The Victorian Newsletter

Editor

Ward Hellstrom

Managing Editor

Louise R. Hellstrom

Number 88 Contents Fall 1995

Page

Oscar Wilde: Crime and the "Glorious Shapes of Art" *by Peter Allan Dale* 1

Metamorphosis as Metaphor in Bram Stoker's *Dracula* *by Pascale Krumm* 5

Flatness and Ethcial Responsibility in *Little Dorrit* *by Dominic Rainsford* 11

Intertextuality and Intratextuality: The Full Text of Christina Rossetti's "Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" Rediscovered *by Mary Arseneau and Jan Marsh* 17

26 Pre-Raphaelite Paintings and Jungian Images in Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White* *by Sophia Andres*

31 Crucifixes and Madonnas: George Eliot's Fascination with Catholicism in *Romola* *by Michael Schiefelbein*

35 Gerard Manley Hopkins: Priest vs. Poet *by A. R. Coulthard*

40 Coming in *Victorian Newsletter*

41 Books Received

44 Group News

Cover: Aubrey Beardsley self portrait c. 1892 (copyright British Museum)

The *VICTORIAN NEWSLETTER* is sponsored for the Victorian Group of Modern Language Association by Western Kentucky University and is published twice annually. Editorial and business communications should be addressed to Ward Hellstrom, CH 106, Western Kentucky University, Bowling Green, KY 42101. Please use *MLA Handbook*, 2nd Ed. for form of typescript. MSS cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscription rates in the United States are $5.00 for one year and $9.00 for two years; foreign rates, including Canada, are $6.00 per year. Checks should be made payable to *The Victorian Newsletter*.

Oscar Wilde: Crime and the "Glorious Shapes of Art"

Peter Allan Dale

Among the many Victorian writers of fictions about crime, Oscar Wilde has the distinction of being perhaps the only one who was himself a criminal, criminal, that is, in the literal sense of having broken the law and been condemned to prison for it. He was in this remarkably like Thomas Griffith Wainwright, the subject of his essay "Pen, Pencil, and Poison": a man of "an extremely artistic temperament, . . . being . . . a poet and a painter, an art critic, an antiquarian, and a writer of prose, an amateur of beautiful things, and a dilettante of things delightful . . ."; all this and also "a forger of no mean or ordinary capabilities, and . . . a subtle and secret poisoner almost without rival in this or any age" (*Intentions* 61-62). No less remarkable is Wilde's conclusion in that essay that criminality and artistry somehow complement one another, or, as he puts it, "there is no essential incongruity between crime and culture" (*Intentions* 93). What exactly he meant by these words, I doubt Wilde himself fully grasped when he wrote them in 1888, more than seven years before being remanded to Pentonville prison for crimes of his own. Later, in the period immediately preceding his imprisonment and during it, he came to have a much clearer understanding of the congruity between art and crime. It is this understanding and its bearing on the development of late-Victorian aestheticism that I wish to explore.

That crime is, in fact, a constant preoccupation of Wilde's writing may not be immediately evident. Yet, if we consider, there is scarcely a fiction or drama or even an essay of his that does not touch upon the problem of hidden crime and the fear of its discovery. From Guido Ferrante's desire to tell the "dreadful tale of sin . . . upon [his] soul" in the very early *Duchess of Padua* (157), to Lord Arthur Saville's realization that "another could decipher . . . [his] fearful secret of sin, [his] blood-red sign of crime . . ." (16) to Gilbert's admiration for Stendhal's ability to "track the soul into its most secret places" and "make life confess its dearest sins," in *The Critic As Artist (Intentions* 215), all Wilde's writing is a kind of rehearsal for *De Profundis*, which seems to say, like the *Inferno* to which it repeatedly alludes, that there is no higher writing than writing about crime.

In that letter from prison Wilde, still a master of the epigram, wonderfully epitomizes his career. "The two great turning-points of my life," he writes, "were when my father sent me to Oxford, and when society sent me to prison" (*De Profundis* 57). This is as good a place as any to start on the problem of the conjunction of art and crime. Oxford was the institution that engendered the aestheticist faith by which Wilde sought to live; prison, the institution that finally, decisively exploded that faith. His romance with Oxford was of a piece with Matthew Arnold's: the alma mater exercised on him the same alluring, Neo-Hellenic "charm" Arnold famously invoked "ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side. . ." (290). What Arnold anticipates in these phrases from the preface to the first *Essays on Criticism* is, of course, the gospel of culture he was shortly to articulate in one of the most revolutionary and influential texts of the Victorian period. Revolutionary because, together with its sequels *Literature and Dogma* and *God and the Bible*, *Culture and Anarchy* presented the governing classes with a compelling, humanistic alternative to the dominant theism of the day; influential, because it effectively defined a kind of spiritual discipline, a new paideia, that was to become the staple of Anglo-American higher education for the next three-quarters of a century.

But I am at risk of exaggerating Arnold's personal contribution. The power of his prophecy of culture is properly understood as part of a much deeper and broader European intellectual movement whose roots lie, more than anywhere else, in the work of Hegel. I can briefly indicate its governing impulse by reference to John Edward Toews' splendid study, *Hegelianism: The Path towards Dialectical Humanism*. "The particular character of Hegelian philosophy as an ideology is perhaps most clearly revealed if it is interpreted as a titanic attempt to reconstruct a convincing consciousness of social integration, of communal . . . identity in a historical context in which traditional modes of integration [i.e. theistic ones] had lost their . . . viability." The key word in this ideology is "culture," where "culture" connotes for Hegel, and increasingly those who followed him, an identification of spiritual authority with the self-generating, dialectical and historical development of human reason. Again Toews: Hegel "redefined the absolute as the dynamic self-embodiment of [human] reason rather than the self-expression of infinite life and insisted that philosophy rather than religion . . . was the ultimate medium in which the reconciliation of the autonomous subject with nature, society, and God was finally accomplished" (4, 51). The impact of Hegel on late-Victorian Oxford, his replacement of John Stuart Mill as the bright undergraduate's philosopher of choice, produced what one contemporary called the "Second Oxford Movement." Arnold and, far more knowingly Wilde, participated in that movement.[1]

In the last quarter of the century the Oxford ideology of culture took essentially two forms, one political, the other aesthetic. The political form, which came to be called the New Liberalism, emanated primarily from the Balliol don T. H. Green, tutor, in effect, to the late-Victorian governing class.[2] I'll return to this in a moment. Of course, it was the aesthetic version of the Oxford ideology that attracted Wilde. As he put it in one of his earliest essays, published before he was twenty-five, his mission was the "revival of culture and love of beauty . . . which Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Pater, and Mr. Morris [all of them Oxonians], and many others, are fostering and keeping alive . . . ." (*Miscellanies* 23), and he never lost sight of that mission right down to the end. In the well-known words of *De Profundis*, "I was a man who stood in symbolic relation to the art and culture of my age. I had realised this for myself at the very dawn of my manhood . . . . I made art a philosophy and philosophy an art . . . ; there was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder" (44-45).

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[1] The prime mover of Oxford Hegelianism was the philosopher T. H. Green, who was fond of enjoining his students "to close up their Mill and Spencer and to turn to Kant and Hegel" (Quinton 34). The best account of Oxford Hegelianism is still Melvin Richter's classic *The Politics of Conscience: T. H. Green and his Age*, ably supplemented by Andrew Vincent and Raymond Plant's *Philosophy, Politics, and Citizenship: The Life and Thought of the British Idealists*. The phrase "Second Oxford Movement" comes from Sir Henry Jones and J. H. Muirhead. Edward Caird, like Green, they say, participated in "the great revival of philosophy which has deserved the name of the Second Oxford Movement" (126) Matthew Arnold's prophetic anticipation of the movement is authoritatively attested to by his niece Mrs. Humphrey Ward in her memoirs of the period (74 ff). Wilde's Hegelianizing is now well documented by Philip E. Smith and Michael S. Helfand's fine edition of his Oxford Notebooks. In the introduction to these notebooks they correctly conclude that Wilde "never gave up the Hegelian humanism he learned at Oxford" (45).

This last is an outrageous expression of belief, but more importantly it is an extraordinary assertion of the power of personality, all the more extraordinary for being written from prison. The assertion helps us realize that what underlay the Oxford ideology of culture, whether in its political (New Liberal) or aestheticist expression, was an abiding faith in the complete, harmonious development of the human self. God, T. H. Green had written, "is identical with the self of every man in the sense of being the realization of [that self's] determinate possibilities, the completion of that which . . . is incomplete and therefore unreal . . . ." From this it follows, "there can be nothing . . . in a society . . . which is not in the *persons* composing the . . . society. Our ultimate standard of worth is an ideal of *personal* worth" (qtd. in Richter 104, 208).

This doctrine runs throughout Wilde's work, but nowhere more insistently than in "The Soul of Man under Socialism," written when he was nearly 37 and at the height of his powers.

> *Socialism . . .will be of value simply because it will lead to Individualism* . . . . It will be a marvelous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. It will grow naturally and simply, flower-like, or as a tree grows. It will not be at discord . . . . It will know everything . . . . The personality of man will be very wonderful. (*Intentions* 276, 287)

This is a continuation, as Wilde well knew, of Green's doctrine.[3] What is different, not surprisingly, is Wilde's insistence here, as throughout his work, on the role of *art* in self-realization: "*Art is the most intense mode of Individualism the world has known.*" But then Wilde pursues the point, quite beyond anything the almost oppressively earnest Green could have countenanced. It may be, writes Wilde, that a still deeper expression of individualism is crime; indeed, "crime . . ., under certain circumstances, may be seen to have created individualism . . ." (*Intentions* 300-301)—which brings us back to Wilde's need to tell stories about crime.

According to Richard Alewyn, there are two kinds of story about crime, one in which the focus is on the discovery and punishment of the criminal and the reassuring recovery of moral and social order these things effect. This is a story we have come to call the "detective story," and its origin is, of course, in the nineteenth century, for reasons Alewyn does much to illuminate. The other kind, Alewyn calls a "crime story" (Most and Stowe 64-65); a designation I will take the liberty of altering slightly to "criminal story." "Criminal" because the focus of attention is on the criminal rather than his pursuer and punisher, but criminal as well because the story itself is in some sense criminal or against the law. To the detective story and its immense currency in the modern world Geoffrey Hartmann has appropriately objected: "Most popular mysteries are devoted to solving rather than examining a problem. Their reasonings put reason to sleep, abolish darkness by elucidation, and bury the corpse for good . . . . [T]he trouble with the detective novel is not that it is moral but that it is moralistic" (Most and Stowe 220, 225). This is precisely not true of what I am calling the criminal story. The latter leads the reader into the profoundly disorienting depths of the criminal personality for which it creates not simply sympathy but, in fact, a degree of envy. Far from validating the received social order in the manner of the detective novel, the criminal story releases and never fully recontains feelings and thoughts which subvert that order. This is the kind of story that Wilde, with increasing self-consciousness about its subversive effect, writes.

There is no need in the present state of Wilde criticism to be coy about what generates his criminal stories. He may write about treason, adultery, embezzlement, forgery, murder, and so on, but all these transgressions are arguably encodings of the sexual "crime" at the center of his own life.[4] *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, for an obvious example, tells the story of a spectacular murder, but it is, finally, about the crime of Dorian's relation with other men. Wilde, as Richard Ellmann points out, put into the work "what he had been brooding about for fourteen years and what he had been doing sexually for four" (315). No less to the point the story draws on a well-known trope of Romantic psychology, the phenomenon of the double personality or *Döppelganger*, which Wilde had lately found revived in Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. The doubling of Dorian (Dorian the person / Dorian the painting) as in Stevenson's story (and a host of earlier ones by E. T. A. Hoffmann, Jean Paul, Poe, Hawthorne, Dickens, and Dostoevsky) signals a split between a public, respectable self and a private, unspeakable one.[5] What Wilde brings to the genre that is new is probably not what most preoccupies his modern readers, that is, the hidden self as homosexual. Rather it is the desire to explore the relation between the hidden self as outlaw (whether homicidal or homosexual) and the aesthetic act.

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[2] For Green and the New Liberalism see Richter ch. 9, but also Michael Freeden 16-19.

[3] That Wilde was aware of Green's doctrine is seen, for example, from Cyril's observation in the "Decay of Lying" that "Green's philosophy very pleasantly sugars . . . [Mrs. Humphrey Ward's] fiction" (*Intentions* 16); the reference is to *Robert Elsmere*, which is based explicitly on the political philosophy of Green.

[4] There are a number of excellent articles on Wilde's self-conscious allusions to homosexuality in stories apparently about other things. Two fine examples are Paul Cartledge's "The Importance of Being Dorian. . . " and Christopher Craft's ingenious "Alias Bunbury. . . ."

[5] As Ralph Tymms concludes in his history of the motif in Romantic and postRomantic literature, the double "is assigned a place in the symbolical literature that constantly reappears, to explain . . . the complex and disharmonious nature of man . . ." (120). For Wilde's interest in Jekyll and Hyde see his reference to this "curious psychological story of transformation" in "The Decay of Lying" (*Intentions* 37).

At first reading, the split in Wilde's treatment of the divided self is a classic one, between body and soul. Convinced by Lord Henry, to return to the body—"'We are punished for our refusals,'" says Lord Henry. "'Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind, and poisons us . . .'" (*Dorian* 28))—Dorian devotes himself to the "curious" (the code word Wilde's tutor Walter Pater had put into currency for illicit sensuality)[6] "logic of passion" (*Dorian* 91). What Lord Henry promises from the full indulgence of bodily needs is, essentially, an end to the troublesome Christian bourgeois division between soul and body. Our goal for the self must be "'all the perfection of the spirit that is Greek. The harmony of soul and body—how much that is! We in our madness have separated the two, and have invented a realism that is vulgar, an ideality that is void'" (16). These are, in fact, the painter Basil Hallward's words, not Lord Henry's, but it does not really matter. They encapsulate the essence of an aesthetic philosophy that Lord Henry, Basil, and Dorian all in their different ways express. All are, in effect, practitioners of the aestheticist version of the gospel of culture that underlay an avant-garde Oxford education, part, again, of the Second Oxford Movement. What Wilde is doing in *Dorian Gray* is stretching the implications of the aesthetic culture to an extreme; it becomes not just an aspect of life (as in Arnold, for example), but the whole of life. But he is also doing something far more interesting and far more disruptive. In fact he had already purveyed his extreme version of Oxford aestheticism in any number of essays on art and artistic living. What is new in *Dorian Gray* is the embedding of that philosophy in a crime or criminal story. The clearly intended purpose of this move is to put in question the validity of the central claim of aesthetic culture, that it heals the (criminalizing) division of the self. The question the story insists on deploying is whether the body can, as it were, be aestheticized into an innocent (uncriminal) oneness with the soul.

As we know, in the story Wilde has constructed Dorian's indulgence of the body, far from unifying the self, grotesquely divides it. The aestheticized version of Dorian, Basil's portrait of him, is in effect, an extraction of the soul from the body, which leaves the body to pursue its "logic of passion" without inhibition. Relieved of the anxieties of conscience, the body in Wilde's allegory suffers no deterioration, but like a picture remains beautiful and unchanged. The separated, unseen soul meanwhile decays, becoming ever more hideous. Dorian's inescapable awareness of what is happening to the soul ironizes his—as well as Basil's and Lord Henry's—faith in the aestheticized, harmonious self. "The soul" as Dorian insists at the end, "is a terrible reality" (347). His final effort to dispense with that reality by taking a knife to it is, in fact, a suicidal gesture, dramatically testifying to the impossibility of overcoming the fundamental split or disorder in the self except by self-destruction. The aestheticist philosophy, to return to a densely packed phrase from the story's first scene, is a "curious dream," from which everyone fears to awake. The point of the story is the inevitability of awakening.

