

Pequod or “the black tragedy of the melancholy ship”: A Reading of Herman Melville’s *Moby-Dick*¹



Márcia Lemos | Universidade do Porto - CETAPS, Portugal

I laughed content when I heard the voice of my little captain,
We have not struck, he composedly cried, We have just begun our
part of the fighting.

Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*

In this paper, I intend to revisit Melville’s masterpiece *Moby-Dick* (MD), by taking a closer look into Melville’s own visitation of Shakespeare and Shakespearean texts; and by reflecting on the theatricality of the text as a means to dramatise humanity’s never-ending quarrel with finitude and to represent the construction of new identities or their progressive annihilation.

Lewis Mumford once said that:

Each man will read into *Moby-Dick* the drama of his own experience and that of his contemporaries: Mr. D. H. Lawrence sees in the conflict a battle between the blood-consciousness of the white race and its own abstract intellect, which attempts to hunt and slay it: Mr. Percy Boynton sees in the whale all property and vested privilege laming the spirit of man: Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has found in the white whale an image like that of Grendel in *Beowulf*, expressing the Northern consciousness of the hard fight against the elements; while for the disciple of Jung, the white whale is the symbol of the Unconscious, which torments man, and yet is the source of all his proudest efforts.

Each age, one may predict, will find its own symbols in *Moby-Dick*. (406)

Citação: Márcia Lemos, “Pequod or “the black tragedy of the melancholy ship”: A Reading of Herman Melville’s *Moby-Dick*”. Via Panorâmica: Revista Electrónica de Estudos Anglo-Americanos / An Anglo-American Studies Journal. 3rd series. 2 (2013): 58-73. ISSN: 1646-4728. Web: <http://ler.letras.up.pt/>.

One would certainly agree that Lewis Mumford predicted correctly. The reception of the text deeply varies throughout the numerous generations of critics and readers,² and the difficulty in categorising *Moby-Dick* pretty much remains the same.

A Cold War text since Matthiessen’s reading of it, in 1941, in his *American Renaissance*, *Moby-Dick* is nowadays mostly read as a text that resists any definite interpretations. Its encyclopaedic nature and embracing of many different literary genres somehow mime the hugeness of the enigma represented by the white whale to which the title pays homage. Thus, *Moby-Dick*, the whale, becomes a riddle that Ishmael tries to decipher, just as *Moby-Dick*, the text, appears as a gigantic puzzle that each reader tries to solve.

The main pieces of this puzzle are the characters, particularly Ishmael and Ahab, and the drama’s main stage is the “intense” and “fated” Pequod (MD 504, 487) that searches the seas for one last main character in this powerful triangle, the white whale. Yet, just before the beginning of the trip the whole forthcoming of events are epitomised by a painting hanging on the walls of the Spouter-Inn:

A boggy, soggy, squitchy picture truly, enough to drive a nervous man distracted. Yet was there a sort of indefinite, half-attained, unimaginable sublimity about it that fairly froze you to it, till you involuntarily took an oath with yourself to find out what that marvellous painting meant. (MD 30)

More important than what it means is the scene that it recreates. Though badly preserved, the painting, punctiliously described by Ishmael, represents a limit experience and it shares the sublimity of the whale in its battle for life:

In fact, the artist’s design seemed this: a final theory of my own, partly based upon the aggregated opinions of many aged persons with whom I conversed upon the subject.

The picture represents a Cape-Horner in a great hurricane; the half-foundered ship weltering there with its three dismantled masts alone visible; and an exasperated whale, purposing to spring clean over the craft, is in the enormous act of impaling himself upon the three mast-heads. (MD 30-1)

As Michel Foucault brilliantly explains, in *Les Mots et les Choses*, through his unforgettable reading of Diego Velázquez’s painting “Las Meninas”, “the game of representation” (64) dictates the disappearance of what gives rise to the representation in the first place, that is, the object (71). Still, this same object can lend its representation some of its own intrinsic qualities, namely its sublimity. The sublime in Melville’s text is enhanced and enlarged by the fact that this battle for life against the elements happens amidst the inscrutability of the sea, the ultimate site of wilderness. Indeed, if, as Leonard Lutwack explains in *The Role of Place in Literature*, particularly in its fifth chapter titled “Place and National Literature – The American and His Land”, there were three main images attached to America – “the garden”, “the wilderness”, and “the place of treasure” or the Eldorado (144) –, the one most vividly described in *Moby-Dick* is, unmistakably, America as a wilderness. Yet, as Lutwack further observes, Melville is not primarily interested in the land territory, the “sea is the wilderness for Melville” (169), a claim that is certainly corroborated by the lyrical quality of the following quote:

