CHAPTER III
Huxley's approach to literature is almost sociological. The function of language, according to him, is twofold: to communicate emotion and to give information. The rudimentary language of the lower animals seems to be purely emotive. When a startled blackbird flies off at our approach with his characteristic cry, he is not saying, "There is a man"; he is saying, "I am afraid," or rather, he is simply screaming with terror. Communication here is by emotional infection, never, apparently, by conceptual statement. Man, however, has invented concepts. He does not merely scream with terror: he also says why and of what he is afraid. The noises he makes stand for classes of objects. He can do what an animal can never do: he can make an exact statement untinged by passion. But in most of the circumstances of life, he wants not only to inform, but also to move — above all, to be moved as well as to be informed. Literature is the art of making statements movingly.
Aesthetic Emotion:

Now, the emotions which a literary statement may cause us to feel are of two distinct types. They may be 'biological emotions' — emotions, that is to say, with a survival value, which we share with the lower animals. Or they may be more specifically human emotions — luxury feelings which we might lose without seriously imperilling our chances of survival. This luxury feeling we call by the name of aesthetic emotion. Biological feelings can be well and promptly communicated only by words arranged so as to give us aesthetic feelings. And the same thing is true even of the most abstract ideas. We are more likely to take in an idea which is expressed with art, beautifully, than if it is expressed in language that gives us no aesthetic satisfaction.

True, facts and theories can be communicated in terms that give the reader no aesthetic satisfaction. So can the passions. However, whatever is expressed with art — whether it be a lover's despair or a metaphysical theory — pierces the mind and compels assent and acceptance. Against that which is expressed without art, our understandings are naturally armoured. We have a certain eagerness to accept anything that moves us aesthetically. Literary art, however, may be associated with untruth.
The natural human tendency to believe what is beautiful has been the source of innumerable errors.

**Literature and Science:**

In its aspect as communication, science, says Huxley, is a branch of literature. Now, one might ask: Is he not using the term 'literature' too indiscriminately? Would not one rather limit its connotation to a certain class of communications? For example, literature has been defined by some as "the interpretation of life, through the medium of words"; while some make a distinction between "words used to record observations of fact, either as an end in themselves, or as a basis for generalizations, and words used as a means for transferring experience". But Huxley says that this sort of distinction will not do; it is too hazy. As every verbal communication can be made well or badly, every verbal communication is capable of affecting some men at least. Of course, Englishmen are not clearly the best judges of Chinese poetry, and those who have not had a scientific education will be unable to understand, much less appreciate and enjoy, works written in a highly technical language. But for anyone who knows what they are talking about, the very mathematicians are men of letters. For the mathematically illiterate, these things are, no doubt, mere scribblings, without significance and
without form. For those whom Nature has endowed with suitable talents and who have had the right education, they are works of art, some exquisite, some atrociously bad. What is true of a mathematical argument is equally true of arguments couched in words. Even plain records of observed facts may be in their own way, beautiful or ugly. From all which we must conclude, observes Huxley, that all verbal communications whatsoever are literature.

Some kinds of literature, however, are more widely accessible than others. Also, certain classes of experience give more artistic scope to those who communicate them. For example, a man who writes about his experiences of love or pain has more scope for arranging words in an aesthetically satisfying way than one who sets out to give an account of his observations on, say, deep-sea fish. Thus, all communications, Huxley sums up, are literature; but their potentialities for beauty are unequal. A good account of deep-sea fish can never be as richly, variously and subtly beautiful as a good poem about love.1

This view of literature — that all communications whatsoever are literature — is quite different from that

1. T.H. Huxley as a Literary Man': The Olive Tree; Chatto & Windus, 1947; pp.52-57.
of De Quincey, who classified literature into two branches: literature of *knowledge* and literature of *power*. In the first category he would put *The Origin of Species* or a text-book of physics or chemistry; in the second, *Hamlet* or the *Odes* of Keats. The function of the first, says De Quincey, is to impart knowledge; of the second, to move. Though, apparently, Huxley does not make this kind of distinction, he almost seems to agree with De Quincey when he says: "All communications are literature; but their potentialities for beauty are unequal."

**Literature vs. Science:**

Huxley proceeds to clarify his notion of Literature by contrasting it, in detail, with science.

