

AN EXAMINATION OF THE LITERARY RELATIONSHIP  
OF JOHN GALSWORTHY AND IVAN TURGENEV

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## PREFACE

This study grew out of a combination of interests from a Continental Novel course under Dr. Agnes M. Berrigan and an American Literature course under Dr. Cecil B. Williams. I read Ivan Turgenev's novels with an increasing enjoyment and awareness of "technique," a new facet of literature to me at that time. In one of her lectures, Dr. Berrigan made the remark that if a person could believe in reincarnation, he could find Turgenev's soul in John Galsworthy. Later when taking the American literature course, I wrote a term paper for Dr. Williams on William Dean Howells and his relationship to the major Russian writers of the nineteenth century. I became intrigued with the impact those Russians realists had on American writers. Thus, I chose the subject of my thesis partly to satisfy an aroused curiosity in Galsworthy as a novelist, but more specifically to investigate the relationship between Galsworthy and Turgenev.

This study would not have been possible without the encouragement and help given me by many staff members of the English Department and the university library, and above all, my grateful thanks go to Dr. Agnes M. Berrigan and Dr. Cecil B. Williams for their patient and understanding help.

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

If a person stood on the banks of the Mississippi River above New Orleans and tried to determine what portion of that body of water flowing past came from each of the thousands of tributaries flowing into and making the Mississippi a great river, such a task would be not only impossible but ridiculous. After hundreds of miles of intermixing, the waters of the Ohio, Missouri, and Arkansas become simply Mississippi water and indistinguishable from the water drained from the land immediately adjacent to the banks of the Mississippi River itself. Only the river itself would be qualified, if it could talk, to divulge how she might have twisted and molded the currents to produce what could certainly be called nothing except true Mississippi water. However, the farther one went upstream and the closer he approached the confluence of a major tributary, the more discernible would be the new water with its different current, color, or sediment texture. As one could not say that the Mississippi River is predominantly the Ohio River or the Missouri River at any considerable distance below the confluence of each, so one could not say that a major writer such as John Galsworthy was predominantly a literary channel through whom flowed only the ideas of any one of the various literary figures he knew or admired. That the Mississippi River would be less without the water of the Missouri River cannot be denied, but it would still be the Mississippi River just above New Orleans. No student of literature could

possibly say with any assurance that John Galsworthy would not have become a noteworthy writer without an acquaintance with Ivan Turgenev's works, but that such an acquaintance did exist and that it colored Galsworthy's work also can not be denied.

This study is designed to investigate just one of the tributaries that made up the total of the novelist John Galsworthy. He was one of the first English novelists to turn for what has been called "technical inspiration" to Russia. "In Galsworthy's case it was never denied that his earliest books were written in direct imitation of the novels of Turgenev...."<sup>1</sup> Galsworthy himself freely acknowledged such a relationship and accepted early advice from both Joseph Conrad and Edward Garnett to follow the pattern of Turgenev.<sup>2</sup> In 1924, and long after he had become a well established writer, Galsworthy made the following statement concerning his unique relationship to the art of Turgenev:

The early novels of all Western countries took a picaresque form; they were strings of biographical incident loosely joined by the thread of one or more central figures, rather like a string of onions and often with something of their savour. Unity and proportion, except of this crude nature, were not thought of. The novel had length but neither breadth nor roundness. Towards the beginning of the nineteenth century, one can see the novel growing rounder and rounder until, when Dickens wrote, the egg was, roughly speaking, its recognised shape--plethoric in the middle and skimpy at both ends, like a successful novelist. What conditioned this gradual change I cannot say, but the development was rather like that which we observe in painting at the time of the Renaissance. Under Jane Austin, Dickens, Balzac, Stendhal, Scott, Dumas, Thackeray and Hugo, the novel attained a certain relation of part to whole; but it was left for one of more poetic feeling and greater sensibility than any of these to perfect its proportions, and introduce the principle of selection, until there was that complete relation of part to whole which goes to the making of what we call a work of art. This writer was Turgenev, as supreme in the art of the novel as Dickens was artless.

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<sup>1</sup>Frank Swinnerton, The Georgian Literary Scene (New York, 1950), p. 161.

<sup>2</sup>Royal A. Gettmann, Turgenev in England and America (Urbana, Illinois, 1941), pp. 179-180.

...Anxiously calling him a Westerner, they [critics] have omitted to notice that the West did not influence him so much as he influenced the West. Turgenev achieved his unique position from within himself; he was the finest natural poet who ever wrote novels. It was that which separated him from his great Russian contemporaries, and gave him his distinction and his influence in the West...He told the truth...He had a perfect sense of "line"; moulding and rounding his themes within himself before working them out in written words; and, though he never neglected the objective, he thought in terms of atmosphere rather than in terms of fact. ...Turgenev sank his criticism in objective terms of portraiture...His style...is exquisite...His dialogue is easy, interesting, life-like, yet always significant and revealing; his characters serve the main theme or idea with which he is dealing, but never fail to be real men and women too. His descriptions of Nature are delightful...The whole of his work is temperament...In Turgenev there is a slight survival of burlesque, a dash of the grotesque, a suspicion of what we should call "the old-fashioned"; but considering that he was in his prime sixty years ago how marvellously little the machine of his art creaks.

The English novel, though on the whole perhaps more varied and rich than that of any other country, has...been inclined to self-indulgence; it often goes to bed drunk. And it owes to Turgenev more than to anyone what niceness of deportment and proportion it now has. I, at least, acknowledge a great debt. To him...I served that spiritual and technical apprenticeship which every young writer serves, guided by some deep kinship in spirit to one or other of the old past-masters of his craft. Flaubert, the apostle of self-conscious artistry, never had quite the vital influence that Turgenev exercised on English writers; a certain feeling of enclosure clings about his work, an indoor atmosphere. Against Turgenev that was never charged, not even when, about the year 1907, it became a literary fashion in England to disparage him, because certain of our critics had discovered--rather late, perhaps--a new Russian lamp in Dostoievsky. There was room, one might have thought, for the two lights; but in the literary world it is difficult to light a new lamp without putting out an old one. That is now ancient history, and Turgenev has recovered his name, but not his influence. He is too balanced, and too essentially poetic, for the new age.<sup>3</sup>

With such an accolade as that cited above as a guide for an examination of Galsworthy's major novels, it is the purpose of this study to show that by serving his "apprenticeship" to his master, with the help of a peculiar affinity of mind and spirit to Turgenev, he improved his own work in its power to reflect life. In his "Faith of A Novelist" he summed up his own creed:

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<sup>3</sup>Castles in Spain and Other Screeds (New York, 1927), pp. 208-213. The italics are mine.

Truth and beauty are a hard quest, but what else is there worth seeking? Absorption in that quest brings to the novelist his reward—unconsciousness of self, and the feeling that he plays his part as best he may. At the back of all work, even a novelist's, lies some sort of philosophy. And if this novelist may for a moment let fall the veil from the face of his own, he will confess: That human realisation of a First Cause is to him inconceivable. He is left to acceptance of what is. Out of Mystery we came, into Mystery return. Life and death, ebb and flow, day and night, world without beginning and without end is all that he can grasp. But in such little certainty he sees no cause for gloom. Life for those who still have vital instinct in them is good enough in itself, even if it lead to nothing further; and we humans have only ourselves to blame if we alone, among the animals, so live that we lose the love of life for itself. And as for the parts we play, courage and kindness seem the elemental virtues, for between them they include all that is real in any of the others, alone make human life worth while and bring an inner happiness.<sup>4</sup>

This, then, is the real Galsworthy, who, like Turgenev, is more a novelist than a satiric critic of society, the role in which most criticism has placed him. And those very qualities that he praised and admired in Turgenev were the qualities that swelled Galsworthy's stream of literary artistry into the grand sweep of a major contributor to the art of the novel.

It is with full awareness of the inherent dangers of an "influence study" that this work is attempted. One has only to look through any of the many studies and critical analyses of famous literary figures of the world to find vain attempts to prove how one writer shows signs, sometimes apparent only to the researcher, of what might be the same type of work that some other writer did. This particular study, however, does not fall into the "supposed or manufactured" influence category. The literary relationship has been established beyond any question by the person who, above all, should have been most qualified to make the pronouncement, Galsworthy himself. It is, then, necessary to the purpose of this study

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<sup>4</sup>Ibid., pp. 262-263.



to show by close examination that such a relationship is discernible, natural, and beneficial.

The method of presentation is as follows: Chapter II will contain an examination of the striking similarities of the early lives and personal qualities of Galsworthy and Turgenev. The "deep kinship in spirit" of these two writers was truly amazing and doubly so when it is realized that they came from two completely different cultures and were born some fifty years apart. Chapter III will contain an examination of what critics, both past and present, have had to say about the relationship and the primary source examination of selected works of Galsworthy in the light of the Turgenevian subjects, themes, character types and delineation, atmospheric evocation of scenes and events, and poetic styles. The concluding Chapter IV will contain whatever significant conclusions can be drawn from the study as a whole.

Because of the relatively large number of works produced by Galsworthy and Turgenev, some limitation must be placed on the number used for such a study as this. The poetry and drama of both will be excluded because no particular relationship existed in these types. The short stories that are representative of each novelist will be included in the discussion of the novels, since they illustrate the same literary qualities as do the novels. Of Galsworthy's work, The Island Pharisees, The Country House, The Forsyte Saga, A Modern Comedy, The Patrician, Fraternity, and End of The Chapter will all be examined to the degree necessary for establishing the relationship. Not all, of course, can be covered separately or given in its entirety, but the portions that illustrate Turgenevian qualities will be used. Of Turgenev's works, his A Sportsman's Sketches, Rudin, A Nobleman's Nest (A House of Gentlefolk), On The Eve, Fathers and

Children, Smoke, and Virgin Soil will all be used to give a basis of the Turgenevian elements.