These are the times, when in his whale-boat the rover softly feels a certain filial, confident, land-like feeling towards the sea; that he regards it as so much flowery earth; and the distant ship revealing only the tops of her masts, seems struggling forward, not through high rolling waves, but through the tall grass of a rolling prairie: as when the westerns emigrants’ horses only show their erected ears, while their hidden bodies widely wade through the amazing verdure. (MD 463)

The association between land and sea is also established by Captain Ahab’s emotional recollection of the Nantucket sands. Though the vast territory is far away, in the even greater vastness of the sea, it can still be represented by a small vial of sand:

And as Ahab, leaning over the taffrail, eyed the homeward-bound craft, he took from his pocket a small vial of sand, and then looking from the ship to the vial, seemed thereby bringing two remote associations together, for that vial was filled with Nantucket soundings. (MD 467)

Contrary to Ahab’s moment of nostalgia towards land, right from the beginning Ishmael’s “ocean reveries” (MD 21) lead him into a heartfelt and vivid eulogy of the water. The sea is understood as an alternative space – “[I] account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball.” (MD 21) – that endlessly fascinates all human beings: “Were Niagara but a cataract of sand, would you travel your thousand miles to see it?” (MD 23). And, among the many activities going on at sea, whaling holds a special place. It is a school of life or, in Ishmael’s words, “my Yale College and my Harvard” (MD 120). All in all, it is perhaps Ishmael’s privileged, almost reverential, relationship with the sea that may, in the end, account for his salvation: “[I]shmael collects, as scientifically as he knows how, the innumerable facts of the sea wilderness; and through his knowledge and love of the sea and its life he seems to deserve his escape from the deep and his rebirth” (Lutwack 169).

Ishmael, the privileged observer and, most importantly, the only one who lives to tell the story, is a multi-layered character. As Eyal Peretz interestingly points out, he is “a character experiencing overwhelming events, an analytic writer trying to account for and exhaust a certain enigma, and a fabulist/witness telling a marvelous story/testifying to an unspeakable disaster” (68), but, “as this

story line progresses, Ishmael practically disappears as a participant in the action, becoming a bodiless voice that testifies and comments on the events, explaining them and bringing them to us” (42). Thus, by progressively turning into a “bodiless voice”, Ishmael is able to perform what Charles Olson defines as his “choric function” (58). Indeed, in a text that deals mostly with the individual’s fight against the demonic forces of the universe, the spirit of tragedy looms constantly and Ishmael, the observer and commentator, fully plays, or better, voices the emblematic role of the tragedy chorus.

Melville’s interest in tragedy may well be the result of his discovery of and enthusiasm with Shakespeare’s dramas and Shakespeare himself. In a letter to his publisher, Melville’s excitement at his recent acquaintance with the English writer leads him to compare the bard to Jesus:

I have been passing my time very pleasurably here. But chiefly in lounging on a sofa . . . & reading Shakespeare Dolt & ass that I am I have lived more than 29 years, & until a few days ago, never made close acquaintance with divine William. Ah, he’s full of sermons-on-the-mount, and gentle, aye, almost as Jesus. I take such men to be inspired. I fancy that this moment Shakespeare in heaven ranks with Gabriel [,] Raphael and Michael. And if another Messiah ever comes twill be in Shakespeare’s person. – I am mad to think how minute a cause has prevented me hitherto from reading Shakespeare. (*The Writings of Herman Melville* 119)

