Tono-Bungay: The Metaphor of Disease

John Allett

In 1887, having failed to live up to his promise as a student, H.G. Wells decided to try his hand at teaching. He secured a position at the much run-down Holt Academy in Wales. Teaching duties at the Academy were not onerous and Wells did little on his own acount to make them so. But although by no means a severe or exacting instructor, he was nonetheless the object of spite for some of his students. In his *Experiment in Autobiography* (1934) Wells generously accounts for this hostility in terms of his "irritating assumption of superior erudition," communicated in a jarring "English accent."[1] During an afternoon soccer match one of Wells's students turned hooligan. Wells recalls the moment as follows:

> "One bony youngster fouled me. He stooped, put his shoulders under my ribs, lifted me, and sent me sprawling. ...[A] strange sickness seized upon me. There was a vast pain in my side ... I was violently sick. I went to lie down. Then I was moved to urinate and found myself staring at a chamber-pot half full of scarlet blood. That was the most dismaying moment in my life.[2]"

Wells was diagnosed as having a crushed lung. After too brief a recuperation and perhaps deluded by his own "lip-biting heroism," Wells returned to his cold, dank classrooms, thereupon to compound his illness:

> "Presently I had a bad cough which grew rapidly worse. Then I discovered that my lungs were imitating my kidney and that the handkerchief into which I coughed was streaked with blood.[3]"

This time he was diagnosed as a consumptive, and close to death.

The accuracy of this medical pronouncement is not beyond question. Tuberculosis was a little-understood disease in Victorian times. Significant medical breakthroughs were only just beginning. (The German bacteriologist, Robert Koch, had discovered the tuberculosis bacillus only as recently as 1882, and the introduction of streptomycin as a treatment had to wait until 1944). What is certain, however, is that Wells at the time believed the diagnosis to be correct and was to suffer several more such debilitating attacks throughout his albeit long life.

But if the pathology of tuberculosis was ill understood, it was quite otherwise with regard to the imagery associated with the disease. This was richly appreciated, largely because of a tradition of nineteenth-century romantic literature (including, most notably, the works of Shelley, Keats, Dickens, Turgenev, Stevenson, and Harriet Beecher Stowe) which had been instrumental in creating the archetype of the sensitive, precious consumptive, languishing in a heartless world in which he or she was ill fitted to survive. Certainly Wells himself, even at the relatively young age of twenty-one years, was quite aware of the 'persona' required of the consumptive:

> "The fragile sympathetic consumptive with his (or her) bright eyes, high colour and superficially hopeful spirits, doomed to an untimely end ... had unlimited encouragement to brave self-pity... To a certain extent I fell in with the pattern of behaviour expected of me. I played the interesting consumptive to the best of my ability.[4]"

The reality of the disease was of course quite different. Out of 'persona,' Wells lived in fear of tasting "the peculiar tang of blood" that would come after a bout of coughing. "And as one lay exhausted, dreading even to breathe, there was still the doubt whether it was really over."[5]

It is generally acknowledged that Wells's novels are to an unusual degree unabashedly autobiographical. It would be surprising, therefore, if Wells's experience of illness was not somehow carried over into his works. In fact, it is not necessary to search far for evidence of this influence. In Wells's first and perhaps best known novel, *The Time Machine* (1895), a member of the Eloi – the idle upper class of the year 802,701 – when first sighted by the Time Traveller is described as a "beautiful and graceful creature, but indescribably frail. His flushed face reminded me of the more beautiful kind of consumptive — that hectic beauty of which we used to hear so much."[6] Clearly Wells was not above perpetuating the poetical imagery of the consumptive.

Further evidence of this is to be found even in Wells's so-called 'social realist' novel, *Kipps: The Story of a Simple Soul* (1905). Here the myth of the consumptive gets a full flexing in the character of Masterman, an acquaintance of Kipps and a socialist. Masterman is a decent man, who is conscious of having been wasted by a class system that refused him opportunities and denied his talents. After numerous ineffectual railings he has become stoical about his own fate – "my egotism's at the bottom of a pond with a philosophical brick round its neck"[7] – whilst remaining nobly embittered on behalf of his fellow man. "Our multitudes of poverty increase" he complains, "and this crew of rulers makes no provision, foresees nothing, anticipates nothing!"[8] In heroic fashion, Masterman tries once more to summon the energy to put forth the case for humanity, this time before Kipps, disregarding his own fragile condition:

> "He coughed and paused. "Wait for the lean years," he cried. "Wait for the lean years." And suddenly he fell into a struggle with his cough, and spat a gout of blood. "It's nothing," he said to Kipps' note of startled horror.
> He went on talking, and the protests of his cough interlaced with his words, and Sid [Kipps's future brother-in-law] beamed in an ecstasy of painful admiration."[9]

Twenty-one years after writing *Kipps*, Wells returned to the image of the consumptive in *The World of William Clissold* and here, too, the character of Sirrie Evans is similarly romanticised. Moreover, as Peter Kemp has noted in a recent critical study, *H.G. Wells and the Culminating Ape* (1982), there are a number of other works, including *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *Joan and Peter* and *The Soul of a Bishop*, where Wells makes use of the more specific sanguinary aspects of consumption. Kemp likewise relates these incidences back to Wells's "terrified mouthfuls of hemorrhage, when he was dangerously ill in Wales."[10]

There is clear evidence, then, that Wells's writings draw upon his experience as a consumptive. Yet a sense of disproportion cannot be denied. For an author who could spin whole books from brief sexual encounters and discover plots in chance conversations, these few references to secondary characters and incidental descriptions are not fitting registers of the trauma of Wells's bout with tuberculosis.

Many critics consider *Tono-Bungay* (1909) to be Wells's finest work. Wells himself held it in high regard, describing it as the closest he came to writing "The Novel."[11] It is an ebullient 'rags to riches to ruin' saga, based upon Edward Ponderevo's heedless schemes to promote a quack medicine, 'Tono-Bungay,' but with one crucial difference. Unlike other spinners of Horatio Alger stories, Wells is not at all pleased with the kind of society that allows such 'get-rich-quick' schemes to spiral forward. Consequently, Wells has the story of *Tono-Bungay* narrated retrospectively by George Ponderevo, Edward's nephew, upon whom the realisation had dawned that it is capitalism's disorganisation and lack of social purpose that caused his uncle's fake remedy to be made a fetish of by a discontented, aimless and gullible public.

Tono-Bungay is also a novel replete with pathological metaphors. This, too, is widely recognised although, as Kenneth B. Newell has argued, it was not always appreciated that these metaphors play an important part in structuring the novel. To some extent the responsibility for this lies with Wells. As Newell explains:

> "Near the beginning of *Tono-Bungay*, George Ponderevo – Wells' hero and *persona* – promises that the rest of the book will be only an "agglomeration." Apparently he fulfils this promise ... the novel seems to lack a definite organisation.
> However, several themes do recur throughout the novel and appear related. They do not seem obvious as "structure," yet they serve nonetheless. One theme is the ... life cycle of an organism ... Certainly, in a literal sense, the novel is a telling of the life of one middle-aged "organism," George Ponderevo...
> In another sense, the novel is the life cycle of an organism larger than George – of the British social and economic system ... And analysis reveals that during the growth to maturity, there was growing within the system a hidden disease – a disease inherent in the very life and soundness of the system, such as a cancer is inherent in the life-promoting properties of human cells."[12]

Newell's basic argument is sound and is taken as accepted for the purposes of this discussion. However, Newell makes little attempt to specify the sickness Wells had in mind when describing the "condition of England," except to make occasional allusions to cancer (as found in the quotation cited above). This failure to be specific seriously lessens the value of Newell's analysis. Moreover, his references to cancer are basically misleading when one tries to understand the structure of *Tono-Bungay* as a whole.

It will be argued here that the transcending pathological metaphor in *Tono-Bungay* is tuberculosis. It has already been shown that Wells had personal experience of the disease. But the first specific indication of its metaphorical presence in *Tono-Bungay* is to be found in the novel's title which, when abbreviated, becomes TB – the

common shorthand for tuberculosis. This revealing detail has gone completely unnoticed in the literature (as has, for that matter, the fact that Ponderevo, the leading character's name, surely stands for "ponder evolution," a major theme of the novel), yet it is the key to appreciating the character of the work. Further, it will be argued that given Wells's understanding of the dynamics and contradictions of capitalism, as charted in *Tono-Bungay*, tuberculosis serves as a much more fitting metaphor for capitalism's ills than does cancer.