## CHAPTER II

### THE EARLY LIVES AND PERSONAL QUALITIES OF GALSWORTHY AND TURGENEV

An author, by virtue of his sensitivity, is extraordinarily influenced by his surroundings. It is, therefore, pertinent to a study of a literary relationship between Galsworthy and Turgenev to note that there was a very close similarity in certain aspects of their early lives and personal qualities. Running parallel to those striking similarities were also some contrasts which only reaffirmed the remarkable temperamental affinity.

With certain reservations, both authors had a "landed gentry" ancestral background. The Turgenev family originated with a Tartar prince, Khan Turga, who left the Golden Horde in the fifteenth century, was baptized, and served under Prince Vassily the Blind. The family crest had a golden star on an azure field with a silver crescent above it and a bared sword with a golden hilt underneath to show its Tartar origin and former Mohammedan faith as well as its service to the princes and emperors of Russia. By the beginning of the nineteenth century and after constant service to the Czar, the main branch of the Turgenev family had neglected its own affairs so that bankruptcy was imminent. The Lutovinov family, Turgenev's maternal branch, were not of very ancient stock; their ancestry could be traced only to the beginning of the eighteenth century. They, however, managed to acquire a large estate by brutal and unscrupulous means. Many stories of viciousness were later told concerning the

Lutovinov family.<sup>1</sup> One typical story about his grandmother was told by Turgenev to a friend in Germany:

The quick-tempered old woman, who was stricken with paralysis, spent all her time sitting almost motionless in an armchair. One day she got very cross with the little serf boy who was in attendance on her, and in a fierce fit of anger seized a log and hit him over the head with such force that he fell unconscious on the floor. This sight produced a most unpleasant impression on her; she bent down, picked up the little boy, put him beside her on the large armchair, placed a pillow on his bleeding head and, sitting down on it, suffocated him.<sup>2</sup>

For some thirty years, Galsworthy gave time and money to investigating his ancestry. It seemed to be more than a mere pastime or for the gratification of his ego, as his works amply reflect.

To him there was romance in experiencing a sense of boundless continuity, in surveying the impassive operations of nature--operations of which, like every other living thing, he was at once the inheritor and the victim... as a plant sends its rootlets out into the kindly earth and draws its sustenance therefrom, so he fed his imagination as he reached out into the rich soil of his ancestry.

...He had, indeed, an unusually penetrating sense of contact with his ancestors....simply, they stood closer to him than any mere warmth of sentiment could bring them. They were ingrained in his fibre--as much a part of him as body or brain; and beneath this consciousness of his own individuality there ran a deep subconscious sense of being a part as well as a whole; part of an ancestral entity which smoothly prolonged itself in him, as a chain prolongs itself link by link.<sup>3</sup>

John Galsworthy's paternal ancestral line started at Wembury, Devonshire, from Edmund Galsworthy, who died at Plymstock in 1598, and extended through six generations of farmers in that area. By 1833 and after becoming a merchant and shipowner at Devonport, the second John Galsworthy retired and migrated with his family to London where he became an investor in house property. His eldest son, the third John Galsworthy,

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<sup>1</sup>David Magarshack, Turgenev: A Life (New York, 1954), pp. 11-12, 18.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid.

<sup>3</sup>H. V. Marrot, The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy (New York, 1936), p. 22.

was the father of the novelist. On the maternal side were provincial squires, gentlemen farmers, and men of commerce, starting with William Bartleet of Redditch (1723-1795) who probably altered the name from Bartlet. This family line established a prosperous needle factory.<sup>4</sup>

Galsworthy summed up his ancestral background in a letter to Edward Garnett, February 17, 1907:

What queer mixtures we all are; and yet it's remarkable how, up to this century, class and locality kept themselves to themselves. Look at my origin, for instance: So far as I can make out my Dad's forbears were absolutely of the small farmer class for hundreds of years, and all from the same little corner of South Devon, and my Mother's absolutely of the provincial squire class....

And it's queer how the two origins work out--how differently! The Bartleets have got a sort of crystallized, dried-out, almost mummified energy; utterly unpractical, incapable of making or keeping money; narrow to a degree; restless, dogmatic. Long narrow faces and heads, perfectly regular features, lots of pluck; no real ability, no impersonal outlook; yet with a sort of inborn sense of the convenience of others, and of form.

The Galsworthys, rising into the middle class for two generations, with all its tenacity and ability (of a sort), now seem in the third generation all abroad, as if melting away again into a more creative sphere....

The one strain seems definite, clear, thin, and acid; the other all turbid, various, and unknown; I get, I suppose, my creative energy from the latter, and a sense of form from the former.<sup>5</sup>

A strong parental influence was felt by both Galsworthy and Turgenev. An interesting contrast in their parental relationship was that Turgenev was reared under the heavy, despotic, and cruel hand of his mother, while Galsworthy grew to manhood under the influence of his firm, highly moral, but always gentle father. Each writer later made liberal use of the lives and characteristics of his parents in fiction, and a part of the impetus for a literary career possibly came from parental opposition to a son's becoming a writer.

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<sup>4</sup>Ibid., pp. 22-24.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid.

When Varvara Petrovna Lutovinova, Turgenev's mother, was a small child, her mother remarried and took her to live with her stepfather, a drunken country squire. Until she was sixteen, Varvara Petrovna experienced a life of beatings, loneliness, and humiliation at the hands of her parents. She was unattractive but strong-willed with the realization that she would someday inherit the family fortune. After an attempted assault by her stepfather when she was sixteen, Varvara Petrovna went to live with an uncle, another rigorous disciplinarian, who was at the point of remaking his will to disinherit her when he died of a heart attack. Turgenev's mother was then twenty-six and was the absolute ruler of an enormous property consisting of a number of separate estates, in and adjacent to the province of Orel, and an estimated five thousand serfs, whom she ruled with a brutality that equaled that from which she herself had suffered.<sup>6</sup> Three years later, 1816, Varvara Petrovna met and married Sergy Turgenev, a young cavalry officer and son of a neighbor to the Spasskoye estate of the Lutovinovs. The impoverished Turgenev estate of some one-hundred-thirty serfs held no attraction for her, but the fact that Sergy Turgenev was very handsome and came from one of the oldest families in Russia made up the difference in fortunes. He was twenty-three and she twenty-nine at the time of their marriage.

It was a strange and unwholesome marriage, one marred with no love and probably even less respect; for it was no secret that Sergy Turgenev was often unfaithful and was allowed by his wife to have no active part in running the estate or rearing the children--Nikolai, Ivan, and a younger

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<sup>6</sup>Edmund Wilson, "Turgenev and the Life-Giving Drop," Ivan Turgenev: Literary Reminiscences, tr. David Magarshack (New York, 1958), pp. 3-4.

boy, who died at seventeen.<sup>7</sup> Ivan was born October 28, 1818, and had little chance to establish any firm ties with his father, who died in 1834 when Ivan was sixteen. The boy's attitude toward his father was filled with curiosity and natural longings which would spring from the heart of a son completely dominated by his mother. In First Love (1860), Turgenev gave a description of his relations with his father:

My father had a strange influence on me--and strange indeed were our relations towards one another. He took practically no part in my education, but he never insulted me; he respected my freedom, he even was, if I may put it like that, polite to me, but--he never let me come near him. I loved him and I admired him. He seemed to me a paragon of a man--and, dear me, how passionately I should have grown attached to him if only I had not constantly felt his restraining hand! But whenever he wanted to he could arouse in me an absolute trust in him almost instantaneously, by one single movement....then he would desert me with the same suddenness....Sometimes as I gazed at his handsome and intelligent face my heart would leap up and all my being would rush towards him. He seemed to feel what was happening inside me, and he would give me a casual pat on the cheek and go away, or he would suddenly turn cold as only he knew how to turn cold, and I would shrink back into myself at once and go cold, too.<sup>8</sup>

The third John Galsworthy, solicitor and director of companies, was forty-four and his wife, Blanche Bartleet, twenty-four when they met. After one year of courtship, they were married in 1862. He was well able to provide a new home at Portland Place, Surrey; and one year later, after the birth of a daughter, Lilian, they moved to Parkfield on the high road between Kingston Vale and Kingston Hill in Surrey where the novelist John Galsworthy was born August 14, 1867. Soon afterward, the father bought land and built a new home nearby called Coombe Warren where two more children, Hubert and Mabel, were born. It was a solid, upper-middle class Victorian family. There was a difference of twenty years

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<sup>7</sup>Ibid., pp. 5-6.

<sup>8</sup>Magarshack, pp. 20-21.

in the ages of the parents, and both were grey-haired before all the children were born. The mother was "dainty and delicate," never very strong, devoted to her family, and not remembered as a prominent or everyday figure as was the father. She had a staff of fourteen and was the "kindest mistress in the world."<sup>9</sup> It was the father who was the impressive figure, nothing strange in the nineteenth century English home. It was a home where "health, beauty, and sanity" reigned and in which "a pleasant, wholesome, and unspectacular life" could be expected. "The serenity of the father encompassed all the children, whose idol he was, and under his kindly eye they thrived and prospered and were happy."<sup>10</sup> Later in life, Galsworthy's younger sister gave this account of her father:

Head of a firm in Old Jewery, he went regularly to town every morning at eleven, returning every evening at five. These easy hours left him plenty of time, in addition to his Saturdays and Sundays, to enjoy his home-life, his gardens, and his "views," to his heart's content, and my memory of him in those days at Coombe is of one whose heart's content was a genial thing, extracting the maximum of enjoyment and minimum of worry from all the good things with which his own sane brain and a kindly lot had endowed him.

