

BERNARD SHAW'S UNIQUE PHYSICAL CULTURE OBSESSION

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On his way to becoming the most prolific modern playwright and man of letters, George Bernard Shaw contended that he had earned fifteen reputations—as a novelist, dramatist, economist, funny man, street-corner orator, atheist, socialist, vegetarian, humanitarian, preacher, philosopher, and as a critic of art, music, literature, and drama.¹ Neither Shaw nor his many biographers, however, consider him a physical culturist despite his lifelong obsession with the function of the body.² The most obvious example is the playwright's fourth novel, *Cashel Byron's Profession*, the subject of Benny Green's 1978 study, *Shaw's Champions*, which culminates in the transmutation of Shaw's artistic hero into the physical heroism of heavy-weight boxing champion Gene Tunney. For Green, *Cashel Byron* provided an opportunity for Shaw to "demonstrate the viability of the life force" and "the triumph of mind over matter." In this instance, "instead of the philosopher being utterly captivated by the prizefighter, the prizefighter becomes utterly captivated by the philosopher." Hence readers were attracted to the "miraculous spectacle of Life imitating Art."³ Playing on this incongruity in his "Pugilist and Playwright," Stanley Weintraub observed that this "process of life imitating art had become complete, for Tunney was the boxer become gentleman, Cashel Byron come to life."⁴ In his retrospective rendering of his father, *The Playwright and the Prizefighter*, Jay Tunney explains that "you had this paradox of a fighter who loved books, and Shaw loved the paradox because he himself was a paradox."⁵

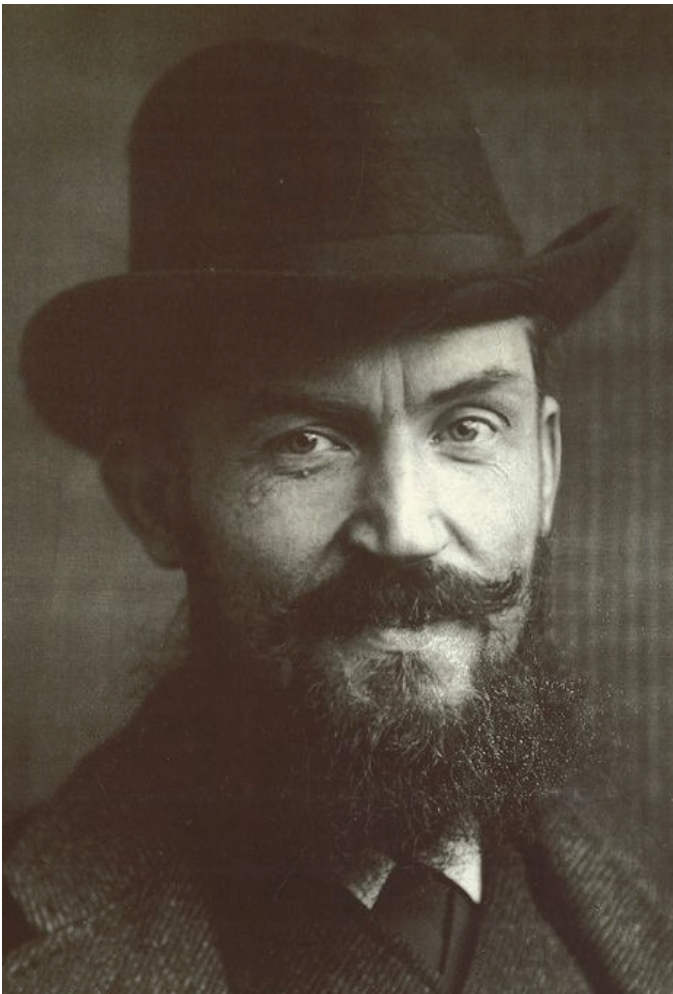
Biographer Michael Holroyd identifies a deeper source of this trait in Shaw's attempt to escape from a

childhood that was "frightful & loveless in realities." He argues that Shaw typically "put on the spectacles of paradox" which became his "'criticism of life', the technique by which he turned lack of love inside out and, attracting from the world some of the attention denied by his mother, conjured optimism out of deprivation." What appears to be a disadvantage "becomes a potential asset in disguise. The art of life therefore is the art of heroic paradox."⁶ But Holroyd devotes no special attention to *Cashel Byron's Profession* or any other aspect of Shaw's life-long struggle with his physical self. Coming closer than any other comprehensive treatment of Shaw's link to physical culture, Sally Peters displays the intimate connection between his life and his art while "seeking spiritual salvation in an elusive bodiless realm." Paradoxically he

wanted to be in the world and to retreat from it, to be himself and not to be himself, he plucked shimmering skeins of moral fancy from his life, weaving parables for humanity. His quest was the heroic one of the romantic and the mystic alike—a grail-like quest for a serene perfection not given to human beings. . . . Armed with artistic and intellectual courage, braced by a resilient comic vision and godlike energy, the fantastic sojourner threaded his way through an intricate spiritual and psychic labyrinth, forging his own destiny—crowning himself superman ascendant.⁷

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While Peters successfully weaves pertinent details of Shaw's physical life into her account, its final destination,



This portrait of 32-year-old George Bernard Shaw was taken by Sir Emery Walker, in conjunction with the release of *Man & Superman*, in 1888.

through the mythical vehicle of the life force, is spiritual. The body, though omnipresent, is always employed to serve some greater purpose associated with the mind. With a predominance of Shaw scholars sharing either a literary background or perspective, it is not surprising that they should so portray Shaw's life of the mind rather than the body, but his obsession with the latter is inescapable.⁸ A reexamination of his diaries, letters, and autobiography along with his novels and plays indicates that the principal locus for his energy and inspiration was his body—the place where anxieties over its condition summoned a resort to the mind.

The earliest indication of this propensity appears in the memoirs of Edward McNulty, Shaw's classmate at the Dublin English Scientific and Commercial Day School in the late 1860s. Prior to their meeting, McNulty was mis-

led to believe that Shaw was formerly the heavyweight boxing champion at his previous school, "a hulking, brow-beating bully who would give me a bash in the teeth as soon as look at me." To his astonishment, the new boy, "instead of a burly, beetle-browed ruffian," was a "tallish, slender youngster with straw-colored hair." They then became "friends at first glance" who shared an interest in the arts. Shaw's passion, McNulty recalls, was drawing, fostered by their frequent visits to the National Gallery. But rather than landscape, he was absorbed with "the human figure" and an affinity for Michelangelo "whose exaggerated muscularity did not appeal to me." Seeking to improve their drawing skills,

Shaw began to hint darkly at a scheme he was evolving for the study of the human form divine. It was a scheme, he explained, which would save the expense of a living model or the necessity of becoming students of the School of Art. One day he brought me to his house. . . . We mounted the stairs to this apartment, where there was barely room for anything but his bed; and, having closed the door with an air of mystery, he sat down on his bed whilst I sat on the window sill, and he disclosed his great plan for the study of the nude. I was to be his naked model and, in return, he was to be mine. This study was to continue from day to day as convenient until we had both become masters of the human figure.

McNulty declined, not on the grounds of prudery but because he had recently had bronchitis and feared catching cold in Shaw's drafty quarters.⁹ Even though this encounter appears to reveal underlying homosexual tendencies, it may not, given Shaw's life-long fascination with the unsexed nude and lack of inhibition to reveal his own unclothed body before the camera.

Not unrelated to this physical awareness was a deepening concern for his personal well-being, drawn mainly from lack of parental nurture. Most disillusioning was the hypocrisy of his father, George Carr Shaw, who while professing to be a teetotaler, was a dipsomaniac. When Shaw as a child once asked his mother whether his father was drunk, she replied "When is he anything else?" For Shaw it would be "a rhetorical exaggeration to say that

I have never since believed in anything or anybody,” but “the wrench from my childish faith in my father as perfect and omniscient to the discovery that he was a hypocrite and a dipsomaniac was so sudden and violent that it must have left its mark on me.”¹⁰ George Carr’s model of fatherhood and lack of manliness, according to Holroyd, made him “a man to imitate, but in reverse.”¹¹ So humiliating was his father’s drunkenness for Shaw “that it would have been unendurable if we had not taken refuge in laughter. . . . If you cannot get rid of the family skeleton, you may as well make it dance.” Nor did Shaw find an adult model in his maternal uncle, William Gurly, who was a “common drunkard” and an “inveterate smoker,” or solace from his mother Bessie who seemed devoid of maternal passion. Yet he respected his mother for coping with his father’s dipsomania and running the family. “It says a great deal for my mother’s humanity that she did not hate her children. She did not hate anybody, nor love anybody.”¹² What Shaw learned from these experiences was an aversion to the self-destructive and inhumane ways of his elders and “where there is a will there is a way,” an aphorism he later coined.

The curse of alcohol is most apparent in Shaw’s early novels after 1878 when, forsaking his hapless father, he joined his mother who was embarking on a music career in London. His first novel, *Immaturity* (1879), features a drunk named Harry who on doctor’s orders was sent to Richmond under his wife’s care. But he continued to “drink like a madman” and died, “almost as if he did it on purpose.” This connection between dipsomania and early death was also evident in the resurrection of a committed alcoholic (Fenwick) to a healthy lifestyle and the downfall of a self-righteous clergyman (Davis) to strong drink. For the teetotal shopkeeper, Italian P. Watkins, the lesson was clear that

he died much as you may die if you take to your old ways again. He was found drunk on Wes’minster Bridge shoving women off the pathway; and when the police laid hold of him, he fought till his clothes was torn to atoms. When they got him to the station, they left him alone in a cell; and when they went to look after him at three in the morning, he was dead.

This incident enabled Shaw to reflect on his father’s disgrace and the sham of religion. “Nothing is less easy to

recover than the faith of a worshipper who has once detected clay feet in an idol.” Shaw compensated for his family’s proclivity for alcohol, his artistic temperament, and his lack of physical assets by leading his main character (Smith) to ballet, the most athletic of the arts. At a performance of the “Golden Harvest” at the Alhambra, the stage became

an actual cornfield to him, and the dancer a veritable fairy. Her impetuosity was supernatural fire; her limbs were instinct with music to the very wrists; that walking on the points of the toes, which had given him a pain in the ankle to look at before, now seemed a natural outcome of elfin fancy and ethereality. He became infatuated as he watched her dancing in wanton overflow of spirits about the field, with the halo of the moon following her wherever she bounded.