The elaboration of these arguments, however, requires a closer examination of the way tuberculosis functions as a metaphor. Especially useful in this regard is Susan Sontag's recent study, ***Illness as Metaphor*** (1977), which compares and contrasts tuberculosis and cancer as the two dominant pathological metaphors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Sontag's primary purpose is to show how the cultural interpretaion of illness has stood in the way of a sound medical treatment. No specific mention is made of Wells's works, but her general observations remain pertinent. In what follows, excerpts from Sontag's study are used as prolegomena to the analysis of relevant aspects of the plot and characters of *Tono-Bungay*.

> "1) TB is understood as a disease of extreme contrasts: white pallor and red flush, hyperactivity alternating with languidness ... Cancer is a disease of growth ... that is measured, incessant, steady. Although there may be ... [remissions], cancer produces no contrasts ..."[13]

The mood of *Tono-Bungay* mirrors the tuberculosis metaphor: like tuberculosis the plot alternates between moments of high excitement and activity and moments of aimlessness and inertia. The fortunes of the elixir 'Tono-Bungay' rise, hum, soar, and are then wrecked (to utilise Wells's chapter descriptions) as, indeed, is almost incumbent upon this kind of 'rags to riches to ruin' story-line. Such a pattern of events also accords with Wells's more general prognosis of capitalism as a contradictory system given to boom and slump cycles of over-production and underconsumption. This prognosis finds its fullest expression in Wells's *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* (1931), Ch 10, sec 7, but it is also hinted at in *Tono-Bungay*, when George Ponderevo senses that there is a connection between the feverish business activity surrounding 'Tono-Bungay' and the ineffectual lives of the unemployed – "the gutter waste of competitive civilisation."[14] Here, too, "hyperactivity" alternates with "languidness."

Likewise, it is revealing that Edward Ponderevo describes himself as "the cascading sort"[15] and as a "boiler-over,"[16] both images which powerfully evoke a sense of rising and falling. Indeed, at one moment in the novel George Ponderevo pointedly suggests that a "tremendous parallel" exists between this imagery and the fate of capitalist England: "[A]ll this present commercial civilisation," he surmises, "is no more than my poor uncle's career writ large, a *swelling, thinning* bubble of assurances."[17]

It is George Ponderevo, however, who suffers the most from these vicissitudes, for the attractions of speculative finance have less of a hold on him than upon his uncle. Consequently, he must pull himself more often out of the doldrums, seeking new purpose in socialism, love and ultimately scientific endeavour. Even in this last regard, however, the sense of extreme contrast remains: George is enthralled by the

prospect of a world run upon orderly, scientific lines, but this mood alternates with dark forebodings about the purpose to which scientific knowledge might be put. Thus the novel ends with George becoming a successful scientist but one whose talents have gone into the building of destroyers.

This final scene also seems to connect with another, related aspect of the tuberculosis myth. "It is," says Sontag, "characteristic of TB that many of its symptoms are deceptive – liveliness that comes from enervation, rosy cheeks that look like a sign of health but come from fever – and an upsurge of vitality may be a sign of approaching death."[18] Perhaps George's sailing out to the open sea on his destroyer marks just such a surge of self-destructive energy.

Tono-Bungay, then, is full of contrasts and alternations. If these, in turn, denote the throes of an unhealthy social organism, as Wells seems to intend, then the symptoms indicate that capitalism's debilitation has followed the course of tuberculosis. There has been no steady inching towards stagnation and collapse, as the cancer metaphor would suggest, but rather, as George Ponderevo summarises, there has been a dissolution caused by "fatty degeneration and stupendous accidents of hypertrophy."[19] This diagnosis, as it turns out, fits remarkably closely with two further observations made by Sontag: first, that TB (unlike cancer) was "thought to produce spells of ... increased appetite"[20] – in other words, a "fatty degeneration," and second, that even though the ultimate course of both TB and cancer "is emaciating, losing weight from TB is understood very differently from losing weight from cancer." In the latter case the victim is "invaded by alien cells" which cause an "atrophy ... of bodily functions. The cancer patient shrivels." Whereas with TB "the person is consumed, burned up,"[21] from an excess of desiring or overreaching. Of these two forms of withering, TB is closer to the original meaning of hypertrophy (GK. *hyper* – over + *trophe* – nourishment), whilst cancer is more akin to a kind of hyperparasitism.