Every fine evening, with a small child's hand in his, he would make his rounds of the gardens, paddocks, and little home-farmyard, stroking the cows, watching the chickens and baby pigs, peering into the bushes for the latest bird's nests--all with a pleasure and eagerness as young and keen as that of the child by his side. He had a special affection for the three lovely Alderney cows, and liked to see them grazing in a large paddock right in the middle of the garden.

No recollection of those early years at Coombe is so vivid as that of those daily rounds with Father, or the excitement of learning to drive the old-fashioned "T-cart" to and from the station, to take him or fetch him home.<sup>11</sup>

Turgenev once told a friend that "There is nothing I can remember my childhood by. I have not a single happy memory of it. Stern discipline

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<sup>9</sup>M. E. Reynolds, Memories of John Galsworthy (London, 1936), pp. 16-17.

<sup>10</sup>Marrot, pp. 28-31.

<sup>11</sup>Reynolds, p. 16.



was the order of the day in our house."<sup>12</sup> His early memories of the Lutovinov estate were associated with the gloomy pictures of despotism and cruelty with the serfs; and when it came to bringing up her son, Varvara Petrovona made very few concessions; she exercised the same cruelty in unmitigated fashion and forced the boy to look for refuge from that heartless world of beatings and banishment and slavery in a world of fancy and nature. When left to himself, he would roam the lands around the Spassokye mansion and associate with the numerous house servants, the game-keepers, the gardeners, and the village peasants. He learned Russian from them, for French was usually spoken in the home, and German was taught him by tutors. One of the old forest keepers taught him to shoot and appreciate the joys of the hunt, which later became one of the great passions of his life. The young boy spent many hours lying on the grass communing with nature. He called them "delicious hours" of listening to the faintest "noises of the earth" which caused his whole being to overflow with feelings he could not put into words.<sup>13</sup>

Galsworthy, like Turgenev, was taught at home by tutors and governesses, both English and foreign, for his first nine years and then attended a small preparatory school at Bournemouth. At home he was healthy, active, a heavy reader, a leader in childhood games, very mild tempered, and in total not an unusual boy and certainly exhibiting no indications of later greatness in any particular field. He also, like Turgenev, had ample opportunity to develop a deep seated love for nature

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<sup>12</sup>Magarshack, p. 21.

<sup>13</sup>Edmond and Jules Goncourt, Memoires de la vie litteraire (Paris, 1887-1896), as cited by Magarshack, pp. 24-26.

from his home environment. Coombe Warren stood on a natural terrace, high and airy, from which the ground sloped sharply down, then, flattening into a long view of fields, pastures, and woods which stopped at the blue ridge of the North Downs fifteen miles in the distance. On a clear day the Grand Stand at Epsom was visible.<sup>14</sup>

After Turgenev had spent his first nine years at home, he entered a preparatory school in Moscow to spend the next four years preparing himself for entrance into the Moscow University. It was during that time that he first studied English. He was a precocious child, often given to hypochondria and attracted toward the ideas of Hegelian idealism. Long conversations about goodness, truth, life, and love were commonplace. The Asiatic cholera epidemic in 1831 which swept through Moscow was very horrifying for Turgenev and left him with a life-long dread of all epidemics and bolstered a feeling of compassion for human suffering.<sup>15</sup> He entered the University of Moscow in 1833 for one term. His "democratic" ideas attracted some attention at that time among his fellow students, and he was often known to expound upon the wonders of the United States.<sup>16</sup> The attraction for American ideals could very well have come from his knowledge of serfdom in his own country and the rising issue of slavery in America at that time.

In 1834, he transferred to the University of Petersburg and suffered the loss of his father. It was also at that time that Turgenev started to write. He took with him to Petersburg a play called Steno, a highly

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<sup>14</sup>Marrot, p. 29.

<sup>15</sup>Magarshack, pp. 28-32.

<sup>16</sup>Ibid., p. 34.

romantic drama in direct imitation of Byron's Manfred. He dreamed of becoming a college professor; and in addition to attending his regular lectures, studied Latin and Greek by translating Horace and Sophocles and other classics. He spent his summer holidays at the Spassokye estate and enjoyed then the best relations with his mother. He seemed joyful and always laughing. He had grown into a giant of a man but had a high, falsetto voice.

In June, 1837, Turgenev took his degree and prepared to complete his education at Berlin. There he sank himself in the Hegelian idealism from which he had to recover before he later began his serious literary career. He enjoyed the theater and opera, dressed as befitted the son of a rich family, and, in general, planted the seeds of his Westernization. He took a trip to Rome in 1840, where he had lessons in painting and soon resumed his travels with a walking tour in Switzerland. In 1841, Turgenev returned to Russia, where he hoped to obtain his M.A. and a chair of philosophy. He spent long hours walking about the Spassokye estate in his favorite sport of shooting. It was during those long expeditions that he gathered the materials for what was later to be his A Sportsman's Sketches (1852) and launch him into a literary career. It was during the summer of 1841 that he first felt that he could no longer endure the harsh hand of his mother's autocratic habits and cruelties.

He moved to Moscow in 1842 and started preparing for his M.A. examinations. Despite his hard work, which he seemed to enjoy, he had time to enjoy the fruits of a social position and fine clothing. He passed his oral examination in philosophy with distinction, afterward stating:

I talked an awful lot of platitudes and drove my professors into a state of rapture, though I am sure that all those specialist-scholars (historians, mathematicians, etc.) could not help despising both

philosophy and me: why, I should have despised them, if they had not despised me.<sup>17</sup>

He did not finish his work for the M.A. and was at the point of breaking off relations with his mother and seriously devoting his time to a career as a writer. However, his mother wished him to enter government service. For lack of a more definite wish of his own, he got a job at the Ministry of the Interior with the sole desire to work toward doing something for the serfs. His mother, of course, knew nothing about such a desire. While engaged with his work for the Ministry, he composed a long narrative poem called Parasha and published it himself. He gave a copy to Belinski, who gave it an enthusiastic review in Home Annals.

Turgenev was at Spassokye on a hunting expedition when he got the news of his poem being so well received, and even his mother seemed to be well pleased with her son's writing. His mother's attitude about his career as a writer was different, however, when he resigned his position with the government with the idea of devoting all of his time to writing. She stopped giving him money, and until she died in 1850, "he lived the life of a literary Bohemian."<sup>18</sup> It was not just because he had become a writer that Varvara Petrovna cut her son off. She was also violently opposed to his love for the famous singer Pauline Viardot. It was to be a life-long love affair for Turgenev. Even after she was married, he followed her to France and lived in her shadow until his death. He once said:

In love one partner is a slave and the other an absolute master, and the poets do not talk idly of the chains imposed by love. Yes, love is a

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<sup>17</sup>Ibid., pp. 57-58.

<sup>18</sup>D. S. Mirsky, A History of Russian Literature (New York, 1934), p. 237.

chain—the heaviest chain of all. I, at least, have arrived at that conclusion, and I arrived at it by way of experience, I bought it at the cost of my life, because I am dying a slave.<sup>19</sup>

The years between fourteen and nineteen, Galsworthy spent at Harrow, the English counterpart of Turgenev's upper preparatory work. He took an active part in the various school sports (cricket, track, and football); and his scholarship "was adequate and sound, but of that brilliance to which fall prizes and distinctions he had none, he was equalled by several....and showed no sign of real scholarship."<sup>20</sup> In a speech delivered in America in 1919, Galsworthy gave his recollections of his school life:

At a very typical...Public School...[I] passed on the whole a happy time...[we] were not encouraged to think, imagine, or see anything we learned, in relation to life at large...we were debarred from any real interest in philosophy, history, art, literature, and music, or any advancing notions in social life or politics. We were reactionaries almost to a boy.<sup>21</sup>

It would be easy to use the word snob to describe Galsworthy during and just after his Oxford days (1886-1891). However, his attitude was natural enough for a young man of inexperience who had been narrowed and stiffened by his upper-class Victorian rearing. He had yet to put off his cloak of conventionalism that had been fitted for him so carefully by his birth and family.

After Harrow, he no longer participated in field athletics, because of an earlier fear of a strained heart; and he quite openly devoted himself to having a good time with an air of elegance and imperturbability

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<sup>19</sup>Magarshack, p. 79.

<sup>20</sup>Marrot, p. 41.

<sup>21</sup>Ibid., p. 42.

"all unconsciously regulated and tempered by his own natural sweetness and rectitude...." He was interested in racing, kept a dog named after a famous dancer of those days (Sylvia Grey), liked to walk about town immaculately dressed (only occasionally going into the poorer sections of town), contented himself with Second Class Honours, and, on coming down, half heartedly followed his father's wish that he read Chancery Law.<sup>22</sup>

It was the same pattern that Turgenev had followed, one of indecision and compliance with the wish of a strong parent. He also, like Turgenev, proceeded to enjoy his role of a young man-about-town. Whereas Turgenev was essentially a poet, Galsworthy, even with much of the poet in him, was by instinct and breeding at heart first of all a gentleman, "born refined";<sup>23</sup> and as such, he moved more slowly from the role of an educated young gentleman to the role of a writer with something to say to his reading public.

