

While Twain shares with the populist tradition a distrust of Europe, respectability, culture and breeding, the common man doesn't emerge with any honours in *Huckleberry Finn*. After Boggs is shot people begin pushing and shoving to see the body: 'Say, now, you've looked enough, you fellows; 'taint right and 'taint fair, for you to stay thar all the time, and never give nobody a chance; other folks has their rights as well as you'. The louts, layabouts and lynch mobs which inhabit the villages along the Mississippi are morally inferior to those who are respectable and educated. The radical rejection of society in *Huckleberry Finn* does not permit any American equivalent to the nostalgia found in the English novel for an older organic community. Huck, isolated, uncorrupted, true to himself, could never be assimilated into any society.

Anglers

First memories: a string tied
to a stick of ash dangling
in a dark pool — my fishing rod:
with this in hand I tried
to be grown up, to do
the useful things
with which grown people filled their days.

But now, grown up, I cast a fly
in the same stream, seeming
dead-set on trout, — but mainly
escaping to my native sky
from the drab round, to do
the useless things
with which my children fill their days.

EDWARD LOWBURY