

*The Prospects of American Democracy*, by G. S. Counts (John Day).

*It Is Later Than You Think*, by Max Lerner (Viking).

*Communism, Fascism or Democracy*, by Eduard Heimann (W. W. Norton).

*My America*, by Louis Adamic (Harpers).

## ' WUTHERING HEIGHTS '

' I don't care about physiology of matter—but somehow—that which is physic—non-human in humanity, is more interesting to me than the old-fashioned human element—which causes one to conceive a character in a certain moral scheme and make him consistent.'—D. H. Lawrence.

**B**Y common consent there is something wrong with *Wuthering Heights*, and greater nonsense has been written in an effort to bring this blemish to light than has been occasioned by perhaps any other novel. In fact, *Wuthering Heights* has now become the *enfant terrible* of the English Novel, and critics hurry past with little more than a furtive glance at this regrettable deviation from the norm of sanity and health. A. A. Jack, for example, writes in the Cambridge History:

' It is not desirable to read ; to take *Wuthering Heights* from the shelf is to prepare for oneself no pleasure.'

If this is being rather more frank than most commentators, that is the only point of difference. The prevailing opinion is that the novel is most oppressive—' It is undoubtedly too morbid and humorless to reach the highest excellence,'<sup>1</sup> and that the bleakness of the Yorkshire moors would be sufficiently cathartic without introducing Heathcliff as well. Charlotte Brontë, who cannot be accused of lacking sympathy, found herself forced to say:

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<sup>1</sup>Pelham Edgar: *The Art of the Novel*, Macmillan.

' Whether it is right or advisable to create beings like Heath-cliffe, I do not know: I scarcely think it is.'

But one cannot help feeling that, if the matter were made one of ' right or advisable,' it would not be Emily who would be condemned, but Charlotte herself, who created the mad Mrs. Rochester:

" " It was a discoloured face—it was a savage face. I wish I could forget the roll of the red eyes and the fearful blackened inflation of the lineaments! . . . [she] was purple: the lips were swelled and dark; the brow furrowed; the black eyebrows widely raised over the bloodshot eyes." "

The point is, of course, that few people object to Mrs. Rochester because she only exists in the assertion, she is not realized artistically and consequently never impinges on the imagination; whereas Heathcliff arouses various kinds of disapproval, from disgust to fear, precisely because he is so vividly present to the emotions of the reader.

That anyone could create such a character as Heathcliff, a man who ' stands unredeemed; never once swerving in his arrow-straight course to perdition,'<sup>1</sup> naturally leads to observations about Emily Brontë herself. The most respectable of these appear in *The Common Reader*; Virginia Woolf at any rate appreciates *Wuthering Heights*, even if she seems not to understand it fully. She writes:

' Emily was inspired by some more general conception. The impulse which urged her to create was not her own suffering or her own injuries. She looked out upon a world cleft into gigantic disorder and felt within herself the power to unite it in a book. The gigantic ambition is to be felt throughout the novel—a struggle, half thwarted but of superb conviction, to say something through the mouths of her characters which is not merely " I love " or " I hate " but " we, the whole human race " and " you, the eternal powers . . . " the sentence remains unfinished.'

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<sup>1</sup>Charlotte Brontë, in her Preface to the 1850 edition of the novel.

When one considers how unsympathetic Virginia Woolf might be expected to find *Wuthering Heights*, the somewhat mystical tone of her remarks will not appear unnatural ; but, unnatural or not, it seems highly improbable that Emily Brontë did any looking out ' upon a world cleft into gigantic disorder,' and though it is no doubt very hard to understand how she could have written such a novel, little can be gained by attempting to explain the phenomenon. Explanations tend to become vulgar, and Miss Romer Wilson, whose biography of Emily Brontë is entitled *All Alone*, expends considerable energy in distorting the facts when she writes :

' There is Emily at Haworth, exiled from love, with a man's soul in her female body, hell tormenting her, poetry adding to the torment.'