If we go back now to the relation between crime and art, we may say that *Dorian Gray* effectively disqualifies one obvious model for understanding that relation, the model, that is, of *sublimation*. By a theory of sublimation, art or aesthetic activity is the mind's way of compensating for, making bearable unacceptable reality. There is scarcely a more insightful expression of the view of art as sublimation than Wilde's "Decay of Lying," which immediately preceded the writing of *Dorian Gray*. "'It is fortunate for us . . . that Nature is so imperfect,'" says Vivian in that belated Platonic dialogue, "'as otherwise we should have had no art at all. Art is our spirited protest, our gallant attempt to teach Nature her proper place . . . .[Art] is the cultivated blindness of the man who looks at [Nature]'" (*Intentions* 4). Pressed into service to interpret the relation between art and the particular "crime" of homosexuality, sublimation theory finds the relentless pursuit of beauty for its own sake an expression of nothing so much as guilt over one's "corrupt" proclivities, a way of disguising or compensating for the unacceptably natural. Thus Janine Chassequet-Smirgel in *Creativity and Perversion* argues that the homosexual has an unusual inclination to be artistic because of his compulsion to sublimate disturbing desires. Applied to *Dorian Gray* in particular, this leads her to the conclusion that in Wilde aestheticism covers "anality" with a coating of glittering jewels . . ." (98)[7]

However relevant sublimation may be to other expressions of nineteenth-century aestheticism, including Wilde's own earlier work, it cannot really account for what is happening in *Dorian Gray*. For, as I have sought to argue, this is a work about nothing so much as the failure of aesthetic sublimation, whether through aesthetic activity (as in Basil Hallward), aesthetic philosophy (as in Lord Henry), or aesthetic living (as in Dorian). Nothing, it appears from this story, in sharp contrast to "The Decay of Lying," and insulate us from the persistent and disruptive return of the nature we seek to transfigure.

There is another, in this case more apposite, way of accounting for the relation between art and crime and that is by way of what one may call the *transgressive* model.[8] Here the aesthetic is not the realm of sublimation and avoidance but of subversion and resistance. Here art functions, in Jürgen Habermas's words, as "a sanctuary for the . . . satisfaction of those needs which became quasi illegal in the material life process of bourgeois society" and ultimately works to undermine the structure of that society.[9] If we look again at Wilde's 1891 essay "Soul of Man under Socialism" and at his close association there of art and crime as consummate forms of individualism, we find a decisive movement beyond the aestheticism presented, and exploded, in *Dorian Gray*. The essay rests on one fundamental political insight. As Wilde puts it, the source of all our discontent is a "barbarous conception of authority, [and] . . . the natural inability of a community corrupted by authority to understand or appreciate Individualism" (*Intentions* 310). This pervasive structure of authority takes many forms. Wilde's principal target is the institution of private property which prevents the greater part of mankind from realizing their true personalities, but he speaks as well of the constraining authorities of Christian morality, public opinion, the contemporary press, and conventional art. What he is doing, in effect, is exploring precisely those structures of authority that produced the conscience of "soul" from which Dorian could not escape. Only now his point is not the tragic inevitability of these structures but the necessity of contesting them. If society calls such contestation crime or sin, Wilde is ready to accept the stigma. "Disobedience . . . is man's original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made . . . . " And again, "Personality is a very mysterious thing . . . . [A man] may keep the law and yet be worthless. He may break the law, and yet be fine . . . . He may commit a sin against society, and yet realize through that sin his true perfection" (*Intentions* 279, 291).

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[6] Most notably in the famous description of the Mona Lisa in *The Renaissance* (90-92).

[7] A similar position is taken throughout Jeffrey Meyer's *Homosexuality and Literature* and more recently by Elaine Showalter in her account of Wilde's and others' "rationalization of homosexual desire as aesthetic experience" in *Sexual Anarchy* (176 ff).

[8] I am indebted to Jonathan Dollimore for the concept and its application to Wilde; see *Sexual Dissidence: Augustine to Wilde, Freud to Foucault*, especially chapter 4.

[9] Cited by Peter Bürger in *Theory of the Avant-Garde* (25).

The postmodern reader of these lines may well be struck by the anticipation of Michel Foucault, for whom the "surplus power" of society over the individual gives rise to the "modern soul,"

> which, unlike the soul represented by Christian theology, is not born in sin and subject to punishment, but is born rather out of methods of punishment, supervision, and constraint . . . . [This soul] is the element in which are articulated the effects of a certain type of power and the reference of a certain type of knowledge . . . [which] extends and reinforces the effects of this power."
>
> (*Discipline and Punish* 29)

Fascinating as Wilde's anticipation of Foucault is, what is more to the point is the source of both writers' thought in Hegel, for it is Hegelianism, as I have indicated, that lies at the basis of the Oxford ideology of culture, and it is Hegel whom we now know very well from Wilde's published notebooks he, like Pater, Jowett, Green, et al. felt compelled to read in order to stand in the forefront of modern thought. In *The Phenomenology* there is a memorable passage in which Hegel explicates Geist's painful progress towards full self-realization in terms of one of the world's oldest crime stories. Oedipus, he says, show us how

> a hidden power shunning the light of day, waylays the ethical self-consciousness, a power which bursts forth only after the deed is done . . . . For the completed deed is the removal of the opposition between the [developing] self and the reality over against it . . . . The ethical consciousness cannot disclaim the crime and its guilt. The deed consists in setting in motion what was unmoved, and in bringing out what in the first instance lay shut up as a mere possibility, and thereby linking on the unconscious to the conscious . . . . (490)

Hegel is, of course, explicating the dialectical process by which Geist advances through time. What is particularly interesting about Wilde's ongoing preoccupation with crime in the context of Oxford Hegelianism is that it appears to reflect a greater awareness than is found among any of his Oxford contemporaries of the meaning of the dialectic. By the time he comes to the writing of *Dorian Gray* and "The Soul of Man under Socialism" (1890-91), he has in effect, negotiated a critical paradigm shift in the Victorian reading of Hegel. Ceasing to focus on the aesthetic acquisition of harmony between body and soul, which is the goal of the Hegelian Geist and the central preoccupation of such advocates of aesthetic culture as Arnold, Pater, Swinburne and Symonds, he concentrates instead on the *process* by which humanity moves towards the goal, the dialectical process.[10]

With this shift in the way one, as it were, uses Hegelianism comes a shift in aesthetic theory. The function of art continues to be the expression of individualism but now with a hitherto ignored, indeed scorned, political objective. The "immense value" of art, he writes, is as "a disturbing and disintegrating force." What "it seeks to disturb is monotony of type, slavery of custom, tyranny of habit, and the reduction of man to the level of a machine." To measure the crucial change in his concept of the aesthetic, one has only to set these line against those from "The Decay of Lying," for which he is far more famous: "The only beautiful things, as someone once said [the someone is Kant], are the things that do not concern us. As long as a thing . . . affects us in any way . . . or is a vital part of the environment in which we live, it is outside the proper sphere of art" (*Intentions* 19). The difference is between the aesthetic as an experience which energizes and validates the discontent (one may say the criminal discontent) within us, in the process undermining the structures of authority, and the aesthetic as a experiences which narcotizes that discontent, creating a merely imaginative space in which the structures of authority are evaded, not transformed. As Wilde understands in this essay, there is a fundamental continuity between the political quietism of Christianity ("*Christ made no attempt to re-construct society. . . .*" (*Intentions* 330) and that of the aestheticist philosophy he had inherited. At this point he is at last ready to abandon both in favor of an unapologetic commitment to transgression.

To what extent Wilde subsequently displayed in his art the courage of his new convictions is another and very complicated question. Certainly behind the mask of the great dramas that followed he became increasingly bold and increasingly ingenious at speaking the unspeakable. "If you ever get married," Algernon advises Earnest/Jack in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, ". . . you will be very glad to know Bunbury. A man who marries without knowing Bunbury has a very tedious time of it" (22)—the barely subliminal point being that Bunburying means what it sounds like.[11] But the ingenuity is itself a problem. In the realm of confessing crime, as in that of detecting it, one needs, finally, to call a spade a spade.

When Wilde wrote to Lord Alfred Douglas from prison, what he had to confess was hardly his homosexuality. Rather, it was his disloyalty to art. "The trivial in thought and action is charming [he wrote]. I had made it the keystone of a very brilliant philosophy expressed in [comic] plays and paradoxes."[12] This is not a boast, but a lament. It expresses a belated, if forgivably belated, recognition that the artist who wishes to transform society through the dialectical agency of crime must at last confess himself a criminal—and accept the consequence. The consequence, as Wilde learned, is acute suffering. The great lesson of prison, he writes in *De Profundis*, is that sorrow is "at once the type and test of all great art." The lesson, by the way, is also in Hegel. The pathway of "natural consciousness" to "true knowledge," he writes in *The Phenomenology* is "more properly" called a "highway of despair" (135). Wilde almost certainly read these words as an undergraduate; eventually he came to understand them. None of the Oxford advocates of aesthetic culture understood them so well.

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University of California, Davis

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[10] Wilde calls the process "Hegel's system of contraries": ". . . just as it is only in art-criticism and through it, that we can apprehend the Platonic theory of ideas, so it is only in art-criticism, and through it, that we can realize Hegel's system of contraries." This densely-packed formula seems to contain in miniature the transition from a goal directed, essentially Platonic reading of Hegel to the dialectical reading that I am attributing to the later Wilde.

[11] The pun, among others, is discussed by Christopher Craft (27-28).

[12] The quotation is from the complete version of *De Profundis* (not found in the Ross edition), edited by Isobel Murray (49).

Metamorphosis as Metaphor in Bram Stoker's *Dracula*

Pascale Krumm

If asked what *Dracula* represents, some critics would agree that the novel is a metaphor for sexual repression in the Victorian era, and that the dominant theme is deviant eroticism.[1] Since sexuality is an inescapable factor in the text, so it is with this study; yet sexuality is not the main element, as we will see, but merely a metaphor for something else, something that will be made clear in the course of this essay. For the present, we must start with the sexual components in

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[1] See, for example, Nina Auerbach's remark that "it is fashionable to perceive Dracula as an emanation of Victorian sexual repression" (290).

Dracula. The following passages are clear illustrations of the vampire's bite as signifier for sexual intercourse. In the first example, Dracula forces newly-married Mina Harker to share his blood, while her husband is asleep beside them:

> . . . his right hand gripped her by the back of the neck, forcing her face down on his bosom. Her white nightdress was smeared with blood, and a thin stream trickled down the man's bare breast which was shown by his torn-open dress. The attitude of the two had a terrible resemblance to a child forcing a kitten's nose into a saucer of milk to compel it to drink. (288)

The reader will have no trouble interpreting this act as fellatio, sperm being replaced first by blood, then by milk.[2] This scene is so pivotal that it is retold by the other witnesses and the protagonist of the drama. Seward comments on the interaction between victim and aggressor:

> . . . in that terrible and horrid position, with her mouth to the open wound in his breast . . . whilst the face of white set passion worked convulsively over the bowed head, the hands tenderly and lovingly stroked the ruffled hair. (290)

Mina offers her own version:

> ". . . he pulled open his shirt, and with his long sharp nails opened a vein in his breast. When the blood began to spurt out, he took my hands in one of his, holding them tight, and with the other seized my neck and pressed my mouth to the wound, so that I must either suffocate or swallow some of the —Oh my God! my God! what have I done?" (294)

The aposiopesis is telling, for the missing word, the one she cannot bring herself to utter, and which we then must provide, suggests *sperm*. Later, Mina recalls the incident and in a characteristic post-coital reaction "shuddered whilst she moaned" (301).

The sexual act is always forced, sometimes deceptively, sometimes brutally on the victims, as another episode illustrates. To put the "undead" Lucy Westenra to eternal rest, her fiancé, Arthur Holmwood, must perform a brutal, rape-like ceremony:

> Arthur never faltered. He looked like a figure of Thor as his untrembling arm rose and fell, driving deeper and deeper the mercy-bearing stake, whilst the blood from the pierced heart welled and spurted up around it. (222)

The sexual component, mixture of foreboding and forbidden pleasure, of attraction and repulsion, is always hidden (or, rather, transparently veiled), and presented indirectly through a multitude of images, comparisons and metaphors. One could find an obvious culprit in the Victorian era, which is held to have epitomized repression of women and sexuality in general. As Clive Leatherdale notes, "no nineteenth-century writer could depict sex *as* sex. There were obscenity laws" (146); sex had to be depicted allegorically, but the question of Stoker's self-censorship is simplistic and incomplete.

Let us first analyze the kind of sexuality depicted in *Dracula*.[3] It is clearly of the "abnormal" type (that is to say non-normative for the period): violent, perverse, literally monstrous and bestial. For example, after the act, Dracula gorged with blood "lay like a filthy leech, exhausted with his repletion" (60). Trailing in the shadows of the Marquis de Sade's *Philosophy in the Boudoir* (a cruel graphic exposition and apology of deviant sexuality), the sexual philosophy in *Dracula* is, by any standard, atypical, condoning for instance polygamy and polyandry as enviable lifestyles. Dracula is a polygamist, having three wives in Transylvania; Lucy herself approves of polyandry, lamenting: "'why can't they let a girl marry three men or as many as want her?'" (68). Van Helsing notes, "'then this so sweet maid is a polyandrist . . . even I . . . am bigamist'" (182). Deviant sexual practices (fellatio), brutality (rape) and perverse behavior (necrophilia and necrophagia) are commonplace and common practice in *Dracula*.[4] But this seemingly exhaustive catalog of sexual perversions (or things seen as such in the ethos of the time) strangely omits pederasty and tribadism. Dracula's only sexual victims are females: indeed—and we will explore this in more detail later on—a sexual role-reversal takes place with the feminization of men and the masculinization of women.

The sexual act is distorted but also diverted from its essentially normative reproductive function, in line with contemporary Victorian values. The procreative act becomes on the contrary a corruptive, destructive deed as the biological function is supplanted by baseless copulation. The consequences of this lewd conduct range from hysteria to dementia to death. Aside from society's opprobrium, sex has not only devastating psychological but also dire pathological results; it is risky and hazardous, and the carrier and transmitter of serious or even fatal diseases. The sexual curse is then two-sided: moral and physical. The vampire is of course the main agent of infection, as Van Helsing points out: "'he have infect [sic] you . . . . He infect [sic] you in such wise'" (325). Dracula's *modus operandi* is modeled after a bacterial invasion since "*Festina lente* may well be his motto" (308). The vampire himself uses the infectious metaphor with his anathema: "'I have more! My revenge is just begun! I spread it over centuries, and time is on my side'" (312).

But what illness are we talking about, beyond hysteria and insanity? After an initial period of euphoria, the disease progressively invades the body and mind, developing along three stages: hysteria, succeeded by madness, and ultimately death. Hysteria is formally introduced in the text, as Dr. Seward's diagnosis of Van Helsing suggests: "'he gave way to a regular fit of hysterics. He had denied to me since that it was hysterics . . . [he] laughed and cried together, just as a woman does'" (181). Renfield is obviously insane, as was Harker for a brief time in Budapest, while Dr. Seward has "an immense lunatic asylum all under his own care" (64). But hysteria and folly are just two symptoms, two stages leading to another sickness. What do we know about this third disease? From the (sexual) practices of the vampire, at least three things: it is (contrary to hysteria and irreversible insanity) contagious, incurable and sexually transmitted; in short it has all the markings of a venereal disease. But which one? We have seen that the disease goes through three stages: a primary stage (hysteria), a secondary one (dementia) and a tertiary stage (death), thus mimicking the pathology of syphilis.[5] The link between syphilis and hysteria was noted by Freud in 1888 in his essay of the same name: "in recent syphilis too, the outbreak of hysterical symptoms has been observed" (51). The connection between syphilis and madness is also well documented.

Of all the diseases, why choose syphilis? First, it was the prevalent and fashionable venereal disease (along with gonorrhea) in the nineteenth-century artistic communities of Europe. In France, writers like Baudelaire, Jules de Goncourt, Flaubert, and Alphonse Daudet were almost proud to be syphilitic, believing (as Anatole France would convincingly point out) that the disease enhanced creativity, and gave the artist the mystical aura of the *poète maudit*.[6] Maupassant literally rejoiced upon learning the "good news."[7] The British literary establishment, however, did not share this glee; syphilis was anything but glorified, as Elaine Showalter notes in "Syphilis, Sexuality and the Fiction at the Fin de Siècle": "for the English, syphilitic insanity was never a beautiful *fleur du mal*" (92).

