H. M. B. | [Godalming, Messrs R.B. Stedman?, 1890?]. First edition of M. B.'s first separate publication; see Plate III [poem in Latin elegiacs describing a recital given by Mr Arthur G. Becker, M. B.'s music master at Charterhouse; 14 lines; explanatory notes (in English) by the Author in smaller type at foot of page; written at Charterhouse, July 1890; 25 copies privately printed on yellow paper at the suggestion of Mr A. H. Tod, M. B.'s form-master; 22.5 × 14.5 cm.; p. [1]2-4; no covers; no printer's or publisher's imprint; no date]. Reprinted in *Carthusian* (school periodical, Charterhouse), April 1912, p. 574; copy of first edition and original autograph MS. in Charterhouse School Library. The existence of this elusive first edition was proved by the Librarian of Charterhouse, Charles Evans (909c, p. 215-6), to whom I am indebted for most of these details.
478. Three Latin elegiac couplets, beginning *Floruit innumeros Schola Carthusiana per annos . . .* [written in 1890 at Oxford]; published in 15, p. 89.
479. Two Pantomimes [13 lines], *Saturday Review* (London), 31 Dec. 1898, p. 878.
480. To Dick [4 lines; communicated by postcard to Richard Le Gallienne, dated 1902]; reproduced in Richard Le Gallienne, *The Romantic '90s*, London and New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1926, p. 171. See 460 and 669.
481. To Henry James [sonnet, written in the spring of 1908; alternate lines in the handwriting of M. B. and Edmund Gosse]; reproduced in Evan Char-

teris, *The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse*, London, William Heinemann, 1931, plate facing p. 398. See 618.

482. Poem beginning *Vae tibi, vae misero, nisi circumspereris artes* . . . [2½ lines], in VI, p. 191.
483. To an Undergraduate Needing Rooms in Oxford [3 lines], in VI, p. 253.
484. A Sequelula to 'The Dynasts' [parody of Thomas Hardy], in V, p. 55 ff.
485. BALLADE TRAGIQUE À DOUBLE|REFRAIN. |. First edition [caption-title; 28 lines; dialogue between a Lady-in-Waiting and a Lord-in-Waiting; written in 1912 (?)]. M. B. gave MS. copies of this poem to several friends, but the edition was never authorized by him (authority: Sir Max Beerbohm); a few copies only were printed in a column on one side of a single leaf of thin paper, measuring 23 × 15 cm., for private distribution; no place; no date; no printer's imprint. On 25 March 1946 Lord Esher's copy realized £25 at an auction held by Sotheby & Co., London; it was bought by Scribner's, New York, and, according to Gallatin and Oliver (906, p. 236), is now in the collection of Robert H. Taylor. The original holograph MS., occupying one side only of a sheet of white paper measuring 33 × 20 cm., together with a holograph letter from M. B., is in the Ashley Library, British Museum, press-mark 5155; a photograph of it occurs in *The Ashley Library. A Catalogue of Printed Books, Manuscripts and Autograph Letters Collected by Thomas James Wise*, London, privately printed, 1930, vol. X, facing p. 14. See 737.
486. Poem beginning *In days of yore the Drama throve* . . . [30 lines; drinking-song, composed about 1912, and enclosed in a letter to H. A. Jones]; published in Doris Arthur Jones, *The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones*, London, Victor Gollancz, 1930 [*Taking the Curtain Call. The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones*, New York, The Macmillan Co., 1930], p. 253-4; also, less one stanza, in 15, p. 68-9. See 461.
487. Same Cottage—but Another Song, of Another Season [parody of John Drinkwater's *Cottage Song*; composed about 1915]; reproduced in William Rothenstein, *Men and Memories, 1900-1922*, London, Faber & Faber, 1932 [New York, Coward-McCann, 1932], p. 324-5; see 709; reprinted, under the title of Back to Town, in *Literary Digest* (New York), 6 Aug. 1932, p. 38.
488. To a Young Woman [12 lines], and Nocturne [15 lines], two poems from Enoch Soames's *Fungoids*, in VII, p. 16-7. See 588.
489. Savonarola. A Tragedy by L. Brown, in VII, p. 185-215.
490. Elegy on ANY Lady [4 lines]; printed by Bohun Lynch, *Max Beerbohm in Perspective*, London, William Heinemann, 1921, p. 23. See 673.
491. Three quatrains [on G. Meredith, Henry James, and R. L. Stevenson], beginning '*Here lie the bones of Richard Feverel*' . . . , *Here fair young Daisy Miller lies* . . . , and '*Çi git—who? You'll never guess!*', in I, p. ix-x.

492. Tracked. An unpublished sonnet by Enoch Soames. Communicated by Max Beerbohm, to Robert [von Ranke] Graves and William Nicholson (eds), *The Winter Owl*, London, Cecil Palmer, 1923. See VII, s.v. Enoch Soames.
493. Brave Rover [8 stanzas of 4 lines each]; printed by William Rothenstein, *Men and Memories, 1900-1922*, London, Faber & Faber, 1932 [New York, Coward-McCann, 1932], p. 313. See 709.
494. Thomas Hardy and A. E. Housman [quatrain]; printed by William Rothenstein, *Men and Memories, 1900-1922*, London, Faber & Faber, 1932 [New York, Coward-McCann, 1932], p. 343. See 709.
495. Marcel Proust [21 lines]; printed by Alfred Sutro, *Celebrities and Simple Souls*, London, Duckworth, 1933, p. 84. See 721.
496. Poem beginning 'How do you do?' *Will asked of me . . .* [8 lines; improvised when playing parlour games]; printed by William Rothenstein, *Since Fifty. Men and Memories, 1922-1938*, London, Faber & Faber, 1939, p. 258. See 710.
497. A LUNCHEON [25 numbered copies printed for S[imon] N[owell]-S[mith] by J[ohn] J[ohnson], Oxford; Ewelme, Oxford, Sep. 1946]. First edition. [Edges uncut; 20.5 × 12.5 cm.; [8] p.; no covers; note; poem in 3 stanzas on the Prince of Wales lunching with Mr and Mrs Hardy in 1923].
- 497a. A Prayer [Galsworthy parody; 2 quatrains]; printed by Leonard Russell (ed.), *The Saturday Book*, No. 11, designed by Laurence Scarfe, London, Hutchinson, 1951.

