Judgement in James: Aspects of a Problem in Literature and Philosophy

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It is almost impossible, in what I hope can still licitly be spoken of as our culture, not to be self-conscious: to be aware of oneself as being under the basilisk gaze of others, of being evaluated by them and vulnerable to immolating rejection by them. We do not define ourselves as people (the truism has it) but are defined by those with whom we come into contact. And it is our awareness of their opinion of us which furnishes our consciousness of self. Very early on we start to get an idea of ourselves as being this or that kind of person, and, as such, cannot find a way of making ourselves immune to the ever present threat of having immolating judgement passed upon us. The person who professes not to care what others think of him but rather to rest content in his confidence of how own worth is simply guilty of *mauvaise foi*. As long as one claims to *be* anything, that claim must in the final analysis rest on the endorsement of others if lit is to be valid.

However, the processes whereby we, as it were, negotiate what *kind* of objectification will be imposed on us are extremely complex and subtle. And because they are not in themselves susceptible to logical analysis they remain substantially opaque to inspection through cognitive activity. Indeed, if challenged we should probably deny that we were engaged in any such process at all! Yet it is perfectly obvious that we show great ingenuity in negotiating the relational dangers of everyday life. In order to carry out these kinds of operation we must perforce place our trust in the kind of subjective evidence which it is almost impossible to decompose. How – to take examples recurring in the novel at hand, or come to that in *any* novel – how does one know the difference between a true and a fake smile, or become aware of a current of a current of sexual interest between two people where none was ever suspected? The world to which our intuitive sensitivity gives us access is the intricate and very finely balanced subjective world in which we conduct our relations with other, register and react to the impressions we give and receive, administer and respond to offers or threats of annihilation. Such is the delicacy involved in our traffic with each other in these respects, and such are the dangers inherent in them, that we normally don't comment on what we are up to: language, it seems, is far too crude to be allowed to clothe, as it were, our transactions in the coarse obviousness of words; words which objectify and make concrete a fluid sensitivity which does not have to answer for its insights and actions or keep to its promises. And yet we rely on this unexamined and mercurial faculty to tell us the truth about what is going on far more than any verbal account we give ourselves as explanations or excuses. This is the faculty whereby we cope with the real world of threatening and dangerous liaisons; language, the faculty which mediates the mythical,

objective world which we would all much rather believe in. Depending upon the heaviness of a person's investment in the mythical world, it is entirely possible for him or for her to disclaim any trust in or respect for the sort of knowledge which intuitive sensitivity makes available. Possible, that is, to disconfirm it either in oneself or in others. In effect, such an insistence is tantamount to a denial of the evidence of our own senses; a rejection of what a more profound stratum of understanding is known to be the case. Interestingly, there is a minority of people – Ralph Touchett, in James' *Portrait* appears to be a piad-up member – who seem to find it impossible *not* to trust the experience which their subjective sensitivity gives them, even though they would rather abandon it. They would rather not have the pain of knowing the truth and of inflicting what they know to be true upon others (or, if you prefer, *donating* such knowledge to them). But they cannot find or seem to find the secret of escape from it which others have with relative ease developed.

So one main escape route offered by our culture from the indeterminacies which our subjective understanding reveals us to is via objectification. By which I mean a willingness to cede everything, or everything that matters, to set of socially determined myths which offer clearly to delineate our place in the world and the ways in which we may relate to each other. Within a competitive social organisation-and James' post-bellum America is probably a good instance-what you are is scarcely conceivable except in terms of how you score against others. There is, within such a set-up, relatively little room for the subjectivity of the person; and plenty of room, relatively speaking, for such things as self-merchandising and impression-management. The most seasoned operator in James' ecology is of course the newly-wedded husband of *The Portrait's* heroine. And nowhere is he more seasoned than in the episode in which he leads the (in his presence) rather feckless Caspar Goodwood up the garden path by plying him with fictions about his marriage to Isabel being an unsullied bower of bliss; blithely conning him (er, at any rate trying to con him) into accepting attachment to Isabel as the very lineaments of gratified desire.

What one is in such a context thus becomes an matter of social transaction: a constant monitoring of the way in which one appears to others, and a developing expertise in handling the conceptual apparatus and values of what for want of a more elegant word I have called objectivity. A matter, that's to say, of ingesting and thoroughly accepting the standards of an objectifying culture. What does the other think of me? becomes the most bedeviling question which can be asked: indeed the only one worth asking in practice. And the very posing of such a question, in terms of comparison and judgement, in turn breeds a technology of manipulation and deceit in which plausibility of front becomes all important.