Afterwards the dancer’s “gymnastic skill” and “athletic virtues” became “a center of mental activity” for Smith whose “sole exercise,” like Shaw’s, was walking. It “caused one of those ruptures of intellectual routine which . . . are valuable as fresh departures in thought.” This display of corporeal artistry conflicted not only with Shaw’s inept physical skills but with his resort to the intellect as refuge. Smith revealed his thoughts to the dressmaker he was tutoring.

The attraction of the dancer made Smith feel that philosophy grew monotonous if not relieved by what he called a little flesh and blood, a phrase which means . . . a great deal of gross sensuality, or a snatch of innocent folly. But his intolerance recognized no degrees in debasement; and he resisted the new influence as strongly as he could. Still, philosophy failed both to argue and to bully the dancer into an object of indifference; and Smith began to crave for a female friend who would encourage him to persevere in the struggle for truth and human perfection, during those moments when its exhilaration gave place to despair. Happily, he found none such.

That Smith was able to resist converting the dancer's physical artistry to sexual attraction, the ultimate form of bodily expression, Shaw considered "a sort of trade mark of genius."¹³

These insights on the nature of genius, prior to the publication of works by Friedrich Nietzsche and Henri Bergson stemmed from years of intellectual incubation in the British Museum and exposure to Arthur Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Representation* where Shaw learned about the unconscious and irrational forces governing human behavior. "Consciousness is the mere surface of our mind, and of this, as of the surface of the globe, we do not know the interior, but only the crust," wrote Schopenhauer. "Under the conscious intellect is . . . a striving, persistent, vital force, a spontaneous activity, a will of imperious desire." It was rooted in a discontent inherent to life.¹⁴ What Shaw discerned from Schopenhauer, however, was a possible escape from his physical existence. Despite the tyranny of the will over mankind, it could be neutralized through the "extraordinary strength of imagination," acquiring a level of knowledge that would inspire acts of genius. "What kind of knowledge," Schopenhauer queries,

is concerned with that which is outside and independent of all relations, that which alone is really essential to the world, the true content of its phenomena, that which is subject to no change, and therefore is known with equal truth for all time, in a word, the Ideas, which are the direct and adequate objectivity of the thing-in-itself, the will? We answer, Art, the work of genius. It repeats or reproduces the eternal Ideas grasped through pure contemplation, the essential and abiding in all the phenomena of the world; and according to what the material is in which it reproduces, it is sculpture or painting, poetry or music.

It was a Platonic idea based on eternal verities and included, in Shaw's instance, the imaginary work of literature.¹⁵ Reinforcing Shaw's tutorial was his exposure to Percy Bysshe Shelley who revealed the evolution of death into creative life. By 1875, according to Holroyd, Shaw was "a committed Shelleyan" who "read him, prose and verse, from beginning to end." Shelley, who would "make

Shaw into a momentary anarchist and lifetime vegetarian, completed the job of clearing away the refuse of those religions repugnant to his constitution, ready for the planting of Creative Evolution."¹⁶ It is evident in embryonic form in Shelley's 1820 *Ode to the West Wind*:

*O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!*¹⁷

These ideas of formative genius through evolutionary rebirth, however imperfectly articulated, are embedded in Shaw's early novels.

The theme of rejuvenation is evident in Shaw's retrospective (1930) view of his second novel, that "physiologists inform us that the substance of our bodies (and consequently of our souls) is shed and renewed at such a rate that no part of us lasts longer than eight years; I am therefore not now in any atom of me the person who wrote *The Irrational Knot* in 1880." Although the plot centers on the irrationality of marriage, it is the relationship between alcohol and death and the physical failings of a stage singer, dancer, and actress named Susanna Conolly that excites most attention. For Shaw she had all the makings of a genius. She could converse in any language, adapt to any theatrical role, cook, sew, fence, shoot, preach, mimic, and "drive a bargain with a Jew." There was "nothing she couldn't [sic] do if she chose. And now, what do you think she has taken? Liquor. Champagne by the gallon. She used to drink it by the bottle: now she drinks it by the dozen—by the case. She wanted it to keep up her spirits. That was the way it began." Drink had transformed this beautiful youth into a "beast" when sleeping, "snoring and grunting like a pig. When she wakes, she begins planning

how to get more liquor.” No longer fit for society or marriage, Susanna flirted with death. “It’s nothing but drink, drink, drink from morning ‘til night.” The end came with a fall, bottle in hand, at a New York boarding house.¹⁸

Such ruination by drink appears only sparingly in *Cashel Byron’s Profession* (1882) where Shaw emphasizes vigor, good health, and the triumph of genius. As stated retrospectively in the preface, he provided his hero with “every advantage a prizefighter can have: health and strength and pugilistic genius” which he defines as the power of “divination.” What made it possible, however, was Cashel’s mentor, Ned Skene, a reformed Australian alcoholic whose wife recalled the horrors of their early years of marriage. “Then he took the pledge; and ever since that he’s been very good.” Thus enlightened, Skene passed along this secret to Cashel: “Don’t stay out late; and don’t for your life touch a drop of liquor.” Shaw creates the image of a strapping youth whose “broad pectoral muscles, in their white covering, were like slabs of marble. Even his hair, short, crisp, and curly, seemed like burnished bronze in the evening light.” To Cashel’s female admirer, Lydia, he was “the statue man” who was “the finest image of manly strength and beauty known to her.” He stood in stark contrast to the foolish drunken behavior of his would-be companion Mellish.

What Cashel had was “executive power,” a Schopenhauer derivative which when applied to boxing meant more than “merely living” but the instinct to “act up to your ideas.” Thus “you want to know how to hit him, when to hit him, and where to hit him; and then you want the nerve to go in and do it.” For comparison Shaw, drawing on his knowledge as a music critic, cites

a man in the musical line named Wagner, who is what you might call a game sort . . . wins his fights, yet they try to make out that he wins them in an outlandish way, and that he has no real science. Now I tell the gentleman not to mind such talk. . . . His game wouldnt [sic] be any use to him without science. He might have beaten a few second-raters with a rush while he was young; but he wouldnt [sic] have lasted out as he has done unless he was clever as well. It’s the newness of his style that puzzles people; for, mind you, every man has to grow his own style out of himself; and there is no use in thinking that it

will be the same as the last fellow’s, or right for the next fellow, or that it’s the style.

A further Schopenhauerian/Wagnerian principle was that “the more effort you make the less effect you produce. A *would-be* artist is no artist at all.” Having defeated the slugger William Paradise in the ring, Cashel displayed the true character of genius to his female friend as “champion of the world and a gentleman as well. . . . Where will you find his equal in health, strength, good looks or good manners?” Furthermore, the compatibility of good health with the self-guided nature of genius is evident in Shaw’s remark: “Prevent me from walking and you deprive me of my health. Prevent me from going alone where I please and when I please, and you deprive me of my liberty.” Final didacticisms in *Cashel Byron* draw its author toward his emerging intellectual commitments—socialism and creative evolution. “In the eyes of the phoenix, even the arena . . . is a better school of character than the drawing-room; and a prizefighter is a hero in comparison with the wretch who sets a leash of greyhounds upon a hare.” From Lydia, with her eyes fully opened for the first time to the dignity of the common man, emerges her belief in “the doctrine of heredity; and as my body is frail and my brain morbidly active, I think my impulse towards a man strong in body and untroubled in mind a trustworthy one. You can understand that: it is a plain proposition in eugenics.”¹⁹ As a template for the progress of humanity, a sound body seemed a fitting prerequisite for a sound mind.

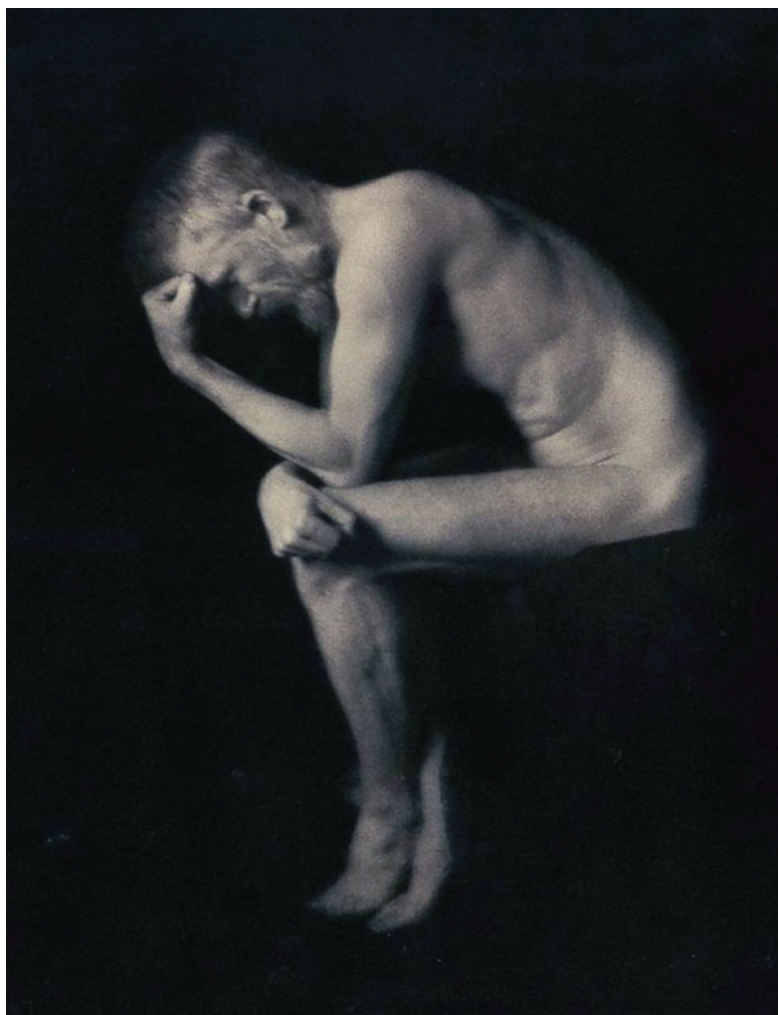
These thematic patterns are no less evident in Shaw’s last two novels. In *Love Among the Artists* (1882), genius is displayed by young Owen Jack who, despite (like Shaw) skin pitted by smallpox, lack of social graces, and heterodox talent, is embraced by social dilettantes. So adroit was his musical genius that he could mimic, a capella, a full orchestra.