V. PLAYS, BROADCAST ADAPTATIONS, AND FILMS

498. *The Happy Hypocrite*, a one-act play based on M. B.'s story of that name, dramatized by the Author, and produced by Mrs Patrick Campbell at the Royalty Theatre, London, Dec. 1900, as a curtain-raiser before Frank Harris's *Mr and Mrs Daventry*; see 156. Three sketches by M. B. for costumes used in this production are reproduced in 639, p. 104-6 (cf. also 906, p. 361); a caricature of Lord George Hell, one of the characters in the play, was published in the *Critic* (New York), Feb. 1901; for the Vague Hints from the Author to the Company see 474. *The Happy Hypocrite* was revived as a three-act play, with words by Clemence Dane [i. e. Winifred Ashton] and music by Richard Addinsell, at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in April 1936, by Ivor Novello and Richard D. Rose (see 691); reviewed by A. V. Cookman in the *London Mercury and Bookman* (London), May 1936, p. 53-4, and by Charles Morgan in the *New York Times* (New York), 10 May 1936, section X, p. 1; photographs of

this production occur in the *Daily Telegraph* (London), 7 May 1936, and in *Town and Country* (New York), July 1936.

499. *Caesar's Wife*, adapted by M. B. and Frank Harris from Paul Hervieu's *L'Enigme*, and acted at Wyndham's, London, 1 March 1902. See 190.
500. *The Fly on the Wheel*, a comedy written by M. B. and S. Murray Carson, and acted at the Coronet, London, 4 Dec. 1902.
501. *A Social Success*, a one-act play, produced by Sir George Alexander at the Palace Theatre, London, early in 1913; the year after it was given as a curtain-raiser to A. Sutro's *The Two Virtues* at the St James's Theatre, London; reviewed in *Academy* (London), 1 Feb. 1913, p. 144-5, by Egan Mew; *Athenaeum* (London), 21 March 1914, p. 420; *Illustrated London News* (London), 28 March 1914, p. 504. The typescript of the acting version, which is in the Gallatin collection at Harvard (cf. 906, p. 351), differs somewhat from the text published in X, p. 234-73. On April 29, 1953 *A Social Success* was produced by John Irving in the BBC Television programme (cf. *Radio Times* [London], 24 April 1953, p. 15 and 32).
502. 'Savonarola' Brown, produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, by Sir Nigel Playfair, on 25 Feb. 1930, on behalf of the Oxford Preservation Fund; reviewed in the *Times* (London), 26 Feb. 1930, p. 12c. See VII, p. 175-219; 489; and 843.

Note: Some of M. B.'s stories have recently been adapted for broadcasting by Douglas Cleverdon (viz. *A. V. Laidler*, very freely adapted, and broadcast under the title *Death in the Hand*, in 1939; *Enoch Soames*, 1939; *The Happy Hypocrite*, 1941; *Zuleika Dobson*, 1948; *Quia Imperfectum*, broadcast during the Goethe celebrations, 1949; *Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton*, 1950), Christopher Sykes (*Not That I Would Boast*, 1948), and John Cheatle ('Savonarola' Brown, 1939). The scripts of these broadcast adaptations are in the possession of the British Broadcasting Corporation, London. In 1951 Wolcott Gibbs, of the *New Yorker*, wrote a musical comedy based on *Zuleika Dobson* (cf. 908a). On January 12, 1953 a Dutch translation, by Kees de Wolf, of Douglas Cleverdon's *Death in the Hand* was broadcast by the AVRO, Hilversum, under the title *Dood in de Hand*. Ghedini's *Lord Inferno*, a radio opera with Italian words by Franco Antonicelli after M. B.'s story *The Happy Hypocrite*, was awarded the 1952 Italia Prize and broadcast in the BBC Third Programme on February 14, 1953, by courtesy of Radio Italiana. *Death in the Hand* was made into a film in 1948 by Proudlock Bros (cf. 895).

VI. UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS

The Gosse correspondence, preserved in the Brotherton Library, Leeds, com-

prises twenty-two letters written by M. B. to Sir Edmund Gosse, one to Lady Ellen Gosse, and one to the *Sunday Times* (London) (cf. 590, p. 5). The Harvard Library has twenty-seven letters written to Mabel Beardsley, A. E. Gallatin, Ada Levenson ('Sphinx'), Alexander Woolcott, Ford Madox Ford, Luther Munday, and others (906, p. 358-9). Three Beerbohm letters are preserved in the Ashley Library, British Museum (cf. IV, s. v. No. 2. *The Pines*; 485; and 636). In 1950 upwards of fifty letters from M. B. to Ada Levenson, in which many of their contemporaries (including Oscar Wilde, Frank Harris, William Rothenstein and Lord Alfred Douglas) are mentioned, were sold for £15 by Percy Dobell & Son, Tunbridge Wells, Kent (cf. 590a, p. 8). Gallatin records two unpublished poems, *Ballade de la Vie Joyeuse* and *Doubt Divine* (639, p. 38). Information concerning other MS. material, such as letters, verse, and amusing presentation (or other) inscriptions, may be gathered from booksellers' catalogues (e.g. 586, p. 9; 586a, p. 8; 589, p. 24; 591, p. 3; and 594b, p. 5), and from the volumes of *Book-Prices Current* (London, Elliot Stock), 1887-date. See also 909d.

vii. BEERBOHMIANA

1. Catalogues of Exhibitions of Caricatures

503. *One Hundred Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, Carfax & Co., Ltd, Nov. 1901. See 19 and 749.
504. *Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, Carfax & Co., Ltd [1904]; the BM copy was destroyed during the war. See 17 and 753.
505. *Catalogue of Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, Carfax & Co., Ltd, April 1907. See 18 and 755 ff.
506. *Catalogue of Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, Carfax & Co., Ltd, April-May 1908; copy in Library of Congress. See 759 f.
507. *Catalogue of an Exhibition of One Hundred Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, April-May 1911 [published 22 April 1911; 2000 copies; 6d.; silhouette self-caricature on front cover]; reprinted ('Second Edition'). See 20 and 763 ff.
508. *Caricatures by "Max"*, New York, Berlin Photographic Co., 24 Oct.-15 Nov. 1912.
509. *Catalogue of an Exhibition of Cartoons by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, April-May 1913 [published 11 April 1913; 5000 copies; 6d.; self-caricature on front cover]; reprinted ('Second Edition'; copy in BM). See 20 and 769 ff.
510. *Catalogue of Another Exhibition of Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, May-June 1921 [published 13 May 1921; 2750 copies; 6d.; note by M. B.]; copy in Library of Congress. See 21, 444, 572 and 786 ff.