Science may be defined as a device for investigating, ordering and communicating the more public of human experiences. Less systematically, literature also deals with such public experiences. Its main concern, however, is with man's more private experiences.

Now, what are these public and private experiences? For example, the visual, auditory and olfactory experiences of a group of people watching the burning of a house are likely to be similar. Similar, too, would be their intellectual experiences. On the emotional plane, however, one member of the group may feel sexual excitement, another
aesthetic pleasure, another horror and yet others human sympathy or inhuman and malicious glee. These latter experiences are more private than sense and intellectual experiences.

The man of science observes the more public experiences, conceptualizes them and correlates these concepts in a logically coherent system. In his own way, the man of letters is also an observer, organizer, and communicator of his own and other people's more public experiences and events. They are the raw material of much poetry, many dramas, novels and essays. But whereas the man of science does his best to ignore the worlds revealed by private experience, the man of letters never confines himself to what is merely public. With him outer reality is constantly related to the inner experience. Moreover the way in which the literary artist treats his subject-matter is very different from that of the man of science. His primary concern is with the concreteness of some unique event, not with abstracted generalizations. His method is to concentrate upon some individual case, to look into it so intently that finally he is enabled to look clean through it. Every concrete particular, public or private, says Huxley, is a window opening on to the universal.

*King Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, for instance, are three grisly
anecdotes, about highly individualized human beings in exceptional situations; but through them Shakespeare saw, and miraculously made it possible for us to see, enlightening truth on every level.¹

Search for Unity:

Literature and science, Huxley observes elsewhere², are similar in that they both aim at the reduction of multiplicity to unity. The wish to impose order upon confusion, to bring harmony out of dissonance and unity out of multiplicity, is a kind of intellectual instinct, a primary and fundamental urge of the mind. Science seeks to explain the endlessly diverse phenomena of nature by ignoring the uniqueness of particular events. For example, the fall of an apple was, to a Newton, the law of gravitation which concerns more than apples. In the same spirit, the literary artist takes the innumerable diversities and uniquenesses of the outer world and his own imagination and gives them meaning within an orderly system of patterns.

². *Brave New World Revisited*; Chatto & Windus, 1959; pp.36-37.
Literature vs. Science Again:

But in another respect, Huxley notes elsewhere, science and literature are radically different from each other. Science soon gets out date, whereas literature does not. Every generation of scientific men starts where the previous generation left off. Unlike a scientific discovery, a literary work (or any work of art for that matter) can never be taken for granted, and so forgotten; neither can it ever be disproved or thrown aside. A scientist is made obsolete by a successor. But Chaucer was not made obsolete by Shakespeare.

Literature and science also differ in the language that they use. There exists in every language a rough and ready vocabulary for the expression and communication of private experiences. Any one capable of speech can say, "I'm frightened", or "How pretty!" and expect to be immediately understood. Bad literature — bad, that is to say, on the private level — hardly goes beyond such expressions. In good literature — good, that is to say, on the private level — the imprecisions of conventional language give place to subtler and more penetrating forms of expression. The more unique elements of experience

remain outside the pale of common language. But it is precisely these elements that the literary artist aspires to communicate. Every man of letters must, therefore, invent or borrow some kind of uncommon language capable of expressing, at least partially, those experiences which ordinary speech fails to convey.

The literary artist purifies the language of the tribe. While the scientist's aim is to say one thing, and only one thing, at a time, this is not the aim of the literary artist. Human life is lived simultaneously on many levels and has many meanings. Literature is a device for reporting the multifarious facts and expressing their various significances. When a literary artist undertakes to give a purer sense to the words of his tribe, he does so with the express purpose of creating a language capable of conveying, not the single meaning of some particular experience, but its multiple significance. He purifies, not by simplifying and jargonizing, as does science, but by deepening and extending, by enriching with allusion, overtones and undertones.¹

**Literature in an Age of Science:**

In what way can science affect literature?

