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Scientific Proof That Huxley Loves Whitman and Shakespeare

Wuxshwy. Wuxshmelvy. Wuxshmelvy-arson. The progression of these names symbolizes the growing and ever-changing nature of young love. Omnipresent and omnipotent in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, the power of love time and time again has infiltrated the writing of some of the greatest literary figures of all time. Throughout *Brave New World*, we discover that it is not merely Huxley professing his love for Whitman and Shakespeare along with a great number of many multifarious prominent literary figures—Wuxshwy is instead a complex web of interconnected, reciprocated fondness each possesses for the others.

Huxley conveys his feelings towards Whitman and Shakespeare by transforming a quote from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, depicting guilt, into one that expresses affection:

"They could have had twice as much blood from me. The multitudinous seas incarnadine.¹" He flung out his arms in a lavish gesture; then, despairingly, let them fall again. "But they wouldn't let me. They disliked me for my complexion.

Astonishment made Lenina forget the deprivation of *soma*. (Huxley 117)

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine" is derived from Shakespeare's well-known play *Macbeth*.

This was originally meant for Macbeth, as he visualizes the dark red blood on his hands staining the entire ocean red. The choice of placing the word "multitud[e]" even in such a context

illustrates Shakespeare's undying (haha, get it?) love for Whitman. Truly quality-husband

¹See Ancient Greek Mythology, especially the section on Aphrodite, to understand the significance of these four, striking words. For I am running out of space, and footers are totally legit in the world of literature, especially in those which abide by MLA citations, mmm, tasty, I shall giveth thee a brief introduction on the relevance of the word "sea" in this phrase, particularly because we have analyzed each word except for "the" (which is an excellent word, don't get me wrong, it has **great** utility). As an ancient Greek goddess, Aphrodite probably lived and breathed "the ~~quality~~ utility of human ~~action~~ life" (Tan 1). However, I digress. The true importance of the word "seas" in this truly romantic, love-inducing phrase is the fact that Aphrodite, the goddess of love (a mighty prevalent theme in *Brave New World*), was born from the sea. This further contributes to the already multitudes-strong argument I have been making for the past four months and counting, the argument that Huxley is indeed in love with Whitman. He utilizes such romantic words like "the," "multitudinous," "seas," and "incarnadine" to express profusely his undying love for Whitman. Alluding to the very goddess of love in an already love-overkill section is truly bold of Huxley. He is willing to take such literary risks (of course, we already know of his strong, bold choices for he greatly aspires to be, and I quote, "an X-ray" (Huxley 70)) purely out of his love for Whitman. Awe-inducing. Truly inspiring. A work of art indeed.

material. An originally sorrowful line, this is all changed by Huxley. In classic Huxley manner, he twists this meaning to not describe blood staining the ocean red, but rather, his love for Whitman and Shakespeare staining the ocean red. Since the quote embodies both Whitman and Shakespeare, placing this quote in this context shows the true genius of Huxley—a sad, almost being consumed by guilt allusion at first glance, a loving, affectionate quote on the second. John here is, quite axiomatically, Huxley. Huxley cries out in despair, for the physical bodies of Whitman and Shakespeare are with him no more. Although he revels in the fact that their spiritual bodies are beside him, helping him along with his book, he is not able to see dear Whitman and dear Shakespeare's handsome faces. The sheer beauty of, no, not Whitman's and Shakespeare's sweaty teeth, but rather the beauty of the love these three harbor for each other, is enough to stun Lenina enough to forget soma, even if only for the time being. This could also be interpreted as disbelievers, stunned by the fact that this "atrocious, impossible" love triangle could form. "Blasphemy," they say, "slander to their name!" However, such people are just merely not cultured enough to understand the high art of Wuxshwy.

As the book progresses, so does Huxley's love for Whitman and Shakespeare, as he becomes more and more obvious with his affection. He writes lovingly,

With closed eyes, his face shining with rapture, John was softly declaiming to vacancy:

"Oh! She doth teach the torches to burn bright.