511. *Catalogue of an Exhibition of a Series of Drawings, "Rossetti and His Friends"*, by Max Beerbohm, London, The Leicester Galleries, Sep. 1921. See 22, and 793 f.
512. *Catalogue of Another Exhibition of Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, June 1923 [published 29 May 1923; 2000 copies; 6d.; the 'First hundred' copies contain text of offending Royal Family cartoons; copy in Library of Congress is one of the 'First hundred']; several pages withdrawn and reprinted ('Second Edition'; 2500 copies). See 23, 458 and 801 ff.
513. *Catalogue of Another Exhibition of Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, April-May 1925 [published 17 April 1925; 3050 copies; 6d.; note by M.B.]. See 24 and 819 ff. The invitations to the Private View were filled in by M. B.
514. *Catalogue of an Exhibition entitled "Ghosts" by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, Nov.-Dec. 1928 [published 29 Nov. 1928; 3000 copies; 6d.; letter by M. B.; copy in Library of Congress]; reprinted ('Second Edition'); '55 copies, of which 50 are for sale', printed on larger, hand-made paper, and numbered and signed by Artist (copy in Library of Congress, numbered 42). See 835 ff.
515. *Catalogue of the Philip Guedalla Collection of Caricatures by Sir Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, Sep.-Oct. 1945 [published 20 Sep. 1945; 2500 copies; 1s.; note by M. B.; 8 plates]; reprinted ('Second Edition'). See 886 ff. and 891.
516. *Catalogue of an Exhibition of Drawings by Sir Max Beerbohm entitled 'Max' in Retrospect*, London, The Leicester Galleries, May 1952 [note by M. B.]. See 909.
- 516a. See 594c.

2. *Letters occasioned by Beerbohm's Articles in the Saturday Review*
(London)

517. A. Conan Doyle, 2 Jan. 1897, p. 15-6 [reply to M. B.'s article Doctor Conan Doyle's Latest Case, in the preceding issue]. See 397.
518. A. Conan Doyle, 9 Jan. 1897, p. 40-1 [reply to M. B.'s letter in the preceding issue]. See 441.
519. Robert Buchanan, *Max Nobiscum!*, 19 June 1897, p. 690 [reply to M. B.'s reference to Robert Buchanan in his article Words of Consolation and of Caution to Mr. Jerome, in the preceding issue]. See 41 and 442.
520. J. McNeill Whistler, *An Acknowledgement*, 27 Nov. 1897, p. 592 [calls M. B. 'your new gentleman—a simple youth, of German extraction—"belockter Jüngling"']. See 404.

521. M. B. [*not* Max Beerbohm], 24 June 1899, p. 786-7 ['Max' on the French language]. See VIII, p. 61-6, and 522-523.
522. E. H., 1 July 1899, p. 16 ['Max' on the French language]. See 521.
523. R. Y. Tyrrell, 1 July 1899, p. 16 ['Max' on the French language]. See 521.
524. 'A Mere Provincial', 4 Nov. 1899, p. 583 [on M. B.'s criticism of Hall Caine's *The Christian*, 21 Oct. 1899]. See 127.
525. E. M. Clark, 24 March 1900, p. 364 [on M. B.'s review of a play by Laurence Irving, 17 March 1900]. See 138.
526. Alice Lehmann, 22 Sep. 1900, p. 363 [on M. B.'s article Caesar and Cromwell, in the preceding issue]. See 150.
527. H. H., 29 Sep. 1900, p. 395-6 [on M. B.'s article Caesar and Cromwell, 15 Sep. 1900]. See 150.
528. Frank H. M. Savile, 12 Jan. 1901, p. 50 [on M. B.'s 'Alice' again Awakened, 22 Dec. 1900]. See VIII, p. 193-9.
529. Walter Herries Pollock, 2 March 1901, p. 272 [on a sentence in M. B.'s 'The Drama of the Dustbin', 23 Feb. 1901]. See VIII, p. 217-24.
530. N. P., 7 Feb. 1903, p. 171 [on M. B.'s articles on Amateur Acting in the two preceding issues]. See VIII, p. 419-30.
531. W. Rothenstein, 9 May 1903, p. 588 [occasioned by M. B.'s criticism of Ibsen's *The Vikings*, 25 April 1903]. See 223.
532. Aylmer Maude, 14 Jan. 1905, p. 47 [on M. B.'s article of 31 Dec. 1904]. See 263 and 533.
533. G. Bernard Shaw, 14 Jan. 1905, p. 48 [on M. B.'s article of 31 Dec. 1904 (see 263); M. B. replied to G. B. S.'s challenge to give a canon of translation for plays in his article of 21 Jan. 1905 (see 265)]. See also 532.
534. H. Hamilton Fyfe, 18 Feb. 1905, p. 207 [on M. B.'s article of 4 Feb. 1905]. See 266.
535. Paul Mazon, 18 March 1905, p. 347 [on M. B.'s interpretation of Aristophanes' *The Clouds*, ll. 1102-4, in his articles of 4 and 11 March 1905]. See 268-269.
536. Robert Ross, 27 May 1905, p. 703-4 [on M. B.'s article 'Salomé' of 13 May 1905]. See IX, p. 140-6.
537. Ernest Pomeroy, 20 Jan. 1906, p. 78 [on M. B.'s article *Idolum Aularum* of 13 Jan. 1906]. See IX, p. 205-11.
538. Harold Hodge, Brutus: Villain or Hero?—A Reply, 24 Feb. 1906, p. 232-4 [reply to M. B.'s article Brutus as 'Villain' of 17 Feb. 1906]. See 294-295 and 539.
539. H. C. Castle, 10 March 1906, p. 301 [on M. B.'s articles on Brutus, 17 and 24 Feb. 1906]. See 294-295 and 538.
540. Arthur Symons, 21 April 1906, p. 492 [correction of M. B.'s article Between Two Halls, 14 April 1906]. See 299.

- 541. [Anon.], 18 Aug. 1906, p. 206 [on M. B.'s article To Bouch, of 11 Aug. 1906]. See 304, and 542-543.
- 542. J. R. P., 25 Aug. 1906, p. 237 [on M. B.'s article To Bouch, of 11 Aug. 1906]. See 304, 541 and 543.
- 543. Cloudesley Brereton, 1 Sep. 1906, p. 269 [on M. B.'s article To Bouch, of 11 Aug. 1906]. See 304, and 541-542.
- 544. Stanley Monnington, 21 Sep. 1907, p. 364 [on M. B.'s article Attila, of 14 Sep. 1907]. See 324.
- 545. Wilfrid C. Thorley, 7 March 1908, p. 302 [on M. B.'s article In an Italian Music Hall, 21 Dec. 1907]. See IX, p. 336-40.
- 546. Anthony Scarlett, 8 May 1909, p. 597 [on M. B.'s article A Touching Document, 10 April 1909]. See IX, p. 433-40.
- 547. [Anon.], 15 May 1909, p. 628 [on M. B.'s article 'What the Public Wants', 8 May 1909]. See 366.
- 548. Herbert Trench, 25 Sep. 1909, p. 384 [on M. B.'s article Lear at the Haymarket, 18 Sep. 1909]. See 375, and 549-550.
- 549. John Leslie, 2 Oct. 1909, p. 411 [on M. B.'s article Lear at the Haymarket, 18 Sep. 1909]. See 375, 548 and 550.
- 550. M. J. Landseer, 16 Oct. 1909, p. 475 [on M. B.'s article Lear at the Haymarket, 18 Sep. 1909]. See 375, and 548-549.
- 551. John F. Runciman, 9 April 1910, p. 464 [refers to M. B.'s article 'A Fashionable Tragedian', 2 April 1910]. See IX, p. 479-84.