Stoker contracted syphilis around 1890, probably in Paris, yet this fact was kept secret during his lifetime, and even beyond.[8] The writer's death certificate reads as follows: "Locomotor Ataxy 6 month Granular Contracted Kidney. Exhaustion. Certified by James Browne MD." (Roth 20); locomotor ataxia, better known as GPA (general paralysis of the insane) was a common subterfuge for tertiary syphilis, from which Stoker died in 1912. A psycho-critical analysis of *Dracula* may reveal that the disease indeed played a role in the creation of the novel. A parallel between Stoker and Franz Kafka may enlighten us here. Kafka has been defined as a neurotic writer who wrote about neurosis (Rahv Intro.); the same sort of dynamic applies to Stoker, who can be seen as a diseased writer who wrote about disease. What makes *Dracula* a classic masterpiece (though not a faultless one), may well be Stoker's unconscious obsession with disease, which appears to surface constantly in the text.[9] Stoker is not the only writer whose syphilitic fixations surface in their writings. At least two of his contemporaries exhibit the same *idée fixe*: Robert Louis Stevenson with *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and the French writer Guy de Maupassant in "le Horla." The subterfuge employed in Stoker's death certificate may seem trivial and anecdotal, yet it is highly significant for our thesis. Just as syphilis is not named in life, it will remain unnamed in fiction. The obsessional taboo of syphilitic nomination is not restricted to Stoker, as most fiction writers respect the prohibition.[10] Yet the masked presence of syphilis is inescapable: the disease must come through in another form, another disease that will possess all the characteristics of syphilis except the factor of sexual transmission. Without the stigma attached to sexual depravity, the substitutive disease (often smallpox or a related disease) becomes acceptable.

The syphilitic textual blacklisting is, paradoxically, contradicted by a plethora of other medical terms; since this can lead to confusion, let us open a taxonomical parenthesis. The three commonly recurring textual substitutes for syphilis are chickenpox, smallpox, and pox—all of them contagious. Chickenpox (waterpox, varicella) is a mild, eruptive children's disease; smallpox (variola) is a febrile viral disease; while pox (a more generic term), characterized by multiple skin pustules, is also a common synonym for syphilis. Because of the syntactic and synonymic proximity (promiscuity?) of these various terms, the syphilitic substitute becomes a convenient and clever subterfuge. Stoker, but also some French writers like Choderlos Laclos, Honoré de Balzac or Emile Zola, use this stratagem, which allows the evil, oversexed characters to be rightly punished where they have sinned, without direct mention of the unmentionable disease.[11]

At this stage, it may be useful to explore the history of syphilis. The disease was first documented in the last decade of the fifteenth century. Its newness made it a fast-spreading and often fatal disease.[12] Syphilis is from its very inception associated with the discovery of the New World. It is believed (rightly or wrongly) that Christopher Columbus and his entourage imported the lethal disease from America (just as the Crusaders had brought leprosy back from the Orient), in exchange for smallpox, the measles and diphtheria, which the Europeans would export to the New World. This new disease is now seen as having devastating demographic and psychological consequences throughout Europe.[13] The medical establishment is utterly powerless; the Church steps in to preach new moral values in order to curtail this "evil." Yet syphilis invades all classes of society (from kings like François Ier and Henry VIII, to popes and others) continuing its inexorable spread. Faced with this epidemic, the establishment must come up with a new weapon in order to fight the enemy. Since the antagonist cannot be controlled, much less eliminated, it must be relegated to an alternate subconscious level; if not out of sight, out of mind. Michel Foucault's thesis on incarceration and repression in *Surveiller et punir* can be applied to syphilis, insofar as the illness must be monitored and punished through linguistic repression.[14] In *Le Mal de Naples*, Claude Quétel talks about a "conspiracy of silence in the XVII century" (7), a conspiracy which will make the term syphilis a linguistic pariah for two more centuries. This linguistic repression is well-illustrated in *Dracula*, where every protagonist has a narrative voice, except the eponymous character himself. Since the vampire is a metaphor for syphilis, we can in effect conclude that the disease has been silenced in the text. As Veronica Hollinger notes in "The Vampire and the Alien: Variations on the Outsider":

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[2] While investigating Lucy's death, Van Helsing must pry the coffin open, and the sexual allusions abound: "holding his candle so that he could read the coffin plates, and so holding it that the sperm dropped in white patches which congealed as they touched the metal . . . . he took out a turnscrew . . . . Striking the turnscrew through the lead with a swift downward stab . . . . he made a small hole" (203)

[3] For a detailed analysis of the vampire from a mythical, literary and cinematographic standpoint, see Holte.

[4] On the topic of death and vampires, see Freud ("Taboo" 51-63).

[5] The evolution of the disease and its literary metaphors are: primary stage: outbreak of chancres (the neck bite); secondary stage: rashes (aches, anemia, restlessness, insomnia); this is followed by a latent period (the vampire who sleeps during the daylight); tertiary stage: the central nervous and the cardiovascular systems are affected (hysteria, madness).

[6] For a study of the influence of syphilis on the creativity of Baudelaire, Goncourt, Flaubert, Daudet and Maupassant, see Roger L. Williams. On the topic of creativity and disease, see Pickering.

[7] In a letter to a friend, Maupassant exults: "I have the pox, at last! The real one! The great pox, the one François the First died from . . . and I am damn proud of it and I despise the bourgeois above all else" (qtd. in Bonnot 86-87).

[8] Among other famous syphilitics are the Van Gogh brothers, Manet, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Nietzsche and Dostoevski. There is, not surprisingly, a shroud of uncertainty concerning English authors but Thackeray, Stevenson, Wilde and Joyce were rumored to have had syphilis.

[9] Graham Greene remarked that "every creative writer worth our consideration, every writer who can be called in the wide use of the term a poet, is a victim: a man given over to an obsession" (Rahv x).

[10] The theory applies only to fiction. In medical literature, on the contrary, the descriptions of syphilis are quite graphic, and will become increasingly so with the advent of photography.

[11] In *Dangerous Liaisons* by Laclos (1782) the once beautiful and scheming Marquise de Merteuil is disfigured by smallpox. In *the Cousin Bette* by Balzac (1846), the equally evil Valérie Marneffe and her husband Crevel are infected by a mysterious sexually transmitted Brazilian disease. Another Balzac novel *Father Goriot* (1834) is an allegory for the syphilitic society as a whole (*gorre* is the French medieval term for syphilis). In *Nana* by Zola (1880), the infamous man-eating courtesan is contaminated by her young son Louiset's smallpox. She will literally rot to death, sharing Valérie Marneffe's and Crevel's fates.

[12] It is speculated that syphilis first appears in Geneva in 1492. The disease is firmly diagnosed a year later in Rome and named *Morbus Gallicus*, since it seems to have come to Italy with Charles VIII's troops.

> The ideological outcome of this narrative method, of course, is the exclusion of the voice of the monstrous Other from the novel; that is, it keeps the outsider on the outside. . . . In Dracula the Other has no voice, no point of view. (149)

Thus, while syphilis cannot be mastered medically, it can be outlawed linguistically. But, expectedly so, the demons one tries to chase away will only come back in force; suppression is ultimately impossible, and syphilis will reappear in literature under a veil, or rather many veils, mimicking its real-life medical reputation as "the great imitator."

The syphilitic metaphor in fiction reflects a phenomenon that is anything but fictitious. In *Sexual Anarchy*, Elaine Showalter aptly calls the last decade of the nineteenth century the golden age of syphilis (188). Let us illustrate the *venereal peril*, to quote Alain Corbin, with some statistics. Although reliable numbers are hard to come by before the twentieth century, it is estimated that in the nineteenth century, 5-10% of the European population was infected, with a higher incidence in the cities (12% in Berlin, 15% in Paris). Military records, which are more accurate, show that the Prussian Army had 7.5-9.5% syphilitic soldiers between 1876-1886, while the British Army's rate was 10.2% in 1890 (Lasagna). Yet, when put into perspective, these numbers, while high, pale in comparison with the statistics on plague, cholera, leprosy or tuberculosis, which had a much more devastating impact.[15] But what is the difference between those diseases and syphilis? Syphilis is the predominant preoccupation because of its sexual nature; it is perceived, in fact, not as an iniquitous disease, but as a "fair" punishment for illicit conduct.[16] Because of its sexual associations, syphilis is more an anathema than a disease, akin to the plagues of Egypt, a just curse upon the sinner. The nineteenth-century fear of syphilis is not triggered by statistics alone, but rather by another more deep-rooted, less rational etiology.

With a disease that goes back four hundred years, why this sudden terror in the late nineteenth century? Is syphilis the real fiend, or rather what it represents, what hides behind its veil? Is the disease the ultimate physical manifestation, the consequence of a dissolute lifestyle? Or is it the outer manifestation of yet another underlying fear? In short, is syphilophobia a metaphor for another repressed phobia? In order to answer these questions, we need to shift our focus away from the disease itself to its technical vector. The carrier of syphilis now enters the scene and a literal mutation takes place. The old enemy syphilis is no longer the real antagonist. Yet the new nemesis shares many of the characteristics of the old, it is polymorphous and protean, at the same time woman (human) and female (animal),[17] as witnessed by the feminization of the vampire as well as his lycanthropy (the fact that he can transmogrify). A closer look at a previously cited passage reveals Dracula's femininity: he has a "bosom . . . bare breasts . . . [a] torn-open dress" (288), and "long sharp nails" (294), while his "hands tenderly and lovingly stroked the ruffled hair" (290). Sexually, the vampire assumes the feminine role of "receiver" of the seminal fluid as opposed to the male role of "disseminator." After drinking blood, he has (contrary to his cinematographic depiction) full red lips and a rosy and healthy looking (i. e. feminine) complexion. Dracula is also enclosed by the feminine, traveling on vessels named *Demeter* and *Czarina Catherine*. Aside from Demeter, Dracula can also be associated with another mythological female: Pandora. Just as Pandora, the first female, will unleash plagues and evils into the world, Dracula's box (his coffin), when opened, will unleash similar calamities. Anne Williams in "*Dracula*: Si(g)ns of the Fathers" points out that Dracula's "power is 'masculine,' but it is power wielded on behalf of what culture calls 'female'—darkness, madness, and blood" (447).

The feminization of the vampire matches the nineteenth-century female iconography of syphilis. Although the disease is genderless, it is initially represented as male, until a shift occurs in the seventeenth century, when woman is seen as the genesis, the responsible agent of infection. Sander Gilman in *Disease and Representation* notes that

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[13] After an initial surge, the number of syphilitic cases will stabilize, without ever declining. Only the discovery of antibiotics (especially penicillin) in 1943, will result in a marked decline, but not eradication, of syphilis.

[14] In France the Vaugirard hospital for syphilitic newborns is created in 1780. Five years later, the first Parisian hospital for syphilitics opens. For a more detailed chronology of the disease, see Quétel.

[15] During the fourteenth century, one quarter of Europeans, 25 million people, die from the plague. During the 1664-1665 London outbreak, 70,000 people, out of 460,000, die. From the eighteenth to the start of the twentieth century, tuberculosis, not syphilis, is the dominant disease in Western Europe. During the Spanish colonization of South America in the sixteenth century, 75 million Amerindians will die in fifty years, while only 240,000 Spaniards settle in the region (Attali 311).

[16] The same estimate now exists for AIDS.

[17] We wish here to make a distinction between *woman* and *female*, similar to the French difference between *femme* (woman) and *femelle* (female), the latter term applying to non-human animals only.

> . . . the individual bearing the sign and the stigma of syphilis becomes that of the corrupt female . . . . It takes over two hundred years for the image of the syphilitic to shift from the male "victim" of the disease to its "female" source (254-55).[18]

The literary representation of syphilis (or rather its substitute) is often female, since it essentially victimizes the non-virtuous woman. This is especially apparent in French literature, as exemplified by the fates of the Marquise de Merteuil, Valérie Marneffe and Nana Coupeau (see note 11). Quétel's description of syphilis as proteiform, insidious, deceitful and underhanded in fact aptly describes those women.[19] The vampire (the disease) is not only feminine but also female, and lycanthropy becomes a significant factor.[20] All the animals that Dracula can transmogrify into (bat, dog, wolf) have a technical commonality with disease, a disease transmissible not from woman to man but from animal to man: rabies.[21] According to Susan Sontag this fear "was the fantasy that infection transformed people into maddened animal, unleashing uncontrollable sexual, blasphemous impulses" (127). We will have occasion to return to this aspect. One may speculate on the possible connection between the madman Renfield's ramblings and rabies. Lycanthropy and its potential for contamination reinforces the theme of an unleashed and uncontrollable (bestial) sexuality. Another animal in *Dracula* corroborates the link between sexuality, disease and bestiality: the rat. The vampire's crypt is infested with rodentia: "that old place may be full of rats" (255), "the whole place was becoming alive with rats . . . the number of the rats had vastly increased . . . . The rats were multiplying in thousands" (258). The inexorable and exponential spread of rats in the crypt follows the pathological evolution and spread of a viral disease. Freud furthermore sees a connection between rats and syphilis, for according to him a proliferation of rats signifies a fear of syphilis.[22]

The Other is not only Woman and Animal, but, by extension, all and any alien and alienating body, such as the Outsider, the Foreigner or the Jew, one often equating the other in the collective unconscious; all of them are seen as pathogenic. As Sontag notes, "in the sense of an infection that corrupts morally and debilitates physically, syphilis was to become a standard trope in late nineteen-century and early twentieth-century anti-Semitic polemics" (59). The concept of the alien is inseparable from syphilis, for the initial appearance of the disease coincides with the discovery of the New World. The geographical origin is in fact irrelevant, since in the collective unconscious syphilis is always seen as foreign.[23] The disease can only be alien, and thus a threat to indigenous purity, as exemplified by the multiplicity of terms for it: the British call syphilis the *French disease* or *Spanish pox*, the French *pox of Naples*, the Germans *French pox*, the Russians *Polish pox*, the Portuguese *Castillan pox*, the Persians *Turkish pox*, and so on.[24] This fear is an ever-present element in *Dracula*, as the vampire comes from another land. The novel opens on the theme of the alien, with Harker arriving in Budapest "leaving the West and entering the East" (11). Dracula's castle is in "one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe" (12).

But, in a way reminiscent of the Matriochkas, those Russian nesting dolls that open up to reveal another smaller one inside and so on to the last tiny doll, the fear of the Other covers another fear. The first Matriochka, smallpox (or any other of the substitutive diseases) unveils the syphilis doll, inside of which is the Other doll (with its many aliases: Woman, Female, Foreigner, Jew), until finally we come to the last Matriochka, the central one. But what or who is the last doll? It represents the ultimate unknown, the "uncanny" which resides at the inner core of humanity. But what is the nature of this terror and whence did it emerge? We have to look for what, or, more precisely, who triggered this new *Angst*. Charles Darwin, for one, with his theories on the origin of mankind is partly responsible. Until then, man was believed to be of divine creation, yet Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1859) shatters this biblical myth.[25] In *The Literature of Terror* David Punter remarks that

> The discovery of Darwin combined with psychological developments produced . . . fear that the Other thus postulated may relate to the bestial level which evidences human continuity with the animal world. (255)

Post-Darwinian man is really afraid of the reemergence of the archaic beast. Man's new atavistic essence is evidenced through Dracula's animalistic features: "there were hairs in the center of the palm" (27) and "his big white teeth . . . were pointed like an animal's" (179); Harker notes that one of the female vampires "actually licked her lips like an animal" (46). A dog who fought Dracula has all the markings of having been attacked by another animal, and not a man: "it had been fighting, and manifestly had had a *savage* opponent, for its throat was torn away, and its belly was slit open as if with a *savage* claw" (91, emphasis mine). Stoker was not the only writer to expand on the fear of man's curse: his duality and his devolution. Zola's *la Bête humaine* (1890), Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886) and Arthur Conan Doyle's "Adventure of the Creeping Man" (1927) speak to man's demotion in the chain of Beings, his descent on the ladder of evolution.[26]

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[18] See also, by the same author *Difference and Pathology: Stereotypes of Sexuality, Race and Madness*," and *Sexuality: An Illustrated History, Representing the Sexual in Medicine and Culture from the Middle Ages to the Age of AIDS*.