This is the operational psychology adapted to, and embodied in, people who have a confident appreciation of themselves as satisfactory objects; and an ability to extort from others a validation of how they wish to appear. But what this psychology is of course helpless to gloss or to elucidate is the moral and philosophical validity of this view of being and behaving. Above all, it does not question whether it is in itself legitimate to see people as "being" anything, or indeed as having "selves" in the sense of objectively determinable ensembles of characteristics, susceptible of once-and-for-all-enunciation. So long as we

take for granted an objectifying culture and its mechanistic principles we arrive quite naturally at a "reality" in which the essence of relations between people lies in management, exploitation, treachery, performance to a principle of profit and competition; and in which anything resembling moral judgements if not actually impossible to institute are quaint in function.

The objectivist mind, which can tolerate a concept only if the phenomena involved can be converted into concrete and manipulable commodities (like loneliness, or loveliness) attempts to remove from our ways of knowing the necessity ("dire" being the inseparable cliche-modifier) for courage and hardihood. From an unpondered adherence to rules it argues that what cannot be externalized, predicted, checked, cannot be fit for evaluation. The subjectivist mind, for whom knowledge is protocol not property and which is prepared to risk making foolish mistakes and the consequent public opprobrium, knows articulately or otherwise that there is no method for knowing the truth and for knowing oneself or other minds, since such knowledge takes place as it were in the very forefront of our consciousness and leaves out no part of us which can sit back and invigilate the proceedings. There *are* some things, to be sure, which we should no doubt automatically be aware of: for example, of self-justifying or comforting verbal constructions or labels or diagnoses. But in the end, it is only trust in one's subjective judgement that will inform us of success or failure. And the ground of judgement is personal experience, which alone can prompt us to make or to accept the kinds of judgements which have to do with finding our way back to a world we have all but forgotten how to name. It is of course true that subjective *opinions* – defined as personal beliefs-can have no privileged claim to truth. Subjective *experience*- what goes on in our own lives, which a mythifying culture operates to obscure from view-is on the other hand the *only* ground upon which truth can rest, and generates a form of knowing which does not have to be fashioned into a monument to acquisitive cleverness, or studied academically, or hoarded in technical expertise, or even spelt out articulately; but is, rather, safeguarded to considerable extent from such petrifactions precisely *because* it cannot be requisitioned for use in the business of acquiring things, friends, or reputation.

In using the word "moral", as I did a moment ago, I don't of course mean moralistic; but, rather, to point to the necessity for taking a deliberate stance (as distinct from an inherited or established position complacently occupied) on the question of how we should conduct ourselves with each other; of taking an interest in, and being concerned with, the way in which a person develops (as, say, Ralph does in his commerce with Isabel), and advocating (as, again, Ralph does, however tacitly) those standards which would seem to be truly in the person's best interests, and so on. For the objectified individual, all such questions are bound to be fraught with threat and difficulty: having indeed the status of object promises release from some of the terrors attendant upon subjectivity – from some forms of emotional pain, isolation, responsibility; and from the threat of fundamental failure and the need for personal decisiveness. To stand *for* something in any sphere is of course to risk making an ass of yourself. Objective status delivers a certain anodyne neutrality with respect to the conventionalities which actually govern behaviour. To stand for something in any department

of living is to make judgements and invite the prospect of being marked down and found wanting. But it is also the only way in which social evolution can take a truly *moral* direction: it is the inescapable consequence of recognising, and taking seriously, the fact that it is *we* who make the world, not it or Them.