3. Poems on Max Beerbohm

- 552. *Ars Cosmetica*, *Punch* (London), 5 May 1894, p. 210 [twelve-line poem on M. B.'s A Defence of Cosmetics]. See I, s. v. The Pervasion of Rouge.
- 553. Mostyn T. Pigott, The Second Coming of Arthur [poem, in seven stanzas, on the *Yellow Book*, in which M. B. is referred to as 'The stumious Beerbohmax']; reproduced in Bohun Lynch, *Max Beerbohm in Perspective*, London, William Heinemann, 1921, p. 22-3. See 673.
- 554. [John Gilbert] Bohun Lynch and Reginald Berkeley, *Decorations and Absurdities*, London, W. Collins Sons & Co., 1923 [contains an eight-line poem, entitled To Max Beerbohm, on p. 8]. See 996.
- 555. C. H., Epitaph on a Literary Caricaturist. (Which may be found on a tombstone in Italy A. D. 2025), *Outlook* (London), 4 April 1925, p. 232 [six-line poem on M. B.].
- 556. Reginald Arkell, *Meet these People*, London, Herbert Jenkins, 1928 [contains a poem in four stanzas, entitled The Inevitable Max, on p. 63].
- 557. S. Sprigge, To Max Beerbohm, Now [sixteen-line poem], *New Statesman & Nation* (London), 29 Aug. 1942, p. 140.

558. Maisie Ward, *Gilbert Keith Chesterton*, New York, Sheed & Ward, 1943 [eight-line poem on M. B. by Chesterton on p. 154]. See 732.
559. James Norman Hall, *Reading and Meditating: Max Beerbohm's Essays*, *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston), Sep. 1944, p. 59 [poem on M. B.'s essays].

4. Miscellaneous

Note: The inclusion of certain items under this heading, such as the theses written by members of the German branch of the Beerbohm family, is due to the fact that this bibliography combines the purposes of a bibliography and a reference list.

- 559a. Julius Beerbohm, *Wanderings in Patagonia, or Life among the Ostrich-Hunters*, London, Chatto & Windus, 1879; new ed. 1881; *Among the Ostrich Hunters*, New York, A. L. Burt, Co., 1901 [Home Library].
- 559b. Lady Florence Caroline Douglas [afterwards Dixie], *Across Patagonia*, London, Bentley & Son, 1880 [with illustrations from sketches by Julius Beerbohm].
- 559c. Constance [Marie] Beerbohm, *A Secret* [comedietta, produced 26 June 1888].
560. A Phalse Note on George the Fourth (A Brown Study in a Yellow Book), *Punch* (London), 27 Oct. 1894, p. 204 [skit on M. B.'s A Defence of Cosmetics, A Note on George the Fourth, and on his letter to the Editor of the *Yellow Book*, July 1894, p. 281-4]. See I, *passim*, and 438.
561. 1894, by Max Mereboom, *Punch* (London), 2 Feb. 1895, p. 58 [skit on M. B.'s 1880]. See I, s. v. 1880.
562. Be it Cosiness, by Max Mereboom, *Punch* (London), 21 Dec. 1895, p. 297 [skit on M. B.'s Be it Cosiness]. See I, s. v. Diminuendo.
- 562a. Constance [Marie] Beerbohm, *A Little Book of Plays for Professional and Amateur Actors*, London, George Newnes, 1897 [plays adapted from the French].
563. H. Crouch Batchelor, Letter to the Editor of the *Daily Mail* (London), 7 Jan. 1897 [calls M. B. a 'masquerading German', and a 'foreign-named "literary" mountebank'].
564. *Academy* (London), 8 Dec. 1900, p. 579 [in 1900 various authors were asked by the *Academy* to name the two books which, during the past year, they had read with most interest and pleasure. M. B. answered: Henry James's *The Soft Side*, and [L. Housman's] *An Englishwoman's Love-letters*]. See 472.
565. 'Literary Man' [i.e. Richard Le Gallienne], Letter to the Editor of the *Saturday Review* (London), 4 May 1901, p. 570 [reference to 'Max' as stylist].