[19] In *Cousin Bette*, Crevel , and Louiset in *Nana* both die, yet the event is not described in the text.

[20] The image of the beast-woman is seen in the undead Lucy, whose "brows were wrinkled as though the folds of the flesh were the coils of Medusa's snakes" (218).

[21] Louis Pasteur developed the rabies vaccine in 1885.

[22] See "Notes". Freud interprets his patient's rat phobia: "Rats signify fear of syphilis . . . . Evidently the idea of syphilis gnawing and eating reminded him of rats" (288). In Werner Herzog's movie *Nosferatu: Phantom der Nacht* (1979) the association of rodents, the vampire and disease is shown when thousands of rats suddenly invade the town. Interestingly, spirillary rat-bite fever, a disease contracted through rat bite, often shows up in serological tests as a false positive for syphilis.

[23] It is possible that syphilis was simultaneous present on both continents, as the virus was discovered on thousand-year-old Indian skeletons. It has also been speculated that the disease existed in Europe much before 1493, and that a lot of leprosy cases were in fact misdiagnosed syphilis. The syphilitic endemia remains a mystery to this very day.

[24] The first literary mention of syphilis dates from 1530, when a Venetian poet Girolamo Fracastoro published "Syphilis sive Morbus Gallicus." The first iconography of syphilis "The Syphilitic," by Albrecht Dürer is an illustration to a medical poem by Diedrich Ulsen, depicting a syphilitic knight. "The Temptation of Saint Anthony" by Matthias Grünewald may also be a depiction of syphilis.

[25] On the relationship between Dracula and Darwinian materialism, see Blinderman (411-28).

After 1492 syphilis is seen as a baleful gift from "primitive" man (the south-American Indian). Syphilis, forever the protean mimicker, assumes different (yet similar) guises and engenders ever changing phobias, metamorphosing from the fear of the alien (which is what Dracula first appears to be) to the fear of the self (which is what he ends up being).[27]

Darwinism brings out the concept of man's dual nature, a concept embodied by Dracula. Otto Rank's concept of the *doppelgänger* and Freud's essay "The Uncanny" may shed some further light on the nature of the terror. We have to go back to Freud's original German term for "uncanny," *unheimlich* which, in one instance, corresponds to its opposite *heimlich*: "on the one hand it means what is familiar and agreeable, and on the other, what is concealed and kept out of sight" (224-25).[28] Freud remarks that "*heimlich* is a word the meaning of which develops in the direction of ambivalence, until if finally coincides with its opposite, *unheimlich*. *Unheimlich* is in some way or other a sub-species of *heimlich*" (226). The terror, the "uncanny," is both familiar and unfamiliar, native and alien, homelike and secret. Freud adds that "this uncanny is in reality nothing new or alien, but something which is familiar and old-established in the mind and which has become alienated from it only through the process of repression" (241). The last Matriochka, then, is an amalgam and a condensation of all the other dolls, representing disease, the Other and the Self, the *heimlich* and the *unheimlich*.[29]

The new Darwinian conception of man undoubtedly lowers him, yet it also exonerates hem. Dracula, far from being an evil entity, becomes on the contrary, an innocent victim of his—and all of mankind's—origins. The vampire is thus primal man returned to his original animal state; as John L. Greenway remarks, "Dracula (and vampirism in general) [is] . . . an atavism, an evolutionary regression to a primordial past" (218). Prior to his bestial metamorphosis Dracula was a mere man,[30] with a mortal body and an immortal soul.[31] Before final demise, Mina remarks that killing him

> . . . is not a work of hate. That poor soul who has wrought all this misery is the saddest case of all. Just think what will be his joy when he, too, is destroyed in his worser [sic] part that his better part may have spiritual immortality. You must be pitiful to him too, though it may not hold your hand from his destruction. (314)

Just as any ordinary man, Dracula has limited powers (though they may be of a different nature). Van Helsing notes that "he can do all these things, yet he is not free. Nay, he is even more prisoner than the slave of the galley, than the madman in his cell" (245). The reader also learns that

> There have been from the loins of this very one great men and good women, and their graves make sacred the earth where alone this foulness can dwell. For it is not the least of its terrors that this evil thing is rooted deep in all good. (247)

In other words, underneath the monster lies a human being, and vice versa. The beast is thus ultimately not inhuman, but truly human, man finally liberated from all his physical, social and cultural inhibitions. In an era Van Helsing describes as "'our scientific, sceptical, matter-of-fact nineteenth century'" (244), and, despite the efforts of science to police mankind, the great hope of the Positivist era, Auguste Comte's belief in the ascendancy of man's humanity over his animality, is forever shattered. In other words, as *Dracula's* protagonists discover, science is not the universal panacea but an ultimate failure, which must be replaced by something more primitive. As Harker points out early in the story:

> "It is the nineteenth century up to date with a vengeance. And yet, unless my senses deceive me, the old centuries had, and have, powers of their own which mere 'modernity' cannot kill" (44)

The whole hunt for the vampire's extinction is a reinforcement of that statement. Van Helsing's science is powerless in the end and he has to abandon it in favor of an irrational myth. What kills the monster is not reason or science but an old-fashioned ritualistic exorcism. And this is precisely what happens. *Dracula* is a temporary exorcism of the *bête humaine* through myth, and not an eradication through science (after all there are more vampires out there). Thus, man's fear of his primitive self will always be present, in his encounter with his "uncanny" *alter ego*.[32]

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[26] In "Syphilis, Sexuality and the Fiction at the Fin de siècle" Showalter notes both the beast and syphilitic-like characteristics of Hyde, who "is described in the physical vocabulary of syphilitic deformity and regression . . . [his] metamorphosis . . . suggests the dramatic personality changes of syphilitic dementia" (101). Another Sherlock Holmes mystery "The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire" (1927) has a deceptive title, since there turns out to be no vampire involved.

[27] The myth will end only in the twentieth century, with the discoveries of tests and a cure, the disease will finally enter the medical realm and exit the mythological realm. In 1906, August Paul von Wassermann developed the test for the detection of syphilis. The first successful drug for the treatment of syphilis was Salvarsan (or 606), developed in 1910 by Paul Ehrlich, and in 1943 penicillin provided an effective cure.

[28] A translator's note adds that "According to the Oxford English Dictionary, a similar ambiguity attaches to the English 'canny,' which may mean not only 'cozy' but also 'endowed with occult or magical powers'" ("The Uncanny" 225, n.1).

[29] The theme of autoscopy, of man's duality is particularly acute in English literature of the nineteenth century, especially with *The Strange Case of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886) by Robert Louise Stevenson, and *Frankenstein or the Modern Prometheus* (1817) by Mary Shelley.

[30] The vampire is believed to have no soul, which partially explains the fact that he has no mirror reflection. He is in this close to animals and women (and children), who, in earlier times were believed to be soulless.

[31] This image of a human, tragic, suffering vampire is depicted in Herzog's film version. See also the original German version by Max Schreck (1922).

[32] The fear of confronting the self may be an additional explanation for the non-reflecting mirrors. While at Dracula's castle Harker observes that "in none of the rooms is there a mirror" (28) and "it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the glass covered the whole room behind me" (34). Man can literally not face himself in the mirror, for fear of having his true unbearable beastly nature revealed.

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University of Montana

Flatness and Ethical Responsibility in *Little Dorrit*

Dominic Rainsford

Dickens's early novels typically end with the principal characters finding a home, a physical refuge from their problems. In later Dickens, characters tend to have to fall back, more movingly, on the resources of a toughened mind, and they have to be prepared to forgo tangible rewards. Louisa Gradgrind, in *Hard Times* (1854), represents a bleak version of this renunciation. In *Little Dorrit* (1855-57), on the other hand, something of the cheerful perseverance of a Mark Tapley—which, in *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-44), had seemed to condemn that individual to being comic and secondary—can be detected in the readiness of Arthur Clennam to give up his present life and "begin the world":

> The shadow of a supposed act of injustice, which had hung over him since his father's death, was so vague and formless that it might be the result of a reality widely remote from his idea of it. But, if his apprehensions should prove to be well founded, he was ready at any moment to lay down all he had, and begin the world anew. (311)

This romantic notion can be traced back to the dying Richard Carstone's promise to "begin the world" in the antepenultimate chapter of *Bleak House* (1852-53; 763), but some comparable form of redemption, rescue, or reformation of the character had always been required of the Dickens hero.

A constant desire is manifest in the novels to make up for a bad past—for which the protagonist may be to blame, or for which he or she, like Esther Summerson, may simply be persuaded they are to blame. Even Oliver Twist may be seen as going through a punishing, educating process as a function of his inauspicious birth (*Oliver Twist*, 1837-38), and the first Dickens character who undertakes consciously to begin the world is probably Nicholas Nickleby, who must apply himself deliberately to make up for his unsatisfactory parents (*Nicholas Nickleby*, 1838-39). But the problems of Oliver and Nicholas are eventually met by neat solutions, whereas the impulse towards redemption or self-exculpation in later Dickens is far less easy to resolve.

The redemptive drive in Dickens's fiction connects, as has often been remarked, with his sense of his own early history, but it is also linked to the rhythm of his artistic practice. New beginnings were an occupational hazard of Dickens's work, and the extent to which he lived each work, and lived, above all, with its characters, must have made him feel as though he were passing through a series of incarnations. A few days before finishing *Hard Times*, having just disposed of Stephen Blackpool, Dickens wrote as follows to John Forster:

> I am three parts mad, and the fourth delirious, with perpetual rushing at Hard Times. . . . I have been looking forward through so many weeks and sides of paper to this Stephen business, that now—as usual—it being over, I feel as if nothing in the world, in the way of intense and violent rushing hither and thither, could quite restore my balance.
>
> (14 July 1854, *Letters* 2: 567)

This was not just a pleasantry. A few months later, writing to Mrs. Richard Watson, he said this:

> Why I found myself so "used up" after Hard Times I scarcely know, perhaps because I intended to do nothing in that way for a year, when the idea laid hold of me by the throat in a very violent manner, and because the compression and close condensation necessary for that disjointed form of publication gave me perpetual trouble. But I really was tired, which is a result so very incomprehensible that I can't forget it. (11 November 1854, 2: 602)

Here we have a picture of the novelist which is intimately related to the epistemology, social views, and emotional tone of the novels. In the writing process, it seems, one can get waylaid and lost—caught up, like Oliver by the Fagin gang, or like a bystander at the riots in *Barnaby Rudge* (1841). And the process does not, for Dickens, seem to have become any less troubling with the passage to time. Starting *Little Dorrit* seems to have been just as deranging an experience as starting *Hard Times*:

> YOU
> I suppose are fat and rosy
> I
> am in the variable state consequent on the beginning of a new story.
> (Dickens to W. H. Wills, 18 September 1855, 2: 691)

In earlier letters and prefaces Dickens had seemed very much in control of his career. In the 1841 advertisement for *Martin Chuzzlewit*, for example, the burden of novel-writing is accepted with pride and flamboyance (see Butt and Tillotson 89). But, later, Dickens comes more and more to confess that his career gets on top of him, that he is almost lost within it. Perhaps this is partly the consequence of age, but it is also a significant outgrowth both of Dickens's imagination and of his social insight: a realization in the man himself of the implications of his fictional worlds.

In keeping with this sense of being overwhelmed, of being at the mercy of destiny despite his appearance of power and success, is Dickens's increasingly considered and solemn treatment, in the later novels, of the ways in which the course of an individual's life can be adversely determined by past events. This is a psychologically sophisticated development of the more murky, superstitious link between the origins of Oliver, Little Nell (*The Old Curiosity Shop*, 1840-41), even Esther Summerson, and their subsequent trials. Stephen Blackpool, for example, is haunted by the inescapable past in the shape of his spouse, "the evil spirit of his life" (*Hard Times* 117). This is eerie, but it is also realistic, and it can be taken as part of a serious critique of the laws of divorce. Deliberately unrealistic spirits, on the other hand, are to be found, at an earlier stage of Dickens's career, in *A Christmas Carol* (1843), where the reader is cheered by a fantasy of the short-circuiting of the past—something which, when we compare it with the all too unfantastical bondage of someone like Stephen, becomes extremely poignant. The earlier Dickens was prone, at times, to confuse psychological verisimilitude with fairy = tale wish = fulfillment, as in Mr. Dombey's easy second chance at being a good father (*Dombey and Son*, 1847-48), but these were platitudes which belied Dickens's frequently clear perception of the unsolved social problems which individuals like Dombey represent.

In *Little Dorrit*, almost ten years after *Dombey*, the fatalistic view of life is firmly grounded in social observation. Thus Clennam's religiously oppressed childhood suggests William Blake's *Experience*—in its social detail as well as in its vigorously bitter tone. Consider, as a parallel to Blake's "Holy Thursday" or "The School Boy," this reflection on Sundays:

> There was the dreary Sunday of his childhood, when he sat with his hands before him, scared out of his senses by a horrible tract which commenced business with the poor child by asking him in its title, why he was going to Perdition? . . . There was the sleepy Sunday of his boyhood, when, like a military deserter, he was marched to chapel by a picquet of teachers three times a day, morally handcuffed to another boy; . . . . There was the interminable Sunday of his nonage . . . . (30)

Here Dickens prosecutes further his continuing struggle, in which he is aligned with Blake, against didactic/destructive children's literature and its unwitting distribution of mind-forged manacles ("morally handcuffed to another boy").[1] What is most striking about this novel is that these bad childhood influences are seen to be controlling the life of a middle-aged man.

In some respects Arthur Clennam could be said to be Walter Gay (from *Dombey and Son*) matured and Alan Woodcourt (*Bleak House*) brought to life, his financial failure being comparable—in a blighted, jaded way—to their ennobling shipwrecks. For he is essentially a well-intentioned, just, and helpful man. But he is also a morbid, tongueless sort of poet: as here, where Clennam, after losing Miss Meagles to the glamorous waster Gowan, has just cast his flowers on the river:

> The lights were bright within doors when he entered, and the faces on which they shone, his own face not excepted, were soon quietly cheerful. They talked of many subjects (his partner never had had such a ready store to draw upon for the beguiling of the time), and so to bed, and to sleep. While the flowers, pale and unreal in the moonlight, floated away upon the river; and thus do greater things that once were in our breasts, and near our hearts, flow from us to the eternal seas. (330)

Just so, "Pet"—Miss Meagles herself—"glided away" from Clennam a few paragraphs before. The echo is a little too exquisite, the moral is a trifle glib, and the sadness is somewhat picturesque. Is there not a touch of Skimpole's posing here—on Clennam's part and, possibly, the narrator's?

Clennam's failure seems to be related to his kindness, in a way that links him with characters like Jarndyce, Trooper George, David Copperfield, and Pip. All these individuals seem too hurt and chastened to be able to function in any powerful position, let alone aggressively. Self-confidence is reserved for Boodles and Buffys, Pecksniffs and Pumblechooks, Barnacles and Veneerings. Clennam's river is the same one into which the self-confident Gowan is discovered to be tossing stones, thereby disclosing his cruel nature, when we first meet him. Clennam here, and the implicit Dickens (who appeals for his readers' reassurance) seem to be nervous persons, quick to spot signs of danger in those around them: "Most of us," the narrator claims, "have more or less frequently derived a similar impression, from a man's manner of doing some very little thing: plucking a flower, clearing away an obstacle, or even destroying an insentient object" (197). Elsewhere in the novel, the same need to identify dangerous people appears in more vulgar forms, in the physiognomic diagnosis of Miss Wade, for example, who broadcasts her embitterment in "a smile that is only seen on cruel faces: a very faint smile, lifting the nostril, scarcely touching the lips, and not breaking away gradually, but instantly dismissed when done with" (324). It is a hard world, apparently, containing irredeemably wrong-headed individuals—an idea that can be traced back to *The Pickwick Papers* (1836-37). But the hopelessness of trying to do anything about other people is all the more impressive, in *Little Dorrit*, because it is bound up with the protagonist's inability to do much about himself. And here I will come back to what may have seemed a reckless reference to Skimpole.