The relation of judgement-by-others to "good judgement" and of both to power and policy, knowledge and sincerity, and most important perhaps, to integrity of action and impulse is the theme that most interests me here. But, granting what seems at times an almost pathological need to retreat behind a coy ponderousness, James himself is far too intelligent a novelist not to be well aware of this problematic. I'm thinking of his announced interest in *The Art of the Novel* – amounting, almost, to a plot in every sense against his own creatures! – in, as he says, "our own precious liability to fall into traps and be bewildered."[1] I've in mind, as well his positively wise understanding of the fact that, as he says in the same place, "if we were never bewildered there would never be a story to tell about us." His fable of identity asks us to conceive a young and very prepossessing woman handsomely equipped with a mind of her own as well as with wit, imagination and smashing good looks. When Isabel Archer arrives in Europe she sees the world (ad indeed being not only an American but an American of such a time and place she can hardly help see it) as "a place of brightness, of free expansion, of irresistible action". In this capacity, she turn aside from various suitors who in addition to wealth, title, and devotion, are (to put in no higher), eligible personally in a way that accords with the standards she has set herself. Following nonetheless her own path she migrates by a devious route through disillusionment to a penultimate apprehension of the future, in the double sense of seeing and fearing it to be "a dark narrow alley with a dead wall at the end."[2] It's a sort of progress, no doubt about it, precisely to the degree that a concept of freedom as involving unobstructed discharge of personal energy is exchanged for a notion of independence of which Kantians might approve, involving as it does acceptation of limits and a distinction between goodness and happiness.

And to the degree that any distinction *is* in fact made as between freedom and independance as being related but, in the end quite different things, Isabel may be said to have advanced a fair distance along the road from blindness towards clarity of understanding: from "judging only from the outside ... only to amuse yourself!" (as Lord Warburton puts it in an uncharacteristic access of exasperation) to passing sentence of oneself as having been remiss in sagacity and perspicaciousness. Remiss, that is, in "knowing something about human affairs beyond what other people think it compatible with propriety to tell me." The nature of her choice and her manner of exercising it couldn't be more different from, say, that deployed more or less notoriously by Donald Davidson's "akrasic", who sees clearly the better course but through misguided conviction not to say pigheadedness elects to seize the worse. It is – though here's the rub! – "a choice before all the world"; conscientiously not impulsively made; grounded in self-knowledge or at any rate in a *kind* of self-knowledge (in this case what James calls her conscious "appetite for renunciation") and admitting of the idea and the fact of suffering as essentially accidental. It is to this extent remarkably undeluded, alert as to motives, and obedient to Ralph Touchett's fraternal injunction (not

untinged with irony) to "judge everyone and everything for yourself!". But it is also and by the same token deceived in a common-or-garden way as to *ends*; the principal end at the drama's inception being in the heroine's words "to marry the person one likes" and "to be free to follow out a good felling."[3] If we are to speak of Isabel as being perplexed in a way she is not fully equipped to concede urgently and in need of enlightenment, we might say – risking sophistry – that it is perhaps not least as regards the distinction between liking and liking to like.

The difficulty in pursuing, as Isabel is made to pursue, a painful process of undeception, is that we have to get used to the idea that we can do without – indeed *must* to some extent do without – the very things we have always understood to be indispensable for the reliable establishment of the truth and of personal wellbeing, if indeed we *are* to establish them there is, no doubt, a sense in which self-knowledge becomes important to such an enterprise. But this is not perhaps the kind of knowledge which I rather suspect most of think will prove useful. It is all too easy to interpret the injunction "Know Thyself!" as a recommendation to become aware of that which one is in a kind of fixed and finished way– *Portrait* of a *Lady* – so that one can, for example, put oneself to better use in the business of securing a secular prosperity, or in staking out a territory, or putting oneself forward with a certain aplomb. Isabel pinpoints this special difficulty when she asserts that, whereas she won't give a toss for Ralph's opinion if she does marry Osmond, his opinion has, nonetheless "a certain importance. The more information one has about one's dangers, the better!". And Madame Merle puts the matter a little more brutally when she forswears all knowledge of "what people are for. I only know what I can do with them."[4] Knowing yourself, on this prudential view, implies vetting your strengths and weaknesses, having a "conception of gain" (Madame Merle's phrase) that limits the damage, knowing how to get what you want whilst keeping out of morally or psychologically troublesome situations. But, as I've suggested, claims to *this* kind of knowledge, even if especially if – advanced in candour and without equivocation – constitute the very essence of bad faith. Since the one "thing" that cannot be known, still less owned, let alone be regarded in a conclusively judicial light, is the subject who makes the claim. Madam Merle, her *cause sui* impassivity and her sensational self-possession notwithstanding, can be counted upon as usual to state the matter with deliciously ironic precision – and in a way that is anathema to Isabel – when she argues that one's "self" is no more and no less than all one is, does, engages with, as well as seems in effect to be. The "whole envelope of circumstances"[5] (her phrase) which one inhabits and reposes in (if that's the word), in which one lives and has one's being, as distinct from a "self" to be proprietorially cultivated. No small part of Isabel's embarrassment by events has, I think, to do with a hiatus in understanding touching the fact that, because we do not "possess" things like "selves", it is not only undesirable systematically to pursue theoretic knowledge of them but mistaken to suppose that the pursuit itself is doomed to anything but failure.

