

# The English Whitman

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**H**ERE is a poem, called "Summer Heat," which, if presented without identification, even the well-read might be hard put to place, though not surely to enjoy:

Sun burning down on back and loins, penetrating  
the skin, bathing their flanks in sweat,  
Where they lie naked on the warm ground, and  
the ferns arch over them,  
Out in the woods, and the sweet scent of fir-needles  
Blends with the fragrant nearness of their bodies;

In-armed together, murmuring, talking,  
Drunk with wine of Eros' lips,  
Hourlong, while the great wind rushes in the branches,  
And the blue above lies deep beyond the fern-fronds  
and fir-tips;

Till, with the midday sun, fierce scorching, smiting,  
Up from their woodland lair they leap, and smite,  
And strike with wands, and wrestle, and bruise each other,  
In savage play and amorous despite.

To me at least this is a finely successful little poem. Phrase by unassuming phrase, the scene and the sequence of experiences are most economically evoked. The poet's eye is steadily on the object. His objectivity is indeed remarkable: there is a steadiness in the writing which is not a result of neutrality but of moral firmness. Unstated but communicated is a feeling that these two are not being knowingly "daring" or self-consciously liberated but simply natural. Their impulses lead to behaviour that is perhaps uncommon but triumphantly healthy and natural. It's not just the situation but the nerve — and not the advertisement of nerve — that makes the poem seem Lawrentian. Not that Lawrence himself would have allowed the faltering between lines 3 and 4 or have phrased line 6 that way: "Drunk with wine of Eros' lips." That clearly is by a man

who has not felt the influence upon diction of Lawrence or of Eliot. Yet I submit that though no doubt too startling for one of Edward Marsh's Georgian anthologies, the poem might well have struck an informed reader as late as 1930 as something fresh and new. I claim that it is indeed permanently fresh.

The upsurge of intensity from line 6 onward is achieved partly by means neither Lawrence nor yet Whitman, who may have suggested himself to readers as a likely author, would have employed. It is not only that the lines come to approximate more closely to iambic rhythm: lines 10 and 12 are pentameters, and furthermore they rhyme. Lines 6 and 8 also rhyme. This transition from free verse to rhyme and metre seems to me to contribute unobtrusively but significantly to the poem's development and culmination. Nevertheless, though it is not quite like either Lawrence or Whitman, one feels that the poem comes within the territory they share. (Perhaps it is worth mentioning that the last line seems strongly Blakean.) I am not claiming that "Summer Heat" ranks with the best passages of Whitman or Lawrence, but I think it merits comparison with the staple of their average, characteristic verse.

No reader would doubt that the poem could have been written only by someone much influenced by Whitman. Few, I think, know that that influence did indeed operate on new poetry in the eighteen-eighties and in England — operated in fact upon a man who between 1869 and 1874 was a Fellow of a Cambridge college, Trinity Hall, and a curate (at first for Frederick Denison Maurice, who died in 1872). The author of "Summer Heat" is Edward Carpenter (1844-1929) and the date of publication is 1892. Carpenter's public career as "the English Whitman" had begun in 1883 with *Towards Democracy*, a volume of 119 pages in free verse or poetic prose. Like the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, on its title-page it bore no author's name.

"Summer Heat" is no prentice-work: it appears in the third, expanded edition of 1892. The second edition, running to 260 pages, had appeared in 1885. The three parts of the 1892 edition amounted to 367 pages, and in 1902 there appeared the 142-page fourth part, entitled *Who Shall Command the Heart?* The complete edition in four parts ran to 507 pages; this came out in 1905 both in a library edition and on India paper. In the reprint of 1909 and thereafter, was added a nine-page "Note," which is of considerable interest as an account of the making of a most unusual late-Victorian poet.