Actually, in the thirty years she lived, Emily Brontë pursued an entirely normal existence, which was not in the least romantic or in the smallest degree interesting, one would have supposed, to creative biographers. Contrary to the impression that one might get from the novel, she does not appear to have been in any way gloomy or pessimistic. In 1845, while writing her novel, she wrote in the second of her two scraps of diary :

' I am quite content for myself: not as idle as formerly, altogether as hearty, and having learnt to make the most of the present and long for the future with the fidgetiness that I cannot do all I wish ; seldom if ever troubled with nothing to do, and merely desiring that everybody could be as comfortable as myself and as undesponding, and then we should have a very tolerable world of it.'

Her tranquillity was conditional, however, upon her remaining at Haworth, and of the few years when she was sent away to school, Charlotte writes :

' The change from her own home to a school, and from her own very noiseless, very secluded, but unrestricted and unartificial life to one of disciplined routines was what she failed in enduring. Her nature was too strong for her fortitude. Every morning, when she woke, the visions of home

and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her. Nobody knew what ailed her but me. I knew only too well. In this struggle her health was quickly broken: her white face, attenuated form, and failing strength threatened rapid decline. I felt in my heart she would die if she did not go home.'

This nostalgia, which contributes to the main theme of the novel, informs much of Emily Brontë's poetry:

There is a spot, 'mid barren hills,  
Where winter howls, and driving rain ;  
But, if the weary tempest chills,  
There is a light that warms again.

But on the whole the poems do not offer much biographical interest, but rather are remarkable for a fine normality and an emotional strength not common in Victorian verse. This can be seen very clearly if one compares *Remembrance* with the relevant parts of *In Memoriam*. Emily Brontë is obviously writing with her finger on a keen experience,<sup>1</sup> and she reveals an unwillingness to sentimentalize and indulge her emotion that makes her a much more masculine poet than most of her male contemporaries.

But the distinction of her best poems, however indisputable it may be, can hardly compare with that of the novel. From the first page to the last one is aware of a rigid control and a clarity of execution that are truly remarkable. There is no trace at any point of emotional indulgence, and this in a work which operates throughout at very considerable pressure. A short quotation may serve to enforce this point. The scene is the death of Frances, Hindley's wife:<sup>2</sup>

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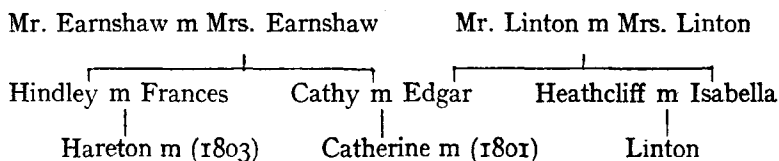
<sup>1</sup>That the poem appears to have no foundation in fact in no way invalidates this statement, as one does not demand that the experience at the root of the work of art should have taken place in actuality. Marvell's *Coy Mistress* is an equally factitious poem from this point of view.

<sup>2</sup>In order to help in following the analysis of *Wuthering Heights*, I append the family-tree of the Earnshaws, Lintons, and Heathcliffs, worked out by C.P.S. in *The Structure of Wuthering Heights*:

' . . . but one night, while leaning on his shoulder in the act of saying she thought she should be able to get up tomorrow, a fit of coughing took her—a very slight one—he raised her in his arms ; she put her two hands about his neck, her face changed, and she was dead.'

The delicate assurance of this passage does not depend upon the use of an emotive vocabulary ; the words, in contrast to the situation described, are colourless, and force attention above all on the precision of the movement. Up to 'a fit of coughing took her' the prose runs smoothly, with Frances convincing herself that she is now better ; but with the dash, the prose takes on a quivering and panting motion, and then as it were loses its balance, and falls. And it is because the staple of the prose of *Wuthering Heights* is of this quality that one has confidence in asserting with D. H. Lawrence that 'it is a great book.'