It remains however to clarify what *could* be usefully meant by self-knowledge, considered as the ground of "good judgement" and as a justification, or precondition, for

uttering disobliging judgements on oneself or accepting that others in some circumstances have a right, even a duty, to formulate such judgements about us. "Know Thyself!" might, I think, best be interpreted as a warning that one should, as part of a continuous process of self-suspicion, keep a beady eye trained on what one is up to. In the way that, for example, Madame Merle, in conversation with Osmond, takes a long, cool look at her actions and pillories herself for having been horrid to Isabel (telling her to her face and with strategic perversity that, as the upshot of Lord Warburton's defection, "Your husband judges you severely.)"[6] and the same time, knows herself to have been defiled in relationship with Osmond on account of his crass instrumentalism masquerading as fastidious self-sufficiency. Another prototype is that refugee from a Dickens novel (*Bleak House* perhaps), the Countess Gemini. Look at the way in which, spilling the beans about Pansy's true progenitors, she is keen to prevent a disinterested desire (stopping just short of humanitarianism) to succour Isabel from blunting a positively gleeful compulsion to extract a maximum of pleasure from the spectacle of Mrs. Osmond's discomfiture. This species of knowing (intermixed as it is with *schadenfreude*) would, you notice, *not* mean listening to the self-extenuating accounts which we are always ready to tell ourselves. (E.g..in this instance, I'm only doing this for your good, my dear", etc., or rigmarole like "It hurts me to say it more than it does you to hear it"). Indeed, it means specifically *disregarding* such stories; treating them with sacks of salt, as a species of fairly-tale; practising a politics of doubt in connexion with oneself. The attempt, here, is to divine from conduct what might be the nature of our undertakings as distinct from deduction from first principles as from ratiocination bombinating in a void. To live our lives worrying, or attempting to worry, about the value of what we do, eschewing all regard for ourselves as certain kinds of object in the eyes of other people – or at any rate reducing such regard to the minimum – is to begin to relate to each other in what Roger Poole somewhere calls "ethical space", rather than in terms of an objective contest for power and status.

James' dealings with his *ficelle* are from this analytic viewpoint as fascinating as they are instructive to watch. She's represented as someone able to speak without reserve precisely because she knows that deep down, Isabel doesn't care a fig for her. Nor is she at all *bothered* by such lack of solicitude. The Countess isn't lumbered with – or at least, I think it fair to say is *relatively* unencumbered by – a conviction of her own comparative benignity. She's as uninterested as anyone in the novel's rarified world can hope or can have a right to be in having other people morally speaking up for trial on charges of gross misdemeanour. And so she accepts as a matter of essentially subsidiary importance (and with what, to some, is bound to look like disconcerting good cheer) the fact that most of them habitually think of her as someone who uses her head only to keep her ears from banging together. With nothing to lose, really, she can afford to judge correctly, and with a saving insouciance: unsurprisingly she is spot-on when she says, with respect to Osmond and Madame Merle's having been lovers, "You may ask how I know such a thing. I know it by the way they behaved." This looks at first sight to be impertinence but it is really a moral etiquette, and epistemological good manners to boot. Unlike knowledge of self-as-

object, the kind of knowledge being talked about here is a process that never arrives at certainty about any*thing* in particular, (or, arriving at it, sets a low valuation on it) but represents, rather, a kind of running battle not to fall into muddle about ends and means. This is not acquisitive knowledge, having self-improvingly to do with what Ralph calls "power of thought and conscience", or with what the storytelling voice-over calls Isabel's "dense little group of ideas about herself"; but knowledge which constitutes one's functioning in the world as a subjectivity entity or subjective influence within it. The sort of influence wielded by the Countess edifyingly to intervene in a crisis (and so unlike Isabel's alleged "influence" with Pansy's suitors or the effect of a convent upbringing on the daughter of a good-for-nothing expatriate). The countess way of knowing things for what they are has, really, very little to do with the habit of "always summing people up"[7] (Lord Warburton's judgement of Isabel, not unkindly meant but not exactly flattering either) and a great deal to do with keeping in touch with reality; with recognizing – not *knowing* but *acknowledging* – what is in fact the nature of the case.