566. Gilbert Keith Chesterton, *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*. With Seven Full-Page Illustrations by W. Graham Robertson, London, John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1904 [the face and figure of Auberon Quin, the alleged humorist, and the illustrations, were suggested by M. B.]. See 986.
- 566a. Julius Beerbohm, Butterfly [poem], *Living Age* (Boston), 25 Aug. 1906, p. 450.
- 566b. Chronicle of the Beerbohm family, written by Dora Margareta Beerbohm [MS. book with photographs; property of Sir Max Beerbohm].
567. Manifesto for the Abolition of the present system of the Censorship of Plays, *Saturday Review* (London), 29 Feb. 1908, p. 269 [M. B. among the signers].
568. Theft from Mrs. Beerbohm, *Times* (London), 9 Nov. 1910, p. 3d [prosecution].
569. Constance [Marie] Beerbohm, *Charity Begins At Home* [comedy, contained in Ernest Pertwee (ed.), *A Little Book of Twentieth-Century Duologues for Drawing-room and Platform*, 2 vols., London, George Routledge & Sons (New York, E. P. Dutton & Co.), 1911, 1913].
570. Wilhelm C. Beerbohm, *Die Schwankungen im Gehalte des Butterfettes an flüchtigen Fettsäuren während der Laktation von 4 Kühen der Kgl. Domäne Kleinhof-Tapiau*, Hanover, M. & H. Schaper, 1913 [thesis, Königsberg].
571. Fallen Officers. 'The Times' List of Casualties. Major Evelyn Beerbohm, R. A. [killed in action on 26 Sep. 1917], *Times* (London), 2 Oct. 1917, p. 9c; biographical data, 3 Oct. 1917, p. 9c; correction, 6 Oct. 1917, p. 5d; memorial service, 23 Feb. 1918, p. 11b; 26 Sep. 1918, p. 9a.
572. Gerald Gould, An Open Letter to Max, *Daily Herald* (London), 4 June 1921, p. 4 [on first 1921 Exhibition]. See 510.
573. Constance [Marie] Beerbohm, Letter to the Editor of the *Times* (London), 14 July 1921, p. 6a ['Ladies in Want': the last of a series of similar appeals, which appeared in the *Times* between 1909 and 1921].
574. Scrapbook of miscellaneous articles, written and collected by Max Beerbohm, 1896-1929 [preserved in Columbia University Library; press-mark B 825 B 39 | G | 1896-1929, Special Collections; 1 vol., unpagged, 23 cm.; in manuscript on first leaf: Max Beerbohm, Cuttings; contains cuttings of the *Daily Mail* articles (see 29 ff.), and of another article, with notes in pencil by M. B., and MS. quotations from, or references to, *Tom Jones*, Johnson, Boswell, Augustine Birrell, Walter Pater's *Appreciations*, and Richard Hooker].
575. Hansheinrich Beerbohm, *Die Kapitalversorgung der Industrie über die Börse*, Ohlau i. Schl., Eschenhagen, 1929 [thesis].
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- Heinemann, 1931 [contains several letters written to M. B. by Edmund Gosse]. See 618.
577. R. Ellis Roberts, Florence Kahn [Mrs Max Beerbohm], *New Statesman & Nation* (London), 16 May 1931, p. 425-6.
578. Mrs. Evelyn Beerbohm [obituary note, and appreciation by 'V. T.' (Viola Tree?)], *Times* (London), 26 Nov. 1931, p. 16d.
579. Kurt Beerbohm, *Planwirtschaftliche Entwicklungen in der deutschen Energie- und Treibstoffwirtschaft*, Biberach a. d. Ritz, Hutter, 1937 [thesis].
580. S. C. Roberts, *Zuleika in Cambridge*, Cambridge, Heffer, 1941 [a kind of continuation of M. B.'s *Zuleika Dobson*, describing her adventures in Cambridge].
581. The Man and the Century, *New York Times* (New York), 5 Sep. 1943, section IV, p. 8b [editorial; on views on ages].
582. Osbert Lancaster, Apotheosis, *Cornhill Magazine* (London), Jan. 1944, p. 34 [note to accompany sketch of members of the Maximilian Society on p. 35].
583. See 640.
584. Marriages: Mr. J. Beerbohm and Mrs. E. M. Richards, *Times* (London), 24 Sep. 1945, p. 7c.
- 584a. John Beerbohm, *Ocean Madness*. Musical play. Book, lyrics and music by John Beerbohm. Additional lyrics and music by Bill Blythe. ff. 152 [Dublin, 1948], 4°, typewritten [British Museum, press-mark 11783. bbb. 26].
585. *A Selection of Interesting Books*, London, Bernard Quaritch Ltd, Catalogue No. 657, 1948 [item 29, p. 9: copy of *More*, first edition, in American binding]. See 3a.
586. *Catalogue of Original Sources of Literature and History*, London, Myers & Co., 80 New Bond Street, W. 1, No. 351, Spring 1948 [item 39, p. 9: Holograph MS. Signed, entitled *Altruism*]. See section vi.
- 586a. *Rare Books*, Takeley, Bishops Stortford, Elkin Mathews Ltd, Catalogue No. 109, April 1948 [item 89, p. 8: collection of 7 Autograph Letters Signed, 1906-1907, addressed to J. B. Pinker, the literary agent, dealing mostly with *A Christmas Garland* and the disposal of these parodies in the U.S.A., and with an essay; item 90, p. 9: possible trial copy of *The Happy Hypocrite*]. See 2, s.v. NOTES, and section vi.
587. Miss Zuleika Dobson, 1948, *News Review* (London), 3 June 1948, p. 17 [on election for 'Miss Zuleika Dobson, 1948' at Oxford].
588. [Catalogue of] *Rare and Interesting Books*, Harrow, Middlesex, George Frederick Sims, Winter 1948 [item 32, p. 3: single-page holograph bibliography of *Fungoids* by Enoch Soames, written out by A. J. A. Symons]. See VII, s.v. Enoch Soames.

589. *Second-hand Books*, Cambridge, W. Heffer & Sons, Catalogue No. 626, 1949 [item 1100, p. 24: original MS. of a poem *The Road to Zoagli*, 3 verses, with a pen-and-ink caricature by the Author and inscription 'For Florence Hardy, Max Beerbohm', 1930]. See section vi.
- 589a. William Matthews, *British Diaries. An Annotated Bibliography of British Diaries written between 1442 and 1942*, Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press; London, Cambridge University Press, 1950 [the MS. diary of the fictitious Mr Soames, listed on p. 293 ('SOAMES, Enoch (1862-1897) of London, poet. Literary diary, 1892-1897; notes on life and work of a modernist poet and a "Catholic Diabolist". MS owned by Sir Max Beerbohm, Athenaeum Club, London, W. 1') is obviously a piece of mystification, and it looks as if someone had been pulling Professor Matthews's leg]. See VII, s.v. Enoch Soames.
590. A. Whitworth [and others], *A Catalogue of the Gosse Correspondence in the Brotherton Collection*, Leeds, The Brotherton Library, 1950 [lists 24 Beerbohm letters on p. 5]. See section vi.
- 590a. *A Catalogue of Autograph Letters and Manuscripts*, Tunbridge Wells, Percy Dobell & Son, No. 113, 1950 [item 122, p. 8: upwards of 50 letters from M. B. to Ada Levenson]. See section vi.
591. *Catalogue of Rare and Interesting Books*, Takeley, Bishops Stortford, Elkin Mathews Ltd, No. 118, Oct. 1950 [items 31-3, p. 3: 4 Autograph Letters Signed, to John Lane and Leonard Smithers]. See section vi.
- 591a. *The Letters of Ezra Pound 1907-1941*, ed. by D. D. Paige, London, Faber & Faber, 1951 [in letter No. 323, written to Laurence Pollinger, Pound refers to a proposal that he should write *The Life and Times of Max Beerbohm*].
592. Lady Beerbohm, 74, Former Stage Star, *New York Times* (New York), 14 Jan. 1951, p. 7 [death of Lady Beerbohm].
593. *Times* (London), 16 Jan. 1951, p. 4b; 19 Jan., p. 16e [death of Lady Beerbohm].
594. *Time* (New York), 22 Jan. 1951, p. 79 [death of Lady Beerbohm].
- 594a. *Max Beerbohm 1952* [MS. book with contributions by T. S. Eliot and 45 others, presented to M. B. on the occasion of his eightieth birthday; bound in red leather by Zachnsdorf; property of Sir Max Beerbohm].
- 594b. *Interesting Books, English and Continental*, Takeley, Bishops Stortford, Elkin Mathews Ltd, Catalogue No. 128, Autumn 1952 [item 41, p. 5: copy of *The Works*, Lane, 1921, specially bound for H[arley] G[ranville-] B[arker]; bound in with the volume is a sheet of foolscap paper with 5 MS. unpublished verses, headed "Triolets composed on a day when I thought (from what he had said on a previous day) that Harley wouldn't turn up for luncheon. Max. Feb. 1923.']. See section vi.