The years 1889 to 1891 saw Galsworthy in the role of the typical young educated man whose family lived in London and took a country house during the summer or went abroad. He had not yet lost his taste for hunting, and the rounds of the country estates of various friends afforded him ample opportunity to get his fill. His father sent him and his brother on a trip to Canada in 1891, and after returning, Galsworthy took up the study of Admiralty Law and Navigation in preparation for a career in maritime law. Out of that study, a tour to Australia and New Zealand was arranged. It was to have a dual purpose, that of studying navigation and that of pure diversion for a young man who had not fully

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<sup>22</sup> Ibid., pp. 59-67.

<sup>23</sup> Swinnerton, p. 163.

come to any real conclusion about what he wanted to do with his life. It was a six month voyage filled with very little except new things to look at and a meeting with Joseph Conrad, who was to become a life-long friend and later exerted a great deal of influence on his writing:

There can be no doubt that it was the contact with his acutely observant, introspective type of brain and vivid speech which gave [Galsworthy's] ...mind its first push towards the appreciation of literature....<sup>24</sup>

It was as late as 1894, in a letter to a friend, that Galsworthy gave any evidence that he had even thought of the possibility of a writing career:

Only three clouds in the sky, just dimpled little flakes of snow, sun beyond one's wildest dreams in this land of vapour....The Isle of Man looking like the ghost of some buried and forgotten land brooding over its wrongs just opposite, and the matter-of-fact coastline with its radiant cornfields staring at it with such a smiling scepticism. It always strikes me when everything looks at its best how utterly incapable one is of enjoying it properly. I always want to get inside beautiful things and feel more in touch with them; and somehow one can never get far enough....

I do wish I had the gift of writing, I really think that is the nicest way of making money going, only it isn't really the writing so much as the thoughts that one wants; and, when you feel like a very shallow pond, with no nice cool deep pools with queer and pleasant things at the bottom, what's the good? I suppose one could cultivate writing, but one can't cultivate clear depths and quaint plants.<sup>25</sup>

It was 1895 before Galsworthy actually started to write; and unlike Turgenev's mother, his parents exercised admirable control over their natural opposition to his desertion of the legal profession for what seemed to be the unluccrative one of a writer. His father died in 1904 just before the appearance of The Man of Property, which was the work that firmly established Galsworthy's career, and did not see his son as a successful, or money-making, writer. It was also in 1895 that Galsworthy

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<sup>24</sup>Reynolds, p. 25.

<sup>25</sup>Marrot, pp. 95-97.

encountered the driving force that perhaps more than any other force was the real power behind his decision to become a writer. In 1891, his cousin, Arthur Galsworthy, had married Ada Cooper. The marriage was soon discovered to be a mistake and separation followed. During the separation, Mrs. Galsworthy remained on friendly terms with John Galsworthy's family, especially, his sisters Lilian and Mabel. Galsworthy was very sympathetic and remained merely a friend until early 1895 when she made the chance remark that he should write: "Why don't you write? You're just the person."<sup>26</sup> The months which followed saw him reading his first efforts to her, and the mere friendship developed into love that was not soon to be fulfilled in marriage. The Victorian attitudes about divorce were rigid, and Galsworthy's father would have been dismayed to have the stain from the public scandal of the divorce proceedings touch his family. It was not until 1904 when his father died that Galsworthy could marry. It was during those years of waiting that Galsworthy found himself, and the part his future wife played during that time can be seen in the dedication of The Forsyte Saga:

I dedicate The Forsyte Saga in its entirety, believing it to be of all my work the least unworthy of one without whose encouragement, sympathy and criticism I could never have become even such a writer as I am.<sup>27</sup>

And so the two young men, Turgenev and Galsworthy, both at about the age of twenty-nine, arrived at a very crucial point in their lives; each was ready to use his talents for a career in literature. They had had much in common up to that time; and it was, therefore, not strange that they wrote in the same vein later. Galsworthy, like Turgenev, possessed

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<sup>26</sup>Ibid., p. 101.

<sup>27</sup>The Forsyte Saga (New York, 1932), p. v.



a sense of melancholy in nature and beauty that was thought to be sentimentalism, but was in reality a "...sense of the divine unity of the world, where not only all human beings but all perishable creatures are brethren, and of the same essence."<sup>28</sup> The two men came from common backgrounds: they both had a landed gentry ancestral line; wealthy parents; at least one very dominating parent; an early love for nature and hunting; fine early tutoring followed by the best schools to be had at that time; a chivalrous passion for a woman who would play a strong part during the entire life of each; and finally, the belated discovery that the only work which would give any degree of lasting satisfaction would be that of writing.

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<sup>28</sup>Andre Chevrillon, Three Studies in English Literature (New York, 1923), p. 219.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE TURGENEVIAN QUALITIES IN GALSWORTHY'S WORK

There is little reason to doubt that Turgenev occupies a secure position as a writer who made influential contributions in the development of the novel. It is not the purpose of this study to augment Turgenev's literary reputation; rather, it is to show that Turgenev's consummate craftsmanship was instrumental in making the art of Galsworthy more vital. Turgenev has been the "novelist's novelist" in a rare sense; and in consequence his reputation has always been safe in the hands of those best qualified to preserve it, fellow novelists who care passionately for the craft of fiction.<sup>1</sup> No great writer has ever written

but the whole human race has been, sooner or later, the wiser and better for it. Above all, let us not tolerate in our criticism a principle which would operate as a prohibitory tariff of ideas. The intellect is a dioecious plant, and books are the bees which carry the quickening pollen from one to another mind. It detracts nothing from Chaucer that we can trace in him the influences of Dante and Boccaccio; nothing from Spenser that he calls Chaucer master; nothing from Shakespeare that he acknowledges how dear Spenser was to him; nothing from Milton that he brought fire from Hebrew and Greek altars. There is no degradation in such indebtedness. Venerable rather is this apostolic succession, and inspiring to see the vitai lampada [sic] passed thus from consecrated hand to hand.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Gilbert Phelps, The Russian Novel In English Fiction (London, 1956), p. 88.

<sup>2</sup>James Russell Lowell, "Nationality In Literature" (1849), The Great Critics, ed. James H. Smith and Edd W. Parks (3rd ed., New York, 1951), pp. 865-866.

There is no record available of the exact time that Galsworthy first became aware of Turgenev's writing or what novels he read first; however, after 1854, most of Turgenev's works were translated into English within two or three years after publication in Russia, and it is reasonable to assume that Galsworthy had at least heard of Turgenev before Constance Garnett's translations first appeared in 1894. By 1899, Mrs. Garnett had translated all of Turgenev's work. Her Novels of Ivan Turgenev had numerous printings, including two new editions in London, 1906-1907, and one in New York in 1906.<sup>3</sup> Galsworthy had a great admiration for her work, and his later friendship with her husband, Edward Garnett, possibly was closer because of it.<sup>4</sup> Galsworthy later showed his admiration for Mrs. Garnett's translations by dedicating The Island Pharisees to her: "To Constance Garnett in gratitude for her translation of Turgenev's works."<sup>5</sup>

At no time did Galsworthy take a Turgenev novel and deliberately try to write an imitation of it, nor did he set about to create an Anglicized version of Turgenev; however, the total effect of Galsworthy (his subject, themes, technique of character analysis, evocative atmosphere, and poetic style) lies very close to the total effect of Turgenev. Hence, it seems not unreasonable to believe that some of the art of Turgenev came into English literature through Galsworthy's work. Therefore, an analysis of Galsworthy's work should show what he learned from his "apprenticeship" to his master and illustrate what Galsworthy later said every young writer

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<sup>3</sup>Gettmann, p. 187.

<sup>4</sup>Edward Garnett, "Introduction," Letters From John Galsworthy (New York, 1934), p. 5.

<sup>5</sup>John Galsworthy, The Island Pharisees (London, 1925), p. v.

should do:

...a would-be writer can probably get much inspiration and help from one or two masters, but, in general, little good and more harm from the rest. Each would-be writer will feel inspired according to his temperament, will derive instruction according to his needs, from some older...master akin to him in spirit. And as his wings grow stronger under that inspiration, he will shake off any tendency to imitate.<sup>6</sup>

A logical first step in the analysis of the Turgenevian elements in Galsworthy's work is an examination of Ford Madox Ford's statement:

I must have asked myself a hundred times in my life: If there had been no Turgenev what would have become of Galsworthy? Or, though that is the way the question has always put itself to me, it might be truer to the thought I want to express to say: What would Galsworthy have become?<sup>7</sup>

Such a question as Mr. Ford asked himself was pure speculation and is impossible to answer. The seeds of Galsworthy's art were already planted and had started to sprout before he started to read and admire Turgenev, and to say that those sprouts would have shriveled and died for lack of the sustenance of intellectual stimulation and inspiration supplied by Turgenev's work would be discounting Galsworthy's native stubbornness and determination to succeed.

The years between 1895 and 1906 were years of intensive training which saw Galsworthy mature from a fumbling young beginner to a writer of established stature who dealt with his subject masterfully in The Man of Property. During those eleven years he learned his craft, and it was indeed fortunate that his exposure to Turgenev came at about the half-way point of that period. He had a chance to work on his own for the first four years and discover that he had much to learn. "...some writers at

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<sup>6</sup>John Galsworthy, The Triad (1924), Marrot, p. 137.