Huxley has his answer ready. In *Jesting Pilate*² he has

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pointed out how the scientific materialist hypothesis of
the nineteenth century not only affected the lives of men
and women, but also literature and art. To the generation
of Arnold and Tennyson either the materialist hypothesis
was true; in which case there was no such thing as value.
Or else it was false; in which case values really existed,
but science could not. Was our intimate sense of the
existence of values a mere illusion? Tennyson and Arnold
did not want it to be an illusion; they were distressed,
they were inwardly divided. The Truth (or what was
apparently the Truth then) was at war with their hopes,
their intuitive convictions, their desires. A later genera­
tion accepted the conclusions logically derivable from the
scientific materialist hypothesis and resigned them­
selves to living in a devaluated world. Art was stripped
of its significance and human life was interpreted in terms
of its least spiritual aspects. A less sophisticated
generation had regarded, say, Macbeth as more important
than The Rape of the Lock. But, according to the apostles
of scientific truth, one was really just as good as the
other.

Literature and Man:

In one of the essays in The Olive Tree, Huxley
writes about the profound influence that literature
exercises over the minds of men and women. For this purpose,
leaving aside scientific writing, he divides non-scientific literature into three classes. In the first of these he places the vast body of literature which exists only to kill time and prevent thought, to deaden and diffuse emotion. In the second class, Huxley puts two main types of propagandist literature — that which aims at modifying the religious and ethical opinions and the personal behaviour of its readers, and that which aims at modifying their social, political and economic opinions and behaviour. He calls the third class imaginative literature, which, without being specifically propagandist, may more the less profoundly affect its readers' habits of thought, feeling and action.  

The influence of writers in the sphere of personal thought, feeling and behaviour is probably even more important than their influence in the sphere of politics. In the best imaginative writing we perceive persons, things and situations as though they were in some way more real than reality itself. But this clearer perception is at the same time less personal and egotistic. Writers who permit their readers to see in this intense but impersonal way exercise an influence which, though not easily definable, is certainly profound and salutary.

1. 'Writers and Readers': The Olive Tree; Chatto & Windus 1947; pp.2-3.
Works of imaginative literature have another and more easily recognizable effect; by a kind of suggestion they modify the characters of those who read them. According to Jules de Gaultier, who coined the term 'bovarismo' after Flaubert's heroine, all men and women live to some extent under false names, assume, consciously or unconsciously, a borrowed character. This persona, as Jung calls it, is formed to a great extent by a process of imitation. Often the imitation is of a fictional or historic character. People have bovarized themselves into the likeness of every kind of real or imaginary being. Sometimes the imitator chooses a model fairly like himself; but it also happens that he chooses one who is profoundly dissimilar — the real and assumed characters may have exactly opposite tendencies.¹

In the chapter on Education in Ends and Means, Huxley declares that educationists have always known these bovaristic tendencies of their pupils and tried to mould their character by providing them with literary models. Such models may be mythical, historical or fictional. In all such cases, some measure of literary art is necessary if the pupil is not to remain unimpressed. Hence the

¹ 'Writers and Readers': The Olive Tree; Chatto & Windus, 1947; pp.29-31.
importance, even in ethical instruction, of good art. Unfortunately, more people bovarize themselves upon the models provided by the pulp magazines than those provided by Shakespeare.1

Certain fictional personages continue to make their appeal even over long periods. Even after more than three hundred years, Hamlet retains the same fascinating vitality. It sometimes even happens that writers who are without influence on the habits of thought and feeling of their contemporaries begin to exercise such an influence after their death, when the circumstances have so changed as to make their doctrine more acceptable. Thus, Blake's peculiar sexual mysticism did not come into its own until the twentieth century. Along with Lawrence he exercised a considerable influence over many people in post-war England and elsewhere. Whether the nature of this influence was what either Blake or Lawrence would have liked it to be is extremely doubtful. It is one of the ironies of the writer's fate that he can never be quite sure what sort of influence he will have upon his readers.

Readers, as we have seen, often borrow characters from books in order to use them, bovaristically, in real life. But they also reverse this process and, projecting

themselves into literature, live a compensatory life of phantasy. One of the main functions of all popular literature has been to provide people with the means of satisfying vicariously and in fancy, their unsatisfied longings. Hence the rich, the powerful and the talented are the predestined subjects of imaginative literature. Authors themselves and their readers desire imaginary compensations for their poverty and social insignificance. In the gilded world of literature they get what they want.

But imaginative literature also works less conspicuously and in subtler ways. Words have power to buttress, to hold together, to give form and direction to our experience. And at the same time they themselves provide experience of a new kind, intense, pure, unalloyed with irrelevance. In words men find a new experience of thought and feeling, clearer and more comprehensible than the universe of daily experience. The verbal universe is at once a mould for reality and a substitute for it, a superior reality.