*Wuthering Heights*, it should be quite evident, is not an unpleasant novel, and one of the main purposes of this analysis will be to demonstrate that it is in fact a very precisely balanced structure of 'pleasant' and 'unpleasant,' 'normal' and 'abnormal.' Far from giving way to melodrama and self-indulgence, Emily Brontë relegates all the potentially unhealthy elements to their place in the artistic whole, and the novel moves continually towards a resolution of perfect tranquillity. At the centre of *Wuthering Heights* lies, of course, the relationship between Cathy and Heathcliff ;<sup>1</sup> for the second half of the book there is a closely allied theme, the relationship between Catherine and Hareton, the latter theme acting, in its similarity to the former, as a commentary, though upon a very different emotional plane. There are in addition several subsidiary themes which serve to determine and qualify the



<sup>1</sup>For the sake of clarity I refer throughout to Catherine Earnshaw, with whom Heathcliff is in love, as 'Cathy,' and to her daughter, Catherine Linton, as 'Catherine.'

attitude to be adopted by the reader. The novel is almost entirely recounted by two observers, Mrs. Dean and Lockwood, for much the greater part by the former. Lockwood, in fact, has no more than the first and the last words, and for the rest he merely listens to Mrs. Dean's story as a representative of a world foreign to the events that take place. As such he tends to be both uncomprehending and insensitive ; he explains, for instance, that his search for solitude is to help him forget an unsuccessful love-affair :

' While enjoying a month of fine weather at the sea-coast, I was thrown into the company of a most fascinating creature : a real goddess in my eyes, as long as she took no notice of me. I " never told my love " vocally ; still, if looks have language, the merest idiot might have guessed I was head over ears . . . '

The vulgarity of this is enforced by the flat and lifeless prose ; and the absurdity of Lockwood's passion helps to bring out by contrast the significance of the Cathy-Heathcliff relationship. Lockwood's response, at subsequent points in the novel, is more or less what the response of the ordinary reader might be expected to be. At first unsympathetic, he is by the end entirely reconciled to all that has taken place. He has not long made the acquaintance of Heathcliff and Wuthering Heights before he feels that

' The dismal spiritual atmosphere of the place overcame, and more than neutralised the glowing physical comforts around me ; and I resolved to be cautious how I ventured under the rafters a third time.'

Having thus recorded the natural reaction of an observer as yet unacquainted with the deeper cross-currents of emotion, Lockwood tends to suspend judgment until the end of the novel.

Mrs. Dean's function in the novel cannot be so simply stated ; she may be said to act as Chorus with the difference that she offers a point of view which is not altogether disinterested. As raconteuse she naturally has to move upon a plane of normal and sometimes trivial consciousness that excludes her to some extent from the emotional atmosphere of the Cathy-Heathcliff relationship ; but this apart, she represents the maximum objectivity possible to any active participant in the events described. Her essential qualifications appear when Lockwood says to her :

' "Excepting a few provincialisms of slight consequence, you have no marks of the manners which I am habituated to consider peculiar to your class. I am sure you have thought a great deal more than the generality of servants think. You have been compelled to cultivate your reflective faculties for want of occasions for frittering away your life in silly trifles."

Mrs. Dean laughed.

"I certainly esteem myself a steady, reasonable kind of body," she said ; "not exactly from living among the hills and seeing one set of faces, and one series of actions, from year's end to year's end ; but I have undergone sharp discipline, which has taught me wisdom : and then, I have read more than you would fancy, Mr. Lockwood. You could not open a book in this library that I have not looked into, and got something out of also . . . "

The key-words—' think,' ' reflective faculties,' ' steady,' ' reasonable,' ' sharp discipline,' ' wisdom'—emphasize the essential normality, the spiritual poise which informs the whole novel. And it is important that Mrs. Dean's ' wisdom ' is not an exclusively rural heritage, and comes ' not exactly from living among the hills ' ; it is also derived from a wide reading, and it is this which endows her with a width and generosity of opinion that contrast very strongly with the narrow calvinism of old Joseph, who says to Heathcliff :

"Aw hed aimed tuh dee, where Aw'd sarved fur sixty year . . . "

If Lockwood is not to be trusted as a commentator, he being almost a foreigner, nor is Joseph, who is too exclusively part of the environment to offer any semblance of impartiality.