The strong impression that the reading of Shakespeare made on Melville pervades his whole book. Some authors, like Matthiessen (449) and Olson (47), agree that, among Shakespeare’s many plays, it was *King Lear* that most intensely held Melville’s imagination and creative spur during the writing of his “black tragedy of the melancholy ship” (MD 462). Yet, Shakespeare’s presence in *Moby-Dick* is not limited to the re-enactment of Lear’s blind pride and madness through the wild behaviour and “fatal pride” (MD 487) of the monomaniac Ahab;

Shakespearean reverberations are everywhere in the text and allude to a wide range of plays other than *King Lear: Hamlet, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth*, and many others. In fact, I totally agree with Matthiessen when he says that Shakespeare becomes for Melville a “catalytic agent” (428) that provides the American writer with a vast set of linguistic tools to express exactly what he intended: passion. Indeed, “the most important effect of Shakespeare’s use of language was to give Melville a range of vocabulary for expressing passion far beyond any that he had previously possessed” (425).

The theatrical features of *Moby-Dick* are not limited to direct quotations or allusions to other plays; they are also extensively visible in various formal and content choices such as the peculiar titles of chapters, e.g. Chapter 29: “Enter Ahab; to Him, Stubb” (MD 131); the profusion of introductory notes to those same chapters resembling stage directions (MD 477, 478, 493, 498); and the mere choice of words: “soliloquized Starbuck” (MD 474), “he now comes in person on this stage” (MD 441); “a theatre’s pit” (MD 369), to provide just a few examples.

In a text “broiled” under a devilish secret motto, as Melville’s reveals to Hawthorne,³ the passions are usually untamed and prone to destruction. Unlike Lear’s, Ahab’s “madness maddened” (MD 171) has nothing to do with familial intrigues; just like Lear’s, Ahab’s blind pride will lead to the ruin of all people around him, all but one, Ishmael, the tragedy chorus who has to live to tell the story. Ahab is the epitome of a tragic character from the book’s very beginning. His first appearance on the Pequod, shrouded in mist, bears a close resemblance to the opening of both *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Echoes of the supernatural pervade Melville’s text just as they pervade its Shakespearean referents. Barnardo’s question in *Hamlet* – “Who’s there?” (*Hamlet* 1.1.1) – is replicated by Starbuck in *Moby-Dick*: “Who’s there?”; “Old Thunder!” replies Ahab (MD 474). Ahab, a ghost of the man he used to be before the demonic desire of revenge obsessed

his life, wonders why all the richness that he possesses cannot bring him the sole thing that he so aspires:

Oh, Life! Here I am, proud as Greek god, and yet standing debtor to his blockhead for a bone to stand on! Cursed be that mortal inter-indebtedness which will not do away with ledgers. I would be free as air; and I’m down in the whole world’s books. I am so rich . . . ; and yet I owe for the flesh in the tongue I brag with. By heavens! I’ll get a crucible, and into it, and dissolve myself down to one small, compendious vertebra. So.
(MD 447)

When Hamlet holds Yorick’s skull, he too wonders why humans should fight so hard for mere insignificances, if rich and poor, heroes and villains, all end up facing the same destiny, a return to dust:

No, faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither
with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus:
Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
returned to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make
loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted
might they not stop a beer barrel?
Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O, that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t’expel the winter’s flaw!
(5.1.203-212)

Yet, if all men are equal in death, they are certainly not equal in life: “There is one God that is Lord over the earth, and one Captain that is lord over the Pequod”, claims Ahab (MD 449). And the truth is that Captain Ahab imposed on the Pequod a tight hierarchy most visible in the protocol of the cabin’s table –

“[I]n the cabin was no companionship; socially, Ahab was inaccessible.” (MD 156) – and sharply opposed by the democratic intimacy of the rest of the crew: “In strange contrast to the hardly tolerable constraint and nameless invisible domineering of the captain’s table, was the entire care-free license and ease, the almost frantic democracy of those inferior fellows the harpooners” (MD 155).