Literature and the Modern Reader:

In a changed world, all that the people of the West seem to have in common is scientific writing and

journalism. As Mr. Cardan says, in Those Barren Leaves, we all read too much nowadays to read properly. We read with the eyes alone, not with the imagination; and nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand words we read are not worth reading properly. It is the mania for keeping up-to-date, continues Mr. Cardan, that has killed the art of reading. Most people read three or four daily newspapers, look at half a dozen weeklies between Saturday and Monday, and a dozen reviews at the end of every month. And the rest of the time, as the Bible with justifiable vigour would put it, they are whoring after new fiction, new plays and verses and biographies.

One of the results of not reading the classics is that today the quotation habit is dying out. The days when Virgil and Horace were bandied from one side of the House of Commons to the other are past. Even the English classics are rarely quoted now. The reason is that we read so much that we have lost the art of remembering. Indeed, most of what is read is not meant to be remembered.

And yet, it is just this age that needs the classics and good literature. As an antidote against

2. Jesting Pilate; Chatto & Windus, 1946; p. 32.
that he calls sub-literature, Huxley suggests an ingenious remedy — the use of spoken literature.

In the past, people derived joy from the spoken word supplied by the wandering minstrels and bards. It would be a great blessing, says Huxley, if we could revive the spoken word. If we could only get non-readers, poor readers or reluctant readers to listen to someone else reading aloud from a book which they themselves would never dream of opening, many of them will not only understand what is being read, but will become passionately interested in it.

It is not enough to tag the humanities to courses in science or technology. The humanities do not lend themselves to being taught with an eye to future examinations and the accumulation of credits. If our specialists are to be civilized, something less formal, less formidable and, above all, less silly should be offered. The only question whose correct answer can exert a civilizing influence on the future specialist, is the question asked by every philosopher, every mystic, every great artist: Who am I and what, if anything, can I do about it? The problem which confronts the educator is: Shall we allow the advertisers a monopoly in formulating the popular philosophy of life? If the answer is "No", is
there any better way of imparting the immemorial wisdom of mankind than the current method of offering credit-gaining courses in the humanities? Huxley's answer to this question is that there is such a way. Rely on a constant and informal exposure of the pupil, he exhorts, to the actual utterances of those men and women of the past who have had the greatest insight and the greatest power of expressing that insight. This constant and informal exposure to wisdom is most effective when the words of wisdom are spoken, not read. And this is true, says Huxley, not only of sacred and devotional writings, but also of secular wisdom. Printed, the Hundred Great Books are apt to remain unopened on the library shelves. Recorded, they can be listened to painlessly — at meals, while washing up, as a substitute for the evening paper, in bed on a Sunday morning — with a degree of understanding, of sympathy and acceptance rarely evoked in the average reader by the printed page.¹

Genesis:

Huxley's observations on the genesis of literature and, indeed of all art, are not final, not even for Huxley himself. But they are, for all their indirect, dramatic

character, shot with his usual paradoxical brilliance. Without suffering, conflict or dualism, he says, there can be no literature or art. Dr. Obispo, in *After Many a Summer*, remarks that a lot of the finest romantic literature is the result of bad doctoring. If only they had known how to clear up poor Shelley's chronic tuberculous pleurisy, he would never have written:

"I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away the life of care."

Indeed, to be torn between divided allegiances is the painful fate, not only of artists, but of almost every human being. This conflict, in its various forms, is the theme of every drama. For though we have learnt to feel disgust at the spectacle of a bull-fight, or an execution, we still look on with pleasure at another's spiritual anguish. A happy people, we now say, has no history; and we might add that happy people have no literature. The novelist dismisses in a paragraph his hero's twenty years of happiness; over a week of misery and spiritual debate he will linger through twenty chapters. When there is no more misery, he will have nothing to write about. The same idea is expressed by one of the characters in Huxley's

last novel, Island: "Dualism ... without it there can be hardly good literature. With it, there most certainly can be no good life."

The genesis of much great literature may also be found in a sense of the transitoriness of human life. The certainty of death has inspired more poetry than the hope of immortality. The visible transience of all earthly things has impressed itself more profoundly on the mind of man than the notion of spiritual permanence. A day may perhaps come, says Huxley, when the poetry of melancholy will no more be written, thanks to rejuvenating operations. If there is no more old age, the poetry of despair will lose its place in literature.