Carpenter was thus a copious producer of verse, and one who continued to find new readers. To the editions I have mentioned there were added reprints in 1911, 1912, and 1913. From 1915, *Towards Democracy* was published by George Allen and Unwin, and further reprints, some with a photographic portrait of Carpenter, kept it continually before an interested public (1916, 1917, 1918, 1920, and 1921). Then there seems to be a weakening in the demand: there are reprints in 1926 and 1931 — my own copy calls itself "Fifth and Cheaper Edition (17th Impression) 1931." Finally comes an edition, with a foreword by Gilbert Beith, Carpenter's literary executor, in 1949.

There is even more than this to the history of Carpenter's circulation as a poet, and it is worth mentioning as an indication of his uniqueness. There were editions of *Towards Democracy* published in New York in 1912, 1922, and 1935. There was *Vers l'Affranchissement*, parts III and IV (Paris, 1914). There was *Demokratie: Vorgesänge der Freiheit*, part I (Leipzig, 1903); and *Freiheit*, part II (Berlin, 1907); followed by parts III and IV in 1908 and 1909. There was *Verso la Democrazia* (Lanciano, 1912), 127 pages; *Towards Democracy*, sections I to XIX, translated into Japanese in 1915; and selections in Russian (Moscow, undated) amounting to 52 pages. That is to say, *Towards Democracy* was translated, in whole or in part, into five foreign languages; and the demand for it in North

America was sufficient for it to enjoy New York publication in the latter years of its career.

And as some sort of apogee, there was *Midnight*, a symphonic poem for chorus and orchestra, "the words from *Towards Democracy* . . . the music by Rutland Boughton" (London: Novello, 1909).<sup>1</sup>

In short, Carpenter was a poet widely read for many years; and briefly, at least, interested a minority of readers in many countries. Yet he is now forgotten, and does not even survive in anthologies, the crowning insult being his omission from among the 473 poets of Alfred H. Miles's twelve-volume *Poets and Poetry of the Century* (1905-7). The only anthology to represent him that I have seen is a specialist one, the *Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse* (1916), in which Whitman is the author of "Chanting the Square Deific," and Carpenter mainly a rhapsodical evoker of ineffable experience:

#### By the Shore

All night by the shore.  
 The obscure water, the long white lines of advancing  
 foam, the rustle and thud, the panting sea-breaths,  
 the pungent sea-smell,  
 The great slow air moving from the distant horizon,  
 the immense mystery of space, and the soft canopy  
 of the clouds!  
 The swooning thuds go on — the drowse of ocean goes on:  
 The long inbreaths — the short sharp outbreaths — the  
 silence between.

I am a bit of the shore: the waves feed upon me, they  
 come pasturing over me;  
 I am glad, O waves, that you come pasturing over me.  
 I am a little arm of the sea: the same tumbling swooning  
 dream goes on — I feel the waves all around me,  
 I spread myself through them.  
 How delicious! I spread and spread. The waves tumble  
 through and over me — they dash through my face  
 and hair.  
 The night is dark overhead: I do not see them, but I  
 touch them and hear their gurgling laughter.

The play goes on!  
 The strange expanding indraughts go on!  
 Suddenly I am the Ocean itself: the great soft wind  
 creeps over my face.

"By the Shore" (1885) seems to me to be fresh and convincing writing, and characteristic of Carpenter. The slight diffuseness, and lazy phrases like "immense mystery" that take too much for granted, are offset by much that is real and energetic — the "swooning thuds," the sea breathing, the strange experience delighted in. The entire piece of fifty lines is successful so long as the diffuseness can be borne with.

Yet diffuseness, I believe, is not what lost Carpenter his audience. The main reason for *Towards Democracy* having sunk without trace is that it always circulated less as a book of poetry than as a book of wisdom and prophecy. As such, it was read by people whose interests centred not on literature but on reforms of various sorts. Carpenter for them was a liberator and a Utopian, and it is rare for such writers to survive the causes which they support. In fact Carpenter did choose to dedicate his energies less to continuing the line in poetry of his admired Whitman than to being the co-worker in reform of such men as William Morris, Bernard Shaw, and Havelock Ellis. Carpenter's other most widely-read book was *Civilization: Its Cause and Cure* (1889), which went through eighteen editions to 1938, plus three American editions, and was translated into six foreign languages. However, it is Carpenter as poet and not social reformer that I wish to consider here.

