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Billy Budd (American Collection)



Synopsis

Tor Classics are affordably-priced editions designed to attract the young reader. Original dynamic cover art enthusiastically represents the excitement of each story. Appropriate "reader friendly" type sizes have been chosen for each title--offering clear, accurate, and readable text. All editions are complete and unabridged, and feature Introductions and Afterwords. This edition of *Billy Budd* includes a Foreword, Biographical Note, and Afterword by James Gunn. Aboard the warship *Bellipotent*, the young orphan Billy Budd was called the handsome sailor. Billy was tall, athletic, noble looking; he was friendly, innocent, helpful and ever-cheerful. He was a fierce fighter and a loyal friend. All the men and officers liked him...All but one: Master-at-Arms Claggart. Envious, petty Claggart plotted to make Billy's life miserable. But when a fear of mutinies swept through the fleet, Claggart realized he could do more than just torment the Handsome Sailor...He could frame Billy Budd for treason... --This text refers to the Mass Market Paperback edition.

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Customer Reviews

Herman Melville (August 1, 1819 â September 28, 1891) was the author of such classics as *Billy Budd* and *Moby Dick*. --This text refers to the Mass Market Paperback edition.

1 In the time before steamships, or then more frequently than now, a stroller along the docks of any considerable seaport would occasionally have his attention arrested by a group of bronzed mariners, man-of-warâmen or merchant sailors in holiday attire, ashore on liberty. In certain

instances they would flank, or like a bodyguard quite surround, some superior figure of their own class, moving along with them like Aldebaran among the lesser lights of his constellation. That signal object was the "Handsome Sailor" of the less prosaic time alike of the military and merchant navies. With no perceptible trace of the vainglorious about him, rather with the offhand unaffectedness of natural regality, he seemed to accept the spontaneous homage of his shipmates. A somewhat remarkable instance recurs to me. In Liverpool, now half a century ago, I saw under the shadow of the great dingy street-wall of Prince's Dock (an obstruction long since removed) a common sailor so intensely black that he must needs have been a native African of the unadulterate blood of Ham--a symmetric figure much above the average height. The two ends of a gay silk handkerchief thrown loose about the neck danced upon the displayed ebony of his chest, in his ears were big hoops of gold, and a Highland bonnet with a tartan band set off his shapely head. It was a hot noon in July; and his face, lustrous with perspiration, beamed with barbaric good humor. In jovial sallies right and left, his white teeth flashing into view, he rollicked along, the center of a company of his shipmates. These were made up of such an assortment of tribes and complexions as would have well fitted them to be marched up by Anacharsis Cloots before the bar of the first French Assembly as Representatives of the Human Race. At each spontaneous tribute rendered by the wayfarers to this black pagod of a fellow--the tribute of a pause and stare, and less frequently an exclamation--the motley retinue showed that they took that sort of pride in the evoker of it which the Assyrian priests doubtless showed for their grand sculptured Bull when the faithful prostrated themselves. To return. If in some cases a bit of a nautical Murat in setting forth his person ashore, the Handsome Sailor of the period in question evinced nothing of the dandified Billy-be-Dam, an amusing character all but extinct now, but occasionally to be encountered, and in a form yet more amusing than the original, at the tiller of the boats on the tempestuous Erie Canal or, more likely, vapping in the grogeries along the towpath. Invariably a proficient in his perilous calling, he was also more or less of a mighty boxer or wrestler. It was strength and beauty. Tales of his prowess were recited. Ashore he was the champion; afloat the spokesman; on every suitable occasion always foremost. Close-reefing topsails in a gale, there he was, astride the weather yardarm-end, foot in the Flemish horse as stirrup, both hands tugging at the earing as at a bridle, in very much the attitude of young Alexander curbing the fiery Bucephalus. A superb figure, tossed up as by the horns of Taurus against the thunderous sky, cheerily hallooing to the strenuous file along the spar. The moral nature was seldom out of keeping with the physical make. Indeed, except as toned by the former, the comeliness and power, always attractive in masculine conjunction, hardly could have drawn the sort of honest homage the Handsome Sailor in some examples received from his