Love is, of course, another abiding inspiration of literature; but love, says Huxley, only when crossed and thwarted. In the past, thanks to religion and convention, the course of true love did never run smooth. It invariably used to be an obstacle race. Without these obstacles, love-making today has been reduced to flat-racing. In the short stories of Romanof recently translated into English under the title Without Cherry Blossom, the theme of almost every one of them is the same — the

1. Island; Chatto & Windus, 1962; p.175.
depressing flatness of amorous flat-racing. "For us", says one of Romanof's women students, "love does not exist; we have only sexual relationships."¹

Incidentally, literature teaches men how to make love, remarks Huxley.² If it were not for literature, how many people would ever fall in love? He asks. Precious few. Zuckermann has shown that even the apes and monkeys must learn the sexual behaviour which is normal in their respective communities. Now, if the simple sexuality of an ape is an affair of education, how much more so must be the complicated love-making of men and women! Literature is their principal teacher. Even the most wildly passionate lovers have studied in that school.

A Theory of the Whole Truth:

It is not from squeamishness or from any love of 'classical' restraint that those last remarks were made. Indeed, Huxley is the kind of classicist who would have the whole truth of everything. Interesting in this connection are his observations on the notion of vulgarity in literature.

All references to the body and its functions, says Huxley, were considered vulgar at the beginning of the

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² Texts and Pretexts; Chatto & Windus, 1949; p.137.
nineteenth century. It was vulgar to mention the word 'handkerchief' on the French stage, as it was a thing meant for blowing the nose. An arbitrary convention had decreed that tragic personages must inhabit a world in which noses exist only to distinguish the noble Romans from the Greeks and the Hebrews, never to be blown. Too conspicuous a show of vigour, too frank an interest in common things were signs of literary vulgarity. To be really lady-like, the Muses, like their mortal sisters, must be anemic and constipated. Expression of things physical, of things pertaining to the body was thus tabooed. The classical writers of the nineteenth-century France confined themselves exclusively to the study of man as a creature of reason and disincarnate passions. To enforce their ascetic code the classicists had to devise a system of critical sanctions. Chief among them was the stigma of vulgarity attached to all those who insisted too minutely on the physical side of man's existence.  

Thanks to this stigma, even the best imaginative literature is guilty of many sins of omission. Mark Staithes, a character in Eyeless in Gaza, commenting on Anna Karenina, says that its author has almost totally neglected to mention those small physiological events of

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1. 'Vulgarity in Literature'; Collected Essays; Chatto & Windus, 1960; pp.103-08.
day-to-day living — excretion, digestion, etc. Then there is no mention of the small illnesses, like catarrh, rheumatism and headache. There is also no mention of the part played by mere sensations in producing happiness — a hot bath, for example. The small distractions that fill the greater part of human lives are also almost completely omitted — for example, reading the newspapers, looking into shops, exchanging gossip, and so on. More tfics and tropisms, lunatic and unavowable cravings — these play as much part in human life as the organized and recognized sentiments. Imaginative literature suppresses all these facts; it propagates an enormous lie about the nature of men and women. 1

Huxley thus is opposed to the classicists' excommunication of the body. It is necessary, he says, that literature should take cognizance of physiology and investigate the still obscure relations between mind and its body. Many people find the reports of such investigations extremely and inexcusably vulgar; many more find them downright wicked. Huxley himself was frequently accused both of vulgarity and wickedness — on grounds that he reported his investigations into certain phenomena

in plain English and in a novel. The prejudice against the body is so great that an over-frank reference in Saxon phrases to the processes of physiology shocks people. That was why, in novel after novel, Laurence went on shocking them; because it was by shocking them again and again that he wanted to reform them.¹

Vulgarly has quite another basis in literature, Huxley concludes. An overfrank reference to the physiological processes is not vulgar; but it is truly vulgar to make a display of emotions which you do not naturally have, but think you ought to have. It is also vulgar to express emotions badly. Good art aims at sincerity; and sincerity in art is mainly a matter of talent. Keat's love letters ring true, because he had great literary gifts. Most men and women are capable of feeling passion, but not of expressing it; their love letters are either tritely flat or tritely bombastic. In either case they are manifestly insincere, and in the second case also vulgar — for to protest too much is always vulgar, when the protestations are so incomplete as not to carry conviction. Excessive protestations can never be convincing, however accomplished the protester. When D'Annunzio for example, — a brilliant writer — makes much ado about nothing, we find it hard

to be convinced either of the importance of the nothing, or of the sincerity of the author's emotion about it.¹