The central theme, as has been suggested, is the relationship between Cathy and Heathcliff. Emily Brontë, however, has no particular concern with the surface appearance of this relationship, but insists throughout on its inner tension. To Mrs. Dean, Cathy is explicit :

"This is for the sake of one [Heathcliff] who comprehends in his person my feelings to Edgar [Cathy's future husband] and myself. I cannot express it ; but surely you and everybody have

a notion that there is or should be an existence beyond you. What were the use of my creation if I were entirely contained here? My great miseries in this world have been Heathcliff's miseries ; and I have watched and felt each from the beginning : my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished, and he remained, I should still continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger: I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I *am* Heathcliff. He's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being. So don't talk of our separation again: it is impracticable . . . " "

Elsewhere she says:

" " Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same." "

And Heathcliff, speaking of the dead Cathy, says:

" " I *cannot* live without my life! I *cannot* live without my soul!" "

Though the point should not be much laboured, there exists a distinct similarity between these passages and the one by Charlotte describing Emily's enforced absence from Haworth ; and the comparison serves to emphasize the non-personal nature of the Cathy-Heathcliff relationship.

The key-sentence in the first passage quoted is ' My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath.' This imagery drawn from nature, and particularly from its sterner elements, is recurrent in the descriptions of Heathcliff. Mrs. Dean describes him as being ' hard as whinstone,' and when he and the refined Edgar appear together, she says that ' The contrast resembled what you see in exchanging a bleak, hilly, coal country for a beautiful fertile valley.' Cathy is even more outspoken, and describes him as an arid wilderness of furze and whinstone.' But, in contrast with the ' red eyes and the fearful blackened inflation of the lineaments ' of Mrs. Rochester, Heathcliff is presented as being physically quite attractive. Lockwood finds that ' he has an erect and handsome



figure,' and Mrs. Dean says that 'his manner was even dignified: quite divested of roughness, though too stern for grace.' In so far as Heathcliff is abnormal, if that is the right word, it is an abnormality that tends to lie below the level of social deportment. Cathy says:

"Pray don't imagine that he conceals depths of benevolence and affection beneath a stern exterior! He's not a rough diamond—a pearl-containing oyster of a rustic: he's a fierce, pitiless, wolfish man."

Heathcliff himself relates how he has 'taught him [his son] to scorn everything extra-animal as silly and weak'; and later he says: 'It's odd what a savage feeling I have to anything that seems afraid of me.' And finally Isabella, his wife, contributes to the impression of the non-human element in Heathcliff, when she asks: 'Is Mr. Heathcliff a man? If so, is he mad? And if not, is he a devil?'

With the death of Cathy, however, what was once latent now emerges, and Heathcliff ceases to be dignified. Mrs. Dean relates how, just before her death, he 'foamed like a mad dog'; and he himself says: 'You know, I was wild after she died.' The balanced relationship is now broken up, and a great contrast is evident between Cathy and Heathcliff. Mrs. Dean says of the former:

"... hers [was the hush] of perfect peace. Her brow smooth, her lids closed, her lips wearing the expression of a smile; no angel in heaven could be more beautiful than she appeared. And I partook of the infinite calm in which she lay; my mind was never in a holier frame than while I gazed on that untroubled image of Divine rest... To be sure, one might have doubted, after the wayward and impatient existence she had led, whether she merited a haven of peace at last. One might doubt in seasons of cold reflection; but not then, in the presence of her corpse. It asserted its own tranquillity.'

As for Heathcliff, Mrs. Dean finds him 'leant against an old ash tree.' After talking to him, she relates:

'He dashed his head against the knotted trunk; and, lifting up his eyes, howled, not like a man, but like a savage beast getting goaded to death with knives and spears.'