He was playing from a manuscript score, and was making up for the absence of an orchestra by imitations of the instruments. He was grunting and buzzing the bassoon parts, humming when the violoncello had the melody, whistling for the flutes, singing hoarsely for the horns, barking for the trumpets, squealing for the oboes, making indescribable sounds in imitation of clarionets and drums, and marking

each sforzando by a toss of his head and a gnash of his teeth. At last, abandoning this eccentric orchestration, he chanted with the full strength of his formidable voice until he came to the final chord, which he struck violently, and repeated in every possible inversion from one end of the keyboard to the other.

In stark contrast to Jack, Shaw depicts a young soldier who is equally talented on the clarinet but, like Suzanna in *The Irrational Knot*, is ruined by drink and “spends half his time in cells.” Jack, though socially ostracized, is physically robust and mentally sound. “He’s as strong as a bull, and cares for nothing nor nobody but himself.”²⁰ By the end of the novel drunkenness is equated with death, and genius, however remote, is the evolutionary hope for mankind.

In *An Unsocial Socialist* (1883) Shaw shows that genius, as hinted in previous novels, is not limited to society’s upper orders. He explores this broader application through Stanley Trefusis, a gentleman disguised as a commoner named Smilash. Foremost of the hindrances, as with Suzanna and the wayward soldier, was drunkenness. When asked whether he had ever been in prison, Smilash replied, “six times, and all through drink. But I have taken the pledge, and kept [sic] it faithful for eighteen months past.” That exercise was the antithesis of this lifelong affliction is suggested by Shaw throughout Smilash’s meanderings as a laborer at a girl’s school where a teacher “set much store by the physical education of her pupils.” Ice skating and walking figured prominently in the list of acceptable pursuits. Likewise Shaw casts a favorable light on elocution and gymnastics as ideal preparations for a career in drama and the new fad of bicycling. Yet overindulgence in physical activities, could be life-threatening, as revealed by Smilash (as Trefusis) whose oversexed wife Henrietta succumbs to a tragic accident. This realization coincides with Shaw’s revulsion of his own sexual experience, leading him to whimsically remark, “we’re here to-day and gone to-morrow.” Smilash, like Shaw, even after his marriage to Charlotte Payne-Townshend, carries out flirtations with women around him. But the issue of socialism is ultimately resolved by using artist and convert, Donovan



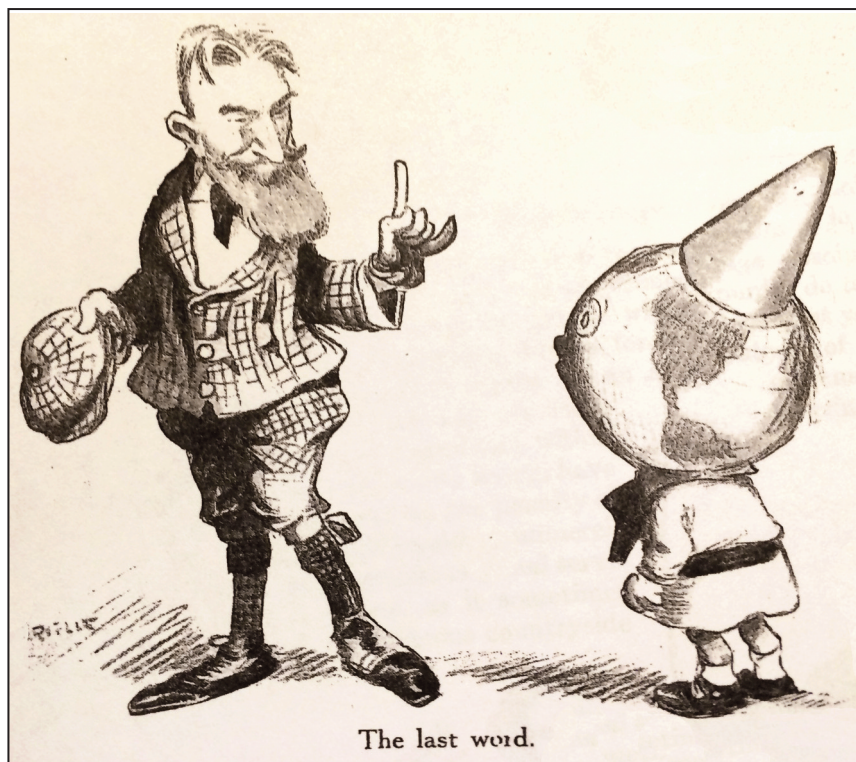
Shaw was an avid amateur photographer and also served at times as a subject for other photographers. Shaw later said of this 1906 photo, “I’ve posed nude for a photographer in the manner of Rodin’s *Thinker*, but I merely looked constipated.” Sadly, despite Shaw’s dislike of the image, the photographer, Alvin Langdon Coburn, sent a copy to the famous sculptor, and word of Shaw’s nude photo session leaked to the press. In response to their almost universal condemnation, Shaw told one journalist: “Though we have hundreds of photographs of [Charles] Dickens and [Richard] Wagner, we see nothing of them except the suits of clothes with their heads sticking out; and what is the use of that?” The original photo is now owned by the *Musee Rodin* in Paris.

Brown, and wine to persuade a baronet to subscribe to socialism as an example to the lower classes. “He was half drunk when he signed,” Trefusis observed, “and I should not have let him touch the paper if I had not convinced myself beforehand that my wine had only freed his natural generosity from his conventional cowardice and prejudice. We must get his name published in as many journals as possible as a signatory to the great petition; it will draw on

others as your name drew him.”²¹ Given the nature of British society, it was a top-down strategy that Shaw proposed to reach the working class, not unlike the approach of the nascent Fabian Society to which he subscribed, even if drink had to be used as a catalyst to evolution.

A glimpse at the impact physical culture was having on Shaw's personal life at this time is possible through diaries he began keeping in 1885. By this time he was not only attending boxing matches but training under the tutelage of boon companion Pakenham Beatty and even entering a championship. He also attended the annual Oxford/Cambridge boat race and bought a pair of five-pound dumbbells. In a further commitment to health, Shaw ate his vegetarian meals regularly at a restaurant called the Wheatsheaf and used a spirometer to test the breathing capacity of his lungs. With income from his father's life insurance policy, he purchased a new outfit of sanitary wool clothing popularized by clothing reformer Gustav Jaeger that allowed the skin to breathe. He was Jaegerized from boots to hat.²² He also celebrated his 29th birthday on July 26 with Jenny Patterson, a widow who provided him with his first sexual experience. “I was an absolute novice,” he recalled. Starting in 1886 he kept a separate entry on his health. A persistent concern was colds and an inability to rise early, but he also complains about boils, eye floaters, nausea, loose bowels, headaches, and laryngitis which hampered his public speaking. These were natural bodily ailments, but most frustrating was his vulnerability to carnal desires. It “disgusted” him by the end of 1887 that “the trifling of the last two years or so about women” had consumed so much energy.²³ However much he might style himself a philosopher, he was still susceptible to a biological life force.

At this juncture he read Samuel Butler's *Luck or Cunning*, ironically on the same day he recorded having sex with Jenny twice and staying till 1 A.M., thereby jeopardizing his early rising resolution. What he ascertained from Butler was a two-fold affirmation of purposeful existence—“the substantial identity between heredity and memory, and the reintroduction of design into organic development, by treating them as if they had something of



Universally known for his worldly wisdom and trenchant wit, Shaw often wrote didactic articles relating to social issues, including health and well-being. This cartoon, which aptly displays his demeanor, appeared with an article entitled “Easy Divorce” in the May 1917 issue of *Physical Culture*.

that physical life with which they are closely connected.” Butler (redundantly) contended “all hereditary traits, whether of mind or body, are inherited . . . as a manifestation of the same power whereby we are able to remember intelligently what we did half an hour, yesterday, or a twelvemonth since.” Strongly refuting Charles Darwin's attempt to eliminate mind from the evolution of the universe, Butler subscribed to a version of intelligent design, whereby “bodily form may be almost regarded as idea and memory in a solidified state.” He believed in

an unseen world with which we in some mysterious way come into contact, though the writs of our thoughts do not run within it. . . . The theory that luck is the main means of organic modification is the most absolute denial of God which it is possible for the human mind to conceive—while the view that God is in all His creatures, He in them and they in Him, is only expressed in other words by declaring that the main means of organic modification

*is, not luck, but cunning.*²⁴

As A. C. Ward notes in his introduction to *Man and Superman*, although Shaw had abandoned organized religion as a boy, “many of his strongest convictions and most of his personal conduct were those of a religious man.” It was exemplified not only in his purity of lifestyle but his notion that men should strive to leave the world a better place than they found it and to “hand on to future generations the torch of life burning more brightly.” Although Shaw claimed these beliefs were rooted in reason, and not faith, they were “so powerful in him as a guide to conduct that they had the force of religion.”²⁵ Seen in this light, Shaw’s life force, as a derivative of Butler’s purposeful existence, can be viewed as a secularized religion.

By 1888 Shaw’s preoccupation with health enabled a better understanding of a body/mind connection. Though heartened by an absence of colds, attributed to wearing gloves, he became depressed over an aching lower jaw and “remained in low health and spirits almost until the return of the sunlight in the spring of 1889.” From this slough of despond, Shaw was drawn into the spiritual realm by the writings of Schopenhauer on genius and Nietzsche on superman and the other-worldly strains of Richard Wagner.²⁶ That their ideas were polluting in Shaw’s mind is evident in an 1889 letter to Hubert Bland where he formulates “the spirit of the will” which, unlike Darwinism, seemed more akin to humanism than science.