A fair number of other poems and passages in *Towards Democracy* have the freshness I find in "Summer Heat" and "By the Shore." Yet it is true that their context shows them to be often by-products, as it were, of the central Carpenterian inspiration. What that is, and the methods of writing it gave rise to, are suggested below; what matters first is the character of the positive poetic achievement, as exemplified in four more samples.

Of much of *Towards Democracy* it must be said that it is not free verse but prose poetry, that notoriously dangerous medium. Carpenter's prose poetry is seldom of a quality that can usefully be excerpted and analysed or

anthologised, though it is mostly still enjoyable for its descriptions and the quality of its ideas and feelings. It does give ample substance to the remark made by the young Havelock Ellis when first shown a copy of the anonymous first edition: "Whitman and water."<sup>2</sup> (Ellis was afterwards apologetic about this witticism and professed a high opinion of *Towards Democracy*; he wrote a generous review of the second edition in 1885, recommended it in *The New Spirit*, his 1890 study of Whitman, Tolstoy, and others, and became a close associate of Carpenter's.) The critic of poetry may ignore most of the prose poetry: it contains some highly intelligent and well-informed and sensitive thinking, but too often it essays the sublime and achieves the sentimental. Its scope is enormous, forever surveying mankind, past, present, and future; it can be exhilarating. It is not unorganised but works on a grand scale that on any particular page may seem merely rhapsodic.

On the whole, Carpenter is, in Wilfred Owen's phrase, "not concerned with poetry"; his subject is a combination of things that seem at first unlikely for treatment together but turn out to be profoundly related — the achievement of true selfhood through mystical experience, which leads to the recognition of one's equality with others, the foundation of the democracy of the future; hence the analysis of the present plight of the English people, unfulfilled in a dying religion and a class-ridden industrial-capitalist society. The poetry is in the pity and in the hope; but far more than Wilfred Owen, Carpenter is a propagandist. Often, of course, Whitman, his teacher, is merely a publicist. Havelock Ellis might well have added that Whitman himself is often, shall we say, "Whitman and gas." In each case our interest in poetry directs us to those passages where the language has a concentrated life unique to their author or his school. And these passages are few in Carpenter partly because his protean subject is "the slowly unfolded meanings of Democracy" and partly

because, like Whitman, Carpenter is speaking to a redefined reading public. Meanings, some simple, some difficult, are to be communicated to the People, no less, and in a time of revolution.

Art can now no longer be separated from life;  
 The old canons fail; her tutelage completed she becomes  
 equivalent to Nature, and hangs her curtains  
 continuous with the clouds and waterfalls;  
 Science empties itself out of the books; all that the  
 books have said only falls like the faintest gauze  
 before the reality — hardly concealing a single  
 blade of grass, or damaging the light of the  
 tiniest star;  
 The form of man emerges in all objects, baffling the  
 old classifications and definitions; . . .

—this from a piece on “The Word Democracy” among the 1892 additions. As in Whitman, the hyperbolic and the apocalyptic create a genuine sense of excitement, but are usually carried on through to over-explicitness and exhaustion. Though there is something to be enjoyed on most pages of Carpenter, it is only from the passages of shorter flight that his poetic talent can be at all positively exhibited.

#### Spending the Night Alone

To lie all night beside the loved one -- how lovely!  
 To hold in one's arms something so precious, so  
 beautiful,  
 Dear head and hair and lips and limbs that shrine  
 eternity,  
 Through scent and sense and breath and touch and love —  
 Forgetting all but this one — all but this one.

And then again to spend the night alone, to resume  
 oneself —  
 To sail out in the silent watches over the sleeping  
 world, and drink of the intoxication of space,  
 Calm, self-centred, to the great first One united;  
 Over-looking the wide sleeping-grounds of Time — forms  
 of the past, the future -- comrades innumerable,  
 Lovers possible, all safely eternally embosomed;  
 Kissing them lightly on the lips, the forehead,  
 Leaving them sleeping,  
 Spending the night alone.