Clennam is a kind and sentimental man; Skimpole is a horror—lethally selfish, possessed with a spirit of frivolity which is terrifyingly impervious to the acutest needs and sufferings of those around him. But we apprehend something important about Dickens's later work if we see that Dickens was aware that these two can be assimilated into a single, complex but coherent account of human nature. Skimpole's self-confidence is obviously neurotic, trembling on the brink of self-parody. That does not make him any less repellent, but actually more so. He is not a purely fictional grotesque, but rather an image of what we (or people we know) might be like, should we (or they), in a certain way, go mad. If Esther Summerson really ends up thinking that Skimpole is wholly cynical, a calculating actor, then she is grossly simple-minded—but she is not, and Dickens, through the ambiguity of Esther's narrative, sensitively leaves Skimpole with his morally erosive power, his resistance to full categorization, intact. Clennam presents a reversal of these conditions. In place of Skimpole's irresponsibility, Clennam is over-responsible, agonizing about himself (like David Copperfield or Pip) in a way that limits him severely. His focusing on pathetic images—the flowers, the stones—is a form of paralysis, and is sickly dandified in its own way. Clennam's fear of Gowan's cruelty, or more generally Dickens's fear of the untender and unhinged (Skimpole, Sir John Chester, Miss Wade, Miss Havisham, and others), binds him as they are bound.

So how, in *Little Dorrit*, is this state of affairs to be endured? By the cultivation of sympathy, through the relation of others' failings to one's own. Thus Clennam's exploded dream of his sometime beloved, Flora:

> With the sensation of becoming more and more lightheaded every minute, Clennam saw the relict of the late Mr. F enjoying herself in the most wonderful manner, by putting herself and him in their old places, and going through all the old performances—now, when the stage was dusty, when the scenery was faded, when the youthful actors were dead, when the orchestra was empty, when the lights were out. And still, through all this grotesque revival of what he remembered as having once been prettily natural to her, he could not but feel that it revived at sight of him, and that there was a tender memory in it. (147)

There are Shakespearian echoes here: the poor player, *dusty* death, the insubstantial pageant *faded*. It is very serious stuff. But it is not clear whose "tender memory" is being referred to in the last sentence. Is it Flora's of Clennam, or Clennam's of Flora? This ambiguity is of the essence. Clennam sees his own limitations and absurdities reflected in Flora, and the gravity of the change that he witnesses, and the way in which it echoes a great number of instances of deterioration and folly throughout the novel, make specific mockeries and recriminations quite inappropriate. Flora, whose spirit could be felt to preside over the flowers that Clennam later throws on the water, for all her absurdity, has a symbolic presence equal to, though pathetically opposite to, her mythological namesake.[2]

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[1] Compare Dickens's depiction of destructive educational practices in Mrs. Monflathers (*The Old Curiosity Shop*) and Mrs. Pipchin (*Dombey and Son*).

[2] A reference to the goddess Flora appears in *Bleak House* (540).

The effect on Clennam of this encounter with Flora is not so much depressing as clarifying and simplifying. Clennam is confronted with a completely irremediable loss which gives him a newly sharp picture of what he himself is, and of what he cannot any longer have (an experience that is merely repeated in the loss of Miss Meagles). This expresses itself in Dickens's writing through an ascetic-seeming calmness and orderliness of diction:

> When he got to his lodging, he sat down before the dying fire, as he had stood at the window of his old room looking out upon the blackened forest of chimneys, and turned his gaze back upon the gloomy vista by which he had come to that stage in his existence. So long, so bare, so blank. No childhood; no youth, except for one remembrance; the one remembrance proved, only that day, to be a piece of folly. (157)

Like Louisa Gradgrind, Clennam has been the victim of a dreadfully misguided education, but has emerged with a sort of grave uprightness, of a personal and undogmatic type—mirrored in Dickens's sober cadences—which, while it is not much fun, is nonetheless worthy of respect. Hence the grim figure of Clennam's mother is not just reviled—she made Clennam what he is, principled as well as miserable—but held in awe. Her religiousness is not completely alien to Dickens's sensibility, any more than Blake was completely out of sympathy with the didactic fierceness of Barbauld, but it has become tragically reified. She is another icon of failure, like Flora; less ridiculous, but, in her own way, just as pitiful:

> The shadow still darkening as he drew near the house, the melancholy room which his father had once occupied, haunted by the appealing face he had himself seen fade away with him when there was no other watcher by the bed, arose before his mind. Its close air was secret. The gloom, and must, and dust of the whole tenement, were secret. At the heart of it his mother presided, inflexible of face, indomitable of will, firmly holding all the secrets of her own and his father's life, and austerely opposing herself, front to front, to the great final secret of all life. (526)

Mrs. Clennam's is another fixed state, about which nothing can be done. The great misfortune is that she has usurped a position of centrality in Clennam's life. She is at the heart of the house and seems to have infiltrated her son's heart too, whose romances are thereby condemned to go wrong. Her influence on him cannot be undone; she has discredited the spiritual and material highroads of life (for she is poisonous in commerce as well as in religion), and so he can only make his own way modestly, at the social periphery. Which is where Little Dorrit comes in.

Amy Dorrit is really rather odd. Odd and *flat*. "Of all the trying sisters a girl could have," thought Fanny Dorrit, "the most trying sister was a flat sister" (570-71).[3] Fanny seems to mean that Amy is unfashionable, lacking in glamour, devoid of frivolity, and that her very inoffensiveness is provoking: "and the consequence resulted that she was absolutely tempted and goaded into making herself disagreeable. Besides (she angrily told her looking-glass), she didn't want to be forgiven. It was not a right example, that she should be constantly stooping to be forgiven by a younger sister" (571). Dickens presents these sentiments as though he means to be wholly on Amy's side. Fanny is a self-contradictory feather-brain, whose petty self-concern implicitly makes Amy's pragmatic, nurse-like and housekeeperly attentions all the more commendable. But Fanny's remarks suggest misgivings which are applicable to the whole sequence of Dickensian good little women to which Amy is merely the latest addition. Agnes, in *David Copperfield* (1849-50), for example, could be said to have a flatness (sobriety, reliability) that reproaches and ultimately supplants the eye-catching Dora, while drab Esther fares much better than lustrous Ada Clare.

So, paradoxically, the neglected and put-upon Amy has a kind of power. While flat in certain respects, she is also a rather angular and provocative sister. She is the sort of girl who, in Dickens, turns out to be so successful that her vaunted virtues begin to jar. This is an aspect of Dickens's work that puts many readers off, but it has an admirable side to it. For just as Esther's oscillations between vanity and self-belittlement can be taken as invigorating—her weakness as an individual (if we are looking for a paragon) being her strength as a ludic narrator—so Amy's combination of dowdiness and efficiency can be disconcerting in a healthy way. I am thinking, in particular, of what must have seemed, in the 1850s, her startlingly forward handling of Clennam, to whom she in effect proposes marriage twice: once disguisedly, when she thinks that she will be wealthy (738), and then again, quite blatantly, when that pecuniary obstacle to Clennam's self-respect has proved to be illusory (792). This, by the standards of the time, is a subversion of the popular notion of a love story, just as Clennam is a deviation from commonplace ideals of the hero. Amy's businesslike proceeding would not do if she were to be paired off with a Nicholas Nickleby; it presupposes a complex but essentially stricken male lead.[4]

But it is important to recognize that Dickens means Amy to be odd. The name, "Little Dorrit," is ugly enough in itself: Amy drags it through the incarcerating novel like a ball and chain. As Flora says, "and of all the strangest names I ever heard the strangest, like a place down in the country with a turnpike, or a favourite pony or a puppy or a bird or something from a seed-shop to be put in a garden or a flower-pot and come up speckled" (265). Dickens could be reproaching himself here, through Flora, for "Little Nell," "Sissy Jupe," and Esther's ugly names ("Cobweb," "Dame Durden," and the others). The "place down in the country with a turnpike" could be Pod's End. In fact, this style of naming comes to a crisis in *Little Dorrit*, where we also find "Pet" Meagles and the Meagleses' servant, "Tattycoram," who, after an abortive rebellion, eventually begs for the restoration of her nickname (787). It would be easy to be indignant and dismissive about this, and to write Dickens off as incorrigibly patronizing towards young women. But there is more to it than that.

In particular, Little Dorrit's name is just one among a range of weird accessories which Dickens has chosen to attach to her. The most conspicuous of these, and the most disturbing, is her friend, dependent, and "child," Maggy, the twenty-eight-year-old who thinks that she is ten, and whose "face was not exceedingly ugly, though it was only redeemed from being so by a smile; a good-humoured smile, and pleasant in itself, but rendered pitiable by being constantly there" (96). Like Miss Mowcher, the dwarf in *Copperfield*, Maggy is a moral challenge to whomever she meets. And we might well be disturbed by Dickens's intermingling of pity, in his treatment of her, with surreal comedy; not least in her first appearance: "Little Dorrit stopping and looking back, an excited figure of a strange kind bounced against them . . . , fell down, and scattered the contents of a large basket, filled with potatoes, in the mud" (95). Maggy pops up here like an absurd, unlooked-for, thoroughly bathetic supernumerary who simply *will* insert herself into Amy and Clennam's embryo romance.

The links between Amy, Maggy, and the process of naming, which are intimate and crucial, come out particularly clearly when Amy tentatively and complicatedly approaches the task of thanking Clennam—in this book which is riddled with false thanks, flagrant ingratitude, and all manner of emotional bad debts—for his payment of her unworthy brother's bail:

> "Before I say anything else," Little Dorrit began, . . . ; "may I tell you something, sir?"
>
> "Yes, my child."
>
> A slight shade of distress fell upon her, at his so often calling her child. She was surprised that he should see it, or think of such a slight thing; but he said directly:
>
> "I wanted a tender word, and could think of no other. As you just now gave yourself the name they give you at my mother's, and as that is the name which I always think of you, let me call you Little Dorrit."
>
> "Thank you, sir, I should like it better than any name."
>
> "Little Dorrit."
>
> "Little mother," Maggy (who had been falling asleep) put in, as a correction.
>
> "It's all the same, Maggy," returned Little Dorrit, "all the same."
>
> "Is it all the same, mother?"
>
> "Just the same."
>
> Maggy laughed, and immediately snored. (160-61)

Amy resembles David Copperfield here, insofar as the multiplicity of alternative names foregrounds her multiple existence as the projection of other people's disparate needs.[5] Maggy's absurdly exaggerated acceptance of the naming problem as solved simply points out what a live issue it really is.

In *The Old Curiosity Shop*, it will be recalled, Little Nell is the object of a great deal of oppressive scrutiny—from her grandfather, from Quilp, from Master Humphrey and his friends, and, not least, from an excessively doting author. In *Bleak House*, Esther often seems to be playfully (or perhaps worryingly?) interfered with by her fellow narrator and by Dickens—given a certain amount of eccentric freedom, but with her mind laid open in its foibles and its fears. Similarly, in *Little Dorrit*, the heroine is obsessively watched by the author and by the male protagonist. For just as Dickens marks or morally handcuffs Amy with an odd name and an odd companion, so Clennam manages to detect the sole "spot" of "prison atmosphere" on his future wife—when she repines, momentarily, at her father's still having to pay his debts after so many years in prison (409). Such is Clennam's propensity for finding gloomy symbols, forms of memento mori, like the flowers on the river or like Flora gone-to-seed, that for him to be able to look at Amy in this way seems a natural prerequisite for their alliance: her freakishness, or small spiritual disability, is precisely what he needs. This makes Clennam worryingly similar to Amy's father, whose dependence upon her tempts Dickens into conjuring up a scenario that is unusual both in its recondite classicism and because it is (albeit gingerly) erotic:

> There was a classical daughter once—perhaps—who ministered to her father in his prison as her mother had ministered to her. Little Dorrit, though of the unheroic modern stock, and mere English, did much more, in comforting her father's wasted heart upon her innocent breast, and turning to it a fountain of love and fidelity that never ran dry or waned, through all his years of famine. (222)

Dorrit taking his daughter as his mother, Clennam calling his future wife a child, Maggy being the "child" of a mother younger than herself—all these, despite Dickens's evident awareness, from time to time, of their frightening aspects—are hopelessly intermingled with the obsessions of the narrator and of Dickens himself. Hence the motif of the small child carrying the outsize baby, which not only appears repeatedly in the main narrative (100, 130), but also turns up, apparently taken straight from the life, in Dickens's 1857 Preface (lix-lx).

More and more, in Dickens's later work, the polyvocal worlds of the novel become subdued to a single eccentric way of seeing, in which the boundaries between protagonist and narrator fade away.[6] Frequently this process is imaged microcosmically within the text. For instance, in Clennam's blighted vision as he approaches his mother's house:

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[3] Neither the flatness that Fanny is referring to here nor the flatness that I am putting forward as a general characteristic of this novel is to be confused with E. M. Forster's well-known discussion of "flat" and "round" characters (73-81). Clennam and Little Dorrit are not caricatures, but are flat in the way that a real acquaintance might strike us as flat—having lost his or her fizz. Forster maintains that "Dickens's people are nearly all flat" and that "Pip and David Copperfield attempt roundness, but so diffidently that they seem more like bubbles than solids" (76). But what Forster fails to appreciate is that the insubstantiality which he detects in Pip and David is a leading theme of their respective novels. See also Squires on "flat but split characters" (51).

[4] Cf. Thomas's comparative reading of *Great Expectations* and *Jane Eyre*, where he argues "that the female protagonist more successfully imagines her selfhood as something to be achieved, whereas the male protagonist is inclined to think of it as something to be endowed" (189). This idea can be applied fruitfully to various leading males and females who are in one way or another paired within individual Dickens novels: not just Estella and Pip, Amy and Clennam, but also Esther and Richard, for example. See also Metz: "with Amy . . . Dickens' insights outran his more limited intentions" (233). And compare Clayton, who talks of Amy as a visionary figure and a "liminal entity" who disrupts and redeems a Blakean-sounding "iron chain of narrative" (122-39).

[5] David Copperfield's names include David, Davy, Daisy, Doady, Trotwood, Trot, Murdstone, Copperfield, and Copperfull.

> As he went along, upon a dreary night, the dim streets by which he went seemed all depositories of oppressive secrets. The deserted counting-houses, with their secrets of books and papers locked up in chests and safes; the banking-houses, with their secrets of strong rooms and wells, the keys of which were in a very few secret pockets and a very few secret breasts; the secrets of all the dispersed grinders in the vast mill, among whom there were doubtless plunderers, forgers, and trust-betrayers of many sorts, whom the light of any day that dawned might reveal; he could have fancied that these things, in hiding, imparted a heaviness to the air. (526)

Clennam can usefully be thought of as "Marking" here, in the double sense of Blake's "London": "I . . . mark in every face I meet / Marks of weakness, marks of woe" (26). That is to say, it is not clear how much evil and suffering he is discovering in the world and how much he is projecting onto it: his mind and his surroundings blend into one another. Just so, Clennam is marking weakness and woe in Amy, when he spots the "spot," with just the active/passive ambiguity, the generality of spoiled perception, that we know from Blake's poem. More than this, Clennam seeing Amy's "spot" parallels Amy seeing Clennam's error in too often calling her "child": this binding together in a shared weakness is what makes this Dickens's most impressive, least idealized love story until, perhaps, Pip and Estella (*Great Expectations*, 1860-61).

And *Little Dorrit* is far more than just a love story. It takes an exceptionally wide view of society, while intimately relating that view to the cast of mind of the central characters, so that Amy, for example, is exactly right for the world of her novel—whereas Sissy Jupe was not at all right for hers.[7] Sissy was designed to embody some sort of childish pastoral ideal, but Amy, as we have seen, is quite non-standard. Accordingly, *Little Dorrit* betrays a thorough disillusionment with the standard or ideal in society at large, and with most of society's defining institutions. Hence, just as in *Bleak House*, good developments in *Little Dorrit* seem to require the offices of an eccentric freelance agent—Pancks, in this case, standing in for Inspector Bucket. Pancks and Bucket are the wonderful opponents of inertia, the vanquishers of circumlocution, but they are almost fairy-tale beings, the sort that cannot be relied upon to exist, suggesting a mismanaged society in which it will simply be a very lucky turn of events if one finds happiness and success.