The ordinary man, leading the ordinary life, never becomes conscious of the will or impulse in him that sets his brain to work at devising ways and reasons. He supposes his life to be a mere matter of logical consequences from a few bodily appetites and externally appointed ‘duties’ with their attendant pains and penalties. If he believes in his soul, it turns out to be a purely materialistic conception of some intangible organ in him that will preserve his individual consciousness after death and play a harp or roast eternally according to certain conditions fulfilled during his life. If such a man is to attain consciousness of himself as a vessel of the Zeitgeist or will or whatever it may be, he must pay the price of turning his back on the loaves and fishes, the duties,

*the ready-made logic, the systems and the creeds.*²⁷

Yet Shaw was constantly vigilant of his own bodily functions. So closely did he monitor his health habits and problems that one suspects hypochondria, but Stanley Weintraub insists “he was in excellent health for his place and time.” Indeed after leaving the worldly Jenny one evening, he was exhilarated by “a walking race with two soldiers in the park, which I won.” If life for the ordinary man was merely a matter of “logical consequences from a few bodily appetites” and “attendant pains and penalties,” Shaw, with his abstemious lifestyle, could envision a higher level of being from his own physical resources.²⁸

During the next several years Shaw instituted several changes to facilitate this process. In May 1890 he relinquished his position as music critic for the *Star* which required almost daily contributions for a similar post with the *World*, a weekly paper. “A man who, like myself,” he explained, “has to rise regularly at eleven o’clock every morning cannot sit up night after night writing opera notices piping hot from the performance. My habits, my health, and my other activities forbid it.”²⁹ To fellow Fabian E. D. Girdlestone, Shaw shared his dietary habits.

I do not smoke, though I am not intolerant of that deplorable habit in others. I do not eat meat nor drink alcohol. Tea I also bar, and coffee. My three meals are, Breakfast—cocoa and porridge; Dinner—the usual fare, with a penn’orth of stewed Indian corn, haricot beans, or what not in place of the cow; and ‘Tea’—cocoa and brown bread, or eggs.³⁰

What remained was a nagging sense that diet, even a vegetarian one, had to be complemented by exercise to maintain bodily health and vigor. Thus he invested in a pair of skates in December of 1891. By January, Shaw was mentally “incapable of work and craving for exercise.” He took long walks around Hyde Park, Kensington Park, and Bayswater, and in August he engaged in more vigorous exercise. In addition to walking and swimming, he had a long game of cricket followed by a round of tennis. “This violent exercise, coming after many years of London life, wrenched and strained every muscle in my body external and internal; and I was unable to move without pain afterwards.” By year’s end he was overtaxed and needing rest

and rejuvenation. He wanted “bodily exercise badly.” Yet were it not for his vegetarian diet and abstinence from tea, coffee and alcoholic stimulants, he was convinced his condition would be worse.³¹

Concurrently he was drawn to a higher source of inspiration through the writings of Schopenhauer, consuming a couple books in July 1891 and resorting more briefly to them on the train on 24 January 1892.³² The [latter] was propitious in its timing inasmuch as he wrote an epistle to actress Florence Farr three days later on the nature of genius of which there were two sorts.

One is produced by the breed throwing forward to the godlike man, exactly as it sometimes throws backward to the ape-like. The other is the mere monster produced by an accidental excess of some faculty—musical, muscular, sexual even. A giant belongs properly to this category: he has a genius for altitude. Now the second order of genius requires no education: he (or she) does at once and without effort his feat, whatever it may be, and scoffs at laborious practice. . . . I am a genius of the first order; and so are you; but I know my order and the price I must pay for excellence, whereas you are always appealing to the experience of the second order to justify your own self-neglect.³³

Shaw’s self-reflection corresponds to Schopenhauer’s distinction between genius and talent.

For talent is an excellence which lies rather in the greater versatility and acuteness of discursive than of intuitive knowledge. He who is endowed with talent thinks more quickly and more correctly than others; but the genius beholds another world from them all, although only because he has a more profound perception of the world which lies before them also, in that it presents itself in his mind more objectively, and consequently in greater purity and distinctness.³⁴

These ideas, rooted in physical reference points, not only provided Shaw a better sense of his own life but a template

for constructing his superman.

In 1893 his commitment to exercise also became greater. Driven by the same obsession he had with his physical ailments, he took to walking more frequently, not so much to get from place to place but to invigorate the body. After dining on 2 February, he walked around central London until it was time to attend a concert. “It was muddy and drenching rain; but I trudged about for the sake of the exercise.” Concerned that he was “getting out of health for want of exercise,” he indulged in lengthy ice skating sessions in the winter, swimming and sculling in the summer, and singing frequently for respiratory vigor to improve his public speaking. After spending an hour singing on 28 June, Shaw regretted that “I have got almost out of the habit of singing for a year past; and for the sake of my lungs, if for nothing else, I must try to give a little time to it.” On another occasion he sang *Tannhauser* and *The Flying Dutchman* for over an hour, reminding himself that neglect of singing owing “to the pressure on my time is making my lungs less robust than they were.”³⁵ He also counseled Florence Farr on proper body composure. “As a *grande dame* you should never be at a loss and never in a hurry,” he advised.

As to the way you tighten your upper lip, and bunch up your back, and stiffen your neck, and hold on by your elbows, that is, I admit, necessary to prevent you falling forward on your nose, and it is good for the calves and lumbar muscles, which are developed by the strain. I sacrifice this advantage on the platform & in the street by balancing my torso on my pelvis, and my head on my torso, so that they stand erect by their own weight.³⁶

Bicycle riding presented a new challenge Shaw eagerly embraced for the sake of his health. In May he carried out a resolution by seeking instruction. “It was a most humiliating experience, but I paid for a dozen lessons, feeling that I must not retreat a beaten man.”³⁷ Although Shaw’s dietary regimen was a matter of course, exercise required discipline.

Over the next several years Shaw continued to cycle about city and country, sometimes with reckless abandon. The Argoed in Monmouthshire, where he stayed in the summer of 1895, provided ample opportunities for vigorous exercise. Unaccustomed to shoving his machine

up steep hills and descending at blistering speed led to several mishaps within a month. In the first two he landed haplessly in briar bushes, but the third was more serious.³⁸ “I have had a most awful bicycle smash,” he reported to Pakenham Beatty,

the quintessence of ten railway collisions—brother of Earl Russell of conjugal rights fame [Bertrand] dashed into at full speed flying down a hill—£3.10.0 damage to machine—got up within the prescribed ten seconds, but had subsequently to admit knock-out—Russell bereft of his knickerbockers but otherwise unhurt—lay flat on my back for ten minutes, but then rose and rode 16 miles back on a wheel the shape of an hourglass—have got over it and flown down other hills since.³⁹

Indeed he confirmed to Ellen Terry in November his interest in bicycling, “having lately tamed that steed myself.” By the summer of 1896, while spending the holiday in Saxmundham, Shaw was peddling four hours daily, but the hills of Suffolk were hardly comparable to those of Monmouth.⁴⁰ Still driving himself at a superman pace, he continued to overexert his fragile physique and endure the consequences. In March 1897 he advised Terry to “take care of reviving your strength. I presumed on mine the other evening to ride eight or nine miles at wild speed on the bike; and the next morning I was again a wreck.” After suffering another speeding casualty in November, he described himself as “a ludicrous spectacle” to his future wife, Charlotte Payne-Townshend, “like a badly defeated prizefighter.” But he declared himself to be “as fit as ever” and “positively the better for the adventure in nerve.”⁴¹

As the day of his marriage approached in the spring of 1898, Shaw declared to Beatrice Webb that he was “in an almost superhuman condition—fleshless, bloodless, vaporous, ethereal, and stupendous in literary efficiency. Then the bolt fell” when, after a ride to Ealing his left foot swelled “to the size of a leg of mutton.” Then he broke his arm in a stairway fall. Though confined to crutches and a wheelchair, he continued to exercise by hobbling up and down stairs. But “a worse evil than even broken bones & abscesses has overtaken me,” he told Webb—“nettle rash. Frightful! I scratch myself in torment all night & am half driven to tear off the splints & scratch there.”⁴² To critics who attributed Shaw’s misfortunes to

his vegetarian and teetotal lifestyle, he responded to Lady Mary Murray that “the real question is whether I have worn myself out or not. I am not at all convinced that I have; but I have been overdrawing my account for a long time.”⁴³ After numerous recoveries and relapses, Shaw emerged weary but in a physical culture frame of mind, declaring to Pakenham Beatty his intention to delve further into the noble art of boxing and how the whole scientific movement was propagating “a decay of the human intellect” by “turning from the simple truth of Lamarckism to the mechanical rationalism of Natural Selection.” For a truer picture he recommended Butler’s *Luck or Cunning*, bearing in mind that the difference between “the Pentateuch and the scriptures of scientific materialism of the sixties, is the difference between shrewd nonsense and DAMNED nonsense.”⁴⁴ Shaw’s profession of faith in creative evolution coincided with the struggles of “the Grand School,” he told drama critic William Archer, “the people who are building up the intellectual consciousness of the race. My men are Wagner, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, who have . . . nobody to fight for them.” Archer reversed it to say “you are *their* man.”⁴⁵

Shaw’s subsequent conception of a superman was a composite of numerous intellects of his day, but it was also an attempt to project man into a higher non-physical reality. In Act III of *Man and Superman* (1903), Shaw uses a debate between the earthly hero Don Juan and a statue from heaven and the devil from hell to illustrate how man creatively evolves through the life force. To the devil’s assertion that “one splendid body is worth the brains of a hundred dyspeptic, flatulent philosophers,” Don Juan retorts, citing the extinct megatherium and ichthyosaurus, that “brainless magnificence of body has been tried. Things immeasurably greater than man in every respect but brain have existed and perished.” Life could best be perceived as a force—“a raw force” that through “more or less successful attempts” has created “higher and higher individuals, the ideal individual being omnipotent, omniscient, infallible, and withal completely, unilludedly self-conscious: in short, a god?” Contrary to the devil’s insistence that without beauty and bodily perfection “life was driving at clumsiness and ugliness,” Don Juan argues that “life was driving at brains—at its darling object; an organ by which it can attain not only self-consciousness but self-understanding.” Brains, not brawn, would be man’s salvation.

