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Love at U.S. 12

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treatment, are executed with skill, good taste, and restraint, and the pathos of the situation is pointed up rather than the sordidness of it. The author's account of the trial and the events which happened after it are handled with sympathy and a feeling for the tragedy of the events.

As any writer must do in order to be great, George Eliot writes with a compassion for human nature. Her compassion, however, exceeds that of a merely sympathetic treatment of Hetty's trial. She shows understanding and tolerance for the follies of all the characters in Adam Bede. She does not, as Jane Austen does, satirize human follies and failures. These human failings seemed humorous to Jane Austen and she expressed her amusement best by writings novels which exaggerated and ridiculed these follies. But to George Eliot, these follies are something to weep over, rather than something to laugh about. She finds nothing amusing about the misfortunes of any of the characters. Even old Lisbeth Bede, mother to Adam and Seth, is treated with a human understanding of an old woman's querulousness.

However important her knowledge of human insight is to the success of Adam Bede, the author writes as well of pastoral scenes as she does of human problems. She describes the geographical features of Hayslope with a spontaneity which comes only from having lived in a rural community. It is quite obvious that George Eliot enjoyed being out-of-doors, else she would never have been able to describe the rural scenes in Adam Bede with such forceful clarity.

Keeping all the concepts of George Eliot's genius in mind, it will be no surprise to anyone to learn that Adam Bede has maintained a high place among critics of discrimination for almost a century.

LOVE AT U.S. 12

We groped for love that cold night
at the edge of murky ribboned reality
with the tired snow skipping and skidding
a slow and silent dance of tumbling pirouettes
across and against our glassed whisper world.
Then the long gray puppets of searching white
and glaring eyes of red that flickered on and
flashed off as the clanging of their machined melodies of whining notes pierced and punctured
our warm mirage of flake danced love . . . and echoed
in rude reality.

Peter Green