The collapse of confidence in civic values in *Little Dorrit* engenders a great efflorescence of jaded wit. This passage, for example, contains what is probably the best pun in Dickens: "Clennam found that the Gowan family were a very distant ramification of the Barnacles; and that the paternal Gowan, originally attached to a legation abroad, had been pensioned off as a Commissioner of nothing in particular somewhere or other, and had died at his post with his drawn salary in his hand, nobly defending it to the last extremity" (201). The heroically self-sacrificing warrior/diplomat (drawn *sword*) collapses instantly into the pathetic money-grubber: it is hard to imagine a neater deflation of the Imperial British ideal. But that the ruling cadres should have been reduced to Barnacles, even though it occurs in the words of the impersonal narrator, is not quite to be taken as Dickens's considered opinion. It fits too well with the vision of the disenchanted protagonist. That vision, and not society itself in any objective sense, seems to be the focus of Dickens's late books. And, in *Little Dorrit*, the disenchanted vision amounts to something like an inversion of the Blakean sublime, as in this spoofed apotheosis upon the return of the civil servant Sparkler from Italy to England:

> The land of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Watt, the land of a host of past and present abstract philosophers, natural philosophers, and subduers of Nature and Art in their myriad forms, called to Mr. Sparkler to come and take care of it, lest it should perish. Mr. Sparkler, unable to resist the agonised cry from the depths of his country's soul, declared that he must go. (585)

This, just like the very different exaltation of much the same group of distinguished individuals—"Bacon & Newton & Locke, & Milton & Shakspear & Chaucer"—towards the end of Blake's *Jerusalem* (257), is not meant to be temperate or rational. What is crucial is the emotional state of the speaker, as the reader can deduce it. Dickens's social criticism is all the more effective for the quirkiness with which it is expressed—whether on Clennam's part or the narrator's. To attempt to communicate in a straightforward way would be to suggest that the social malaise was not pervasively corrupting, whereas in fact *Little Dorrit* reads as the authentically deranged, if elegantly crafted, product of a declining civilization.[8]

The plot of *Little Dorrit* is often said to be one of Dickens's weakest. But that is in keeping with the book's aesthetic of flatness and its disillusioned spirit. A solidly constructed, clear, compelling plot would have been insensitive. Dickens partakes of Clennam's careful unassertiveness. The sense of precariousness, and of the uncommonness of the right circumstances conspiring to bring happiness, is echoed in Dickens's wariness of strong literary form, as much as in his lack of interest in the ancient, the venerated, and the foreign (Rome and Venice, for example)—anything that distracts us from the here and now, or that might seem to belittle the human scale. On both these counts, Dickens could be accused of philistinism, but it is rather that he is being faithful to his own artistic voice, which, despite the great magnitude of his texts, becomes, in details, more and more fastidious and thoughtfully controlled. And this control is ultimately accountable to Dickens's ethical awareness of the responsibility that his authorial status entails. Dickens, like Clennam, accepts the sober, self-doubting, and self-limiting role that his conscience represents to him as being inescapable.

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[6] My use of "polyvocal" derives mainly from Bakhtin. For sustained applications of Bakhtinian and related theory to Dickens, see Flint 47-67; Davies, *passim*; and Harris 445-58. My argument at this point is, in a sense, anti-Bakhtinian: the apparent heteroglossia of the late Dickens novel is limited by the fact that narrator and central characters come to express themselves in similar, typically jaded and alienated, ways. Dickens becomes progressively more monologic. For a sophisticated argument to the effect that *all* novels "at the most encompassing level" are monologic, see Sturgess 45-51 (48).

[7] See Field for more on the ways in which the central plot and the social commentary of this novel support one another.

[8] Parallels with my Blakean approach will be seen in Horne's use of Flannery O'Connor, whose "statements point to something we find in *Little Dorrit* more strongly . . . than in any of Dickens's other novels—that is, (1) his 'prophetic vision,' meaning 'a matter of seeing near things with their extensions of meaning and thus of seeing far things close up,' and (2) an implied view that the reader is, at least in part, one whose 'sense of evil is diluted or lacking altogether, and so he has forgotten the price of restoration' and must be reminded of it through bizarre, even violent, actions in the novel" (534, quoting O'Connor, "Some Aspects of the Grotesque in Southern Fiction," *Mystery and Manners*, ed. Sally and Robert Fitzgerald [New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1969]). I would simply add that there is the strangeness of the narrator's or implied author's stance to be considered too.

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Loyola University, Chicago

Intertextuality and Intratextuality: The Full Text of Christina Rossetti's "Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" Rediscovered

Mary Arseneau and Jan Marsh

Christina Rossetti's devotional prose has received scant attention from scholars,[1] but it has been the fate of the full text of "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" almost to completely escape notice.[2] This neglect is unfortunate, for although apparently of only minor significance, this brief work reveals much about Rossetti's characteristic habits of thought: her attention to echoes among various sections of a larger text, her careful consideration for structure and sequence within her works, and her perception of her role as artist. And while the "Harmony," as we shall see, might prompt us to examine Rossetti's poetry in new ways, the simple fact of its disappearance is thought-provoking as well. The "Harmony" was listed in J. P. Anderson's bibliography in Mackenzie Bell's 1898 biography of Christina Rossetti,[3] but more recent bibliographies have not noted the existence of the full text of the "Harmony" as published in the January 1879 issue of *New and Old*—a church magazine run by the Rev. Charles Gutch, rector of St. Cyprian's, Dorset Square. William Michael Rossetti, Christina's dedicated editor and memoirist, was usually careful to preserve and publicize all scraps of work by his sister, so his failure to list the "Harmony" among her works is notable. This omission could be attributed to William's indifference to all things religious and his personal dislike of Gutch (evident in the surprising entry in William's otherwise mild-mannered diary, "Gutch. Eternally wicked. Wicked old man"[4]). But William's omission or oversight cannot fully excuse the scholarly neglect of the "Harmony" and the failure, for almost a century, to acknowledge its very existence. Furthermore, this lack of interest in "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" is merely one demonstration of the neglect of Rossetti's devotional work, a neglect which must be rectified if we are more fully to understand her art.

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[1] Two essays which address the prose are Stanwood and Westerholm. Both authors consider only the book-length works and make no mention of this short harmony.

[2] Recently, two sources have briefly noted the publication of "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII." While Frances Thomas's biography mentions that Rossetti "wrote a devotional piece for [Gutch's] Parish Magazine in 1879," the "Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" is not named. The "Harmony"'s appearance in *New and Old* is also remarked upon by Diane D'Amico in a footnote to her article on "Christina Rossetti's 'Helpmeet,'" a poem also published in *New and Old*.

[3] A rare subsequent mention of the "Harmony"'s separate existence occurred when an unidentified printed version of this work was offered for sale by Henry Sotheran. Amongst "A Selection from the Library of the late William Michael Rossetti and Christina Rossetti; and some Autograph Letters" is a lot described as "Rossetti Literature: An extensive collection of several hundred articles in Prose and Verse, extracted from magazines and reviews, of which 55 are either by or relating to, Dante Gabriel, Christina, William Michael, and their Father Gabriele Rossetti. . . . " (The item appeared again in 1931 in Henry Sotheran's *Bookseller's Catalogue* no. 73, lot 1881. The current location of these papers is unknown.) Included in this large packet of press cuttings and articles is one which is remarked upon in the catalogue: "Amongst other pieces may be mentioned Christina Rossetti's 'Harmony on First Corinthians XIII,' against which Mr. Rossetti has written 'This little piece does not exist (I think) in any other form—W. M. R., 1905.'"

The idea of making a harmony on this most famous of Christian texts was "suggested to me as an exercise last Lent," wrote Rossetti towards the end of 1878. "The Chapter I thought of myself; the particular treatment was suggested in part or wholly to me" ("Harmony" 34). Did this, as one might surmise, come from Dr. Richard Frederick Littledale, a "noted High Church theologian and controversialist" (Packer 156), whom she met in 1864 and who became both her friend and spiritual counselor, or perhaps from her mother or Aunt Eliza, aware of the satisfaction Rossetti found in preparing "Young Plants and Polished Corners," her as-yet unpublished saints' calendar?[5] Whatever its origin, the "Harmony" was composed for private devotional purposes and was not primarily intended for publication. But, true to her literary vocation, within a few months Rossetti submitted it to Gutch's *New and Old*. For his part, Gutch knew a "name" when he saw Rossetti's, and in his magazine published not only "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" but also the letter that came with it, in which the author, with customary self-deprecation, hesitantly suggested he might find her piece "worth looking at" if ever *New and Old* suffered an "empty season" ("Harmony" 34).[6] The "Harmony" was printed in the first issue of 1879, appropriately looking forward to Lent.

The Torrington Square household had a subscription to *New and Old* and would have found in its pages a quantity of short meditative and didactic pieces, poems, stories, sacred pictures, and polemic, highly flavored with Ritualism and a certain intemperate defiance respecting church controversies over confession, altar candles and the like. Gutch's views—and the paper was largely a vehicle for these—were strongly representative of the High Church wing. Moreover, his opinions were far from progressive on secular affairs, though in 1875-76 he published anti-vivisection correspondence and this may have formed the basis of his relationship with Rossetti. As regards women's rights, for instance, Gutch wrote in the pages of *New and Old*, "Women have a right to an education such as shall fit them for women's work, that is to be intelligent companions, to manage households, train children, nurse the sick, and so on." But

> If women ever succeed in gaining what a few mad enthusiasts style "women's rights," they will probably find that they have paid a dear price for something that will neither promote social, political, or domestic peace, happiness, or prosperity. The motto for women, at any rate for Englishwomen, should be "Rest and be thankful." (152)[7]

He also ran a curious agony column, giving advice for those in religious dilemmas—one memorable example being on how to avoid breakfast when staying with friends who did not fast before Holy Communion.

A harmony is a collation of passages on the same subject, arranged so as to exhibit their consistency. For the saints' calendar later titled *Called to Be Saints*, Rossetti used Isaac Williams's harmony on the Gospels in order to construct her own more complex "memorials"; here, in a simpler exercise, she compiled her own harmony, in three columns. The first column consists of the text from 1 Corinthians 13 on the attributes of charity or love; the second is headed "Our Lord" and contains quotations from the sayings and life of Christ; and the third, headed "His School," follows suit with quotations or summaries from the apostles (mostly from the epistles of John or Paul). Rossetti later returned to the "Harmony" and cut and revised it for inclusion into *Letter and Spirit: Notes on the Commandments*, one of her six book-length devotional prose works.

At first sight "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" looks a bit like a concordance, but the correspondences are not those of an index, but rather illustrative examples of the main text, or thought-provoking commentary on it. Thus, alongside the verse stating that Charity "is not easily provoked" are placed Christ's words to the Jewish captain who struck him during his questioning by the high priest: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest though Me?" and words from the Sermon on the Mount: "blessed are the meek."

Meekness and humility form a large part of Rossetti's understanding of her text, and in a few of the choices her own responses seem to shine through the impersonal work she has constructed on its foundation. Thus "Charity envieth not" is illustrated by Christ's words to his disciples that they shall do greater works than himself, and by the example of Martha, who having been the first to meet and speak with Jesus, hurried home and "called Mary, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Rossetti addresses the subject of Mary and Martha at greater length in the main body of *Letter and Spirit*,[8] where Martha's struggle to attain a standard of sisterly love, humility, and generosity is approvingly cited: "Martha, when no longer stumbling at Mary's privilege, she herself summoned her, saying, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee'" (*Letter and Spirit* 55).

To the text "doth not behave itself unseemly," however, is subjoined a sacred example that does not exactly promote meekness: Jesus as a child disputing with the doctors. Rossetti's endorsement of this is adapted from Paul's epistle to the Romans: "We must render to all their due, whether it be tribute, custom, fear, or honour." The struggle to follow Christ, to distinguish and practice proper pride and proper humility, is enacted in these sections. Rossetti evidently changed her mind regarding the appropriateness of this text, however, for in the abbreviated version of the harmony that she published in *Letter and Spirit* she replaced the verse describing the child Jesus conversing with the doctors with a later verse from the same chapter relating how "the child Jesus went down with His mother and His reputed father 'and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them,'" a text which offers a divine model of modesty and respect for parental authority and makes the lesson one which unequivocally counsels deference and humility, themes which consistently appear in Rossetti's writing.

Despite the general meekness of charity, it is not seen sentimentally. To "charity rejoiceth not in iniquity" is added Jesus' response to the Pharisees who censured him for healing on the Sabbath, and Paul's attitude to unbelievers:

CHARITY.	OUR LORD.	HIS SCHOOL.
rejoiceth not in iniquity	Our Lord, being grieved for hardness of their hearts, looked with anger on the men who surrounded Him.— *S. Mark* iii.5	S. Paul wept when he spake of the enemies of the Cross of Christ.— *Phil.* iii. 18

Paul's next words—"whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things"—were not quoted, but their force is implicit in the reference.

Rossetti had a profound sense of responsibility to her audience and a strong conviction that as an artist she had a duty to foster the moral and spiritual growth of her readers.[9] The profusion of devotional prose written by Rossetti is a manifestation of this conviction; indeed, more than once in correspondence with her brother Dante Gabriel she alluded to "one's own responsibility in use of an influential talent" (*Family Letters* 89). Dante Gabriel evidently worried about her decision to write and publish such books as *Annus Domini* (1874), *Seek and Find* (1879), *Called to Be Saints* (1881), *Letter and Spirit* (1883), *Time Flies* (1885), and *The Face of the Deep* (1892), but his sister's commitment was certain: "I don't think harm will accrue from my S. P. C. K. books, even to my standing: if it did, I should still be glad to throw my grain of dust into the religious scale" (*Family Letters* 92). The remark shows a characteristic blend of self-deprecation and firm resolution, but it more importantly is indicative of her sense of her role as spiritual and religious teacher. Certainly, Rossetti throws another "grain of dust into the religious scale" with her publication of "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII"; furthermore, the selections that Rossetti chooses to match with the first verse of 1 Corinthians 13 in her "Harmony" emphasize her awareness of her audience:

CHARITY.	OUR LORD.	HIS SCHOOL.
Though I speak with the tongues of men and of Angels, and have not Charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.	"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."— *S. John* xvi. 12.	S. Paul would rather speak to edification, than in an unknown tongue.— I *Cor.* xiv. 19.

Although she certainly does so later in the "Harmony," Rossetti does not choose to focus on charity or love in her textual observances on this first verse; rather, she focuses on the speaker's responsibility to address his or her audience with an awareness of its capacities and with the goal of edifying those addressed. Thus, both the Tractarian quality of "reserve" and an emphasis on didacticism are evinced in this first set of biblical texts: the passage from John quotes Christ's own words describing the divine practice of the principle of reserve, and Paul's emphasis on "edification" is unquestionably copied in Rossetti's own desire to edify her readers. According to William, Christina "certainly felt that to write anything for publication is to incur a great spiritual responsibility ("Memoir" lxvii), and she was always guided by a sense of her duty never to compromise her readers morally; in 1860-61 for instance, she destroyed what William considered her best piece of short fiction when "someone suggested that it raised a moral problem" (Troxell 148).[10]

Indeed, the above selections demonstrate an important aspect of Rossetti's artistic vocation which had been evident from the earliest stirrings of her desire to be known as a writer: her attention to her reading audience. In an early letter to William Edmonston Aytoun, of *Blackwood's*, dated 1 August 1854, she indicates that she writes not only to satisfy her creative urge but also with the hope of having it presented to the general public: "I do not blush to confess that . . . it would afford me some gratification to place my productions before others and ascertain how far what I do is expressive of mere individualism, and how far it is capable of approving itself to the general sense" (Sandars 85-86). It was almost three decades later when in her "Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" she quotes approvingly St. Paul's preference for being understood and thus edifying others rather than speaking in tongues, knowing that the biblical passage goes on to explain that he who speaks in tongues is speaking "Not unto men, but unto God: for no man understandeth *him*; howbeit in the spirit he speaketh mysteries" (1 Cor. 14. 2) The focus on communicating with one's audience evident in the selections from John and Paul intimates that in Rossetti's poetry and prose we would do well to look for the ways in which she is at pains to construct a poetic that is other- or reader-centered.