<sup>7</sup>Ford Madox Ford, Portraits from Life (New York, 1937), p. 124.

least are not born....he who is determined to 'write,' and has the grit to see the job through, can 'get there' in time."<sup>8</sup> He had the desire and drive necessary to write and exercised it by the time he recognized his kinship in spirit to Turgenev's work. Therefore, Mr. Ford's speculation about Galsworthy sans Turgenev has no basis except that Turgenev probably saved Galsworthy time and made it possible for him to go farther more quickly than if he had had to work out all his methods without a master craftsman to guide him.

From his last piece of writing, the address which he was to have delivered at the awarding of the Nobel Prize in 1932, Galsworthy summed up the impressions that remained of his early writing under the pseudonym of John Sinjohn (John son of John):

From what point in my literary past shall I start? From a railway station--a railway bookstall--a voice murmuring: "You are just the person to write; why don't you?" A startled ear, a startled voice: "I?" Thus began the career....To me the Gare du Nord in Paris will always be haloed by that soft incitement uttered thirty-seven years ago; so will the little narrow room in the Inner Temple in London, dignified as "my Chambers".... In that somewhat monastic room did I pen the first pages, and curiously enough, the remaining pages of my first story. From the title of that story, Dick Denver's Idea, you can tell how much of it can be traced to the inspiration of Bret Harte and how much to the influence of Rudyard Kipling. For nearly two years that tale and its successors exhausted my literary afflatus, and my experience was not unlike that of the experimenting aviators of a decade back, who were always trying to leave the ground and always coming back to the ground with the greater regret. And yet--my conscience not having yet been born--I was more proud of the vile little body which bound those nine tales under the title From the Four Winds than I was of any of its successors.<sup>9</sup>

In late 1897, Galsworthy had finished the series of short stories and secured publication, at his own expense, by a Mr. Fisher Unwin, whose last name proved prophetic as far as the collection was concerned. Only five

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<sup>8</sup>Galsworthy, The Triad, Marrot, p. 137.

<sup>9</sup>Marrot, p. 131.

hundred copies were printed, and the volume was later withdrawn by Galsworthy himself. The collection consisted of stories whose settings, for the most part, were outside England in various parts of the world visited by him in his early travels. They "were uncomplicated tales, innocently sensational or sentimental, neat and slight--creditable for a beginner, hardly in themselves suggestive of possible greatness."<sup>10</sup> For example, The Doldrums was based upon events which occurred on Galsworthy's trip home from New Zealand aboard the Torrens and featured a principal character based on Joseph Conrad, a mate on board at that time. Another story, The Demi-Gods, was an outlet for Galsworthy's thwarted love for his future wife, and it reflected his immature sentiment:

But another twenty-four hours, and then back to prison--to prison--to prison....To-morrow was the ending of all life and light, bringing with it for her a separation from the true self....To-morrow was the farewell of their love, perhaps till the grave--who knows? their [sic] great and burning love, that had given all and taken all, that had cared with an exceeding tenderness for every thought and movement, that was old, yet not tired, that had known and understood, having no depths to sound, no heights to win; that tree which, planted in the moist, cool earth of comradeship, had grown steadily and grandly till it rejoiced in the sweet foliage of a perfect trust, and the glorious flowers of passion.<sup>11</sup>

The collection was kindly, though not brilliantly received and judged to be written in the Kipling manner, whose name appeared in seventeen of some forty notices.

After I had thrust the last of those fledglings out of the nest, I began my first novel. In those days I had not one single literary friend except Joseph Conrad, from whom I guarded inviolably the shameful secret that I was writing.<sup>12</sup>

By early 1898, Galsworthy had finished his first novel, Jocelyn, which

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<sup>10</sup>Marrot, p. 109.

<sup>11</sup>Ibid., p. 110.

<sup>12</sup>Galsworthy, "Nobel Prize Address," Marrot, p. 132.

was soon to go the way of From the Four Winds and sink into oblivion. It seems rather curious that both those volumes should now be so rare, for it would seem that some publisher would before now have done students of English literature the great service of reviving them. Perhaps they were slight and greatly overshadowed by the giants later produced by Galsworthy, but it would reemphasize the greatness of those later works to have the early work with which to compare and contrast and understand better the art of his best known novels.

Evidently Galsworthy was ashamed of his first two volumes, but perhaps a child should not be ashamed of bumping his head on the floor during the trying days of learning to walk. Jocelyn was drawn rather obviously from Galsworthy's experiences while waiting to be married and was the first of a line of similar situations which ran through nearly all of his later work, but he was not ready to handle the material; "it needed a more penetrating ironic drill than he had yet forged to quarry from that refractory rock."<sup>13</sup> Only a summary of the story has been available for this study and must suffice in place of a detailed examination of the novel. The story involved a middle-aged, well-to-do man and wife who did not love one another. In time, the man drifted into love with a young and pretty friend of the wife. On an uncontrollable impulse, the girl yielded to their passion, and the man felt that he had to escape to avoid further complications. But before he left, he discovered that his wife had by accident taken an overdose of morphia. He took a walk instead of doing something to save her life. The girl found it out and thought the wife had committed suicide because of the

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<sup>13</sup>Marrot, p. 114.

loss of her husband's love. Eventually, the man decided to leave the country, and he had just embarked for Singapore when the girl realized that, in spite of her fears, she had to be with the man she loved. She immediately left to join her lover in Alexandria.

Such a story as Jocelyn was slight, but Conrad, in a letter discussing the merits of the book before it was published, said it could be no more than slight because the people of the story were slight people:

I contend that the people you take being what they are, the book is their psychology; if it had gone deeper it would have found nothing....you have given the exact measure of your characters in a language of great felicity, with measure, with poetical appropriateness, to characters tragic indeed but within the bounds of their nature....

In fact the force of the book is in its fidelity to the surface of life--to the surface of events--to the surface of things and ideas. Now this is not being shallow....It is not your business to invent depths.... Most things and most natures have nothing but a surface.<sup>14</sup>

Despite Conrad's early enthusiasm, the book was later withdrawn from circulation, perhaps because of the prompt reaction of the critics who panned it unmercifully in terms of "comedy of manners," "phantom characters," and "tiresome psychological subtleties."<sup>15</sup>

But at least Galsworthy had written and had actually tasted the fruit, however meager, of his own cultivation.

It has often seemed to me that the creative pangs of a young writer are extravagantly disproportioned to the result achieved, and expressly contradicted by the mask of his ingenuous countenance. I have also thought, looking back on those first years of authorship, that I must have had a certain grit and a certain predestination.<sup>16</sup>

After those first four years of self-training (1899), Galsworthy somehow came in contact with Turgenev.

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<sup>14</sup>Ibid., p. 114.

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., p. 115.

<sup>16</sup>Galsworthy, "Nobel Prize Address," Marrot, p. 132.



I had now been writing four years, and had spent about a hundred pounds on it. About this time I began to read the Russian Turgenev (in English) ....who gave me, at once, real aesthetic excitement, and an insight into proportion of theme and economy of words. Stimulated by these, I began a second novel, Villa Rubein. It was more genuine, more atmospheric, better balanced, but still not "written."<sup>17</sup>

The articulate Galsworthy began to emerge with his work on Villa Rubein, and his work became two dimensional; one side, the one most criticism is aimed at, was the ironical and satirical critic of institutions, manners, types of contemporary English society; the other side, less obvious and much more difficult to appraise, was one of lyrical qualities, the evocation of the atmosphere of passion, and a worshipper of beauty.

Much of Galsworthy's real distinction, the key to his contribution to the English novel, is found, however, in the second side of his work, where he has added a definite, if small, domain to the English novel and has developed corresponding methods of craftsmanship.

...his main intention was in the direction of this second side of his work. Perhaps more than anything else, his openly avowed debt to Turgenev, the writer who has been supreme in this field, reveals the keynote to his work.<sup>18</sup>

Starting with Villa Rubein, then, a comparison of Galsworthy's subjects, themes, character analysis technique, atmospheric evocation of scenes and events, and poetic style with those of Turgenev should substantiate or refute Galsworthy's expressed literary indebtedness to his Russian master.

A panoramic view of both Turgenev's and Galsworthy's subjects reveals that each writer passed through a similar path of youthful revolt and inspired rebellion against his own class and time. Each

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<sup>17</sup>Galsworthy, The Triad, Marrot, p. 136.

<sup>18</sup>Agnes M. Berrigan, Chapter VII, "The Contributions in Theory and Practice to the English Novel, 1859-1914" (Unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of Dublin, 1931), p. 1.

was critical of, though still rooted in, his own environment and class and torn between conflicting loyalties. Their sense of loss eventually resulted in a mood of gentle, resigned melancholy. Perhaps the rise and fall of Turgenev's and Galsworthy's enthusiasm was but a magnification of every man's life--the surge of youth, the eventual disillusionment of adulthood, and the resignation of old age. Perhaps, though, the difference between the ordinary man's life and the lives of the sensitive, perceptive writers is one of expressiveness. Turgenev's A Sportsman's Sketches (1852) was his first bold stroke with the subject of civic and social significance which was to run throughout his work. He did not preach revolution; rather, he let his reform stem from his stories. All the cruelty suffered by the serfs on his mother's estate served to give him material for his Sketches, which seemed at first glance to be harmless adventures of the narrator as he wandered about the countryside with his dog and gun; but the cumulative effect was that of a startling exposé of peasant life under the serf system. The serfs emerged as better men, more imaginative, more dignified, and even more intelligent than their brutal masters.<sup>19</sup>

Turgenev's first major work struck a responsive chord in the progressive and reforming enthusiasm that had got hold of Russian society, and he was accepted as its spokesman. His ideas seemed to answer everyone's aspirations.<sup>20</sup> While the aim of his Sketches was the destruction of serfdom, which Alexander II later carried out, his next major work,

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<sup>19</sup>Ernest J. Simmons, Introduction to Fathers and Children, by Ivan Turgenev, tr. Richard Hare (New York, 1948), p. vi.