The contrast is not only one of verbal description, but also of movement ; the Cathy passage runs very smoothly and evenly, and reflects the ' tranquillity ' ; whereas the Heathcliff passage is lumpy and awkward to read, generally uneasy in motion. The contrast persists, by implication, till the end of the novel. Heathcliff's behaviour remains weird and unnatural. He now bends all his energies towards bringing under one control the two properties of Wuthering Heights, where he has lived, and Thrushcroft Grange, where Cathy lived with her husband, Edgar Linton. This undertaking, symbolizing his desire to be re-united with Cathy, obsesses him, and he lets nothing stand in his way. He shows, for instance, considerable subtlety and brutality in arranging the marriage between Linton, his son, and Catherine, to whom Thrushcroft Grange will belong on the death of Edgar. The essential clue to his behaviour is supplied by Catherine, who says to him :

' " Mr. Heathcliff, *you have nobody* to love you ; and, however miserable you make us, we still have the revenge of thinking that your cruelty arises from your greater misery!" '

But, once the mundane union has been effected, Heathcliff subsides. He goes and looks at Cathy in her coffin—" I saw her face again—it is hers yet " '—and says to Mrs. Dean :

' " She [Cathy] has disturbed me, night and day through eighteen years—incessantly—remorsely—till yesternight ; and yesternight I was tranquil. I dreamt I was sleeping the last sleep by that sleeper, with my heart stopped and my cheek frozen against hers." '

He now has ' a single wish,' and his ' whole being and faculties are yearning to attain it.' The ordinary physical demands of life have no more interest for him : ' " I have to remind myself to breathe—almost to remind my heart to beat!" ' He moves nearer and nearer towards the unspecified goal ; ' " I'm too happy, and yet I'm not happy enough. My soul's bliss kills my body, but does not satisfy itself." ' And finally Mrs. Dean relates :

' Mr. Heathcliff was there—laid on his back. His eyes met mine so keen and fierce, I started ; and then he seemed to smile . . . he was dead and stark!'

He is buried, as he had demanded, with Cathy ; and the final cadence comes with the small boy's story :

' " They's Heathcliff, and a woman, yonder under t' Nab," he blubbered, " un' Aw darnut pass 'em." '

The level on which the Cathy-Heathcliff relationship has moved, and its depersonalized character, make it seem entirely fitting that it should attain equilibrium and tranquillity only with the death of the two persons concerned.

The structure of *Wuthering Heights*, as has been shown by C.P.S. in a Hogarth pamphlet, is truly remarkable for the degree to which it seems to have been artificially constructed, with minute attention paid to details of apparent irrelevance.<sup>1</sup> Analysis reveals, however, that this is not a symptom of misapplied energy and interest in Emily Brontë, but is precisely what gives the novel its coherence. The stresses and contradictions inherent in the Cathy-Heathcliff theme just analysed are reflected in varying ways in all the relationships of the novel ; heredity, above all, plays a structural and unifying rôle that merits some attention at this point. The fundamental conflict emerges in the contrast between the two estates, between Thrushcroft Grange—' a splendid place carpeted with crimson, and crimson-covered chairs and tables,' and *Wuthering Heights*—' the floor was of smooth white stones ; the

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<sup>1</sup>The general theory, of course, is that *Wuthering Heights* is put together in a singularly shoddy manner. H. W. Garrod, in his Introduction to the Oxford Edition (this Introduction is probably one of the most sympathetic and well-meaning pieces of writing on the novel), finds that :

' The faults of *Wuthering Heights* proceed, not from defective knowledge of human nature, but from inferior technique, from an insufficient acquaintance with the craft of fiction.'