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[4] Entry for 19 Oct. 1894. For more information on Gutch, see Thomas 221-22, 403, and William Michael's *Some Reminiscences* 2: 530ff.

[5] "Young Plants & Polished Corners" was offered to Macmillan for publication in 1876 and presumably refused (Packer 120-21). It was published by the SPCK in 1881 as *Called to Be Saints: The Minor Festivals Devotionally Studied.*

[6] The letter should be read in the light of Westerholm's observation that Rossetti's prefaces were often disingenuous protests of limited ability, disclaimers of authority that allowed her to enter the field of biblical interpretation normally proscribed to women.

[7] See D'Amico, "Helpmeet" for the anti-suffrage position expressed in *New and Old.*

[8] The "Harmony"'s reference to Mary and Martha, however, is in the third column and therefore is not included in the shortened version appended to *Letter and Spirit.*

[9] "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" was composed soon after violent demonstrations and threat of war against Russia. Although war is nowhere mentioned in the "Harmony," it is possible that theme and text were suggested by the conflicts both abroad and at home and by the fervent wish that disputes be settled by lovingkindness rather than by military action or riotous demonstration.

[10] This piece of fiction, *Folio Q*, was submitted to and rejected by *Cornhill* and *Blackwood's* in 1860 and was destroyed by February-March 1861.

Indeed, "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" reveals much that should prompt scholars to reevaluate the tendency to regard Rossetti's art as primarily self-revelatory. In particular, the conscious use of intricate and suggestive structures in this work as in the rest of the devotional prose is aimed at achieving a particular effect in the reader's experience of the text; furthermore, this attention to structure is paralleled in the careful arrangement of poems in Rossetti's volumes of poetry.[11] The textual history of Rossetti's poetical works has tended, however, to mask the significance of this careful sequencing. Rossetti's first editor, William Michael Rossetti, saw no advantage in editing his sister's poems according to her intended arrangement (*Some Reminiscences* 360-61), and so it was only with the publication of R. W. Crump's *The Complete Poems of Christina Rossetti* that Rossetti's poems have become readily available in the sequence and context in which the author originally placed them. In fact, while William's tendency to arrange Rossetti's poems chronologically probably fueled the biographical/amatory approach that has so dominated Rossetti criticism in the past, what the original volume structures reveal is a poet whose aim is not self-revelation but rather the guidance of the reader's response to her work, a observation which is supported by evidence found in the devotional pieces.

Composed as it was during the Lenten season of 1878, "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" was written in the time between the composition of two more elaborate exercises using a similar structure: *Called to Be Saints: The Minor Festivals Devotionally Studied* (completed by 1876 though not published until 1881) and *Seek and Find: A Double Series of Short Studies of the Benedicite* (1879). As part of *Called to Be Saints* Rossetti composed a "Memorial" for each feast day. In the "Memorial" the psalm for that day runs in one column, while in the adjacent column Rossetti cites the important events in the life of the saint being contemplated and other biblical passages that relate to the psalm and the saint's life. Also reminiscent of the structure of "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" is the Preface to *Seek and Find*: the first column contains the Benedicite and is entitled "The Praise-Givers are"; the next is entitled "God's Creatures" and contains mainly Old Testament passages; the third column is called "Christ's Servants" and consists primarily of New Testament passages. This basic structure is then echoed in the two detailed studies of the Benedicite which follow (the first study being derived primarily from the Old Testament and the second from the New) and which engage both the base text and each other.

It was not, however, until she was writing *Letter and Spirit: Notes on the Commandments* that Rossetti returned to the text of her "Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" and revised it for inclusion into one of her book-length devotional prose works. A two-column version of the "Harmony" appears as a sort of appendix to the main text of *Letter and Spirit*, prefaced again by the modest disclaimer that "The following little Harmony was in part if not wholly suggested to me" (200). The work is here called "Harmony on Part of 1 Corinthians XIII" and consists of the first two columns of the "Harmony" as published in *New and Old*, headed in this instance by the titles "Charity" and "Jesus Christ." The texts are largely the same, apart from the altered selection from Luke noted above, but Rossetti now offers some additional references and consistently gives some context for the quotations from Christ in the second column. For example, in the *New and Old* version of the "Harmony," under the heading "Our Lord" and beside the assertion that charity "believeth all things," Rossetti places the quotation "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" (38). In *Letter and Spirit* she elaborates, prefacing this passage with some explanation of the context of this statement, offering an interpretation of Christ's words, and directing the reader to further biblical examples:

> Our Lord Who had declared "I judge no man," prejudged not even Judas Iscariot, but to his "Hail Master" and kiss, answered: "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" (St. John vii. 15; St. Matt. xxvi. 49, 50. For further instances of Christ's gracious Will to put the best possible construction on conduct, *see* St. Luke ix. 49, 50, xxiii. 33, 34.) (204)

The most important alteration, however, is the change from the triple-column to the double-column format, and we can only speculate as to the reasons for this revision. *Letter and Spirit* is an examination of the relationship between the Ten Commandments of the Old Testament and Christ's two Great Commandments (Mark 12: 28-30 and Matthew 22: 39-40), and we might surmise that Rossetti chose to present the "Harmony" in the new two-column form both to reflect the comparison of two laws which formed the main body of the work and to balance formally the opening section's paired-column arrangement of the "new and old" commandments

What should be clear from all these examples of Rossetti's devotional writing is that she paid close attention to structure and to how texts illuminate and comment on each other. "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" evinces Rossetti's characteristic attention to the ways in which the individual parts of a larger whole, in this case various books of the New Testament (including all four gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and eleven of the epistles) elucidate and illustrate each other. Thus, like her other devotional writings, this rediscovered work offers some valuable insight into Rossetti's habits of thought. In noting both the intricacy of the structure of this piece and its reliance on the parallels and commentary running between texts, readers may be prompted to look for evidence of a comparably conscious and significant arrangement in Rossetti's volumes of poetry. Moreover, the importance of direct and implicit commentary in "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII," as well as elsewhere in the devotional prose, strengthens the argument that Rossetti typically uses one text to comment on another, an observation that should encourage us to consider the ways in which within her volumes of poetry individual poems, as well as the two sections of poetry, echo, explicate, and critique each other.

What Rossetti's devotional prose highlights is her propensity towards intertextuality, in other words, "the demonstrable presence of one text within another" (Genette, qtd. in Morgan 29). All of Rossetti's works of devotional prose depend on the biblical text in order to achieve their full significance, and her method is explicitly intertextual in Gérard Genette's sense of "*citation*" or quotation. But "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" also reveals Rossetti's sensitivity to what might be called *intra*textuality; that is, she sees dispersed passages from the Bible as bearing a direct relation to each other and gathers those passages in her harmony. The habit of intertextuality which pervades the devotional prose is similarly evident throughout the poetry, which is pervaded by biblical language and imagery. Furthermore, structural and formal clues within the works of devotional prose—the conscious doubling in the two-part structure of *Seek and Find*, and her use of parallel columns, as in *Seek and Find, Called to Be Saints* and "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII"—should sensitize the reader to patterns of intratextuality, which Genette defines as a relationship among works of a single author characterized by quotation, plagiarism, and allusion (Godard 570). Such intratextuality is evident in Rossetti's collections of poetry in which an intrapoetic pattern of echoes, dialogue, and commentary can be discerned.

Her first published volume of poetry, *Goblin Market and Other Poems* (1862), is representative of Rossetti's preferred structure in that it is composed of two sections: the first section consists of "general" poetry, or poems not specifically devotional in nature, while the second section, demarcated in the Table of Contents as "Devotional Pieces," contains poems which are overtly religious. Significantly, many of the same symbols that are first encountered in the general poetry are also used in a specifically religious context in the "Devotional Pieces." A reader who returns from the devotional to the general poems thus finds that, more than may have been apparent on a first reading, the "secular" poems carry religious associations. In "The Meretricious and the Meritorious in *Goblin Market*: A Conjecture and an Analysis," D. M. R. Bentley suggests a similar relationship between the two sections of poems, stating that the devotional and non-devotional compartments are "dialogically connected: the non-devotional poems are dramatizations of moral and spiritual issues, and the 'Devotional Pieces' are meditations on many of the same topics" (66-67). It is the special significance of this two-part structure that has not yet been fully addressed. Dolores Rosenblum does address the careful structuring of Rossetti's volumes of poetry, but Rosenblum's useful study focuses rather on sequence, resonances and inversions among contiguous poems, and "thematic and formal repetitiveness" (134).[12] This sequential reading is important, but the two-part structure of *Goblin Market and Other Poems* might ask the reader to be aware of more than the sequence. Just as in "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" the reader encounters biblical passages taken out of order and placed in a structure which requires that the reader read in two directions at once (across the page for the harmonized texts and down the page for the selection from 1 Corinthians 13), so too in the *Goblin Market* volume the reader would find it enlightening to read forward and backward, and to read the two sections in "harmony," searching for repetitions and parallels between the two sections.

The pattern of reading an early section in light of a later one is central to much of Rossetti's practice in her devotional prose, for her approach to the Bible is markedly typological; moreover, Rossetti's use of typology demonstrates that she is accustomed to thinking in terms of relationships between "books," or parts of a Book/book. The typological approach demands that the individual attempt a retrospective reading of the Bible, through which the Old Testament is fully appreciated only after the antitypes of the New Testament are revealed. Rossetti might have expected her readers to apply a similar method to her volumes of poetry, seeing the symbolism in the general poems in a new light after reading the overtly religious use of the same stock of symbols in the devotional section. For example, the practice of reading the natural world as an analogy for the spiritual which is evident in the devotional poetry also appears in a more subtle fashion in the first section of the *Goblin Market* volume in poems such as "Winter Rain," "Spring," and "The First Spring Day." These nominally secular poems, when read in the light of their counterparts among the devotional poems, "Sweet Death," "Symbols," and "'Consider the Lilies of the Field,'" can be seen to function within the same symbolic system and advocate the same approach to nature as an analogy of the divine.

The most obvious theme in "Winter Rain" is the need to accept the bad with the good: without the rain there would be no spring. But if we read this poem in the context of the notion that "Flowers preach to us if we will hear" ("'Consider the Lilies of the Field'" 1), then we begin to see the reserved indication of a divine purpose operating behind nature, and we are led to speculate upon who or what it is that sends the "kind rain" (3). The following lines from "Winter Rain" (from the section of general poems) resonate with deeper significance when they are read beside the passage from the devotional piece "'Consider the Lilies of the Field'":

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[11] Both David A. Kent and Dolores Rosenblum have addressed Rossetti's careful sequencing of her poetry. In addition, in "Reading and Rereading George Herbert and Christina Rossetti," Diane D'Amico briefly suggests that the devotional pieces in *Goblin Market and Other Poems* form a sequence moving toward reconciliation with God and parenthetically notes that "Uphill" serves as a transitional piece preparing the reader for that spiritual journey (284-85).

[12] Rosenblum does suggest, however, that "From house to home" serves as "a commentary on or even a resolution of the issues raised in *Goblin Market*" (139) and that "Despised and rejected" "replays the agon of 'The convent threshold'" (143).

But for fattening rain
  We should have no flowers,
Never a bud or leaf again
  But for soaking showers;
. . . .
We should find no moss
  In the shadiest places,
Find no waving meadow grass
  Pied with broad-eyed daisies.
("Winter Rain" 13-16, 25-28)

But not alone the fairest flowers:
The merest grass
Along the roadside where we pass,
Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,
Tell of His love who sends the dew,
The rain and sunshine too,
To nourish one small seed.
("'Consider the Lilies of the Field'" 18-24)

The reader who studies "Winter Rain" in terms of "'Consider the Lilies of the Field'" will be made aware that the "flowers," "bud," "leaf," "moss," "grass," and "daisies" in the former correspond to the "flowers," "grass," "Lichen and moss and sturdy weed" that preach of God's love in the latter. Furthermore, the rain that nourishes these plants in "Winter Rain" is specifically ascribed in the devotional poem to God, who "sends the dew, / The rain and sunshine too, / To nourish one small seed" (22-24).

Such harmonizing of the two sections of poems is evident elsewhere. For example, if we compare the last poems of each of the two sections of *Goblin Market and Other Poems* we find evidence of the kind of conscious structuring and attention to resonances and commentary that is exhibited elsewhere in Rossetti's canon. The final poem, "Amen," as its title suggests, provides an apt closure to the volume. Its theme, the end of earthly life, is explored through the biblical metaphor of the harvest, a recurring metaphor in the volume:

It is over. What is over?
  Nay, how much is over truly:
Harvest days we toiled to sow for;
  Now the sheaves are gathered newly,
  Now the wheat is garnered duly. (1-5)

The harvest image, with it seamless identification of natural and spiritual fruition, is a thread running through the *Goblin Market* volume, and as such it serves to connect the poems. Looking back from "Amen," the reader is reminded of the "full harvest" in "Sweet Death," where the harvest brings union with God, and of the harvest which Christ bids the reader to "come and reap" (28) in "'The Love of Christ Which Passeth Knowledge,'" a harvest specifically associated with the kingdom won by Christ's incarnation and crucifixion. In "A Better Resurrection," the "harvest dwindled to a husk" (10) symbolizes the lifeless spiritual condition of the speaker; thus, the full harvest is dependent on a living connection with Christ. The recurring image of harvest also reminds the attentive reader of "Goblin Market" and the scene of "early reapers" and "golden sheaves" to which Laura awakens after she is cured (531-32).

In "Amen" we can see how Rossetti's devotional and non-devotional poetry modulate into each other. Apart from its title, the poem is not explicitly devotional; the imagery is biblical, but there is no direct reference to God. The tone of the poem is similar to that of the last poem in the section of the general poetry, "Up-hill." Without any specific reference, both poems use deeply resonant emblems to intimate the approach of death. "Up-hill" and "Amen" provide some revealing contrasts. While in "Amen" death is represented in the familiar biblical image of the harvest, in "Up-hill" the unifying metaphor is the image of a pilgrim journeying uphill to a place of rest implicitly associated with death. But the symbolism in "Up-hill" is far more secular and, perhaps as a result of this, more disturbingly ambiguous than that in "Amen." In the non-devotional poem, the journey is uphill; it takes "from morn to night" (4), and the traveler is weary. The goal is an inn; and the unidentified voice that responds to the speaker's questions says that there are beds for all. The poem is hauntingly suggestive, and it tends to unsettle the reader. The responses to the questions are reassurances that somehow fail to reassure. Furthermore, the queries posed are not answered unequivocally; the all-important question of whether the traveler will find comfort is met with a cryptic reply: "Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak? / Of labour you shall find the sum" (13-14). Eugene Zasadinski has even suggested that in this poem the afterlife, in its consistent association with night, has "sinister connotations of blindness, ignorance, and even oblivion" (96). Although the pilgrimage is a familiar *topos* in devotional literature, the goal of this pilgrimage, an inn, is suggestive of commerce, a "sum" (14) which does not seem to defy the rules of the marketplace (which proves to be a dangerous place in "Goblin Market"). In contrast, the due harvest in "Amen" operates upon a harmony of natural and supernatural laws that are wonderful and mysterious in their ability to turn death into life: "All suffices reckoned rightly: / Spring shall bloom where now the ice is, / Roses make the bramble sightly" (12-14). In God's economy barrenness is turned into fruitfulness. Conversely, "Up-hill" evokes the afterlife, but in the absence of Christian symbol, the promise of rebirth cannot be offered.

