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RBMD132a

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BradburyScreenPlayA (10-11/1953)a Change

Oh, God! what is this thing with no name that lords over and masters me! Against all my natural lovings and longings, I so keep pushing and crowding and jamming myself all the time, on, on! recklessly making me ready to do what in my own proper natural heart I do not so much as dare! Who lifts my arm to strike this way? Is Ahab Ahab? Or does some cold fool live safe inside unseen, make armour of me. I feel an errand-boy, for someone else's Fates! What part has the leaf in the wind that blows it. Look! see all the great tides of fish below, running, running! Who put it into them to chase and fang one on another? Where do murderers go, man? Who's to doom, when the judge himself is dragged to the bar? But it is a mild, mild wind, and a mild looking sky; and the air smells now as if it blew from a far away meadow; they have been cutting hay somewhere under the slopes of the Andes, Starbuck, and the mowers are sleeping among the new-mown hay. Would that I might walk and sleep near those good fields, and dream not.

Melville MDch132 Change

“What is it, what nameless, inscrutable, unearthly thing is it; what cozening, hidden lord and master, and cruel, remorseless emperor commands me; that against all natural lovings and longings, I so keep pushing, and crowding, and jamming myself on all the time; recklessly making me ready to do what in my own proper, natural heart, I durst not so much as dare? Is Ahab, Ahab? Is it I, God, or who, that lifts this arm? But if the great sun move not of himself; but is as an errand-boy in heaven; nor one single star can revolve, but by some invisible power; how then can this small heart beat; this one small brain think thoughts; unless God does that beating, does that thinking, does that living, and not I. By heaven, man, we are turned round and round in this world, like yonder windlass, and Fate is the handspike. And all the time, lo! that smiling sky, and this unsounded sea! Look! See yon Albatore! who put it into him to chase and fang that flying fish? Where do murderers go, man! Who's to doom, when the judge himself is dragged to the bar? But it is a mild, mild wind, and a mild looking sky; and the air smells now, as if it blew from a far-away meadow; they have been making hay somewhere under the slopes of the Andes, Starbuck, and the mowers are sleeping among the new-mown hay. Sleeping? Aye, toil we how we may, we all sleep at last on the field. Sleep? Aye, and rust amid greenness; as last year's scythes flung down, and left in the half-cut swaths...

Adaptation:

Juxta Collation of Ray Bradbury's  
Screenplay of Huston's "Moby Dick " and  
Melville's *Moby-Dick* Ch. 132