<sup>20</sup>Mirsky, p. 238.

Rudin (1855), paid homage to the idealism of the elder generation while exposing its rank inefficiency. Rudin, the spokesman in the story, was a clever man with flaming idealism, but quite incapable of action. But without action, he had the power to fire others to action; hence, Turgenev again used the indirect method of presenting his reform subject in order that he might avoid the ire of the government censors.

A Nest of Gentlefolk (1858) played down the idea of reform in the strictest sense, but its hero, Lavretsky, exemplified the old noble order and landowner class. He came home from abroad to apply himself to his estate and live among the people and be one of them.

A progressively stronger hero in On the Eve (1860) carried a torch of reform high. He was, however, a Bulgarian and therefore exempt from the official censorship. Insarov did not fight for reform in Russia; he was concerned with freeing his own country from the yoke of Turkish rule. And coming "on the eve" of the emancipation of the serfs in Russia, On the Eve sought to show the contrast between the trifling or learned pedantry of young Russia and the intense vitality of conviction in the youth of other nations. Again, Turgenev's approach was an oblique one.

Turgenev's next major work was his monumental Fathers and Children (1861). In it he created his first real Russian hero to carry the burden of reform, again indirectly; for Bazarov was a "nihilist" in the sense of one who doubts everything in order to discover the real truth without the shroud of set ideas. Turgenev's attitude toward Bazarov and what he stood for was one of sharp expectancy and hope for the younger generation which constituted the foundation of the reform movement in Russia. The radicals were indignant and thought that Turgenev had played them false and had created a caricature of the young generation to placate the

reactionaries. Turgenev was hurt very deeply by such a misunderstanding of his aim, and except for short visits home on rare occasions, left Russia to live in France for the remainder of his life.<sup>21</sup>

The resultant disillusionment from the rejection of Fathers and Children by the Russian people brought about Turgenev's next major work, Smoke (1866), in which he lashed out at all of the Peasant Reforms of 1861 and the questioning arising among some of the Russian people on whether freeing the serfs had really been for the best. Everything appeared as smoke to Turgenev, and he doubted that the Russians intended doing anything worthwhile. He lashed all classes, especially the "doers" of public good.<sup>22</sup>

In 1876 Turgenev wrote his last major novel, Virgin Soil, in which he used as a background the populist movement that started in the seventies. Some of the noble minded youth felt that it was their duty to live among the people and to teach them. The leading character, Nezhdanov, was rather an inefficient man for the load he had to carry; and the method of the reform movement, along with the fitness of some of the other reformers, carried little conviction. Turgenev was writing from France and had withdrawn himself from an immediate awareness of the Russian scene.

Swinnerton has said that Galsworthy could not have passed Gissing's test of a good writer: "Has he starved?"<sup>23</sup> However, Galsworthy did

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<sup>21</sup>Ibid., p. 239.

<sup>22</sup>Harry Hershkowitz, Democratic Ideas In Turgenev's Works (New York, 1932), p. 117.

<sup>23</sup>The Georgian Literary Scene, p. 162.

starve, but perhaps not in the strictest sense of going without food. He starved in that his inability to marry for twelve years after falling in love with his future wife caused him to become aware of class and its adherence to duty and to parents, its limiting customs, and its inborn prejudices which fashioned the English souls and persons. And from that awakening, followed by the instruction in craftsmanship by Turgenev, Galsworthy fashioned a subject. His novels are a penetrating and methodical study of English society, its types, morals, disciplines, ideas, and prejudices as revealed at the different levels presented in his work. Like Turgenev, Galsworthy burrowed from within and not as an outsider; each knew from first-hand experience of what he wrote.

Galsworthy's subject in Villa Rubein (1900) admittedly was not as strong nor so well defined as in the works that followed. Alois Harz, an artist, was a rebel against his own bourgeois class and felt that the only happiness was in the fighting in life for beauty and unfulfilled desires. His wife felt that he was giving too much of himself to his art and not enough to her happiness and craving for attention.

Galsworthy's subject expanded in his next work of importance, The Island Pharisees (1901), and he discarded his John Sinjohn pseudonym. Galsworthy, in the role of Shelton, could not be

satisfied with the selfcomplacent philosophy of "Whatever is is right." He opened his social conscience to the world of the weak, the hopeless, social evils, marriage laws, sexual moralities, upper society organizations, complacency of all English institutions, all manner of hypocrisy, snobbery, bigotry, and what not.

According to Shelton, in England they have mislaid the recipe of life. Pleasure is a lost art. They don't get drunk, they are ashamed of love, and as to beauty, they have lost the eye for it. In exchange they have got money, but they don't know how to spend it. As to thought, they think so much of what their neighbours think that they never think at all. They are the Island Pharisees.<sup>24</sup>

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<sup>24</sup>Genji Takahashi, Studies In The Works of John Galsworthy (Tokyo, 1954), p. 85.

Galsworthy did not have to contend with government censorship and could approach his subject of reform openly. From the broad view in The Island Pharisees, he focused his critical eye thereafter on particular segments of English life. The Man of Property (1906), considered by many to be Galsworthy's best, dealt with the moneyed professional classes. It embodied in Soames Forsyte the power of never being able to give himself up to anything soul and body and put him in the prison of a "sense of property." Joined with The Man of Property later to form The Forsyte Saga were In Chancery (1920) and To Let (1921) to carry on the history of the Forsyte family. During those later years of Galsworthy's work, Soames mellowed and actually became a sympathetic character. Galsworthy, like Turgenev, when faced with the changed life for which he had worked in his early condemnation of his social surroundings could see that the old perhaps, even at its worst, had some aspects more worthy of faith than the new.

In The Country House (1907), the landed gentry came under the eye of Galsworthy to be revealed in all its suffering from "Pendycitis" which was so aptly expressed in Squire Pendyce's creed:

I believe in my father, and his father, and his father's father, the makers and keepers of my estate; and I believe in myself and my son and my son's son. And I believe that we have made the country, and shall keep the country what it is. And I believe in the Public Schools, and especially the Public School that I was at. And I believe in my social equals and the country house, and in things as they are, for ever and ever. Amen.<sup>25</sup>

For a man such as Galsworthy, who had descended from landed gentry, to look upon his own background with so critical an eye was rank heresy; and like Turgenev, who set about to destroy the very foundations of his

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<sup>25</sup>The Country House, p. 129.

own wealth and who fought from within his own class with sure strokes of cutting revelation, Galsworthy was actually disassociating himself from his own class and working against it.

In Fraternity (1909), Galsworthy examined the super-cultured, the intellectuals, and the writers and boldly carried the problem to the very men who endeavored to solve it. Through the powerlessness of their attempts, he suggested the stubbornness of the evil, of the moral separation of classes, which no individual remedies can cure.

The Patrician (1911) followed the struggle between the individual and the caste to the circles of the aristocracy. That struggle was embodied in Viscount Miltoun, whose meditations show Galsworthy's subject:

Strolling along, he meditated deeply on a London, an England, differing from this flatulent hurly-burly, thin omnium gatherum, this great discordant symphony of sharps and flats. A London, an England, kempt and self-respecting; swept and garnished of slums, and plutocrats, advertisement, and jerry-building, of sensationsalism, vulgarity, vice, and unemployment. An England where each man should know his place, and never change it, but serve in it loyally in his own caste. Where every man, from nobleman to labourer, should be an oligarch by faith, and a gentleman by practice. An England so steel-bright and efficient that the very sight should suffice to impose peace. An England whose soul should be stoical and fine with the stoicism and fineness of each soul amongst her million souls; where the town should have its creed and the country its creed, and there should be contentment and no complaining in her streets.<sup>26</sup>

The Apple Tree (1916), a long short story, dealt also with the caste feeling when a young man's love affair bowed to a consciousness of class and defeats the sense of Beauty.

"As one gets older," Galsworthy once reflected, "one no longer takes such a serious and tragic view of things; rather one is struck by the

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<sup>26</sup>The Patrician, pp. 543-544.

irony, the humor in them."<sup>27</sup> Galsworthy's fires were in the process of being banked, and growing older and less in sympathy with the times, presented the Soames of In Chancery (1920) and To Let (1921) with more compassion and a greater mellowness to make up the trilogy of The Forsyte Saga. An even warmer understanding was reflected in the trilogy of A Modern Comedy, made up of The White Monkey (1924), The Silver Spoon (1926), and Swan Song (1928), in which the Forsyte family is carried through Soames' death. Galsworthy himself said of A Modern Comedy:

And yet, what but a comedic view can be taken, what but comedic significance gleaned, of so restive a period as that in which we have lived since the war? An Age which knows not what it wants, yet is intensely preoccupied with getting it, must evoke a smile, if rather a sad one.<sup>28</sup>

Galsworthy's last work was the trilogy called End of the Chapter, made up of Maid in Waiting (1931), Flowering Wilderness (1932), and Over the River (1933). All three of the novels were concerned with the story of Elizabeth (Dinny) Charwell. In the first one, she devoted herself, body and soul, to helping others with a faith which said that the helping of man by man is all the working version we can make of God. The second one developed the unfortunate love affair between Dinny and Wilfred Desert. As in the Saga and its sequences, so in this novel also it was the sense of Beauty that suffered. The last novel in the series presented Dinny as an ideal type of woman. She was "quixotic," but not impatient. She pursued her will-o'-the-wisp, tilting at her "windmills" not by words but in actuality. She planned reforms but always with a sense of harmony; and above all, she had a sense of humor, which is the

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<sup>27</sup>Leon Schalit, John Galsworthy, A Survey (London, 1929), p. 87, as quoted by Natalie Croman, John Galsworthy, A Study In Continuity And Contrast (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1933), p. 11.