This poem from part IV has some beautiful moments and is unified by a steady flow of tender feelings: its shape is the

shape of the meditation. Only two or three phrases weaken it and dilute it, and never, I think, does one feel the poem is mere wishful thinking. The tranquillity it evokes is buoyant and generous; it sings. The paradoxical co-presence of "self-centredness" and unity with "the first great One" is simply noted and trusted. Trust is indeed the keynote of the poem. The very absence of scepticism may even constitute a barrier for the sophisticated modern reader. Is it too much to say of Carpenter, adapting the phrase of Wordsworth, that his poetry does a good deal to create the trust without which it cannot be enjoyed?

A poem that at moments slightly resembles the simple Wordsworth is "Squinancy-Wort" (1885). It begins:

What have I done? —  
 I am a little flower,  
 Out of many a one  
 That twinkles forth after each passing shower.  
 White, with a blushful glow,  
 In the sweet meadows I grow,  
 Or innocent over the hill tops sport and run. —  
 What have I done?

Many an age ago,  
 Before man walked on earth,  
 I was. In the sun I shone;  
 I shook in the wind with mirth;  
 And danced on the high tops looking out seaward —  
 where I had birth.  
 Web-footed monsters came  
 And into the darkness went  
 In ponderous tournament,  
 Many an age ago.  
 But on the high tops I dwelt ever the same,  
 With sisters many a one,  
 Guiltless of sin and shame! —  
 What have I done?

What have I done? — *Man* came,  
 Evolutional upstart one!  
 With the gift of giving a name  
 To everything under the sun.

What is Wordsworthian is the direct treatment of sympathy for the humblest creature, a sympathy quite quixotic if it did not between the lines communicate hints of the importance for human sensibilities of sympathy for all



living things. Even in Blake and Wordsworth this mode often verges on the twee, and Carpenter is less sure-footed than they. But the poem has foreshadowed a charming development: it playfully imagines the long history of the flower during ages of evolution and the advent of man the namer. It is a modest comic poem against cruelty (by mis-naming!) to living things.

Such playfulness is not uncommon in Carpenter, and it can achieve very pleasing effects. The piece that precedes "Squinancy-Wort" in part II, though presented with the explicitness and the rhythms of prose, uses the pathetic fallacy with a similar teasing gaiety which modulates briefly into his more usual natural piety:

As to you O Moon —  
 I know very well that when the astronomers look at you  
 through their telescopes they see only an aged and  
 wrinkled body;  
 But though they measure your wrinkles never so carefully  
 they do not see you personal and close —  
 As you disclosed yourself among the chimney-tops last  
 night to the eyes of a child,  
 When you thought no one else was looking.

Gustily ran the wind down the bare comfortless street,  
 the clouds flew in long wild streamers across your  
 face, the few still on foot were hurrying homewards —  
 When, as between the wisps of rain O moon you shone out  
 wonderfully bare and bright,  
 Lo! far down in the face of a boy I saw you.

Dashed with rain, wet with tears,  
 Stopping suddenly to lean his head against a wall,  
 caught by your look —  
 The pale smudged face, the tense glittering eyes,  
 never swerving a moment,  
 The curls fringing his dirty cap, the rare pale light  
 of wonder and of suffering:  
 Yes, far down, as in a liquid pool in the woods, centuries  
 down under the surface, as I passed I distinctly saw you.

I should like to know what you were doing there,  
 You old moon, with your magic down in that boy's soul  
 so powerfully working,  
 While all the time the appearance of you was journeying  
 up above in the sky!

Here again, though coyness is imminent, the personification works. One is convinced by Carpenter's perception

of the moon at its religious task "far down" in the solitary urchin. A web of intimate relationships is touchingly created. The "rare pale light of wonder and of suffering" holds in one phrase what radiates both from the boy and the moon. Then the focus moves easily to a witty delight at the idea that only the appearance of the moon is up there, while it's really at work down here. The underlying seriousness of this play of the poet's mind is again similar to that of Whitman or Lawrence, though its expression admittedly falls short of their distinction.