- 594c.** *An Exhibition of Caricatures, Books and Manuscripts by Sir Max Beerbohm*, New York, American Academy of Arts and Letters, 5 Dec. 1952-4 Jan. 1953 [published 1952; note by the Library Committee; 63 items listed; self-caricature by M. B. on front]. See 595c and 909d.

viii. BIOGRAPHY, BIBLIOGRAPHY, AND CRITICISM

1. Books containing Material on Max Beerbohm

Note: A few representative manuals have been included in this list. Unsigned articles in encyclopaedias and compilations such as *Who's Who* have been omitted from it.

- 595.** ANON., Note in *A Luncheon*, Oxford, Ewelme, 1946. See 497.
- 595a.**— About this Book, in *Zuleika Dobson*, Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, 1952 [printed inside front cover]. See 59.
- 595b.**— Notes on *Zuleika Dobson* and M. B., in *Zuleika Dobson*, Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, 1952 [printed inside front cover and on back cover]. See 59.
- 595c.**— Note by the Library Committee, in *An Exhibition of Caricatures, Books and Manuscripts by Sir Max Beerbohm*, New York, American Academy of Arts and Letters, 1952 [printed inside front]. See 594c.
- 596.** ARLISS, GEORGE, *Up the Years from Bloomsbury*, Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1927 [reference to M. B.'s play *The Happy Hypocrite*, &c.; the Vague Hints from the Author to the Company were reprinted in A. E. Gallatin, *Sir Max Beerbohm: Bibliographical Notes*, Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press, 1944, p. 71-3]. See 474.
- 596a.** ASQUITH, [Lady] CYNTHIA, *Remember and be Glad*, London, James Barrie, 1952 [references to M. B. on p. 54-5].
- 597.** BAIN, JAMES S., *A Bookseller Looks Back. The Story of the Bains*, London, Macmillan & Co., 1940 [references to M. B.].
- 598.** BAKER, ERNEST A., *The History of the English Novel*, London, H. F. & G. Witherby, 1924-39, 10 vols. [note on M. B. in vol. IX, p. 225, and vol. X, p. 249].
- 599.** BATHO, EDITH C., and DOBRÉE, BONAMY, *The Victorians and After, 1830-1914*, London, The Cresset Press, 1950 [1st ed. 1938; references to M. B., and a very incomplete bibliography].
- 600.** BEERBOHM, MAX, [and others], *Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Some Memories of him and of his Art Collected by Max Beerbohm*, London, Hutchinson & Co. [1920; many references to M. B.]. See 8.
- 601.** BENNETT, ARNOLD, *The Journals of Arnold Bennett*, vol. I, 1896-1910,

- edited by Newman Flower, London, Cassell & Co., 1932 [New York, The Literary Guild, 1933] [various references to M. B.].
602. — *The Journals of Arnold Bennett*, vol. II, 1911–1921, edited by Newman Flower, London, Cassell & Co., 1932 [New York, The Literary Guild, 1933] [various references to M. B.].
603. — *The Journals of Arnold Bennett*, vol. III, 1921–1928, edited by Newman Flower, London, Cassell & Co., 1933 [New York, The Literary Guild, 1933] [various references to M.B.].
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607. — *More Portraits of a Lifetime, 1918–1938* [translation], London, J. M. Dent, 1939 [reference to M. B. on p. 151].
608. BOTTOME, PHYLLIS, *From the Life*, London, Faber & Faber, 1944 [a very good study, entitled Max Beerbohm, on p. 32–46].
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- 609a. — *Ease and Endurance [A Londres Naguère]*, translated by Robin Adair, London, Home & Van Thal, 1948 [references to M. B. on p. 27, 29, 30–1, 36–7, 55–6, 120].
610. BOYD, ERNEST, Introduction to *A Peep into the Past* by Max Beerbohm. Privately printed, 1923 [New York, Max Harzof (G. A. Baker & Co.)], p. 3–4. See 68.
611. BRAYBROOKE, PATRICK, *Peeps at the Mighty*, London, Henry J. Drane, 1927 [Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott, 1927] [Peep Number Three, p. 43–58, entitled Max Beerbohm, Swinburne, and Other Things, is a sympathetic paraphrase of, and commentary on, some of M. B.'s essays, viz. No. 2. The Pines, Going Out for a Walk, and Servants].
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614. C., R. D., Preface to *A Note on 'Patience'* by Max Beerbohm [London, Miles & Co., Ltd, 1918?], p. [2]. See 473.

615. CAZAMIAN, LOUIS, *A History of English Literature. Modern Times (1660-1914)*, translated from the French by W. D. MacInnes, M. A., and the Author, London, J. M. Dent, 1927 [references to M. B. on p. 446 and 497].
616. CAZAMIAN, MADELEINE L., *Le Roman et les Idées en Angleterre. Vol. II: L'Anti-intellectualisme et l'Esthétisme (1880-1900)*, Paris, Société d'édition: Les Belles Lettres, 1935 [Publications de la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Strasbourg, Fascicule 73] [note on M. B., p. 300-6].
- 616a. CECCHI, EMILIO, Preface [note on M.B.] to Max Beerbohm, *L'ipocrita Felice e altri racconti*, Milano, Valentino Bompiani, 1947 [Il Centonovelle No. 15], p. vii-xviii.
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- 621a. COLLINS, VERE H., *Talks with Thomas Hardy at Max Gate 1920-1922*, London, Duckworth, 1928 [references to M. B. on p. 31, 32 and 33]. See 834.
622. CRUSE, AMY, *After the Victorians*, London, George Allen & Unwin, 1938 [a few observations on M. B. on p. 51].
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944. George Woodcock, *The Paradox of Oscar Wilde*, London-New York, T. V. Boardman & Co., 1949.
945. Hesketh Pearson, *The Last Actor-Managers*, London, Methuen & Co., 1950.