> "ii) According to the mythology of TB, there is generally some passionate feeling which provokes, which expresses itself in, a bout of TB. But the passions must be thwarted, the hopes blighted .... According to the mythology of cancer, it is generally a steady repression of feeling that causes the disease."[22]

George Ponderevo, whose odyssey comprises the bulk of *Tono-Bungay*, is more frustrated than he is repressed. His is not the story of an anxiety-ridden personality, ever fearful that his hidden desires will erupt and bring the wrath of society upon him. George is not, to use Freud's noted formulation, expending his energy in "rejecting and keeping something *out* of consciousness."[23] On the contrary, George's sense of discontent stems from the fact that his strong and increasingly acknowledged desires are unable to discover a fitting purpose or object. There is something *in* his consciousness that keeps him striving beyond love, marriage, business, socialism, and even science, toward an end about which he is far from certain:

> "Don't imagine that I'm coming presently to any sort of solution of my difficulties. Here amongst my drawings and hammering *now*, I still question unanswering problems. All my life has been at bottom,

> *seeking*, disbelieving always, dissatisfied always with the thing seen and the thing believed, seeking something in toil, in force, in danger, something whose name and nature I do not clearly understand, something beautiful, worshipful, enduring, mine profoundly and fundamentally, and the utter redemption of myself; I don't know – all I can tell is that it is something I have ever failed to find."[24]

There are genuinely repressed personalities in *Tono-Bungay*, like George's wife Marion, for example, but George does not seem to be one of these. Marion is part of his problem precisely because he does not share her prudery. Similarly, though George is too adventuresome not to feel the impress of social barriers, here, too, he does not succumb. It is, rather, society's lack of ultimate purpose and direction that undermines George and leaves him with a nagging feeling of being adrift, not its petty regulations. His is ultimately a discontent of undirected longing, not repression; it is not the prison but the void that frustrates him. In this regard, George's spiritual sickness can be diagnosed as tuberculosis, for TB (unlike cancer) is "metaphorically a disease of the soul."[25]

> "iii) TB is disintegration, febrilization, dematerialization; it is a disease of liquids – the body turning to phlegm and mucus and sputum and, finally, blood. ... Cancer is degeneration, the body tissues turning to something hard."[26]

David Lodge has commented that "the fact that Tono-Bungay ... should be a quack medicine, which falsely claims to cure all the ills of modern society ... has more than fortuitous appropriateness."[27] What Lodge has in mind of course is the fit between the disease imagery underlying the novel and its ostensible plot line.

But something more interesting can be revealed about this connection if, to repeat our argument, that disease is identified metaphorically as tuberculosis. Then it becomes significant that the major market for the elixir is to be found amongst those of London's poor who seem to be "consumed, burned up" – that is, archetypically consumptive. As George's friend (and conscience) Ewart observes:

> "Think of the people to whom your bottles of footle go! ... Think of the little clerks and jaded women and overworked people. People overstrained with wanting to do, people overstrained with wanting to be ... People, in fact, overstrained ... The real trouble of life, Ponderevo, isn't that we exist – that's a vulgar error; the real trouble is that we *don't* really exist and we want to. That's what this – in the highest sense – muck stands for! The hunger to be – for once – really alive – to the finger tips! ..."[28]

It is also, perhaps, "more than fortuitous appropriateness" that 'Tono-Bungay' is first manufactured in liquid form. Drawing upon Sontag's comment that TB is a "disease of liquids," it is possible to argue that when treated metaphorically 'Tono-Bungay' should be viewed not as a medicine, bogus or otherwise, but as the bottled effusions of the disease. The huckstering and marketing of 'Tono-Bungay' thus constitutes the spreading of the disease, a widening of its infection. And Wells's indictment of a capitalist system that facilitates such ploys is thereby

intensified. One advantage of seeing the elixir 'Tono-Bungay' in this more sinister perspective is that it helps integrate the notorious Quap episode into the rest of the book. 'Tono-Bungay' can now be seen in its implications as being no less dangerous, only slower working, than the radioactive Quap George steals from Mordet Island in a last, desperate attempt to save his uncle's business. Moreover, the whole Quap episode may now be interpreted as simply another, albeit more intense variation on this theme of capitalist contamination, rather than as an exceptionally malevolent and ill-fitting interjection, as several critics have contended.[29]