From the six pieces glanced at so far, some idea may be gained of the poetic interest of *Towards Democracy*. What follows is a short account of the debt to Whitman, of what I have called the "central Carpenterian inspiration," and a summary of what seems to constitute its present claim on our attention.

Carpenter's resemblances to Whitman are of course crucial in explaining why the style of *Towards Democracy* is so different from that of any other poet of that generation (Hardy, Bridges, Hopkins, Henley). Swinburne, the new poet of the late 1860s, as well as Keats and the early Victorians, had influenced the making of Carpenter's first volume, *Narcissus and Other Poems* (1873). It is mawkish and conventional stuff. But already he had discovered Whitman and been conquered by him: he recalled in 1894 how he "met with William Rossetti's little selection from *Leaves of Grass* in 1868 or 1869, and read that and the original editions continuously for ten years."<sup>3</sup> Whitman's promise, at the end of "Song of Myself," to assist his readers after his death:

I bequeathe myself to the dirt, to grow from the grass  
I love;  
If you want me again, look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am, or what I mean;  
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,  
And filter and fibre your blood.

—this promise held immediate good, not of course by way of the grass but the printed page, for Carpenter: "I never

met with any other book (with the exception perhaps of Beethoven's sonatas) which I could read and re-read as I could this one. I find it difficult to imagine what my life would have been without it. *Leaves of Grass* 'filtered and fibred' my blood."<sup>4</sup>

The immersion in Whitman went hand in hand with Carpenter's own desire as a writer to address himself "very personally and closely to any one who cared to read . . . establish so to speak an intimate personal relation between myself and the reader . . . . For this it would be necessary to suppose, and to find, an absolutely common ground to all individuals (all at any rate who might have reached a certain stage of thought and experience) — and to write the book on and from that common ground: but this seemed at that time quite impracticable."<sup>5</sup>

Here Carpenter isolates in a radical way the problem poets faced after the thorough dissolution of the old confident cultural order, under which a Samuel Johnson could rejoice to concur with the common reader, and the assumption by poets of new burdens, the tasks of romanticism. Only the American Whitman, establishing unexampled relationships with his reader, showed the way, one preferable to that of a high-Victorian laureate with a complacent relationship with the poetry-buying public. Furthermore, the English were too sick, or so Carpenter had come to believe, for the poet to be less than a physician, indeed an alienist, provided he could first find health in himself.

The quest for personal health led him to break with both Cambridge and the Church. F. D. Maurice, whose curate he had been, had striven, in Charles Kingsley's obituary words, "to reconcile the revolutionary party among the workmen of the great cities with Christianity, order, law."<sup>6</sup> Carpenter also saw his life's work as one of reconciliation, and among workmen; but his reading of Whitman and others — "*Bhagavat Gita* . . . gave me a keynote"<sup>7</sup> — contrived to make him a reconciler of souls with bodies

and a gentle mystical anarchistic socialist. In his autobiography he recalls, quite simply, how: "It suddenly flashed upon me, with a vibration through my whole body, that I would and must somehow go and make my life with the mass of the people and the manual workers."<sup>8</sup>

First he served as a travelling lecturer for the recently founded university extension movement, only to find that this merely brought him "into the life of the commercial classes."<sup>9</sup> In 1877 he took time off to cross the Atlantic and visit Whitman, an encounter of which he left a record, with that of a return visit in 1884, in *Days with Walt Whitman* (1906). Back in England, he lectured mainly in Sheffield, and, finding that there he was at last meeting working-men, settled nearby, first at Bradway and finally at Millthorpe, doing some manual work (a legacy set him up as a market gardener) and writing. He had escaped his class and its "respectability," and what he later called "Victorian repression." In his former life he could not come to terms with his sexual nature, which was of a homosexual cast; after Whitman and Sheffield he could imagine a new life of integrity and creativity. (As for "comrade love," it ceases to be a "problem," and becomes something accepted as part of sexuality, which from now on he treats courageously in both verse and prose.) Here was the central inspiration:

I became for the time overwhelmingly conscious of the disclosure within of a region transcending in some sense the ordinary bounds of personality, in the light of which region my own idiosyncrasies of character — defects, accomplishments, limitations, or what not — appeared of no importance whatever — an absolute Freedom from mortality, accompanied by an indescribable calm and joy.