<sup>28</sup>Preface to A Modern Comedy (New York, 1929), p. vii.



requisite of gentleness. She was unbending and unyielding, but she knew when and how to stop and think.<sup>29</sup>

Running parallel to the general similarity of subject matter of Galsworthy to that of Turgenev was the recurrence of similar themes. From the very beginning of his work, Galsworthy had been preoccupied with tales of tragic lovers, stories which outlined a kind of old world chivalry toward women and a very deep-seated veneration for the aged. These typical themes are, perhaps, outside what could be termed Turgenev's instruction of Galsworthy in craftsmanship; however, they serve to reemphasize the kinship of the two writers. In Rudin, Turgenev created a man "who wills but does not act."<sup>30</sup> Natalya's love for Rudin was the kind of love that would enable her to sacrifice anything, but Rudin's love was more in his brain than in his heart; he could be concerned only with the impossibility of getting permission of her mother for the marriage. Again in A Nest of Gentlefolk Turgenev formed a triangle with Lisa, Lavretsky, and Lavretsky's wife; and from his great work, Fathers and Children, the tragic affair of Bazarov and Anna Sergeyevna, with Arkady on the sidelines, was constructed along the same lines. And so throughout nearly all his work, those hopeless affairs become an interwoven part of Turgenev's art. There is probably no doubt that his early dependence on the personality of his mother and Mme. Viardot had something to do with his later inability to see happiness result from the relations of men and women.

Galsworthy, like Turgenev, also was preoccupied with stories of

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<sup>29</sup>Takahashi, p. 137.

<sup>30</sup>Hershkowitz, p. 44.

hopeless love, stemming probably from his years of waiting for the woman he loved to get a divorce from her first husband and be free to marry him. His first novel, Jocelyn, was concerned with only the love story between Jocelyn Ley and Giles Legard. It had no overtones of social criticism and was also without the craftsmanship of the telling that he later used. But starting with The Island Pharisees and running through Over the River, the tragic love theme ran constant, most famously, of course, in the long affair of Irene and Soames in which, even though the marriage was dissolved early, the passion which started in the first Forsyte story, The Man of Property, existed in Soames' "property" heart until his death in Swan Song.

Turgenev's almost reverential attitude toward women also ran through his work in a thematic manner. The men came out, for the most part, second best to the women.

The strong, pure, passionate, and virtuous woman, opposed to the weak, potentially generous, but ineffective and ultimately shallow man was introduced into Russian literature by Pushkin, and recurs again and again in the work of the realists, but nowhere more insistently than in Turgenev's. His heroines are famous all the world over and have done much to spread a high reputation of Russian womanhood....Such creations as Natalia (Rudin), Asya, and Liza (A Nest of Gentlefolk) are among the greatest glories not only of Russian but of all fiction. Moral force and courage is the main keynote to Turgenev's heroine--the power to sacrifice all worldly considerations to passion (Natalia) or all happiness to duty (Liza).<sup>31</sup>

It is curious to note that even though his mother was harsh and ruled him with a heavy hand, he loved her and was not embittered toward women even after living under the influence of his hopeless love for Mme. Viardot. Perhaps it was necessary for him to create his good women because he knew so few in actual life.

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<sup>31</sup>Mirsky, p. 247.

As for Galsworthy's attitudes toward women, one has only to recall his admission that it was his wife who set him on the way to becoming a writer. Women, perhaps, occupied a more revered place in the scheme of social life during the Victorian Age, but Galsworthy's chivalry stood out even in an age where that chivalry was more common than it is perhaps today. His women, like Turgenev's, were strong; when they suffered, they did so in silence and rose above that suffering. Ranging from Irene in The Forsyte Saga through Mrs. Pendyce in The Country House, Megan in The Apple Tree, and Dinny in End of the Chapter, and with his wife hovering over all as a prototype, Galsworthy made payments on his endless debt to her.

Another example of a common theme between Turgenev and Galsworthy was their sympathy with the aged. In Fathers and Children, the parents of both Arkady and Bazarov were treated sympathetically. Both represented a dying order. Again in A House of Gentlefolk, Lavretsky said:

"Play away, be gay, grow strong, vigorous youth!"...and there was no bitterness in his meditations; "your life is before you, and your life will be easier; you have not, as we had, to find out a path for ourselves, to struggle, to fall and to rise again in the dark; we had enough to do to last out--and how many of us did last out?--but you need only to do your duty, work away, and the blessing of an old man be with you. For me, after today...there remains...to say...'Welcome lonely old age! burn out useless life!'"<sup>32</sup>

Echoes of Turgenev's theme can be seen in the closing sequence of The Indian Summer of a Forsyte (1918), a short story link between The Man of Property and In Chancery, when Old Jolyon fell into his last sleep in the garden at Robin Hill:

The stable clock struck four....He would have just one tiny nap.... and settling back in his chair he closed his eyes. Some thistledown came

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<sup>32</sup>A House of Gentlefolk, tr. Constance Garnett (London, 1900), p. 310.

on what little air there was, and pitched on his moustache more white than itself. He did not know; but his breathing stirred it, caught there....

The stable clock struck the quarter past. The dog Balthasar stretched and looked up at his master. The thistledown no longer moved....

But the thistledown was still as death, and the face of his old master. Summer--summer--summer! The soundless footsteps on the grass.<sup>33</sup>

The technical debt that Galsworthy said he owed to Turgenev consisted of a technique of character analysis, a particular use of atmosphere evoked from careful use of superfluous detail<sup>34</sup> and nature, and a lyrical and economical use of words. These qualities one finds on every page of Turgenev.

Turgenev's characters, for the most part, were representative types. Those types, in order to escape being mere automatic symbols, had to come alive; they had to be more than typical pictures of humanity which could be maneuvered according to the author's whim. Turgenev's method of giving life to those characters was a method of using the other characters and the mind of the reader to reflect a natural image of a person; hence, a character took on an aura of naturalness much like that of anybody a person might meet or come to know in real life. A favorite method of many authors is to fill in everything about a character in the form of direct description; it is the most logical method in that as the creator, the author is in a position to know all there is to know of the beings he creates. His omniscient role, however, is easily overdone; his characters fail to breathe as living human beings and exist as mere pawns. Turgenev's character presentation employed the dramatic technique of

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<sup>33</sup>The Forsyte Saga (1932), p. 337.

<sup>34</sup>Chevillon defines this as trivial externals described with a minuteness of detail to frame a central object in subtle naturalness, p. 168.

audience participation; the perceptiveness of the reader was a necessity. For example, Rudin, the first of Turgenev's great characters, is shown from "the outside"; his conduct, his speech, and the impression he makes on others are used rather than an author analysis in the form of mental and physical dissection; he is a person, not a soul.<sup>35</sup> Turgenev then, let Rudin create himself. Through the eyes of Pigasoff, for example, part of Rudin's character can be seen:

Rudin overwhelmed him with his presence....

"I don't like that clever fellow," he was wont to say; "he expresses himself unnaturally--for all the world like a personage in a Russian novel. He will say 'I,' and pause with emotion.....'I,' says he, 'I.....' He always uses such long words. If you sneeze, he will immediately begin to demonstrate to you precisely why you sneezed and why you did not cough..... He will begin to revile himself, and will besmear himself with mud. Well, you think to yourself, now he will not look at God's daylight. Not a bit of it; he will even get jolly, as though he had been treating himself to bitter vodka."<sup>36</sup>

William Dean Howells said of Turgenev's indirect character treatment:

He seems the most self-forgetful of the story-telling tribe, and he is no more enamored of his creations than of himself; he pets none of them; he upbraids none; you like them or hate them for what they are; it does not seem to be his affair.<sup>37</sup>

Howells also declared that the business of the novelist was:

to paint such facts of character and custom as he finds so strongly that their relative value in his picture will be at once apparent to the reader without a word of comment; otherwise his historical picture falls to the level of the panorama with a showman lecturing upon the striking points and picking them out for observance with a long stick....Everything necessary to the reader's intelligence should be quietly and artfully supplied, and nothing else should be added.<sup>38</sup>

<sup>35</sup>Mirsky, pp. 245-246.

<sup>36</sup>Rudin: A Romance, tr. Isabel F. Hapgood (New York, 1916), pp. 89-90.

<sup>37</sup>From "Review of Liza," Atlantic Monthly, XXXI (February, 1873), 239, as quoted by Gettmann, p. 55.

<sup>38</sup>Gettmann, p. 55.

Turgenev also used nature as a means of conveying a particular atmosphere suggestive of character. Near the beginning of Fathers and Children as Arkady arrived home with Bazarov, this scene helps bring out the conflict in Arkady:

They passed by little streams with hollow banks and ponds with narrow dams, small villages with low huts under dark and often crumbling roofs, and crooked barns with walls woven out of dry twigs and with gaping doorways .... Gradually Arkady's heart began to sink...the peasants...looked as if they had just been snatched out of the clutches of some terrifying murderous monster...thought Arkady, "...reforms are indispensable... but how are we to execute them, how should we begin?"