> "iv) TB is ... a disease ... of air, of the need for better air ... The TB patient was thought to be helped, even cured, by a change in environment. There was a notion that TB was a wet disease, a disease of humid and dank cities ... But no change of surroundings is thought to help the cancer patient. The fight is all inside one's body."[30]

Mention has already been made of the alternations and extreme contrasts that mark *Tono-Bungay*. One of the most striking of these is Wells's juxtaposition of town and country. George Ponderevo shares the consumptive's fear and loathing of the city. He sees in the effects of urbanisation, a debilitation of England's strengths, and seems impelled, despite some unhappy experiences, to praise the orderliness of the pre-industrial system, which he experienced while a youth living at Bladesover House, a Kentish feudal refuge, where his mother worked as the housekeeper. Contrasting his childhood experience with his first impressions of the town of Chatham, George remarks:

> "[T]he impression [Chatham] has left on my mind is one of squalid *compression* ... All its effects arranged themselves as antithetical to the Bladesover effects ... Bladesover declared itself ... to be essentially England ... [I]ts *airy spaciousness*, its wide dignity, seemed to thrust village, church and vicarage into corners."[31]

The town of Rochester likewise struck George as "all horrible with cement works and foully smoking chimneys"[32] and even London, which suggested all kinds of excitements, lacked life-space: it was chock-full of "dingy people ... going to and fro on pavements that had always a thick veneer of greasy, slippery mud, under gray skies that showed no gleam of hope of anything for them but dinginess until they died."[33]

George likewise shares the consumptive's 'need for air.' It is significant, for example, that it is only after George leaves London and the day-to-day management of his uncle's business, and returns to the countryside to pursue his new interest in aeronautics (surely itself symbolic) that this health begins to mend. The rigours of flying cure George of his "fatty degeneration." Nor should it be thought that this bucolic setting is of little more than incidental importance, for at one point George ascribes his scientific aspirations to this 'need for air':

> "I began to dream of the keener freshness in the air high above the beechwoods, and it was rather to satisfy that desire than as any legitimate development of my proper work that presently I turned ... to the problem of the navigable balloon."[34]

Edward Ponderevo is also given to making sojourns in the countryside and dreams of building a Bladesover House of his own. His visits, however, rarely last longer than a weekend, and his attempt to build a country residence equal to his own imagined magnificence fails. Edward's health does not repair and in the closing scenes of the book he dies – true, not of tuberculosis, but of its sister disease, pneumonia.

Wells's descriptions of the ecologies of urban and rural settings thus accord with the metaphorical meaning of tuberculosis. It should be noted, however, that in describing the *growth* of the city, Wells resorts to a different metaphor, namely that of cancer.[35] This is also the explicit metaphor utilised in the Quap episode.[36] Wells's use of the cancer metaphor in these instances, however, is precise and limited: it is to help describe a process of invasion – in the one case, the town invading the countryside, and in the other, the ills of imperialist expansion – and for this purpose, as has already been noted, the cancer metaphor (suggesting hyperparasitism) is perfectly appropriate. What is not appropriate, however, is to take these specific applications of the cancer metaphor and have them stand for the meaning of the book as a whole, for the governing pathological metaphor of *Tono-Bungay* is not cancer, but, as I have indicated here, tuberculosis.

Unless the pathological metaphors present in *Tono-Bungay* are fully appreciated, it remains an undeniably disjointed work. But even if, as Wells surely intended, the workings of speculative capitalism are identified with a sickness of the British social organism, this alone does not suffice to structure the work. The sickness needs to be diagnosed and its pathology mapped. Cancer is a misdiagnosis: it covers some but far from all of the symptoms manifest in the narrative. Only the metaphor of tuberculosis fulfils the controlling function required in order for the novel to cohere.