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear" (Huxley 178)

At this point, it has already been established that Huxley is John. He, through Shakespeare, continues the never-stopping expression of his love for him and Whitman. In the original text, it

was John proclaiming his love for Lenina through Shakespeare's words. Yet, the slyness of Huxley strikes again. He not only uses this phrase written by his beloved Shakespeare to illustrate what the people in his book are feeling but also conveys his own, all the while knowing that Whitman and Shakespeare would fall more deeply for him if he acted like such. His eyes, glistening like your typical kitchen spoon, were entranced by the magnificent, glorious, magnanimous, spectacular, breathtaking, poetry-inducing beard of Whitman and the quite handsome, blooming stubble of Shakespeare. He was almost too scared to touch the fluffy, grassy facial hair of Whitman, or rather, believing that the beard's "*beauty [was] too great for use,*" for fear that he would desecrate such a sacred part of such a sacred spirit. Nevertheless, as he was quite the determined lover, he declared that no sooner would he let death take Whitman than he would not touch that soothingly attractive beard of his. The "*earth,*" Whitman's beloved nature, was too great of a threat, too great of a competitor for Whitman's love, to be ignored.

Huxley is the only one who truly understands Whitman's ideology. He declares with such passion,

"Fine to think we can go on being socially useful even after we're dead. Making plants grow."

...

"Fine," she agreed. "But queer that Alphas and Betas won't make any more plants grow than those nasty little Gammas and Deltas and Epsilons down there."² (Huxley 76)

John speaks so clearly, so truly, the tenets of transcendentalism—the utility of one after death.

Huxley stands in clear agreement with Whitman, for (as it has already been established at this

²See Tan, especially 6-8. My fellow Wuxshwyisht describes the ideology of Whitman perfectly: "It is the utility that every single human holds to 'mak[e] plants grow.'" The use of nature imagery highlights how this is a different and more truthful kind of utility; most of the text places humans above nature, whereas in this example, nature continues to grow even after human deaths. Lenina refuses to acknowledge the true placement of nature above humans, symbolized by how she refuses to look at the plants and instead at the manmade monorail station. She manages to unknowingly bring up a massive flaw of the World State's utility-based system: the fact that every caste has the same inherent utility simply by being human. Lenina is conditioned to not understand this; she finds it "queer" that "nasty little Gammas and Deltas and Epsilons" should be just as human as Alphas and Betas. Even Bernard struggles to realize that human lives, such as Linda's, are inherently valuable. Out of the book's main characters, only John really understands this, choosing to continue visiting Linda even when she is no longer seen as useful." This excerpt provides the background I cannot due to the very very very meager, miserly page limit.

point) Huxley is John, and he makes the most Whitmanian of Whitmanian arguments. Furthermore, he is the only one who can comprehend this truly daunting task, the task of understanding transcendentalism. Whitman assents, writing “or I guess the grass is itself a child The produced babe of the vegetation. ... / And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves” (Whitman 4). Whitman agrees—nature, more specifically, grass, is just the reincarnation of a human. In this way, grass is above all else, which is why one must touch grass whenever one is sad (albeit impossible in our school; all we have is astroturf). Whitman really gets to the core of the argument here, stating that “grass is the beautiful uncut hair of graves.” Graves are a symbol of death (vegetables are too, but that might be a bit controversial), but grass is a symbol of life. As Whitman would say, “Do I contradict myself? / Very well then I contradict myself; / I am large I contain multitudes” (Whitman 44). Classic Whitman.

Wuxshwy. Wuxshmelvy. Wuxshmelvy-arson. Here, I am meant to synthesize my argument, state why my argument matters, and point to the next steps in my research. Very well then I shall do so. I have already synthesized my argument. In the case that it was not clear enough, I shall do so again. Wuxshwy. Wuxshmelvy. Wuxshmelvy-arson. Now, why does my argument matter? We all know the answer, of course, but I shall provide a brief explanation anyhow, even though I am running out of lines (You see my generosity? Please more pages next essay). This matters because this is a truly revolutionary study, one that will change literature forever. It will broaden our minds’ perspectives, allowing us to take in both one side of the sphere as well as the antipodal side, to provide for an utterly Whitmanian view. Next steps in my research? Why, I do believe you already know. I shall reiterate those facts once more. I would, if I could, write about another ten pages or so on the significance of the -melvy-arson in the ship. Let us conclude this paragraph with a few words. Wuxshwy. Wuxshmelvy. Wuxshmelvy-arson.