Other critics have favoured the theory that the novel is by two people, Bramwell writing the first part. This absurdity has been convincingly refuted by Miss Irene Cooper Willis, whose pamphlet, *The Authorship of Wuthering Heights*, published by the Hogarth Press, contains some excellent close analysis of the texture of the prose.

chairs high-backed, primitive structures, painted green.' Thrushcroft Grange is the home of the Lintons, and Edgar and Isabella Linton, together with Frances, stand for refinement and delicacy. In contrast there are Hindley and Cathy Earnshaw and Heathcliff, all of whom were brought up in Wuthering Heights, and develop very roughly and without the civilized graces. In comparison with the 'beautiful fertile valley' of Edgar, Heathcliff is a 'bleak, hilly coal country.' As a girl Cathy was a 'wild, wicked slip,' but, after staying for some time with the Lintons, she returns 'a very dignified person'; the Linton environment tends to eradicate from her the wilder elements that remain in Heathcliff. There are two inter-marriages: Heathcliff marries Isabella, and Cathy marries Edgar. The former marriage is a complete failure; Heathcliff shatters Isabella, and their son, Linton, is utterly spineless and wastes away rapidly. The second marriage is more successful; Mrs. Dean believes that Cathy and Edgar 'were really in possession of deep and growing happiness.' Their daughter is Catherine, of whom Mrs. Dean says:

'Her spirit was high, though not rough, and qualified by a heart sensitive and lively to excess in its affections. That capacity for intense attachments reminded me of her mother: still she did not resemble her; for she could be as soft and mild as a doe, and she had gentle voice and pensive expression: her anger was never furious: her love never fierce; it was deep and tender.'

The implications of these marriages and their offspring are fairly general. The first emphasizes the incompatibility of the Heathcliff and Isabella elements. And the second reveals that there exists a potential sympathy between the two conflicting houses; Cathy, her nature modified by a stay at Thrushcroft Grange, marries Edgar with comparative success, and their daughter meets with as great approval as Heathcliff's son with contempt from Mrs. Dean. And finally there is Hareton, the son of Frances and Hindley, Cathy's brother. Up till the age of about seventeen, Hareton is almost a replica of Heathcliff, though the Frances influence renders him more subdued, she being an insignificant and frail person. Mrs. Dean says that Heathcliff 'appeared to have bent his malevolence

on making him [Hareton] a brute'; and not long before Heathcliff dies, he says:

' "Hareton seemed a personification of my youth, not a human being . . . his startling likeness to Catherine [Cathy] connected him fearfully with her . . . Hareton's aspect was the ghost of my immortal love, of my wild endeavours to hold my right, my degradation, my pride, my happiness, and my anguish . . . " '

The differences between the two main themes, Cathy-Heathcliff and Catherine-Hareton, lie, very generally, in the fact that the former is wilder and more Lawrencian. For instance, Cathy and Heathcliff do not marry; Cathy tells Mrs. Dean that their relationship has no need for sanctions of that kind, and that it is not likely to be affected by her marriage to Edgar. And the same applies to Heathcliff's marriage to Isabella, Edgar's sister. In fact the Cathy-Heathcliff relationship is handled in neither sexual nor even particularly human terms. On the other hand, the Catherine-Hareton theme moves on a plane of normal procedure; at the end of the novel they are about to be married. And this distinction between the two themes is of fundamental importance: the Catherine-Hareton relationship is the projection into the sphere of ordinary behaviour of the Cathy-Heathcliff relationship; it is the expression in conventional social terms of the main spiritual conflict. As in the description of Catherine quoted above, on the one hand the anger is 'furious' and the love 'fierce,' on the other everything is 'soft and mild,' 'gentle,' and 'pensive.'

Between Catherine and Hareton, however, there is no such immediate sympathy as there was between Cathy and Heathcliff. The former relationship being, as has been suggested, a counterpart of the latter, it develops from outside itself. Cathy dies in giving birth to Catherine, and so, just as from this moment she and Heathcliff are separated and only very slowly re-united, similarly there exists from the first a lack of sympathy between Catherine and Hareton which is only gradually overcome. At their first meeting she mistakes him for a servant, and he retorts:

' "I'll see thee damned before I be *thy* servant." '

Heathcliff's struggle to unite the two estates involves marrying

his son, Linton, to Catherine, and this naturally throws her further apart from Hareton. But, once the marriage has taken place (Linton dies almost immediately) and Heathcliff feels himself moving ever closer to Cathy, intimacy between Catherine and Hareton springs up rapidly. And, significantly linking up with Mrs. Dean's remarks about her literary education, it is in teaching Hareton to read and appreciate her books that Catherine gives impetus to this relationship. Mrs. Dean says:

' His honest, warm, and intelligent nature shook off rapidly the clouds of ignorance and degradation in which it had been bred ; and Catherine's sincere commendations acted as a spur to his industry.'