But to recognize what is the case – as, for example, when Isabel fully registers the depths of intimacy and intrigue via an initial "impression" of Osmond and Serena Merle seated "anomalously" in their drawing room – to recognise what is the case is to relinquish the support of myths. And the cardinal myth, which James is more or less deliberately in business to detonate, is the myth of "fulfillment" associated with the value-world of objectivity. A myth which of necessity involves the sedulously maintained pretence that things are not half as bad as you or I know them to be. I call it a myth; but Ralph, judging Isabel and causing her in turn to judge herself as having been fitly "punished", speaks of her as having been "ground in the mill of the conventional," though in practice both formulations amount to much the same thing. Most people, most of the time, are facing a difficult and frightening world with only very little if any of the protection afforded by unconditional love or indefinitely suspended judgement. And the only other way in which they can survive is by living to the formula of cultivated adequacy or concentrating the attention on the self-as-commodity, to be approved or applauded, censured or relegated.

But where the prevailing preoccupation is with acquisition or protection with what James calls "aspect and denomination"[8] rather than with moral action there is a danger of our becoming for the most part utterly impervious to the intention or significance of our conduct, which is evaluated mainly for what it achieves for the augmentation of image and advantage. Osmond of course is in this respect James' Awful Warning (it sounds like a tocsin in chapter 32). With his (he thinks) beautifully concealed craving to thought "the first gentleman in Europe"; his neurotic horror of vulgarity; his forlorn anxiety "to make people believe that his house was different from any other"; his "ambition...to please himself by exciting the world's curiosity and then declining to satisfy it" – Osmond for all his *je m'en fichisme* is in this a contrived instance of How Not to Do It. But – it seems not wholly unreasonable to suggest – so is Isabel herself, in as much as her regulating concern, *pace* asseverations to the contrary, is with what she ends up as rather than with what she does. James is very adroit – chillingly adroit, even, in chapter 6 especially, though knowingness

spoils the effect – at gesturing towards her Osmond-like defendedness; her addiction to striking heroic attitudes; above all, perhaps, towards the alacrity with which she offers herself up, or submits proleptically to, inspection by the docketing gaze of the Other. "Her way of taking compliments", we hear, "seemed rather dry: she got rid of them as rapidly as possible. But as regards this she was sometimes misjudged: she was thought insensible to them, whereas in fact she was simply unwilling to show how infinitely they pleased her."[9] But the novel fixes its sights with especial acuteness on Isabel's self-regard (to borrow *The Portrait's* own tactical penchant for figures of vision and judgment) in describing her as falling prey to what the implied author describes as a "fatigue [which] came from the effort to appear as intelligent as she believed Madame Merle had described her, and from the fear ... of exposing-not her ignorance; for that she cared little-but her possible grossness of perception". This is objectivity with knobs on!

There is no doubt that to find oneself a subjective adult who may to some extend take charge of his or her destiny (as distinct from "affronting" it, as Isabel purports to do) requires courage. And *that* courage can probably only be summoned up in the context of faith, i.e. the conviction that somehow what one is trying to do is worth doing. Some such conviction, I believe, inhabits Henrietta Stackpole's superficially inane but actually quite impressive declaration, on the eve of her betrothal to the egregious Mr. Bantling, that "I think I know what I'm doing but I don't know as I can explain"; and is also implies by negatives in her judgement of Isabel as being "far too infatuated with mere brain-power". Madame Merle, who in Isabel's backward glance has unconscionably contrived to "live by reason and wisdom alone", supplies once against a counter-example. The Countess Gemini for all her carefully engineered oddity is dead on target in accruing Isabel of not being "simple enough", and in counseling her – the cards having been so to speak laid thumpingly on the table – to "feel a little wicked for the comfort of it, for once in your life!"[10] And who should know better than her? Who better qualified to proffer such counsel? For the Countess knows that one can never become a *safe* success: never, without monumental self-deception, bask in the security of having become or wishing permanently to become, the satisfactory object of other peoples' esteem. The Countess is, it seems, perfectly right to judge Madame Merle's "success" to have been at bottom a massive failure. A failure, because this specialist in surfaces maintains her carefully adumbrated aura of superiority through on opacity of aspect which amounts to kind of blackmail in that it conjures up an almost superstitious terror in those who even contemplate calling her bluff. But the novel reasons its way from periphery to center: adjudicating Isabel without damning her; knowing her actions for what they are, and in way she is perhaps unfitted to know them, as the actions of someone who (in her own words) wished "to look down from the high places of happiness with a sense of exaltation and advantage, and judge and choose and pity."[11] The midnight vigil in Chapter 52 generates an appropriate moral vertigo: not just in sifting the disturbing nature of what is revealed about the world via observation, and via reflection on what has been observed (minus, of course, the pious diagrams!) but also in meditating the consequences of being prepared to acknowledge that things may not be quite as one had thought; that, far from