Life, the force behind the Man, intellect is a necessity, because without it he blunders



Although 40 years separated them in age, Shaw and heavy-weight boxing champion Gene Tunney were close friends who corresponded and visited each other whenever possible. In 1929, in an attempt to escape the press, Tunney and his new bride, Connecticut heiress Polly Lauder, invited Shaw and his wife to join them at the Adriatic resort of Brioni where they spent a month on holiday. This photo was taken on that trip.

into death. . . . I sing, not arms and the hero, but the philosophic man; he who seeks in contemplation to discover the inner will of the world, in invention to discover the means of fulfilling that will, and in action to do that will. . . . I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing the way for it. . . . That is the working within me of Life's incessant aspiration to higher organization, wider, deeper, in-

*tenser self-consciousness, and clearer self-understanding.*⁴⁶

As he later admitted to young Fabian, Julie Moore, the force behind man's development was as obvious to him as magnetism or gravitation and could be likened to "the Will of God." Until he could define his views more clearly in a book, "the 3rd Act of Man and Superman will remain on record as a statement of my creed."⁴⁷

Meanwhile in a coda, "The Revolutionists Handbook," he showed how this life force would be transmuted to form a race of supermen. First, certain mistakes had to be ruled out.

We agree that we want superior mind; but we need not fall into the football club folly of counting on this as a product of superior body. Yet if we recoil so far as to conclude that superior mind consists in being the dupe of our ethical classifications of virtues and vices, in short, of conventional morality, we shall fall out of the frying pan of the football club into the fire of the Sunday School. If we must choose between a race of athletes and a race of 'good' men, let us have the athletes: better Samson and Milo than Calvin and Robespierre. But neither alternative is worth changing for: Samson is no more a Superman than Calvin.

But the superman would be no less a product of the biologically superior or what he called the "intelligently fertile" who could propagate "the partisans of the Superman; for what is proposed is nothing but the replacement of the old unintelligent, inevitable, almost unconscious fertility by an intelligently controlled, conscious fertility, and the elimination of the mere voluptuary from the evolutionary process." To facilitate this transformation, it would be necessary to dismantle existing middle class assumptions about marriage, morality, and immutability of the class system. As Shaw had argued in his youthful novels, genius was not the exclusive preserve of the upper classes. Fulfillment of his utopian dream of allowing the working classes access to the corridors of wisdom would require an overhaul of society along lines promoted by the fashionable eugenics movement of his day. "The only fundamental and possible Socialism,"

Shaw argued, “is the socialization of the selective breeding of Man: in other terms, of human evolution. We must eliminate the Yahoo, or his vote will wreck the commonwealth.” His formula for advancing the species echoes Schopenhauer’s views on heredity (à la Plato) that an improvement of humanity “might be attained not so much from without as from within, thus not so much by instruction and culture as rather upon the path of generation.” For it to happen he advocated “a State Department of Evolution, with a seat in the Cabinet for its chief, and a revenue to defray the cost of direct State experiments.” It could even entail “a chartered company for the improvement of human live stock [sic].” Such radical solutions hinted at flirtations Shaw would later have with totalitarian regimes.⁴⁸

Flirtations for Shaw at this time, however, were limited to young women who often sought his company as a sage. His physically unfulfilling marriage made him vulnerable to the life force embodied in Erica Cotterill with whom he assumed an avuncular role not unlike that portrayed in his most famous play, *Pygmalion*. Responding to her compliment about his youthfulness, he explained it was only through a certain “art of life” that he managed to save appearances and that he was aware of his physical deficiencies. “My body, unfortunately, persists incongruously in the usual course. Every two years or so, my spectacles become too weak; and I have to get new ones. My hair gets whiter: I have gold plates and artificial teeth in my mouth: my feet seem a longer way off; and when I race down a hill or cross a stream on stepping stones I am not quite so sure that they will go exactly where I mean to place them.”⁴⁹ Further attention to his body was necessitated by serious bouts of lumbago. “Ow-ow! Ah-ooh! Ow-oo-ooh! Lumbago is a fearful thing,” he told his wife in April 1912. “Possibly it is appendicitis. Possibly spinal paralysis. Anyhow, it does not lend itself to getting up when you have been sitting down any length of time.” From Shropshire, where he was visiting friends, he told Charlotte “from eleven to four we chopped and hacked and piled up heaps of furze bushes for burning like three field laborers. Every muscle in my body is racked: the lumbago is no longer perceptible because I am all lumbago from top to toe.”⁵⁰ By June, Shaw was afflicted with the most severe of worldly afflictions when he fell “head over heels in love” with the widowed Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who would play Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion*. He could “think of nothing but a thousand scenes of which she was the heroine and I the hero,” he confided to Harley Granville

Barker. “And I am on the verge of 56. There has never been anything so ridiculous, or so delightful, in the history of the world.” A torrent of love letters ensued in which he professed to be her “utter captive.” He seemed deliriously happy. “I shall never be unhappy again,” he declared to her. In his newfound exhilaration Shaw bought a motor bicycle and rode 77 miles on his initial journey, despite having never ridden one. All went well until he approached a “bad corner” near his home at Ayot St. Lawrence which he took too fast.

Result, I went into the bank, and fell one way whilst the machine happily fell the other. I only broke its lamp, and I broke nothing. The vibration at 40 miles an hour on bad bits of road, and the excitement & confusion of a roaring wind in one’s eyes (I didn’t goggle) mingled with the terrors of the novice as to what to do if anything in the nature of an emergency came up, made a sort of boyish adventure of the thing. Decidedly I am a fool to torment myself with such games. However, the thing is done. I can ride a motor bicycle.

When Campbell broke off their relationship to marry an eligible suitor, Shaw was devastated. “I want to hurt you because you hurt me,” he told her. “Infamous, vile, heartless, frivolous, wicked woman!”⁵¹ Through this bitter/sweet experience Shaw could understand Schopenhauer’s dictum that “the sexual impulse in all its degrees and nuances plays not only on the stage and in novels, but also in the real world, where, next to the love of life, it shows itself the strongest and most powerful of motives.”⁵² Physical exertion in the form of long distance bicycle trips to Essex, Coventry, and Scotland likely served as a catharsis to alleviate his emotional pain.⁵³

While the nation was absorbed with war, Shaw’s views relating to healthful living were publicized in America by *Physical Culture* magazine. Its editor, Bernarr Macfadden, introduced him as an ascetic and “a liberal among liberals in his ideas of sex and marriage” who “believes, declares and is almost everything apart from the commonplace in thought, manners and life.” For three successive issues in 1915 readers were exposed to Shaw’s wit and wisdom in his play, *Getting Married*.” With the second installment, however, Macfadden included an advertisement

for his own book, *Manhood and Marriage*, which allegedly “sets forth fully the source, the possibilities and the purpose of manly power.”⁵⁴ It was followed in 1916 by Shavian advice on health and humanity in essays on “You and Your Doctor” and “The Folly of Vivisection” and in 1917 by a five-month-long series of articles in *Physical Culture* entitled “What’s Wrong With Marriage?”⁵⁵ Later Macfadden visited England and treated Shaw to *Rampant Youth at Sixty*, a Pathe Films movie short of himself working out.⁵⁶ In 1936, when Shaw and his wife traveled to America, they met Macfadden in Miami and health reformer John Kellogg at his sanatorium. Yet in retrospect Shaw was dismissive of *Physical Culture* “which gives far too much prominence to advertisements of overmuscle strong men.”⁵⁷

Boxing champion Gene Tunney, however, held an attraction of a different kind for him. As Shaw was a leading intellectual who was obsessive about his body, Tunney was a practitioner of physical fortitude who craved intellectual fulfillment. That Tunney was attuned to Schopenhauer and was reading *The Way of All Flesh* by Samuel Butler, Shaw’s favorite author, prior to winning the heavyweight championship from Jack Dempsey in September 1926 reveals a meeting of minds.⁵⁸ Mesmerized by the fight, Shaw obtained every newspaper that covered it and watched the fight film a fortnight later. Tunney seemed to embody the life force to Shaw, who deemed his victory a measure of intelligence. Unlike Dempsey, “he wins by mental and moral superiority combined with plenty of strength,” Shaw estimated.⁵⁹ After retiring from the ring, Tunney visited England and, according to his son, was “electrified” by Shaw who “embodied the kind of man he wished that he could become.” Tunney also discovered that literary scholars in England were fascinated by boxing.

The more classical they were, the greater their interest. This may seem strange, but their attitude toward pugilism was largely intellectual. Like the classical Greeks, they idealized the boxer as the well-trained warrior athlete. I found that when I wanted to talk about books, they wanted to talk to me about boxing.