Notes

1. H.G. Wells, *Experiment in Autobiography* (Toronto: Macmillan, 1934), p 243
2. *Ibid*
3. *Ibid*, p 244
4. *Ibid*, p 245
5. *Ibid*, p 247
6. H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine* (London: Pan, 1983), pp 28-29
7. H.G. Wells, *Kipps: The Story of a Simple Soul* (London: Collins, 1962), p 220
8. *Ibid*, p 223
9. *Ibid*
10. Peter Kemp, *H.G. Wells and the Culminating Ape* (New York: St Martin's, 1982), p 19
11. Wells, *Autobiography*, p 423
12. Kenneth B. Newell, *Structure in Four Novels by H.G. Wells* (The Hague-Paris: Mouton, 1968), pp 73, 75

13 Susan Sontag, *Illness as Metaphor* (New York: Vintage, 1977), p II
14 H.G. Wells, *Tono-Bungay* (London: Pan, 1982), p 194
15 *Ibid*, p 46
16 *Ibid*, p 108
17 *Ibid*, p 186 (emphasis added)
18 Sontag, *Illness*, p 12
19 Wells, *Tono-Bungay*, p 327
20 Sontag, *Illness*, p 12
21 *Ibid*, p 13
22 *Ibid*, p 22
23 Sigmund Freud, *Collected Papers*, VI, 86 cited in Patrick Mullahy, *Oedipus: Myth and Complex* (New York: Grove, 1955), p 9 (emphasis added)
24 Wells, *Tono-Bungay*, p 169
25 Sontag, *Illness*, p 17
26 *Ibid*, p 13
27 David Lodge, "Tono-Bungay and the Condition of England", in *H.G. Wells: A Collection of Critical Essays*, ed B. Bergonzi (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1976), p 116
28 Wells, *Tono-Bungay*, p 130
29 See, for example, Hubert Bland's review for the *Daily Chronicle*, Feb 1909, reprinted in *H.G. Wells: The Critical Heritage*, ed Patrick Parrinder (London: Routledge, 1972)
30 Sontag, *Illness*, pp 13, 14, 15
31 Wells, *Tono-Bungay*, p 35 (emphasis added)
32 *Ibid*, p 36
33 *Ibid*, p 75
34 *Ibid*, p 236
35 *Ibid*, p 82
36 *Ibid*, p 278

H.G. Wells and Votes for Women

Cliona Murphy

Already people are begining to forget the queer fevers that ran through the British community in 1913. For example there was the violent unrest of the women. That may profoundly exercise the historian of the future[1].

On 30 June 1908 militant suffragettes evaded policemen and made a raid on the House of Commons. As they entered they emitted "that memorable war cry"[2] – "Votes for Women", a demand which was being more frequently and more loudly heard throughout Edwardian Britain. In the following year Wells's controversial novel *Ann Veronica* was published; it not only portrayed the raid on the House of Commons but attempted to explain the reasons for women's unrest[3]. Ironically in doing so it became part of the story it was trying to tell[4]. According to one of its more complimentary reviewers: "It was less a story than a study: a study of unrest and dissatisfaction which has entered into the soul of the modern city girl, who from the beginning has been relieved of the need of wage earning and finds herself waiting for the suburban husband"[5]. Through Ann Veronica's revolt and her subsequent flight to London, involvement with the suffragettes and running off to Switzerland with her married science tutor, Capes, Wells was able to discuss the state of what he called "the relations between the sexes".

Ann Veronica and other Wellsian novels of this period attempted to break from the 'Angel in the House' tradition[6]. During the early twentieth century Wells saw himself as the champion of women's emancipation. Wells's feminism, however, was of a confused nature. While he clearly had some wonderful insights into the social, economic and political plight of the female sex[7], these were negated by his visions of women in the role of breeders for the state. These inconsistencies are apparent throughout his "writings on sex" and in particular in his attempts to understand the suffrage movement. They also become clear when one looks at Wells's personal relationships with women – relationships which are not the subject of this article but have been investigated in depth in recent Wellsian research[8].

Wells had his own ideas on how women could become independent. Writing from the perspective of his autobiography in 1934 he stated "the first thing surely for them was to take control of their persons, and how could this happen unless Free Love and neo-Malthusianism replaced directed and obligatory love and involuntary childbearing at the front of their programme"[9]. As well as having control over their sexuality, Wells argued, there was another area over which women must have control. "It seems to me that much of women's difficulties are economic"[10]. Ann Veronica's statement pinpointed the core of Wells's argument on the position of middle-class women. He repeatedly asked in his novels how women can attain any kind of freedom without being financially independent. Most of his female characters at one time or other come up against this dilemma: Ann Veronica needed money if she was to survive in London; Lady Harman (*The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* (1914)) if she was to get away from her husband and Marjorie (*Marriage* (1912)) if she was to help her husband. All examined how they could earn money and all arrived at negative answers. They had no marketable value. Their