The crew, like America itself, is a melting-pot of Indians, black and white people working together to achieve a common goal, though under different titles and by fulfilling very different tasks:

There was a corporeal humility in looking up at him; and a white man standing before him seemed a white flag come to beg truce of a fortress. Curious to tell, this imperial negro, Ahasuerus Daggoo, was the Squire of little Flask, who looked like a chess-man beside him As for the residue of the Pequod’s company [,] herein it is the same with the American whale fishery as with the American army and military and merchant navies, and the engineering forces employed in the construction of the American Canals and Railroads. The same, I say, because in all these cases the native American liberally provides the brains, the rest of the world as generously supplying the muscles. (MD 127)

Each member of the Pequod’s crew is given a job just as each one is given a role in the human tragedy re-enacted on this floating stage. One by one, they are brought up from the mass and given a unique human shape. One by one, they share their personal narrative before “the approaching crisis of the voyage” (MD 491) definitely drowns them into a sea of abstraction on the verge of a common tragic inescapable destiny:

Seat thyself sultanically among the moons of Saturn, and take high abstracted man alone; and he seems a wonder, a grandeur, and a woe. But from the same point, take mankind in mass, and for the most part, they seem a mob of unnecessary duplicates, both contemporary and hereditary. But most humble though he was, and far from

furnishing an example of the high, humane abstraction; the Pequod’s carpenter was no duplicate; hence, he now comes in person on this stage. (MD 441)

The Pequod’s carpenter may be no duplicate, but, seen by the transfiguring light of a storm, which echoes the one in *King Lear*,⁴ he like the rest of the Pequod’s crew lose all their heterogeneity and metamorphose into an ensemble of heightened and fantastic beings:

While this pallidness was burning aloft, few words were heard from the enchanted crew; who in one thick cluster stood on the forecastle, all their eyes gleaming in that pale phosphorescence, like a far away constellation of stars. Relieved against the ghostly light, the gigantic jet negro, Daggoo, loomed up to thrice his real stature, and seemed the black cloud from which the thunder had come. The parted mouth of Tashtego revealed his shark-white teeth, which strangely gleamed as if they too had been tipped by corposants; while lit up by the preternatural light, Queequeg’s tattooing burned like Satanic blue flames on his body. (MD 475)

Besides, it is not exclusively the storm’s light that annihilates the differences between the several members of the crew; as Eyal Peretz points out, “The hunt . . . reduces into oneness the multiplicity and plurality of life on the *Pequod*” (61). The three mates, the “omnitooled carpenter” (MD 443), the blacksmith whose life-story is dramatic (MD 457-8), the harpooners and the rest of the crew are tragically driven by Ahab into a combat with the demonic forces of life and their individuality is superseded by a common struggle to survive. As John Erskine interestingly observes:

The American pictures in the book belong to the shore, to the parts of the time and space from which these mariners come. On the sea the characters resolve human nature, the horizons melt into infinity. One begins to reckon in broad terms by height

and depth, and the purpose and the peril of the voyage begin to focus in the ancient poet’s sentence, “There is that Leviathan.” (243)

Identity becomes an elusive concept grasped only in the darkness, or never grasped at all: “[N]o man can ever feel his own identity aright except his eyes be closed; as if darkness were indeed the proper element of our essences, though light be more congenial to our clayey part” (MD 69). Paradoxically, darkness brings light, and light leads to blindness. The same reversal happens with whiteness.⁵ Instead of bringing peace or comfort in its clarity, it causes only dread and estrangement. In Shakespeare’s *Othello*, Iago, referring to the relationship between Desdemona and the Moor, remarks: “Even now, now, very now, and old black ram / Is tuppung your white ewe” (1.1.89-90). Iago’s prejudice is evident: black is bad. In *Moby-Dick*, white may not be entirely bad, but it is, in its very least, threatening and frightening:

Aside from those more obvious considerations touching Moby Dick, which could not but occasionally awaken in any man’s soul some alarm, there was another thought, or rather vague, nameless horror concerning him, which at times by its intensity completely overpowered all the rest; and yet so mystical and well nigh ineffable was it, that I almost despair of putting it in a comprehensible form. It was the whiteness of the whale that above all things appalled me.