Tunney believed Shaw’s vegetarian diet kept him “radiantly healthy, buoyant and exceptionally fit.” Their friendship was sealed by visits to an Italian resort where they

shared vigorous exercise. “Gene encouraged him to walk briskly for 20 minutes a day,” observes his son. His instructions to Shaw were to “inhale deeply through his nose for 12 paces, hold his breath and exhale slowly through his mouth, repeating the process 15 times to sweep impurities from his body.” A newspaper reported their favorite morning exercise was swimming, even in cool weather. After a cold shower “the former world’s heavyweight champion and the Irish playwright glided easily through the water for long distances.” Shaw, at 72, was “an excellent swimmer.” Another exercise was singing together while walking, especially vigorous pieces by Wagner and Handel. Most of all, these kindred spirits reflected on the nature of life. What boxing taught Tunney was “how to handle life’s ups and downs” and that “one’s gameness in the ring reflected how game one was in life.” For Shaw it reflected “the courage of endeavor” and the ability to sustain “one’s forward motion” and not “lose one’s moral compass.”⁶⁰ Unlike the emergent supermen on the international scene, Shaw could personalize his admiration of Tunney. As his 1931 biographer Frank Harris pointed out, Tunney was “another of Shaw’s gods, a man of action. . . . You can write Shaw’s inner convictions and hidden aspirations in terms of Lenin, Mussolini, and Tunney.”⁶¹

In the postwar years, as Shaw approached 70, he befriended other young men of daring. “As his vigour declined,” observes Michael Holroyd, “so his need for vicarious exploits through younger men-of-action and letters intensified.” One of them was Cecil Lewis, who had won a Military Cross as a flying ace during the war and became a founding member of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Through Lewis, Shaw gained an even broader audience for his outlook on life. Shaw was also captivated during the 1920s by the rising star of Oswald Mosley whose “radicalism and unorthodoxy” led him to abandon the Conservative Party for Labour and to form his own New Party. Mosley seemed capable of “heroic deeds,” notes Holroyd. “He was athletic and quick-minded, part child and part strong man—could this be the superman whose advent Shaw had been prophesying?” Eventually Mosley self-destructed by attaching his star to Benito Mussolini with his British Union of Fascists. Another fallen star for whom Shaw and his wife gained an affinity was T. E. Lawrence whose heroic deeds in the Middle East encapsulated the life force Shaw would utilize in his 1923 production of *Saint Joan*. “The function of both their public personalities was to lose an old self and discover a new. Lawrence had been illegitimate. Shaw had doubted his le-

gitimacy. Both were the sons of dominant mothers and experienced difficulties in establishing their masculinity.” Lawrence often stayed with the Shaws who edited and proofread his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and gave him a motorcycle.⁶² Like Tunney, Lawrence regarded Shaw as his idol and even changed his name to T. E. Shaw.⁶³ What the aging Shaw most appreciated was the youthful exuberance of Lawrence.

Frustrations stemming from the Great War and the seeming failure of parliamentary gradualism are reflected in *Heartbreak House* (1919), where Shaw suggests the need for a strongman to steer the ship of state, and in *Back To Methuselah* (1921). The latter, a five-play metabiological swan song, was intended to be a sequel to *Man and Superman* or “second legend of Creative Evolution.” Acutely aware of his diminishing physical powers, Shaw sought solace in the life of the mind. “My sands are running out,” he explains in the preface,

the exuberance of 1901 has aged into the garrulity of 1920; and the war has been a stern intimation that the matter is not one to be trifled with. I abandon the legend of Don Juan with its erotic associations, and go back to the legend of the Garden of Eden. I exploit the eternal interest of the philosopher's stone which enables men to live forever. I am not, I hope, under more illusion than is humanly inevitable as to the crudity of this my beginning of a Bible for Creative evolution. I am doing the best I can at my age.

Shaw argues that effective governance of civilized societies is not possible within the normal human lifespan. The life force enabling creative evolution requires time. Thus his outlook takes an optimistic turn in the preface, replete with sporting metaphors. He believed

mankind is by no means played out yet. If the weightlifter, under the trivial stimulus of an athletic competition, can 'put up a muscle,' it seems reasonable to believe that an equally earnest and convinced philosopher could 'put up a brain.' Both are directions of vitality to a certain end. . . . If on opportunist grounds Man now fixes the term of his life at three score and

ten years, he can equally fix it at three hundred, or three thousand, or . . . until a sooner-or-later-inevitable fatal accident makes an end of the individual. All that is necessary to make him extend his present span is that tremendous catastrophes such as the late war shall convince him of the necessity of at least outliving his taste for golf and cigars if the race is to be saved.

Shaw adhered to the Lamarckian view that “living organisms changed because they wanted to.” As he stated it, “the great factor in Evolution is use and disuse.” Shaw believed that “the evolutionary process is a hereditary one. . . that human life is continuous and immortal. . . . The human mind has been soaked in heredity as long back as we can trace its thought.” Creative evolution was possible through the “deliberate human selection” of Lamarck, not Darwin’s circumstantial selection. Shaw was indebted to Schopenhauer’s 1819 treatise *The World as Will* which he regarded as “the metaphysical complement to Lamarck’s natural history, as it demonstrates that the driving force behind Evolution is a will-to-live, and to live . . . more abundantly.” The average citizen, what Schopenhauer called “brutes,” was “irreligious and unscientific: you talk to him about cricket and golf, market prices and party politics, not about evolution and relativity, transubstantiation and predestination.” Shaw believed “evolution as a philosophy and physiology of the will” was a “mystical process, which can be apprehended only by a trained, apt, and comprehensive thinker.” While phenomena of “use and disuse, of wanting and trying, of the manufacture of weightlifters and wrestlers from men of ordinary strength,” were familiar facts, they were puzzling as subjects of thought, and led into metaphysics.⁶⁴

To Shaw, the old saying, “Where there’s a will, there is a way,” embodied Lamarck’s theory of functional adaptation. The legend of Methuselah was “neither incredible nor unscientific,” Shaw argued in his autobiography. “Life has lengthened considerably since I was born; and there is no reason why it should not lengthen ten times as much after my death.”⁶⁵ This verity was revealed by the elderly gentleman in the penultimate play of Shaw’s pentateuch.

Short-lived as we are, we . . . regard civilization and learning, art and science, as

an ever-burning torch, which passes from the hand of one generation to the hand of the next, each generation kindling it to a brighter, prouder flame. Thus each lifetime, however short, contributes a brick to a vast and growing edifice, a page to a sacred volume, a chapter to a Bible, a Bible to a literature. We may be insects; but like the coral insect we build islands which become continents: like the bee we store sustenance for future communities. The individual perishes; but the race is immortal.

In the march of progress, “mankind gains in stature from generation to generation, from epoch to epoch, from barbarism to civilization, from civilization to perfection.” But it was a cumulative growth of the intellect, not the body, adds the She-Ancient in “As Far As Thought Can Reach,” Shaw’s final play. “It is this stuff [*indicating her body*], this flesh and blood and bone and all the rest of it, that is intolerable. . . . The day will come when there will be no people, only thought,” she believed. “And that will be life eternal,” responded the He-Ancient. The sculptor Martellus agreed. “The body always ends by being a bore. Nothing remains beautiful and interesting except thought, because the thought is the life.”⁶⁶

Yet Shaw showed no less awareness of his physical being during his seventies, despite his yearning for intellectual fulfillment. How paradoxical it was therefore, that the most flagrant of corporeal pleasures should be so deeply etched in Shaw’s association with the intellect. “I liked sexual intercourse,” he told Frank Harris, “because of its amazing power of producing a celestial flood of emotion and exaltation of existence which, however momentary, gave me a sample of what may one day be the normal state of being for mankind in intellectual ecstasy.”⁶⁷ The extent to which Shaw remained physically active is revealed by a 1929 interview by Henry Neil in *Physical Culture* which deemed him in “perfect condition,” looking as if he

took a bath every hour of the day. His movements bespeak energy, his beard bristles with activity. Body and brain are matched to a remarkable degree in a rapier-like keenness. He is a live wire, a human dynamo. When I was at his coun-

try home, he showed me how he keeps fit by getting up early in the morning and vigorously attacking the domestic woodpile, and by striding over the countryside with the strength and swiftness of a twenty-year-old athlete. He is also fond of cycling and knows more than a little about boxing. This fondness for exercise, coupled with the fact that, ever since he was a boy, Shaw has eaten a diet composed almost entirely of fruits and vegetables, explains why he, now seventy-three years of age, still has what Arthur Brisbane describes as ‘the clearest brain of any person now living,’ and a physique that can hold its own with that of such a noted athlete as Gene Tunney.⁶⁸

These sentiments were echoed in Hollywood during the Shaws’ round-the-world tour in 1933 where they stayed at the country home of William Randolph Hearst. G. B. Shaw, reported Louella Parsons, attracted the fascination of film celebrities as much by his unique diet as by his acerbic wit. Asserting that meat was “not only bad for the soul but makes the body sluggish and inactive,” he pointed proudly “to his complexion which has the pink and white texture and firmness of a baby’s skin.” The wife of actor Adolphe Menjou retorted “Well, look at my complexion! Is there anything wrong with it?—and I eat meat three times a day!” A *Screenland* photo showed “literature’s ‘bad boy,’” refusing to act his age, being escorted around MGM Studios by actress Marion Davies, who “has all she can do to keep pace with him.”⁶⁹ Shaw was also photographed in his later years bathing in the buff, a practice acquired as a child in Ireland. Though aware of the health risks of sunlight, he was “strongly in favor of getting rid of every scrap of clothing that we can dispense with,” believing it promoted, like excessive eating and drinking, “too much comfort” and encouraged prudery. “I am not a complete Nudist,” he told nudist activist N. F. Barford, but he realized “the mischief done by making us ashamed of our bodies.”⁷⁰ How closely Shaw’s lifestyle was entwined with *Back to Methuselah* was illustrated by his choice of a country home at Ayot St. Lawrence where a gravestone in a local cemetery read “Jane Eversley, born 1805, died 1895. Her time was short.” If ninety years was “short,” Shaw concluded, it “was the precise climate and environment for me.”⁷¹

As Shaw entered his ninth decade he became more aware of his mortality, preoccupied with his last will and testament, and admitting to publisher Otto Kyllmann that “my death may occur at any moment: indeed, actuarially, I am dead already.”⁷² When fellow Fabian Sidney Webb was felled by a stroke at age 78, Shaw lamented to Beatrice that “we are the only members of the old gang left. . . . Our numbers are up now: and we should arrange to die quietly in our beds of heart failure. I am already in good practice, as it takes me 25 minutes to walk a mile, and the least hill or a flight of steps slows me to a crawl.”⁷³ Though suffering from pernicious anemia, angina pectoris, locomotor ataxy, and anorexia (weighing only 9 stone at 6 ft.), he maintained a daily exercise routine of sawing firewood during the war years.⁷⁴ A flashback to his youthful boxing days was provided by the career of American champion Joe Louis. After Louis nearly lost a 15 round bout to Jersey Joe Walcott in December 1947, Shaw learned he had consumed over two pounds of beefsteak before the fight to increase weight. “The miracle is that after such a Gargantuan extravagance he was able to fight at all,” he told an interviewer.