less gifted associates. Such a cynosure, at least in aspect, and something such too in nature, though with important variations made apparent as the story proceeds, was welkin-eyed Billy Budd--or Baby Budd, as more familiarly, under circumstances hereafter to be given, he at last came to be called--aged twenty-one, a foretopman of the British fleet toward the close of the last decade of the eighteenth century. It was not very long prior to the time of the narration that follows that he had entered the King's service, having been impressed on the Narrow Seas from a homeward-bound English merchantman into a seventy-four outward bound, H.M.S. Bellipotent; which ship, as was not unusual in those hurried days, having been obliged to put to sea short of her proper complement of men. Plump upon Billy at first sight in the gangway the boarding officer, Lieutenant Ratcliffe, pounced, even before the merchantman's crew was formally mustered on the quarter-deck for his deliberate inspection. And him only he elected. For whether it was because the other men when ranged before him showed to ill advantage after Billy, or whether he had some scruples in view of the merchantman's being rather short-handed, however it might be, the officer contented himself with his first spontaneous choice. To the surprise of the ship's company, though much to the lieutenant's satisfaction, Billy made no demur. But, indeed, any demur would have been as idle as the protest of a goldfinch popped into a cage. Noting this uncomplaining acquiescence, all but cheerful, one might say, the shipmaster turned a surprised glance of silent reproach at the sailor. The shipmaster was one of those worthy mortals found in every vocation, even the humbler ones--the sort of person whom everybody agrees in calling a respectable man. And--nor so strange to report as it may appear to be--though a ploughman of the troubled waters, lifelong contending with the intractable elements, there was nothing this honest soul at heart loved better than simple peace and quiet. For the rest, he was fifty or thereabouts, a little inclined to corpulence, a prepossessing face, unwhiskered, and of an agreeable color--a rather full face, humanely intelligent in expression. On a fair day with a fair wind and all going well, a certain musical chime in his voice seemed to be the veritable unobstructed outcome of the innermost man. He had much prudence, much conscientiousness, and there were occasions when these virtues were the cause of overmuch disquietude in him. On a passage, so long as his craft was in any proximity to land, no sleep for Captain Graveling. He took to heart those serious responsibilities not so heavily borne by some shipmasters. Now while Billy Budd was down in the fore-castle getting his kit together, the Bellipotent's lieutenant, burly and bluff, nowise disconcerted by Captain Graveling's omitting to proffer the customary hospilities on an occasion so unwelcome to him, an omission simply caused by preoccupation of thought, unceremoniously invited himself into the cabin, and also to a flask from the spirit locker, a receptacle which his

experienced eye instantly discovered. In fact he was one of those sea dogs in whom all the hardship and peril of naval life in the great prolonged wars of his time never impaired the natural instinct for sensuous enjoyment. His duty he always faithfully did; but duty is sometimes a dry obligation, and he was for irrigating its aridity, whensoever possible, with a fertilizing decoction of strong waters. For the cabinâ€™s proprietor there was nothing left but to play the part of the enforced host with whatever grace and alacrity were practicable. As necessary adjuncts to the flask, he silently placed tumbler and water jug before the irrepressible guest. But excusing himself from partaking just then, he dismally watched the unembarrassed officer deliberately diluting his grog a little, then tossing it off in three swallows, pushing the empty tumbler away, yet not so far as to be beyond easy reach, at the same time settling himself in his seat and smacking his lips with high satisfaction, looking straight at the host. These proceedings over, the master broke the silence; and there lurked a rueful reproach in the tone of his voice: â€˜Lieutenant, you are going to take my best man from me, the jewel of â€™em.â€™ â€˜Yes, I know,â€™ rejoined the other, immediately drawing back the tumbler preliminary to a replenishing. â€˜Yes, I know. Sorry.â€™ â€˜Beg pardon, but you donâ€™t understand, Lieutenant. See here, now. Before I shipped that young fellow, my fore-castle was a rat-pit of quarrels. It was black times, I tell you, aboard the Rights here. I was worried to that degree my pipe had no comfort for me. But Billy came; and it was like a Catholic priest striking peace in an Irish shindy. Not that he preached to them or said or did anything in particular; but a virtue went out of him, sugaring the sour ones. They took to him like hornets to treacle; all but the buffer of the gang, the big shaggy chap with the fire-red whiskers. He indeed, out of envy, perhaps, of the newcomer, and thinking such a â€˜sweet and pleasant fellow,â€™ as he mockingly designated him to the others, could hardly have the spirit of a gamecock, must needs bestir himself in trying to get up an ugly row with him. Billy forebore with him and reasoned with him in a pleasant way--he is something like myself, Lieutenant, to whom aught like a quarrel is hateful--but nothing served. So, in the second dogwatch one day, the Red Whiskers in presence of the others, under pretense of showing Billy just whence a sirloin steak was cut--for the fellow had once been a butcher--insultingly gave him a dig under the ribs. Quick as lightning Billy let fly his arm. I dare say he never meant to do quite as much as he did, but anyhow he gave the burly fool a terrible drubbing. It took about half a minute, I should think. And, lord bless you, the lubber was astonished at the celerity. And will you believe it, Lieutenant, the Red Whiskers now really loves Billy--loves him, or is the biggest hypocrite that ever I heard of. But they all love him. Some of â€™em do his washing, darn his old trousers for him; the carpenter is at odd times making a pretty little chest of drawers for him. Anybody will do anything for Billy Budd; and itâ€™s the happy family here. But now, Lieutenant, if that young fellow