X. PORTRAITS AND CARICATURES OF MAX BEERBOHM

1. In Periodicals and Newspapers

- 945a. *Abinger Chronicle* (Dorking, Surrey), July 1940, p. 79 [caricature by W. Rothenstein, circa 1911].
946. *Academy* (London), 10 Dec. 1898 [self-caricature].
947. *Bookman* (London):
 - a. 11 Aug. 1911, p. 201-8 [portraits or caricatures by W. Rothenstein, W. W. Russell, Sickert, Nicholson, Conder, and Will Owen];
 - b. Dec. 1923, p. 182a [self-caricature];
 - c. Oct. 1924, p. 1 [portrait];
 - d. July 1928, p. 217 [self-portrait].
948. *British Books to Come* (London), Feb. 1946 [photograph on front cover; same in 59, back cover, and in 964a].
949. *Chap-Book* (Chicago), 1 Nov. 1896 [self-caricature].

950. *Cornhill Magazine* (London), Jan. 1944, p. 35 [caricature by Osbert Lancaster]. See 15 s.v. Fenestralia.
951. *Critic* (New York):
a. Nov. 1901, p. 393 [portrait]; see 748;
b. Oct. 1904, p. 294 [portrait].
952. *Go* (London), April-May 1951, p. 37-40 [5 photographs by Kaye Webb]. See 908 and 954a.
953. *Land and Water* (London), 12 June 1919, p. 24 [caricature by Bohun Lynch]. See IV s.v. The Golden Drugget.
954. *Life* (New York), 20 Sep. 1943, p. 102 [photograph].
- 954a. *Listener* (London), 21 Aug. 1952, p. 281 [photograph by Kaye Webb; first published in 952, p. 37].
955. *Literary Review* (New York), 15 Dec. 1923, p. 363 [self-portrait].
956. *London Life* (London), 17 Sep. 1898, p. 11 [self-caricature].
957. *London Mercury and Bookman* (London), May 1936, p. 16a [portrait by William Rothenstein].
- 957a. *Manchester Guardian Weekly* (Manchester), 28 Aug. 1952, p. 11 [portrait by Kathleen Shackleton]. See 909b.
958. *Munsay* (New York), July 1903, p. 610, 617 [portrait]. See 752.
959. *New York Herald* (New York), 24 April 1921 [caricature by Carlo Fornaro].
960. *New York Times* (New York):
a. 20 June 1926, section III, p. 10 [portrait];
b. 29 March 1931, section IV, p. 3 [portrait];
c. 23 Aug. 1931, section V, p. 10 [portrait]; see 849;
d. 11 June 1939, section IV, p. 2 [portrait]; see 862;
e. 11 June 1939, section VII, p. 14 [portrait];
f. 10 Sep. 1939, section VII, p. 14 [photograph]; see 863.
961. *New Zealand Listener* (Wellington), 2 Nov. 1945, p. 10 [portrait]. See 888.
- 961a. *Observer* (London), 24 Aug. 1952 [photograph]. See s.v. 909b.
962. *Page* (Carshalton), vol. II, 1899 [caricature by W. R.].
963. *Pall Mall Magazine* (London), Jan.-April 1902, p. 275 [self-caricature].
964. *Picture Post* (London), 27 March 1948, p. 24 [photograph].
- 964a. *Radio Times* (London), 22 Aug. 1952, p. 10 [photograph; same in 5q, back cover, and in 948].
965. *Royal Academy Illustrated* (London), 1937, p. 29 [portrait by R. G. Eves].
966. *Saturday Review* (London), 18 April 1925, p. 408 [portrait]. See 822.
967. *Saturday Review of Literature* (New York), 24 Oct. 1942, p. 8 [portrait]. See 874.
968. *Sketch* (London), 2 Jan. 1895, p. 439 [M. B. in 'Boyhood']. See 743.

969. *Studio* (New York):
 a. March 1934, p. 160 [portrait by A. Rutherford];
 b. Sep. 1947, p. 82 [portrait by R. G. Eves].
970. *Sunday Times* (London):
 a. 28 Sep. 1947 [portrait];
 b. 4 May 1952 [self-caricature]; see s.v. 909;
 c. 24 Aug. 1952 [portrait]; see s.v. 909b.
971. *Time* (New York), 21 Sep. 1942, p. 95 [photograph]. See 873.
972. *Times* (London):
 a. 8 June 1939, p. 11 [photograph]; see 859;
 b. 1 Nov. 1947, p. 8 [photo of portrait by Jacques Blanche, presented to Ashmolean Museum, Oxford]; see 901.
973. *Woman* (London), 29 April 1896, p. 8 [portrait]. See 744.
974. *World Review* (London), Aug. 1945, p. 38 [drawing by Stanley Parker]. See 885.
975. *World's Work* (London), July 1923, p. 114 [portrait].

2. *In Books by Max Beerbohm and Catalogues of his Exhibitions*

- 975a. *Caricatures of Twenty-Five Gentlemen*, First edition (see 16) [self-caricature on front cover].
976. *The Poets' Corner*:
 a. First edition (see 17) [self-caricature on front cover];
 b. King Penguin edition (see 17b) [frontispiece: portrait by William Rothenstein; self-caricature on p. 13].
977. *Fifty Caricatures*, First edition (see 20) [self-caricature, plate 8].
978. *A Survey*, Limited edition (see 21b) [self-caricature on title-page].
979. *Things New and Old*:
 a. First edition (see 23) [self-caricature, plate 21];
 b. Limited edition (see 23a) [self-caricature, extra plate].
980. *Observations*:
 a. First edition (see 24) [self-caricatures, plate 20 and 24];
 b. Limited edition (see 24a) [self-caricature, extra plate].
- 980a. *Zuleika Dobson*, Penguin edition (see 59) [photograph on back cover]. See 948.
981. *Catalogue of an Exhibition of One Hundred Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, April-May 1911 (see 507) [silhouette self-caricature on front cover].
982. *Catalogue of an Exhibition of Cartoons by Max Beerbohm*, London, The Leicester Galleries, April-May 1913 (see 509) [self-caricature on front cover].