*He must have believed that the beef would increase his stamina as well as his weight. Any vegetarian could have told him that it would disable him. Every cyclist who has ridden a hundred miles in a day knows that a heavy meat lunch makes such a feat impossible without severe exhaustion. Had Louis eaten only a couple of thin slices of brown bread with red currant jam, he would probably have won triumphantly.*⁷⁵

When Louis arrived in England for an exhibition tour in 1948 he announced the only persons he wished to see were Shaw and Winston Churchill. Shaw would have been “flattered by a visit from a world-famous head of his profession,” he told Tunney, but it never materialized. “I am damnably old (92),” he argued, “and ought to be dead.”⁷⁶

Even death took a physical culture turn for Shaw. It stemmed from one of those accidents he had predicted in *Back to Methuselah* that would shorten otherwise longer lives. On the afternoon of 10 September 1950, while trimming branches in the garden at Ayot with his secateurs, his favorite form of exercise, he fell on the pathway and was rushed to the hospital with a broken femur. Although the

subsequent operation succeeded, doctors discovered a kidney and bladder malfunction, requiring Shaw to wear a catheter and a cast. Shaw’s response to well-wishers was “all I want is to die, but this damned vitality of mine won’t let me.” Jisbella Lyth, the village postmistress, believed he died the day of his fall in the garden, “just like he had



Gene Tunney was one of the most famous sport celebrities of the 1920s. Known for his chiseled good looks and scientific approach to the “sweet science,” he was world heavyweight champion from 1926 to 1928, and American light-heavyweight title holder from 1922 to 1923. Tunney, like Shaw, was also interested in physical culture and was asked to help the train American Navy during World War II.

always told me he wanted to do.” According to housekeeper Alice Laden, he neither ate nor drank when he returned home. He just wanted to be gone as quickly as possible. “His mental worry about his kidney trouble killed him as much as the illness itself,” Holroyd concluded. “I believe in life everlasting; but not for the individual,” Shaw uttered as he neared death.⁷⁷

Bernard Shaw could hardly be considered a physical culturist in any traditional sense. As a general rule he eschewed bodily pleasures and would rarely admit—especially in his later years—that the body controlled his inner impulses or intellect. Repeatedly Sally Peters stresses his disdain for the body. “Paradoxically, to emphasize vegetarianism was to emphasize what Shaw wanted to forget—the body, the essence of the material world.” Rather, he “obsessively sought the ethereal world,” according to Peters. “From the vantage point of a world design structured on equilibrium and continuity, Shaw imagined an entirely cerebral universe free from the vulnerabilities and uncertainties of the body.”⁷⁸ Thus his aversion to the world’s foremost symbol of physical perfection of the time is understandable. “Eugen Sandow wanted to overmuscle me,” he told George Viereck in 1926, “but I told him I never wanted to stand my piano on my chest, nor did I consider it the proper place for three elephants. I remained a weakling; but I am alive and Eugen is dead. Let not my example be lost on you, nor his fate. The pen is mightier than the dumbbell.”⁷⁹ Physical strength for its own sake held no special place in Shaw’s hierarchy of desirable human traits. Contrary to the view of many Britons that “the way to get strong is to lift heavy weights,” Shaw quipped that “the way to lift heavy weights is to become strong.”⁸⁰ Nor did competitive sports, especially team sports, hold much allure for Shaw. For the “recreation” entry in the 1930 *Who’s Who*, Shaw put “Anything but sport” and believed that cricket symbolized what was wrong with England.⁸¹ Even Holroyd admits that Shaw’s achievement, like that of Beatrice Webb, was “built on repression of the body.”⁸² As Shaw reminded Viereck in 1934, “The mind makes the body: watch your mind.”⁸³

Yet Shaw was obsessed with the body, especially his own body, and engaged in lifelong dietary and exercise regimens to sustain it. In other words, regardless of what he sometimes maintained, his practices were classic examples of physical culture. As a vegetarian and teetotaler who eschewed tobacco and stimulants, he condemned physicians and wore sanitary wool clothing. Always a “sturdy walker,” as his long-time secretary Blanche Patch ob-

serves, he also regularly engaged in swimming, cycling, motoring, log-sawing, hedge-trimming, and occasionally tennis. “Not one of them was undertaken lightly for pleasure; the aim of each was to increase the efficiency of his existence.”⁸⁴ Furthermore, physical fitness and a healthy lifestyle were values he promoted for others. “To strength of mind must be added a considerable strength of body,” Shaw advised the father of an aspiring actress in 1917. “The life is sometimes very hard; and touring requires the constitution of a horse.”⁸⁵ Prizefighters, as Stanley Weintraub observes, held a special fascination for him and would often appear in his writings, “early and late.” Shaw believed there were “no sports which bring out the difference of character more dramatically than boxing, wrestling and fencing.”⁸⁶ While Shaw’s ideal world visualized a state of mind over matter, his real world consisted of matter over mind.⁸⁷

The body also served as the basis for his conception of the superman. In this respect he follows the lead of Schopenhauer who was emphatic on the importance of the body for human regeneration in his chapter on “The Life of the Species.”

*Sexual passion is the kernel of the will to live, and consequently the concentration of all desire; therefore. . . I have called the genital organs the focus of the will. Indeed, one may say man is concrete sexual desire; for his origin is an act of copulation and his wish of wishes is an act of copulation, and this tendency alone perpetuates and holds together his whole phenomenal existence. The will to life manifests itself indeed primarily as an effort to sustain the individual; yet this is only a step to the effort to sustain the species, and the latter endeavor must be more powerful in proportion as the life of the species surpasses that of the individual in duration, extension, and value.*⁸⁸

As a conduit for the will, the body provided the essence of being from which Shaw drew the anti-Darwinism of Samuel Butler and the grounding for his subsequent attraction to the like-minded voices of Nietzsche, Ibsen, Wagner, and the *élan vital* of Henri Bergson. For one so fixated on the importance of heredity to the progress of the species, Shaw’s platonic marriage and repeated statements

of aversion to sex contradict the very premise that would make creative evolution of the intellect possible. For a man of so many paradoxes, it was the ultimate paradox.

NOTES

1. Bernard Shaw, *Man and Superman, The Revolutionist's Handbook* (London: Constable & Co., 1930), 227.
2. Eldon C. Hill, *George Bernard Shaw* (Boston, MA: Twayne Publishers, 1978), 9, and Archibald Henderson, "George Bernard Shaw: Man of the Century," A Lecture at the Library of Congress (Washington, 1957), 9, cited in Hill, 149.
3. Standard biographical treatments of Shaw include Frank Harris, *Bernard Shaw* (New York, NY: Simon and Schuster, 1931); Hesketh Pearson, *G. B. S., A Full Length Portrait and A Postscript* (New York, NY: Harper & Brothers, 1942); William Irvine, *The Universe of G. B. S.* (New York, NY: McGraw-Hill, 1949); Archibald Henderson, *George Bernard Shaw, Man of the Century* (New York, NY: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1956); St. John Greer Ervine, *Bernard Shaw His Life, Work and Friends* (New York, NY: Morrow, 1956); Sally Peters, *Bernard Shaw, The Ascent of the Superman* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1996); Michael Holroyd, *Bernard Shaw, Vol. 1: 1856-1898 - The Search for Love* (New York, NY: Random House, 1988), *Bernard Shaw, Vol. 2: 1898-1918 - The Pursuit of Power* (New York, NY: Random House, 1989), *Bernard Shaw, Vol. 3: The Lure of Fantasy* (New York, NY: Random House, 1992), *Bernard Shaw, The One-Volume Definitive Edition* (New York, NY: Random House, 1997), and A. M. Gibbs, *Bernard Shaw, A Life* (Gainesville, FL: University Press of Florida, 2005). Also see Dan H. Laurence, *Bernard Shaw: A Bibliography*, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1983) and J. P. Wearing, *G. B. Shaw, An Annotated Bibliography of Writings About the Man*, 3 vols. (Dekalb, IL: Northern Illinois University Press, 1986).
4. Benny Green, *Shaw's Champions, G.B.S. & Prizefighting from Cashel Byron to Gene Tunney* (London: Elm Tree Books, 1978), xii-xiii, and 194.
5. Stanley Weintraub, "G.B.S., Pugilist and Playwright," in *The Unexpected Shaw: Biographical Approaches to G.B.S. and His Work* (New York, NY: F. Ungar, 1982), 45.
6. Brynn Mandel, Interview with Jay Tunney, *Republican American*, 3 December 2010. See also Jay Tunney, *The Prizefighter and the Playwright, Gene Tunney and George Bernard Shaw* (Richmond Hill, Ontario: Firefly Books, 2010).
7. Holroyd, *Bernard Shaw, Definitive Edition*, xii and 9. Peters, Bernard Shaw, ix and 259. See also the special issue of "Dilemmas and Delusions; Bernard Shaw and Health," edited by Christopher Wixson in Shaw, *The Annual of Bernard Shaw Studies*, 34 (2014). This essay intends to complement and provide some variations on the theme of those innovative health-related articles.
8. Peters, *Bernard Shaw*, ix and 259. See also the special issue of "Dilemmas and Delusions; Bernard Shaw and Health," edited by 9. 9. Christopher Wixson in Shaw, *The Annual of Bernard Shaw Studies*, 34 (2014). This essay intends to complement and provide some variations on the theme of those innovative health-related articles. See for instance Supriya Chaudhuri, "Professional Sport and Shaw's Cashel Byron," *International Journal of the History of Sport* 28 (2011): 941-55, and Jorge D. Knijnik, "Bernard Shaw's Admirable Bashville: Playwright and Prizefighter," *Physical Culture and Sport Studies and Research* 58 (2013): 76-83.
10. Edward McNulty, "Memoirs of G. B. S.," *Shaw*, 12 (1992): 5-7 and 9-11.
11. Stanley Weintraub, *Shaw, An Autobiography, 1856-1898*, 2 vols. (New York: Weybright and Talley, 1969), 1:22.
12. Holroyd, *Bernard Shaw*, 8.
13. Weintraub, *Autobiography*, 1: 23 and 40-41.
14. Bernard Shaw, *Immaturity* (London: Constable & Co., 1930), 30, 76, 85-86, 79-81[, and 360]. Although written in 1879, it was not published till 1930.
15. Arthur Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Representation*, 2 vols. (New York, NY: Dover Publications, 1966), II:136, and Schopenhauer, *The Works of Schopenhauer*, Will Durant, ed., (New York, NY: Simon and Schuster, 1928), 118; *Ibid.*, 105 and 108.
16. Holroyd, *Bernard Shaw, Search for Love*, I:39.
17. Percy Bysshe Shelley, *The Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (London: John Camden Hotten, 1874), 453. Much the same theme is evident in *Adonais*, Shelley's 1821 elegy to John Keats, *ibid.*, 322-334.
18. Bernard Shaw, *The Irrational Knot* (London: Constable & Co., 1930), 220-21, 316, and 342.
19. Bernard Shaw, *Cashel Byron's Profession* (London: Constable & Co., 1930), xix, 209-10, 23, 37, 55, 82-83, 89, 91, 94, 207, 111, 231, and 233
20. Bernard Shaw, *Love Among the Artists* (London: Constable & Co., 1930), 4, 38, 28, and 69.
21. Bernard Shaw, *An Unsocial Socialist* (London: Constable & Co., 1930), 42, 98, 145, 149, 129, and 226.
22. Stanley Weintraub, *Bernard Shaw, The Diaries, 1885-1897*, 2 vols. (University Park, PA: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1986), I:72-73, 75, 103, and 91, and Peters, *Bernard Shaw*, 103.
23. Weintraub, *Diaries*, I:55, 99, 225, 228, 230.
24. *Ibid.*, 236 and Samuel Butler, *Luck, or Cunning, as the Main Means of Organic Modification* (London Trubner & Co., 1887), 1-3, 156, and 316-17. See also Samuel Butler, *Life and Habit* (London: Trubner & Co., 1878).
25. A. C. Ward's introduction to Bernard Shaw, *Man and Superman, A Comedy and A Philosophy* (London: Longmans, 1956), 199.
26. Weintraub, *Diaries*, 1:333-34, 424, and 559.
27. Shaw to Hubert Bland, 18 November 1889, in Dan H. Laurence, ed., *Bernard Shaw, Collected Letters, 1874-1897* (London: Max Reinhardt, 1965), 228.
28. Weintraub, *Diaries*, 1:454 and 418.
29. *Ibid.*, 617.
30. Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1874-1897*, 262.
31. *Ibid.*
32. Weintraub, *Diaries*, 2:778, 784, 847-48, and 782.
33. *Ibid.*, 742 and 789.
34. Shaw to Farr, 28 January 1892, Laurence, *Collected Letters*, 332.
35. Arthur Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Idea*, 3 vols. (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1948), 3:138.
36. Weintraub, *Diaries*, 2:901, 909, 890-92, 947, 950, and 975.
37. Shaw to Farr, 27 April 1893, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1874-1897*, 392.
38. Weintraub, *Diaries*, 2:929.
39. *Ibid.*, 1088-90.
40. Shaw to Beatty, 17 September 1895, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1874-1897*, 559-60.
41. Shaw to Terry, 1 November 1895, and 28 August 1896, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1874-1897*, 565 and 646.
42. Shaw to Terry, 8 March 1897, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1874-1897*, 733, and Shaw to Payne-Townshend, 14 November 1897, 823.