It is this relationship which meets with Mrs. Dean's approval. Her comments on Heathcliff and Cathy are fundamentally sympathetic, but none the less qualified. After Cathy has told her of her feelings for Heathcliff—" ' Nelly, I *am* Heathcliff! ' "—she says that she ' was out of patience with her folly! ' ; and after Cathy's death she says:

' Retracing the course of Catherine Linton, I fear we have no right to think she is [happy in the other world] ; but we'll leave her with her Maker."

And when she finds Heathcliff in the grounds, and sees him dash ' his head against the knotted trunk,' she observes that ' It hardly moved my compassion.' But of Hareton and Catherine she says:

' The crown of all my wishes will be the union between these two. I shall envy no one on their wedding-day: there won't be a happier woman than myself in England!'

But the ' union between these two ' symbolises also the final union of Cathy and Heathcliff. The close sympathy between the two themes now emerges clearly. When Heathcliff dies, Hareton ' sat by the corpse all night, weeping in bitter earnest.' The resolution into tranquillity with which the Cathy-Heathcliff theme ends is paralleled in the Hareton-Catherine theme. As Mrs. Dean tells Lockwood that the latter are going to live at Thrushcroft Grange, they return from a walk.

‘ “ They are afraid of nothing,” I [Lockwood] grumbled, watching their approach through the window. “ Together, they would brave satan and all his legions.” ’

As they stepped onto the door-stones, and halted to take a last look at the moon—or, more correctly, at each other, by her light—I felt irresistibly impelled to escape them . . . ’

Lockwood, whose sympathies are now fully engaged, goes to find the graves of Edgar, Cathy and Heathcliff.

‘ I lingered round them, under that benign sky : watched the moths fluttering among the heather and hare-bells ; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass ; and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.’

The even and balanced movement of the prose, and the particularity of the description, bring the novel to a close on a note of great calm and completeness. Suggestions of the novel being ‘ terrible,’ or not ‘ enjoyable,’ are now seen to be possible only as a result of stubborn misreading ; unfortunately this appears to be the sanctioned way of reading *Wuthering Heights*.

BORIS FORD.

# MUSIC IN THE MELTING POT

## CHARLES IVES AND THE MUSIC OF THE AMERICAS

### I.

THE most important point about American music is that America has no musical past. This may sound suspiciously simple ; but we must remember that all the great musics of history have been evolved in a civilization small enough to have a traditional folk-music of its own (though the art-music will not necessarily be 'influenced' by the folk music but may be complementary, a parallel growth) ; and that huge amorphous industrial America is the antithesis of such a civilization and has never possessed a representative folk-art. It is true that certain regions have a folk-music of somewhat poor vitality, but an art of the people that can be recognized as peculiarly American there never has been or (I imagine) will be. The suggestion has often been made—by the late George Gershwin for instance—that jazz is the universal folk-idiom of America which, if it were true, would be so much the worse for the folk. The palpable absurdity of the suggestion is, however, revealed when we remember that jazz is for the most part written by cosmopolitan Jews, that its conventions are mainly European, and that it is repudiated as a mode of artistic expression by all serious American musicians both in theory and in practice. Jazz has ultimately not much more connection with America than with the rest of the modern world ; America, as Wyndham Lewis remarks, was merely unfortunate enough, because of its comparative youth, to be the first country to become Americanized.

I am not at all sure that in order to be a genuine native American composer it is necessary completely to repudiate the traditions of the music of Europe. But at least one can understand the spirit of the young American composer's almost hysterical insistence on the 'new,' one can appreciate the validity of his