I also immediately saw, or rather *felt*, that this region of Self existing in me existed equally (though not always equally *consciously*) in others. In regard to it the mere diversities of temperament which ordinarily distinguish and divide people dropped away and became indifferent, and a field was opened in which all might meet, in which all were truly Equal. Thus I found the common ground which I wanted; and the two words, Freedom and Equality came for the time being to control all my thought and expression.<sup>10</sup>

The experience of transcendence is for Carpenter a healing experience, and simultaneously it gives him the ground he has been seeking for an "intimate personal relation" between poet and reader. The whole of *Towards Democracy* flows from this. The experience of a self beyond personality is the ground for universal human equality; help people to feel this and the way is opened to individual fulfilment and to true democracy in human society. It is but a step for Carpenter from mysticism to politics.

The verse passages I have quoted so far give only aspects of this central concern. The major document is the first long poem-cycle of 1883, the original "Towards Democracy," for in it the range of this concern is amply demonstrated. This first "Towards Democracy" is even more ambitious than anything in *Leaves of Grass*. Whitman had written a "Song of Myself"; Carpenter's is a "Song of Myself, Nature." The "I" that speaks in it is nothing less than Nature itself, at times even the universe. In his mystical state Carpenter felt himself to be the mouthpiece of life itself: not him but the wind that blew through him, and it led to some windy utterance:

The sun, the moon and the stars, the grass, the water  
that flows round the earth, and the light air of heaven:  
To You greeting. I too stand behind these and send you  
word across them.

## I

Freedom at last!  
Long sought, long prayed for—ages and ages long:  
The burden to which I continually return, seated here  
thick-booted and obvious yet dead and buried and passed  
into heaven, unsearchable;  
(How know you indeed but what I have passed into you?)  
And Joy, beginning but without ending—the journey of  
journeys — Thought laid quietly aside:

These things I, writing, translate for you—I wipe a  
mirror and place it in your hands.

This is how the poem-cycle of seventy sections begins, setting out key-phrases and strategies, and striking immediately the high notes Carpenter hopes to sustain. It is as though he is from the outset standing on Whitman's shoulders, and not surprisingly the upper atmosphere has

a certain thinness about it. Yet my own experience as a reader of Carpenter off-and-on for several years is that something substantial, vivid and fresh survives in that atmosphere; the very faults and lack of artistry contribute to the impression of integrity, rather as with Thomas Hardy in some people's view. I have said above that I admire the nerve shown by Carpenter the poet and that it can seem Lawrentian. Whitman's is often advertisement and egoism, but not Carpenter's. This bard of transcendentalism is simultaneously an English gentleman of notable mannerliness and sound character. No incidental blemish — and each page has several — effaces my impression of this. Disinterestedness is the hallmark of his writing; it has the transparency of a thing not made up but transcribed. Carpenter seems not so much a maker as a medium.

The very style of *Towards Democracy* practices the simple life and teaches sincerity, spontaneity, and unself-consciousness. But in exalting body and spirit over reason and will, it is not anti-intellectual or know-nothing. It carries a large fund of knowledge and makes it relevant. Natural history and the history of civilisation appear in support of a faith in the processes of evolution, as nature and mankind move together towards greater possibilities of fulfilment. Democracy itself is characterised in a vigorous passage in section XIII:

This is poison! do not touch it—the black brew of the cauldron out of which Democracy firks its horned and shameless head.

O disrepectable Democracy! I love you. No white angelic spirit are you now, but a black and horned Ethiopian — your great grinning lips and teeth and powerful brow and huge limbs please me well.