43. Shaw to Beatrice Webb, 21 June 1898, 50 and 54; Shaw to Payne-Townshend, 19 April 1898, 32; Shaw to Grant Richards, 19 June 1898, 48; and Shaw to Payne-Townshend, 22 April 1898, 35, in Dan H. Laurence, ed., *Bernard Shaw, Collected Letters, 1898-1910* (London: Max Reinhardt, 1965).
44. Shaw to Murray, 1 September 1898, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1898-1910*, 66.
45. Shaw to Beatty, 6 April 1901, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1898-1910*, 225-26.
46. Shaw to Archer, 27 August 1903, 352, and Archer to Shaw in Shaw to Archer, 2 September 1903, 356, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1898-1910*.
47. Shaw, *Man and Superman, A Comedy*, 129-30, 137-39, and 152. Shaw to Moore, 15 October 1909, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1898-1910*, 873.
48. Shaw, *Man and Superman, Revolutionist's Handbook*, 178, 188-89, and 210-11, and Schopenhauer, *World as Will and Idea*, 3: 331.
49. Shaw to Cotterill, 27 November 1907, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1898-1910*, 731.
50. George Bernard Shaw to Charlotte F. Shaw, 30 April 1912, and 8 May 1912 in Dan H. Laurence, *Bernard Shaw, Collected Letters, 1911-1925* (London: Max Reinhardt, 1965), 87.
51. Shaw to Harley Granville Barker, 30 June 1912, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1911-1925*, 95, Shaw to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, 4 January, 6 February, 21 March, and 12 August 1913, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1911-1925*, 145, 148, 160-61, and 196.
52. Schopenhauer, *World as Will and Idea*, 3:339. In later life Shaw likened his sexual awakening to that of Jean Jacques Rousseau who declared his "blood boiled" from birth. "I cannot remember any time when I did not exercise my imagination in daydreams about women." Bernard Shaw, *Sixteen Self Sketches* (New York, NY: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1949), 176.
53. G. B. Shaw to Charlotte Shaw, 16 August 1913, Bernard Shaw, *Collected Letters, 1911-1925*, 198.
54. G. Bernard Shaw, "Getting Married: A Play," *Physical Culture* 34 (October, 1915): 20-33; (November, 1915): 36-50 and 5a; and (December, 1915): 69-83.
55. G. Bernard Shaw, "You and Your Doctor," *Physical Culture* 35 (May, 1916): 69-75; "The Folly of Vivisection," *Physical Culture* 36 (October, 1916): 39-45; and "What's Wrong with Marriage," *Physical Culture* 37 (January, 1917); *Physical Culture* (February, 1917): 66-74; *Physical Culture* (March, 1917): 61-69; *Physical Culture* (April, 1917); and *Physical Culture* (May, 1917): 73-80. Also see Shaw's earliest contribution to *Physical Culture* on "American Conditions," 19 (February, 1908): 105-7.
56. Cited in Mark Adams, *Mr. America, How Muscular Millionaire Bernarr Macfadden Transformed the Nation Through Sex, Salad, and the Ultimate Starvation Diet* (New York: Harper Collins, 2009), 155.
57. Shaw to Clara Higgs, 10 February 1936, and Shaw to G. S. Viereck, 24 February 1926, in Dan H. Laurence, ed., *Bernard Shaw, Collected Letters, 1926-1950* (London: Max Reinhardt, 1965), 425 and 14.
58. Tunney, *Prizefighter and the Playwright*, 138 and 58.
59. Shaw to Norman Clark, 21 February 1929, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1926-1950*, 130.
60. Tunney, *Prizefighter and the Playwright*, 139, 143, 147, 163, 171, and 182.
61. Harris, *Bernard Shaw*, 141.
62. Holroyd, *Bernard Shaw*, 526, 534-35, and 539-41.
63. After his much heralded service in World War I, Lawrence sought to avoid the glare of celebrity by enlisting in the Royal Tank Corps under the assumed name of Thomas Edward Shaw in honor of G.B. Shaw.
64. Bernard Shaw, *Back to Methuselah* (London: Constable & Co., 1930), lxxxix, xviii-xix, xxii, xxix-xxx, xxxii, and xlv.
65. Stanley Weintraub, *Shaw, An Autobiography, 1898-1950, The Playwright Years* (New York: Weybright and Talley, 1970), 2:143.
66. Shaw, *Back to Methuselah*, ix, 162-63, 256, 253, and 255.
67. Shaw to Harris, 24 June 1930, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1925-1950*, 192.
68. Henry Neil, "Bernard Shaw's Undying Youth," *Physical Culture* (November, 1929): 38.
69. Louella Parsons, "Shaw in Hollywood," *Screenland* (July, 1933): 16-18, and "Camera Flashes From the Coast," *Screenland* (June, 1933): 13.
70. Shaw to N.F. Barford, 5 May 1932, and 2 June 1932, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1925-1950*, 293 and 298.
71. Neil, "Shaw's Undying Youth," 145.
72. Shaw to Kyllmann, 23 September 1937, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1925-1950*, 474.
73. Shaw to Beatrice Webb, 6 February 1938, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1925-1950*, 493.
74. Shaw to Henry S. Salt, 29 August 1938, Shaw to Beatrice Webb, 17 February 1941, and Shaw to Sidney Webb, 29 April 1943, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1925-1950*, 506-7, 596, and 668.
75. "Bernard Shaw on Joe Louis' 'Miracle,'" Shaw Papers, Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas, Austin, 4.12.
76. Shaw to Tunney, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1925-1950*, 820-21.
77. Holroyd, *Bernard Shaw*, 788-91.
78. Peters, *Bernard Shaw*, 73, 75, and 206.
79. Shaw to Viereck, 24 February 1926, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1925-1950*, 14.
80. Bernard F. Dukore, *Not Bloody Likely! And Other Quotations from Bernard Shaw* (New York, NY: Columbia University Press, 1997), 185-86.
81. Cited in T. F. Evans, "Shaw and Cricket," *Shaw: The Journal of Bernard Shaw Studies*, 12 (1992), 47 and 49.
82. Holroyd, *Bernard Shaw*, 154.
83. Shaw to Viereck, 28 May 1934, Shaw Papers, 46.3.
84. Blanche Patch, *Thirty Years with G. B. S.* (New York, NY: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1951), 281.
85. Shaw to Michael J.F. McCarthy, 23 April 1917, Laurence, *Collected Letters, 1925-1950*, 466.
86. Weintraub, *The Unexpected Shaw*, 37, and Weintraub, *Shaw, An Autobiography, 1856-1898*, 2:143.
87. Richard Farr Dietrich attempts to resolve this conundrum by arguing that Shaw had "come to understand that as blood is the very life of the brain, nourishing that field of electrochemical charges we call thinking, the mind is therefore to be understood as an organ of passion as surely as any other organ of our bodies." Richard Farr Dietrich, *Bernard Shaw's Novels, Portraits of the Artist as Man and Superman* (Gainesville: University of Florida Press, 1996), 115.
88. Schopenhauer, *World as Will and Idea*, 3:314.