Such were Arkady's thoughts...but even while he was thinking, the spring regained its sway. All around lay a sea of golden green--everything, trees, bushes and grass, vibrated and stirred in gentle waves under the breath of the warm breeze; from every side the larks were pouring out their loud continuous trills; the plovers were calling as they glided over the low-lying meadows or noiselessly ran over the tufts of grass; the crows strutted about in the low spring corn, looking picturesquely black against its tender green; they disappeared in the already whitening rye, only from time to time their heads peeped out from among its misty waves. Arkady gazed and gazed and his thoughts grew slowly fainter and died away.<sup>39</sup>

The superfluous detail and the lyrical quality of nature are highly suggestive and lead the reader by his sense impressions rather than his intellect to an understanding of Arkady and his awareness of the impact of Bazarov, representing the relentless onslaught of the "new" upon the "old."

Galsworthy's use of Turgenev's technique becomes obvious when one examines the exact images he gives to the reader; many of those images are merely shadows cast, not by author-given exposition, but by a series of experiences or summary impressions.

He allows them to reveal themselves in infinite gradation by their speech and bearing, by their perception of one another, expressed by each in his own words and images--above all, by that series of sensations, ideas, dreams, whims, decisions which the author never seems to be following and

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<sup>39</sup>Fathers and Children, pp. 12-13.

noting from without....

Mr. Galsworthy makes use of two opposite devices simultaneously; one consists in saying everything, the other in not saying everything.<sup>40</sup>

Galsworthy's works are full of possible illustrations of his suggestive perceptions that deal with characters, but probably the scene charged with the most electric qualities was a dinner party given by Soames and Irene before they separated and during June Forsyte's engagement to Bosinney. Irene and Bosinney had just discovered they were in love, and June somehow sensed that something was wrong. Galsworthy's use of superfluous details, some even in the form of lengthy pauses in the dinner conversation, cast over the whole scene a charged emotion that mounts constantly. A setting so very ordinary, a common dinner party of intelligent people, becomes a battle ground fought over with weapons held behind soup and fish.

Dinner began in silence; the women facing one another, and the men. In silence the soup was finished—excellent, if a little thick; and fish was brought. In silence it was handed.

Bosinney ventured: "It's the first Spring day."

Irene echoed softly: "Yes—the first Spring day."

"Spring!" said June: "there isn't a breath of air!" No one replied.

The fish was taken away, a fine fresh sole from Dover. And Bilson brought champagne, a bottle swathed around the neck with white.

Soames said: "You'll find it dry."

Cutlets were handed, each pink-frilled about the legs. They were refused by June, and silence fell.

Soames said: "You'd better take a cutlet, June; there's nothing coming."

But June again refused, so they were borne away. And then Irene asked: "Phil, have you heard my blackbird?"

Bosinney answered: "Rather—he's got a hunting-song. As I came round I heard him in the Square."

"He's such a darling!"

"Salad, sir?" Spring chicken was removed.

But Soames was speaking: "The asparagus is very poor. Bosinney, glass of sherry with your sweet? June, you're drinking nothing!"

June said: "You know I never do. Wine's such horrid stuff!"

An apple charlotte came upon a silver dish. And smilingly Irene said:

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<sup>40</sup>Chevrillon, pp. 163, 168.

"The azaleas are so wonderful this year!"

To this Bosinney murmured: "Wonderful! The scent's extraordinary!"

June said: "How can you like the scent? Sugar, please, Bilson."

Sugar was handed her, and Soames remarked: "This charlotte's good!"

The charlotte was removed. Long silence followed. Irene, beckoning, said: "Take out the azalea, Bilson. Miss June can't bear the scent."

"No; let it stay," said June.

Olives from France, with Russian caviare, were placed on little plates. And Soames remarked: "Why can't we have the Spanish?" But no one answered.

The olives were removed. Lifting her tumbler June demanded: "Give me some water, please." Water was given her. A silver tray was brought, with German plums. There was a lengthy pause. In perfect harmony all were eating them.

Bosinney counted up the stones: "This year--next year--some time--"

Irene finished softly: "Never. There was such a glorious sunset.

The sky's all ruby still--so beautiful!"

He answered: "Underneath the dark."

Their eyes had met, and June cried scornfully: "A London sunset!" Egyptian cigarettes were handed in a silver box. Soames, taking one, remarked: "What time's your play begin?"

No one replied, and Turkish coffee followed in enamelled cups.

Irene, smiling quietly, said: "If only--"

"Only what?" said June.

"If only it could always be the spring!"

Brandy was handed; it was pale and old.

Soames said: "Bosinney, better take some brandy."

Bosinney took a glass; they all arose.

"You want a cab?" asked Soames.

June answered: "No. My cloak, please, Bilson." Her cloak was brought.

Irene, from the window, murmured: "Such a lovely night! The stars are coming out!"

Soames added: "Well, I hope you'll both enjoy yourselves."

From the door June answered: "Thanks. Come, Phil."

Bosinney cried: "I'm coming."

Soames smiled a sneering smile, and said: "I wish you luck!"

And at the door Irene watched them go.

Bosinney called: "Good night!"

"Good night!" she answered softly.

June made her lover take her on the top of a 'bus, saying she wanted air, and there sat silent, with her face to the breeze.

The driver turned once or twice, with the intention of venturing a remark, but thought better of it.... The spring had got into his blood, too; he felt the need for letting steam escape, and clucked his tongue, flourishing his whip, wheeling his horses, and even they, poor things, had smelled the spring, and for a brief half-hour spurned the pavement with happy hoofs.<sup>41</sup>

In this scene Irene is the sensitive and passive woman she had always been;

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<sup>41</sup>The Man of Property, pp. 105-107.



June, the strong willed granddaughter of old Jolyon; Bosinney, the lover, the artist, who had noticed that darkness under the cloud; Soames, the eternal husband, the "owner" of Irene, who sneered in the face of love with his sense of property. Galsworthy stands away from his characters and shows the reader what, on the surface, seems to be a united family group, but underneath which boiled something that was to hang over the Forsyte family for generations.

Galsworthy was an Englishman, not a Russian. One cannot accuse him of being a weak imitation of Turgenev. He has in him what one may even be tempted to call a unique example of a younger writer wholly in harmony with a greater, older one to whom he gladly and openly acknowledges his indebtedness.

## CHAPTER IV

### CONCLUSION

Galsworthy's life as it pertained to his writing can be divided into four parts: the years before his future wife spoke those fateful words to him at the Gare du Nord in Paris during Easter Week of 1894; the next five years of frustration before he started reading Turgenev's work in 1899; the following five or six years of work before The Man of Property was finished; and the remaining years of his life. Galsworthy's literary relationship to Turgenev can be traced through each of those life phases and can be pronounced as discernible, natural, and beneficial.

During the first of the four divisions of Galsworthy's life, he was born and reared in a social stratum very similar to that of Turgenev-- landed gentry, wealth, social position, fond but firm parents, and educational opportunity. The only great difference was that Turgenev reacted more quickly and earlier to social injustice, than did Galsworthy. Turgenev struggled with what burned his soul until he found some release in authorship; Galsworthy's soul was cool and serene and felt no discomfort from the fires which were later to flare up. The spark which ignited him was struck when he first became aware of the injustice imposed upon Mrs. Cooper Galsworthy, then the wife of a cousin and much later his wife. He sympathized with her unhappiness and began to become aware that humanity in general and his own class in particular were crassly self-sufficient and blind to personal suffering, in this case a

young and beautiful woman trapped in an unsuccessful and loveless marriage. A recognition of Galsworthy's sensitivity for the other person must have led that same young woman to say: "You are just the person to write; why don't you?"

The second phase of Galsworthy saw his love develop for that same woman, and the spark was fanned into white heat when his sympathy for her changed into a feeling of a personal injustice. While his father was alive, they could not marry for fear of bringing a divorce scandal into the family--Galsworthy's profound respect for his father and his wishes was very much like the attachment Turgenev felt to his mother. Meanwhile, Galsworthy answered the question asked in Paris by writing those slight, immature stories of travel (Torrens) and thwarted young lovers (The Demi-Gods, Jocelyn). He had something to say, but he did not have the technique for self expression. It amounted to double frustration; he had a cause about which to write, but no weapons with which to do battle. Like Turgenev, he was not content to sit in the ready-made position his family wished him to take; he was disturbed, unhappy, and determined.

Galsworthy's happiness did not begin to materialize until he succeeded in writing good material (The Island Pharisees, The Man of Property) which proved to be an outlet for his indignation. That outlet was made possible by the lessons in craftsmanship he learned from studying Turgenev's work. He recognized a spiritual kinship and a temperamental affinity which joined with a similar righteous cause, launched him into the start of the rich and satisfying life of a successful author. It is not for anyone to say that, given time, he would not have evolved a method which would have made some expression possible. That expression could very well have been outside the field of writing, for he was

certainly educationally fitted for the law and allied fields.

Nevertheless, this study of Galsworthy proves that the indebtedness to Turgenev, which from the first he generously admitted, is apparent in every novel written after his first acquaintance with the Russian master. The difference between the work done without Turgenev's influence and his later work is unmistakable. The craftsmanship learned from the older novelist, especially the evocative use of atmosphere, the lyrical use of words, and the methods of characterization, seems to have added much not only to Galsworthy's work but also to the English novel as a whole.

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