[I]t shadows forth the heartless voids and the immensities of the universe, and thus stubs us from behind with the thought of annihilation . . . (MD 189,196)

Moby-Dick is thus identified with the forces that can drive humans to annihilation. It becomes evil incarnated or the “turbaned Turk” full of malice: “No turbaned Turk, no hired Venetian or Malay, could have smote him with more seeming malice” (MD 185). The borrowing from Shakespeare is more than evident:

Then must you speak,
Of one that lov’d not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Indian) threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe: Of one, whose subdu’d eyes
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this:
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant, and turban’d Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc’d the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus.
(5.2.339-352)

Just as Othello, the black Moor, Moby-Dick, the white whale, represents the Other, the exotic, the unknown that frightens just as much as it enchants humans. Just like Othello, who is capable of the best and the worst, Moby-Dick encompasses the good and the evil, the martyr and the hangman, the divine and the devilish. It is said to be: “ubiquitous” (MD 183); premeditated – “The Sperm Whale is in some cases sufficiently powerful, knowing, and judiciously malicious, as with direct aforethought to stave in, utterly destroy, and sink a large ship; and what is more, the Sperm Whale *has* done it” (MD 206) –; sovereign – “the Sperm Whale will stand no nonsense” (MD 207) –; and wicked.

If everybody serves, one way or another, as Ishmael acknowledges in *Moby-Dick* – “Who aint a slave? Tell me that.” (MD 24) – and Stephen Dedalus regrets in Joyce’s *Ulysses* – “I am the servant of two masters, Stephen said, an English and an Italian. [T]he imperial British state . . . and the holy Roman

catholic and apostolic church” (*Ulysses* 24) –, even Ahab obeys to someone: “Fool! I am the Fate’s Lieutenant; I act under orders” (MD 524). If even the mighty Ahab serves the Fortune’s designs, then *Moby-Dick* is yet again the exception. The haunted “vast dumb brute of the sea” (MD 342), the “expansive monster” (MD 327) becomes the haunter in the end, and, contrary to its human opponents, it eludes its destiny and, for once, refuses to be eaten by its own light (MD 291): “Like a plethoric burning martyr, or a self-consuming misanthrope, once ignited, the whale supplies his own fuel and burns by his own body” (MD 402).

In their struggle for life both whales and men are much alike; they both step over others in order to guarantee their own survival:

Witness, too, all human beings, how when herded together in the sheep-fold of a theatre’s pit, they will, at the slightest alarm of fire, rush helter-skelter for the outlets, crowding, trampling, jamming, and remorselessly dashing each other to death. Best, therefore, withhold any amazement at the strangely galled whales before us, for there is no folly of the beasts of the earth which is not infinitely outdone by the madness of men. (MD 369)

In their conception of life both sharks and men are much alike: “For we are all killers, on land and on sea; Bonapartes and Sharks included” (MD 147).

In revisiting *Moby-Dick*, I intended to highlight a few of its innumerable allusions to and direct quotations from Shakespearean referents in order to think about Melville’s own representation of the eternal battle of mankind against what we may call fate, the elements, the unknown, the demonic forces of the universe, human finitude, in one word, death. The truth is that all human beings have, sooner or later, to come to terms with the universality of danger and their own, unsurpassable, human vulnerability:

All men live enveloped in whale-lines. All are born with halters round their necks; but it is only when caught in the swift, sudden turn of death, that mortals realize the silent, subtle, ever-present perils of life. And if you be a philosopher, though seated in the whale-boat, you would not at heart feel one whit more of terror, than though seated before your evening fire with a poker, and not a harpoon, by your side. (MD 276)

Whale hunting may be, in the end, as dangerous as a stroll in the park, but it certainly has a different grandeur and a sublimity that arise from the challenge of this said vulnerability in the open “masculine sea” forever lulled by the “feminine air” (MD 505), the perfect site to launch yet another challenge, the one of “taming the chaos”, as Emerson (280) advised in “Uses of Great Man” (*Representative Men*). However, if this taming of the chaos is ever possible, in literature or in life, remains an open question.