3. In Other Books

- 982a. ANON., *An Exhibition of Caricatures, Books and Manuscripts by Sir Max Beerbohm*, New York, American Academy of Arts and Letters, 1952 [self-caricature on front]. See 594c.
983. BLANCHE, JACQUES-ÉMILE, *Portraits of a Lifetime*, London, J. M. Dent, 1937 [2 caricatures]. See 606.
984. CALLENDER, L. (ed.), *The Windmill*, London, William Heinemann, 1923 [self-caricature, p. 57].
985. CARTER, A. C. R. (comp.), *The Year's Art, 1942-1944*, London, Hutchinson & Co., n.d. [self-portrait, p. 5].
986. CHESTERTON, GILBERT K., *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, London, John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1904 [in the illustrations by W. Graham Robertson one seems to recognize M. B.]. See 566.
987. COBURN, ALVIN LANGDON, *Men of Mark*, London, Duckworth & Co.; New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1913 [plate XVI: portrait]. See 621.
988. 'DILLY TANTE' (ed.) [i.e. Stanley J. Kunitz], *Living Authors. A Book of Biographies*, New York, H. W. Wilson, 1931 [caricature by Bohun Lynch]. See 628.
989. DOBRÉE, BONAMY, *English Essayists*, London, Collins, 1946 (Britain in Pictures) [self-caricature on p. 43]. See 629.
990. FISK, EARL E., *Max Beerbohm. A Self-Caricature Printed, Not Published for the Friends of Earl E. Fisk*, Christmas 1926 [self-caricature in colour]. See 636.
991. HAMMERTON, J. A., *Humorists of the Pencil*, London, Hurst & Blackett, 1905 [caricature]. See 649.
992. JACKSON, HOLBROOK, *All Manner of Folk. Interpretations and Studies*, London, Grant Richards, 1912 [caricature by Lovat Fraser, facing p. 78]. See 657.
993. KNOX, COLLIE, *People of Quality*, London, Macdonald & Co., 1947 [portrait, p. 155]. See 663.
994. 'LACON' [i.e. Edmund Henry Lacon Watson], *Lectures to Living Authors*, London, Geoffrey Bles, 1925 [New York, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1925] [portrait by 'Quiz', p. 102]. See 667.
995. LYNCH, [John Gilbert] BOHUN, *Max Beerbohm in Perspective*, London, William Heinemann [New York, Alfred A. Knopf], 1921 [coloured photograph, self-caricatures, and portraits or caricatures by William Rothenstein, Bohun Lynch, William Nicholson, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, and Walter Sickert]. See 673.
996. — and BERKELEY, REGINALD, *Decorations and Absurdities*, London, W. Collins Sons & Co., 1923 [caricature by Bohun Lynch]. See 554.

997. RICHARDS, GRANT, *Author Hunting. Memories of Years Spent Mainly in Publishing, 1897-1925*, London, Hamish Hamilton, 1934 [portrait facing p. 222]. See 699.
998. ROTHENSTEIN, JOHN, *The Life and Death of Conder*, London, J. M. Dent, 1938 [oil-painting by Charles Conder, p. 191]. See 704.
999. ROTHENSTEIN, WILLIAM, *Oxford Characters*, London, John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1896 [lithograph].
1000. — *Twenty-Four Portraits. With Critical Appreciations by Various Hands*, London, George Allen & Unwin, 1920 [portrait]. See 707.

xi. APPENDIX

An alphabetical Subject Index to the Dramatic Criticisms of Max Beerbohm

Note: The following list has been compiled for the use of those who wish to study the critical history of the English drama between the years 1898 and 1910. It covers the articles written by M. B. for the *Saturday Review* (London) during that period. References are to the numbers in the Bibliography.

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44

STELLINGEN

I

Beerbohm's place in the history of the English essay is within the tradition established by Florio's Montaigne, Sir Thomas Browne, Charles Lamb, and Thackeray.

II

The successive phases of Beerbohm's literary relationship to Oscar Wilde may be stated in terms of parody and imitation, imitation and parody, and imitation.

III

As a dramatic critic Beerbohm was a sensitive and independent interpreter and encourager of many of the most creative tendencies in the drama of his day.

IV

Beerbohm's most valuable contribution to the history of prose criticism is his insistence on style as the essayist's chief means of self-expression.

V

Bohun Lynch's assertion that Beerbohm was an 'idolater' of Swinburne is not endorsed by Beerbohm's criticism of Swinburne's poetry. (Cf. Bohun Lynch, *Max Beerbohm in Perspective*, London, William Heinemann, 1921, p. 95).

VI

A study of Beerbohm's vocabulary proves that Virginia Woolf was wrong when she said that 'he has not searched the dictionary for polysyllables'. (Cf. Virginia Woolf, *The Common Reader*, First series, Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, 1938 [1st ed. 1925], p. 216).

VII

De geringe waardering die Emile Legouis heeft voor de *Beowulf* kan voortspruiten uit het feit dat hij de poëtische waarde van de Oudengelse *kennings* onderschat. (Cf. Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian, *A History of English Literature*, Revised edition, London, J. M. Dent & Sons, 1948, p. 18 ff.)

VIII

Het is niet nodig *Beowulf* 856: *on blancum* te vertalen door *op hun witte* (of *grijze*) *paarden*. De betekenis is hier veeleer *op hun glimmende* (of *glanzende*) *paarden*.

IX

Hesketh Pearson's *The Life of Oscar Wilde* (London, Methuen & Co., 1946) is unreliable in some of its details.

X

Dr Leavis's treatment of the irony of Swift in *The Common Pursuit* (London, Chatto & Windus, 1952, p. 73-87) is inadequate.

XI

John Henry Newman's *Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent*, dat uitsluitend bedoeld is als een wijsgerige en psychologische beschrijving van de menselijke redeneerwijze, is tevens een boek met vele autobiografische gegevens.

XII

Voor de kennis van een vreemde taal is de beheersing van het volledige klanksysteem en de volledige grammaticale structuur nodig. Voor het semantisch systeem kan men met een beperkt vocabularium volstaan.

XIII

De schrijver van een leergang voor een vreemde taal dient zijn methode allereerst te baseren op een wetenschappelijke vergelijking van het klanksysteem, de grammaticale structuur, en het vocabularium van de moedertaal en de vreemde taal.

XIV

'To get an easy command of a foreign language one must learn to ignore the features of any and all other languages, especially of one's own' (Leonard Bloomfield, *Outline Guide for the Practical Study of Foreign Languages*, Linguistic Society of America, Baltimore, 1942, p. 1). Afgezien van de onmogelijkheid van de gestelde eis, houdt Bloomfield in deze stelling ten onrechte geen rekening met de klanken, grammaticale constructies, en woorden die de vreemde taal met de moedertaal gemeen kan hebben.

XV

Op het gebied van de vocabulaire selectie is vooral voor het Engels reeds veel bereikt. Verscheidene diepere semantische problemen moeten echter bij toepassing van deze methode onopgelost blijven.