goes--I know how it will be aboard the Rights. Not aga... --This text refers to the Mass Market Paperback edition.

Melville and I have a complicated relationship. He was undoubtedly brilliant and a great writer. His work is much deeper, and more complex and nuanced than it often appears on the surface of a first reading. The enjoyment of reading Melville is for me personally in the subsequent analysis of it. The reading of it, however, (for me) feels like slow and deliberate torture. I often beg and plead for him to get the point. Sometimes it seems he goes on and on saying the same thing, or mundane details that seem irritatingly dry and irrelevant -- of course on further examination it is purposeful, but that is not always initially apparent until I go back and ask what the point was. I would therefore characterize Melville as a challenging read, rather than an enjoyable read; but a valuable read --well worth the time and effort, if the reader is so inclined to read beneath the surface. This is a nice collection, and I look forward to returning to it to read some of the selections which I did not this time. (Melville in small doses for me).

I like this book though, like "Lord Jim", that I recently read, I had to get used to the writing style all over again. The sentences are long, and need concentration in order to understand. Yet, in this book, they convey an almost lyrical, poetic quality to the story, and you feel the emotion and the atmosphere of the scenes that Melville creates. The tragedy of Billy Budd does stay on - an abandoned child, illiterate, good-looking, almost innocent in his persona, condemned to death for one mistake made in panic, over a charge that was patently false, and made with malicious intent. Is this an allegory on life as well? As an old coach once said, 'Life is not fair. Neither is it fair. It is what it is'. Having said that, innocent die and the world forgets those who are not in positions of power. This is clearly demonstrated in the epilogue. The book could have been written in a style that is angry and bitter. Yet, the lyrical quality of the writing makes the tale even more poignant.

Billy Budd is a tough read, but well worth it. The ethical and moral issues it presents are thought provoking and challenging. The characters are symbols rather than flesh and blood but their dilemmas are real. I led a discussion of it in a large, sophisticated group and the group members were avidly trying to make their contributions before time ran out. I really commend it to book clubs. Although the reading is challenging because of the author's style, the book is short.

I finished Billy Budd with tears in my eyes. I think one of the themes is "one can be too good for

one's own good."Times were different back then; justice was sure and swift. Today, perhaps Billy would be tried for manslaughter or some other less crime. Another thought entered my mind: if Billy had not had the speech defect, he could have defended himself orally. Instead, all he had was that rush of helplessness which led to physical action. The bottomline is watch out for people who may be out to get you; possess a little paranoia in every relationship. Marie Nowell

I am glad I gave this book a chance. After years of teaching Moby Dick, I was hesitant, but I really enjoyed this novel.

Purchased as a "required reading" for high school student. Initially was concerned the book wouldn't be good.....but was pleasantly surprised that she enjoyed the book.

I wanted to read this classic because somehow I missed it in high school. I heard the Sopranos talking about it with their 2 kids and when Meadow said it was about a gay guy, etc. Mother Carmella was shocked and denied the fact completely. It was an enjoyable read later in my life. Buy with confidence. Very smooth transaction

I bought this book for the Benito Cereno novella that's included, as I had to read it for a class-- that story alone makes this collection worth it. Alarming and chilling, but satisfyingly written, that's a short novel that I think everyone should read-- the perfect merging of the the more formal/literary aspects of the writing with Melville's political intentions.

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