being sublimely *hors de combat* one has been a vulnerable contributor to a network of complicated and dangerous relationships involving threats, pleas, embargoes, severances and dependencies. For, any acknowledgement that one has been in error (and therefore, as Ralph reminds Isabel in which is one of the novel's vital syllogisms, "in trouble"); any acknowledgement that one has been mistaken in having entertained entirely misleading assumptions about matters of crucial personal importance-; any such acknowledgement, I say, *also* requires the judgement that one's time-honoured conceit of oneself is now forfeit; and that time formerly spent was *wasted* time. And *this* kind of honesty because it is painful and self-compassionating, is detached: it helps to extend to oneself the same kind of judicial sympathy, compact of discrimination and fellow-feeling, that one would extend to others (e.g., Isabel to Madame Merle); to look upon oneself (as Isabel does in James marvelous narration, not without absolving pity) as if she were someone else; remembering that the world one lives in gives good reason for doing as one did, and recalling that having reasons is not the same as being to blame or being at fault.

So to pass an awful judgement on oneself, as Isabel comes to do, is to recognise a terrible vulnerability; to see that there is no escape from the risks which involvement with the world entails. And to ascertain this to be generally the case, as Isabel comes to see, is to begin to take apart one's machinery, to scrutinise the workings of conscience in a way that Osmond, that champion egoist, with his "air of refusing to accept anyone's valuation of himself",[12] is incapable of doing. This is of course an added complication to a belated trust in one's experience; as is the realization, arrived at by Isabel amidst the detritus of old Rome, that we must eventually perform the function of adults while feeling like children. The return to Rome which closes the narrative is both cause and effect of the gradual falling-away of myth, and signals a transition from subject to object, which in turn is predicated on a disillusionment as agonising as having the skin stripped slowly from one's body. But this again is really only a "problem" if one regards "fulfillment" etc. as the terminus of action and in the light of a horror of difficulty. People who see the possibility of taking some subjective charge of their lives may have to take responsibility for a quite narrow range of conduct which is likely to bring them little personal satisfaction. And to revise yesterday's estimate is to judge one's situation, as Isabel judges it, to be composed of an entirely new set of circumstances in which, very probably, there are no experts – no Ralph Touchetts – to tell us what to do, and no body of knowledge to hand to reassure us that we are not alone in such a predicament.

There is of course no way of ensuring the success of this effort, and the knowledge of having acted rightly or otherwise is, like the truth of a thing, of no permanent use. But then "usefulness" is the imperative of what for want of a better term we've been calling objective culture. In a subjective world, it is uncertainty and unpredictability which in large part constitute the *moral* nature of our conduct. If from such a viewpoint – and this, famously, translate to technique in *The Portrait* – the truth changes according to developments and alterations in our values and is a matter of direction rather than destination, then, by a parallel revision, reality, the novel intimates, lies in what we do rather than in what we tell

ourselves. And what we do arises, often, out of a passionate commitment to the lessons of our experience. It is, James is insinuating, thus in our capacity to be disturbed by the false assessments of our world that the greatest hope lies for our being able to do something about it.

Notes

[1]R.P. Blackmur (ed.), *The Art of the Novel* [1907-9] (1934; reprint, New York, Charles Scribners' Sons, 1962), p. 63.

[2]*The Portrait of a Lady* (intro. Graham Greene, Oxford University Press, 1981), p. 462. [World's Classic's Series]. In the interests of economy all further page-references to this edition are grouped ... below to represent, in sequence, the citations appearing one each page of text

[3]Op.cit., pp. 84, 172, 613, 269, 375, 373.

[4]Op.cit., pp. 268, 260.

[5]Op.cit., p. 216.

[6]Op.cit., p. 559.

[7]Op.cit., pp. 597, 240, 242, 84.

[8]Op.cit., pp. 629, 429.

[9]Op.cit., pp. 467, 60, 284.

[10]Op.cit., pp. 618, 588, 597.

[11]Op.cit., p. 461.

[12]Op.cit., p. 570.

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