Truth in Literature:

Closely connected with sincerity in art is 'truth' in literature. Now, what is 'truth' with reference to literature? The truth that we find in literature is not of the type: \(2 + 2 = 4\), or light travels at the rate of 187,000 miles a second. It is no more than an acceptable verisimilitude. When the experiences recorded in a piece of literature correspond fairly closely with our own actual experiences or with what we may call our potential experiences — experience, that is to say, which we feel that we might have had — we say: "This piece of writing is true." But this, of course, is not the whole story. The record of a case in a text-book of psychology may be scientifically true; but a text-book of psychology is not a work of art — or only secondarily and incidentally a work of art. Mere verisimilitude, mere correspondence of experience recorded with experience remembered or imaginable by the reader, is not enough to make a work of art seem 'true'. Good art possesses a kind of super-truth — is more probable, more acceptable, more convincing than fact itself. Naturally; the artist is endowed with a sensibility

¹ 'Vulgarity in Literature': Collected Essays; Chatto & Windus, 1960; p.112.
and a power of communication, a capacity to 'put things across', which the majority of people do not possess. One of our most ordinary reactions to a good piece of literary art is expressed in the formula: "This is what I have always felt and thought, but have never been able to put clearly into words, even for myself."¹

When Huxley says that good art is more probable than fact itself, we are reminded of what Aristotle says in his Poetics — that poetry (by which he means all kinds of imaginative literature) deals with probable impossibilities rather than with improbable possibilities.

A Point of View:

There are some, like Mr. Propter (of After Many a Summer), who are not satisfied with the 'truth to life' of a work of art; they want a philosophy in addition. Mr. Propter complains about the novels and plays which are merely descriptive. They are full of innumerable and interminable anecdotes and romances and character-studies. They are just a huge collection of facts about lust and greed, fear and ambition, duty and affection; just facts with no co-ordinating philosophy. He also speaks of all that solemn tosh about Regional Literature — as though there were some special and outstanding merit in recording

¹ 'Tragedy and the Whole Truth': Collected Essays; Chatto & Windus, 1960; p.97.
uncordinated facts about the lusts, greeds, and duties of people who happen to live in the country and speak in dialect. Or else the facts are about the urban poor and there is an effort to co-ordinate them in terms of some post-Marxian theory. And in that case it is a great Proletarian Novel. Or else somebody writes yet another book proclaiming that Life is Holy; by which he means that anything people do in the way of fornicating, or getting drunk, or losing their tempers or feeling maudlin, is entirely all right with God and should therefore be regarded as permissible and even virtuous.

Misplaced seriousness is the source of some of our most fatal errors. One should be serious, says Mr. Propter, only about what deserves to be taken seriously. And, on the human level, there is nothing that deserves to be taken seriously except the suffering men inflict upon themselves by their crimes and follies. And that, continues Mr. Propter, is another of the enormous defects of so-called good literature; it accepts the conventional scale of values; it respects power and position; it admired success; it treats as though they are reasonable the mainly lunatic pre-occupations of statesmen, lovers, businessmen, social climbers, parents. In a word it takes seriously the causes of suffering as well as the suffering. It helps to perpetuate misery by explicitly or implicitly approving
the thoughts and feelings and practices which cannot fail
to result in misery. And this approval is bestowed in
the most magnificent and persuasive language. So that
when a tragedy ends badly, the reader is hypnotized by the
elegance of the piece into imagining that it is all some­
how noble and worthwhile. Which of course it is not.
Because, if you consider them dispassionately, nothing
could be more silly and squalid than the themes of Phèdre,
or Othello, or The Ringer Heights, or the Agamemnon. But
the treatment of these themes has been in the highest
degree sublime and thrilling, so that the reader or the
spectator is left with the conviction that, in spite of
the catastrophe, all is really well with the world, the all
too human world, which has produced it. No, concludes
Mr. Propter, a good satire is much more deeply truthful and,
of course, much more profitable than a good tragedy.1