Where you go about the garden there are great foot-marks and an uncanny smell; the borders are trampled and I see where you have lain and rolled in a great bed of lilies, bruising the sweetness from them.

.....  
 You fill me with visions, and when the night comes I see the forests upon your flanks and your horns among the stars. I climb upon you and fulfil my desire.

Astoundingly subversive these pages must have seemed in 1883, especially if the reader didn't already know *Leaves of Grass!* Brought to the attention of Sir Henry Maine, who was writing on "popular government" in the *Quarterly Review*, they provided him with examples of the "exceedingly remarkable" language used of Democracy "in our day":

The strongest evidence of the state of excitement into which some minds are thrown by an experiment in government, which is very old and has never been particularly successful, is afforded by a little volume with the title *Towards Democracy*. The writer is not destitute of poetical force, but the smallest conception of what Democracy really is makes his rhapsodies about it astonishing . . . . If [he] had ever heard the answer of Hobbes, that Freedom is "political power divided into small fragments" . . . his poetical vein might have been drowned, but his mind would have been invigorated by the healthful douche of cold water.<sup>11</sup>

The passing of time has, I suppose, supplied the douche to the many over-excited pages of *Towards Democracy*. Yet there are many pages that survive, either for the freshness I have been pointing to in the passages above or for the translucent panoramas of the past and the present which constitute many of its most interesting pages. The day is past when a journal like the *Westminster Review* could report of the world's greatest living writer: "Count Tolstoi, whilst declaring that he 'could make nothing of Walt Whitman,' praises very highly the work of his English disciple."<sup>12</sup> *Towards Democracy* as a whole cannot be resurrected, yet it deserves to be read by others beside social historians. Its failures remain interesting and its successes have a unique charm, which is neither that of Whitman nor of Lawrence. For E. M. Forster, writing in 1960, Carpenter was (among other things) "a Whitmannic poet whose nobility exceeded his strength."<sup>13</sup> I hope to have shown that on occasion Carpenter honourably evades this otherwise happy generalisation.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup>Most of this information is from *A Bibliography of Edward Carpenter* (Sheffield: Sheffield City Libraries, 1949), pp. 3-7.
- <sup>2</sup>Havelock Ellis, *My Life* (London: Heinemann, 1940), p. 163.
- <sup>3</sup>"A Note on *Towards Democracy* (Reprinted from *The Labour Prophet*, May, 1894)," appended to 5th ed., p. 517.
- <sup>4</sup>"A Note," p. 518.
- <sup>5</sup>"A Note," p. 511.
- <sup>6</sup>Charles Kingsley, "Frederick Denison Maurice. In Memoriam" (1872), *Literary and General Lectures and Essays* (London: Macmillan, 1880; new ed. 1890), p. 338.
- <sup>7</sup>*My Days and Dreams* (London: Allen and Unwin, 1916), p. 106.
- <sup>8</sup>*My Days and Dreams*, p. 77.
- <sup>9</sup>*My Days and Dreams*, p. 79.
- <sup>10</sup>"A Note," p. 512.
- <sup>11</sup>*Popular Government: Four Essays* (London: Murray, 1885). pp. 69-70.
- <sup>12</sup>William Diack, "Edward Carpenter: the Walt Whitman of England," *Westminster Review*, 155 (Dec. 1901), 655-63.
- <sup>13</sup>"Terminal Note" (September 1960), *Maurice* (London: Arnold, 1971), p. 235. Forster was a contributor, along with Ellis, G. L. Dickinson, Laurence Housman, and others, to *Edward Carpenter: In Appreciation*, ed. Gilbert Beith (London: Allen and Unwin, 1931); for Forster's thoughts on Carpenter's centenary (1944) see *Two Cheers for Democracy* (London: Arnold, 1951). Other notable discussions are John M. Robertson's (1892) in his *Criticisms: First Faggot* (London: Bradlaugh Bonner, 1902); a review in the *TLS*, 20 Sept. 1917, p. 450; and by C. E. M. Joad in *The Bookmark* (London: Labour Publishing Co., 1926).