And, if life is, as the bard said,

but walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing (*Macbeth* 5.5.24-28)

one may question the veracity of the facts reported in a tale totally based on Ishmael’s words, which range from “the fabulous” to “the testimonial” (Peretz 39), “suspecting them for mere sounds, full of Leviathanism, but signifying nothing” (MD 149). And this is not the only text from Melville that addresses this shady frontier between facts and fiction. In *Billy Budd, Sailor*, published in 1924, one can read near its end: “The symmetry of form attainable in pure fiction cannot be achieved in a narration essentially having less to do with fable than with fact” (*Melville’s Short Novels* 167). The same can be said of *Moby-Dick*. If

Ahab’s power derives from his wealth and his social status, and the white whale’s power derives from an incommensurable strength capable of sinking the unfortunate Pequod and her entire crew, Ishmael, the only one who survived this black tragedy, gets his power from the possibility of using words to build his own narrative of the events. As Whitman poetically puts it: “With the twirl of my tongue I encompass worlds and volumes of worlds” (40). As a storyteller, Ishmael too holds the power to mingle facts and fiction. As a writer, he gets to choose from a kaleidoscope of words and colours to reinvent his tale, just as America keeps reinventing itself. Hence, the question is: “Who in the rainbow can draw the line where the violet tint ends and the orange tint begins (*Melville’s Short Novels* 147)? Thus with a question I conclude⁶ and “The Drama’s Done” (MD 536).

¹ Research supported by FCT (SFRH/BD/62760/2009).

² The same could be said of many other great texts. As M. Keith Booker emphasises: “It is simply not possible to separate the characteristics of a work from the characteristics of the method of interpretation being used to read that work” (227).

³ “Shall I send you a fin of the Whale by way of a specimen mouthful? The tail is not yet cooked – though the hell-fire in which the whole book is broiled might not unreasonably have cooked it all ere this. This is the book’s secret motto (the secret one), – Ego non baptiso te in nomine – but make out the rest yourself.” (Melville, *The Writings* 196)

⁴ Cf. *King Lear* 2.4 – 3.1.

⁵ On the symbolism of the colour white, see MD 196-7.

⁶ “Thus with a kiss I die.” (*Romeo and Juliet* 5.3.120)

Works Cited

Booker, M. Keith. *Joyce, Bakhtin, and the Literary Tradition: Toward a Comparative Cultural Poetics*. Michigan: The U of Michigan P, 2000 [1995].

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. “Uses of Great Man.” *Ralph Waldo Emerson: Selected Essays, Lectures and Poems*. New York: Bantam Books, 1990 [1850].

Erskine, John. “The Vastness of *Moby-Dick*.” *Critical Essays on Herman Melville’s Moby-Dick*. Ed. Hershel Parker and Brian Higgins. New York: G. K. Hall & Co, 1992 [1928]. 242-244.

Foucault, Michel. *As Palavras e as Coisas: Uma Arqueologia das Ciências Humanas*. Trad. António Ramos Rosa. Lisboa: Edições 70, 1996.

Joyce, James. *Ulysses*. London: Penguin Classics, 2000 [1922].

Lutwack, Leonard. *The Role of Place in Literature*. Syracuse, New York: Syracuse UP, 1984.

Matthiessen, F. O. *American Renaissance: Art and Expression in the Age of Emerson and Whitman*. London: Oxford UP, 1941.

Melville, Herman. *Melville’s Short Novels*. Ed. Dan McCall. New York and London: W. W. Norton & Company, 2002.

---. *Moby-Dick*. London: Penguin Popular Classics, 1994 [1851].

---. *The Writings of Herman Melville: Correspondence*. Ed. Lynn Horth. Evanston and Chicago: Northwestern UP, 1993.

Mumford, Lewis. “*Moby-Dick*.” *Critical Essays on Herman Melville’s Moby-Dick*. Ed. Hershel Parker and Brian Higgins. New York: G. K. Hall & Co, 1992 [1929]. 395-407.

Olson, Charles. *Call me Ishmael*. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1947.

Peretz, Eyal. *Literature, Disaster, and the Enigma of Power: A Reading of Moby-Dick*. Stanford: Stanford UP, 2003.

Shakespeare, William. *Macbeth*. London: The Arden Shakespeare, 2005.

---. *Othello*. London: Penguin Popular Classics, 2005.

---. *Romeo and Juliet*. London: The Arden Shakespeare, 2002.

---. *Hamlet*. London: Penguin Books, 1996.

---. *King Lear*. London: Penguin Books, 1996.

Whitman, Walt. *Leaves of Grass*. New York: Dover, 2007 [1855].