In "The Religious Poetry of Christina Rossetti," Jerome J. McGann suggests that the "all but explicit forebears" of Rossetti's "Up-hill" are two of George Herbert's poems—"The Pilgrimage" and "Love (III)." When McGann compares Rossetti's lyric with these models, what he finds most striking is the contrast between, on the one hand, Rossetti's melancholy—even morbid—tone, and, on the other hand, the optimism of Herbert's poems, which "discover and disclose their religious confidence in their respective conclusions" (133). McGann acknowledges the disturbing ambiguity of "Up-hill," but he interprets the conclusion of the poem "Will there be beds for me and all who seek? / Yea, beds for all who come") as a product of Rossetti's belief in the "peculiar millenarian and Anabaptist doctrine known popularly as 'Soul Sleep'" (134).[13] Nevertheless, the rest that "Up-hill" offers seems too gloomy and unfulfilling to be a satisfying vision of the afterlife, nor does this seem to be the conception of death that Rossetti wished her audience to take away from its reading of *Goblin Market and Other Poems*. For resolution, the reader who is attuned to the resonances of symbol and tone throughout the *Goblin Market* volume need only turn from the last poem of the non-devotional section to the devotional section's final poem, "Amen," to find a conclusion that does discover and disclose the religious confidence that is lacking in "Up-hill."

In contrast to the unsettingly equivocal tone and secular imagery of "Up-hill," "Amen" is wholly constructed of biblical images and echoes. The sacrifice on the cross is invoked in the line "It is finished" (6), the biblical metaphor of sowing and harvesting is central, and the last stanza is a celebration of rebirth and of union with the bridegroom, Christ. The final tone is one of serene hope, and of calm assurance of the movement of life toward rebirth, depicted in the now deeply resonant images of spring and the fruitful garden:

Spring shall bloom where now the ice is,
  Roses make the bramble sightly,
  And the quickening sun shine brightly,
  And the latter wind blow lightly,
And my garden teem with spices. (13-17)

But this natural scene is far more than a description of a physical landscape. Both the coming of spring and the description of the garden in the final stanza of "Amen" evoke the Song of Solomon: "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth" (2: 11-12); and "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out" (4: 16). Through these symbols, the reader is reminded of the Bible's own poetic vision of union with the bridegroom, Christ; and through the implicit warning that one reaps what one sows, the reader may be inspired to live piously. There is an effortless identification of the harvest and the garden with the heavenly reward that they symbolize; and as a closure to the *Goblin Market* volume, this poem strikes a crucial balance between natural imagery and spiritual meaning. Furthermore, as the final note in the devotional section, "Amen" both questions "Up-hill" and completes it by providing a satisfactory image of human life and death. This relationship between "Up-hill" and "Amen" is one that is lost if, first, one does not read the poems in the arrangement that Rossetti designed, and, second, if one is not aware of Rossetti's characteristic thoughtfulness regarding the ways in which various sections of a work comment on each other. It is for this approach and the insight it offers which a study of "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" prepares us.

Rossetti's devotional writings tend to hold less interest for the modern reader than her poetry, and perhaps this is deservedly so; nevertheless, the long-neglected "Harmony on First Corinthians XIII," like her other devotional prose works, does highlight some essential qualities in Rossetti's writing. What Rossetti's devotional prose writings necessitate is our recognition of how she constantly hears meaning being reverberated, expanded, and problematized in and among the various sections of a text. Rossetti deliberately brings together various biblical passages in her careful arrangement of texts in "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII," but we are only beginning to discover the significance of the artful arrangement of poems in her collections of poetry.

Appendix

The full text of "A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII" is not easily available and therefore we reprint the complete text here:

A Harmony on First Corinthians XIII

I do not know whether an empty season ever befalls "New and Old," but in such a case perhaps you might think my enclosure worth looking at. 1 *Cor.* xiii. with illustrative texts was suggested to me as an exercise last Lent. The *Chapter* I thought of myself; the particular treatment was suggested in part or wholly to me.

Christina G. Rossetti

CHARITY.	OUR LORD.	HIS SCHOOL.
Though I speak with the tongues of men and of Angels, and have not Charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.	"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."— *S. John* xvi. 12.	S. Paul would rather speak to edifcation, than in an unknown tongue.—I *Cor*. xiv. 19.
And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Charity, I am nothing.	Christ thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but humbled Himself, and became obedient unto the death of the Cross for our sakes.—*Phil.* ii. 6-8.	Faith, by itself, casts not out fear; Devils believe, and tremble: "But perfect love casteth out fear."—*S. James* ii. 19; 1 *S. John* iv. 18.
And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not Charity, it	Christ poured out His soul unto death, bearing the sin of many: He shall see of the travail of His Soul, and shall be	God desires mercy and not sacrifice.—*S. Matt*. ix. 13; *Hosea* vi. 6.

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[13] See Marshall for a convincing rebuttal to McGann's thesis.

CHARITY.	OUR LORD.	HIS SCHOOL.
profiteth me nothing.	satisfied. Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor.—*Isa.* liii. 11, 12; 2 *Cor.* viii. 9.	
Charity suffereth long,	"Suffer ye thus far." *S. Luke* xxii. 51.	S. Paul pleaded his former persecuting zeal in excuse of his countrymen.—*Acts* xxii. 19, 20.
and is kind.	Our Lord healed the ear of Malchus.—*S. Luke* xxii. 51; *S. John* xviii. 10.	S. Paul wished unmixed good to King Agrippa and his company.—*Acts* xxvi. 29.
Charity envieth not;	"He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do."—*S. John* xiv. 12.	Martha called Mary, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee.—*S. John* xi. 28.
Charity vaunteth not itself,	"Man, who made Me a judge or a divider over you?—*S. Luke* xii. 14.	S. John bears witness that the Lord said *not*, "He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"—*S. John* xxi. 23.
is not puffed up.	"I am meek and lowly in heart."—*S, Matt.* xi. 29.	The Centurion sent friends to our Lord, saying, "I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof: wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee."—*S. Luke* vii. 6, 7.
Doth not behave itself unseemly,	The Child Jesus sat among the Doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.—*S. Luke* ii. 46.	We must render at all their due, be it tribute, custom, fear, or honour.—*Rom.* xiii. 7.
seeketh not her own,	"Not My Will, but Thine, be done."—*S. Luke* xxii. 42.	S. Paul forewent the comfort of Onesimus's attendance.—*Phil.* 12-14.
is not easily provoked,	"If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou Me?"—*S. John* xviii. 23.	Blessed are the meek.—*S. Matt.* v. 5.
thinketh no evil;	"Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."—*S. John.* ix. 3.	The Writer to the Hebrews says: "But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak."—*Heb.* vi. 9.
rejoiceth not in iniquity,	Our Lord, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, looked with anger on the men who surrounded Him.—*S. Mark* iii. 5.	S. Paul wept when he spake of the enemies of the Cross of Christ.—*Phil.* iii. 18.
but rejoiceth in the truth;	Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes: even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.—*S. Luke.* x. 21.	S. John writes: "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."—2 *S. John* 4.
beareth all things,	Christ bare our sins in His own Body on the tree. —1 *S. Pet.* ii. 24.	The care of all the Churches came daily upon S. Paul.— 2 *Cor.* xi. 28.
believeth all things,	"Friend, wherefore art thou come?"—*S. Matt.* xxvi. 50.	S. Paul believed that his Philippian converts had lacked not care for him but opportunity.—*Phil.* iv. 10.
hopeth all things,	"Lord, let it alone tis year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well."—*S. Luke* xiii. 8, 9.	The Penitent Thief prayed: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." —*S. Luke* xxiii. 42.
endureth all things.	Jesus for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame.—*Heb.* xii 2.	"He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."—*S. Matt.* xxiv. 13.
Charity never faileth.	Our Lord having loved His own which were in the world, loved them unto the end.—*S. John* xiii. 1.	S. Peter, forewarned of his own approaching death, ceased not to stir up his flock.—2 *S. Pet.* 1. 13, 14.
And now abideth faith,	"O Righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee: but I have known Thee, and these have known that Thou hast sent me."—*S. John* xvii. 25.	"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the Sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not."—1 *S. John* iii. 1.
hope,	"Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou has given Me."—*S. John* xvii. 24.	"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."—*S. John* iii. 2, 3.
charity, these three;	"For their sakes I sanctify Myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth."—*S. John* xvii. 19.	"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 *S. John* iv. 7.
but the greatest of these is charity.	"I have declared unto them Thy Name, and will declare It: that the love wherewith Thou has loved Me may be in them, and I in them."—*S. John* xvii. 26.	"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 *S. John* iv. 16.

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University of Ottawa and London, England

Pre-Raphaelite Paintings and Jungian Images in Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White*

Sophia Andres

The Woman in White, one of the most popular novels in Victorian England (published in four editions in one month), has been the subject of critical conjectures regarding its genesis. Nuel Pharr Davis, for example, assumes that Eugene Scribe's, the French playwright's, *La Dame Blanche* (1825) must have furnished Collins the germ for *The Woman in White* (75-76). In his "Wilkie Collins and *The Woman in White*," Clyde Hyder also recounts numerous biographical and literary sources for the novel. More recently in *The Secret Life of Wilkie Collins*, William Clarke points to Maurice Mejan's *Recueil des Causes Célèbres*, records of French crimes, as a possible source and quotes Wilkie Collins himself as saying that in that book "I found some of my best plots. *The Woman in White* was one" (100). Wilkie Collins's biographers agree that Collins's extraordinary meeting with Caroline Graves must have also served as the germ for the novel (Davis 163, Robinson 131).[1]

Indeed the germs for any novel are very often emotional associations which are then imaginatively expanded—associations so deeply in the writer's psyche that the exact germs cannot be wholly recovered. Yet the possible sources of inspiration can often serve as signposts to our critical conjectures. It is surprising that, although Wilkie Collins's acquaintance with famous Pre-Raphaelites is well known, critics have disregarded their impact not only on possible themes Collins explores but on the narrative techniques he uses especially in *The Woman in White*. Beginning with some Pre-Raphaelite paintings that served as possible inspirations, I would like to explore the affinities that Pre-Raphaelite paintings and Collins's narrative in *The Woman in White* share, and then to demonstrate how Collins's Pre-Raphaelite concern with the rendering of light and shadow leads him to an exploration of the workings of the unconscious.

Through his brother, Charley Collins, a full-fledged member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Wilkie Collins came to know Dante Gabriel Rossetti and became intimate friends with John Everett Millais and William Holman Hunt (Davis 105, 162). In his *Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, William Holman Hunt reports that Wilkie Collins "took a lively interest in our pursuits, and professed a desire to write an article on our method of work, leaving the question of the value of the results entirely apart, that the public might understand our earnestness in the direct pursuit of nature, which . . . would at least be convincing proof that our untiring ambition was . . . to be persistent rather in the pursuit of new truth" (1: 304). Indeed Collins's interest in the Pre-Raphaelites' "strict adherence to the truth as it is in Nature," as Patricia Frick has already demonstrated, "provided Collins with a sense of landscape which enabled him. in his later writings, to establish his scenes with vivid effect" (12-13).

But apart from vivid, detailed landscapes, women in white abound in Pre-Raphaelite paintings from Charley Collins's *Convent Thoughts* (1851), that Ruskin described as "Mr. Collins' lady in white" (12: 320-21), to the vulnerable divine figure in Rossetti's *Ecce Ancilla Domini* (1850), or to a subject that fascinated the Pre-Raphaelites, the fallen woman, such as in Ford Madox Brown's *Take Your Son, Sir* (1856-57) or William Holman Hunt's *The Awakening Conscience* (1854). Besides these figures, even a cursory look at Rossetti's "haunting and somewhat bizarre drawing" *How They Met Themselves* (1850-60), which depicts a couple in medieval costume meeting their doubles in a dark wood (Faxon 140-41), seems but an illustration of Collins's rendering of the Doppelgänger theme in *The Woman in White*. By transposing the illegitimate Anne Catherick with her respectable half-sister Laura Fairlie-Glyde, the outcast with the privileged, Collins seems to undermine contemporary gender ideology, demonstrating that women, as long as they are kept uninformed, run the same risks whether they be outcasts or honored members of the upper classes.

On the other hand, John Everett Millais's drawing *Retribution* (1854), which, as Susan Casteras points out, depicts the ironic reversal of roles of the fallen woman portrayed as a regal figure and the respectable wife as a pitiful suppliant in a society ruled by sexual double standard (30-31), can also be seen as an illustration of the ironic reversals in *The Woman in White*. Certainly the central situation in the novel seems to duplicate this tableau. Whereas Laura Fairlie, the upper middle-class woman is imprisoned in her house by her husband, Sir Percival Glyde (who later on commits her to an asylum where she is deprived of her own identity and property), Mrs. Catherick, the fallen woman and the mother of Laura's half-sister, enjoys respectability. And because of Mr. Fairlie's infidelity, Anne Catherick and Laura Fairlie never know that they are sisters. Besides, Walter Hartright's passionate commitment to "unknown Retribution" (296), his pursuit of Sir Percival, which his love for Laura generates, is a theme that unifies the various narratives of the novel.

But in addition to themes for the novel, Pre-Raphaelite paintings, I believe, also provided Collins with ideas for his narrative technique in this novel, namely his treatment of light and shadow. Early reviews of Pre-Raphaelite exhibitions reveal the Pre-Raphaelites' departure from traditional modes of perspective and treatments of light and shadow. In 1849, for instance, a reviewer of *Athenaeum*, responding to John Everett Millais's *Isabella* (1849) and William Holman Hunt's *Rienzi* (1849), complains that "the faults of the two pictures under consideration are the results of the partial views which have led their authors to the practice of a time when knowledge of light and shade and of the means of imparting due relief by the systematic conduct of aerial perspective had not been obtained," and concludes that "the hard monotony of contour in Isabella is due to the absence of shadow" (Hunt 1: 178-79). Two years later, an outraged reviewer in *Times* of 7 May 1851 responding to an exhibition of Millais's *Mariana*, Collins's *Convent Thoughts*, and William Holman Hunt's *Valentine Rescuing Sylvia from Proteus* censures the painters' eccentric techniques: "Their faith seems to consist in an absolute contempt for perspective and the known laws of light and shade, an aversion to beauty in every shape, and a singular devotion to the minute accidents of their subjects, or rather seeking out every excess of sharpness and deformity" (Hunt 1: 249).

On 29 April 1854, a reviewer of Hunt's *The Light of the World*, *The Awakening Conscience*, and Collins's *The Thought of Bethlehem* also focuses on shadow in *The Awakening Conscience*, a relatively minor detail in such a heavily cluttered painting: "The complicated compound shadow in the mirror is also a mere piece of intricacy without any good or valuable effort" (Hunt 1: 404-406). Indeed Hunt's celebrated *The Light of the World* can be seen as a dramatic, delightful illustration of the interplay of light with shadow—another possible germ for the first striking appearance of the woman in white.[2] Wilkie Collins had seen the first version of this painting when he spent time with his brother Charley, John Everett Millais and William Holman Hunt at Rectory Farm in Ewell in 1851 (Hunt 1: 304).

Brushstrokes of light and shadow indeed sharpen the visual effect of key events in the *Woman in White*, accentuating their sensational impact. But besides enhancing the sensational quality of the novel, these Pre-Raphaelite touches of light and shadow capture and represent Collins's concern with and insights into human psychology, particularly in the mysterious workings of the unconscious.[3] Such a concern simultaneously becomes the subtle means by which Collins exposes and subverts Victorian bourgeois mentality.

By placing Anne Catherick, the illegitimate daughter of a fallen woman, in the center on which the novel pivots, Collins, like his Pre-Raphaelite friends, aroused and allayed the fear of the Other.[4] Initially presenting the illegitimate figure of Anne Catherick as the threat of the Other to Walter Hartright, Collins eventually transforms her into part of the protagonist's own self—his unconscious. This explains why Walter, though "as colorless as Adam himself," is an effective character, for "the true-born Englishman of Collins's day, represented in the mass of middle-class readers" could identify with him (Marshall 64-65). In this respect *The Woman in White* can be seen as an expression of what Carl Jung believes is the social function of a literary work of art, "educating the spirit of the age, conjuring up the forms which the age is most lacking" (Snider 82).

Even before the woman in white appears to Walter Hartright at the opening of the novel, we are aware of a landscape suffused with light and shade. As a teacher of drawing, Walter is naturally sensitive and receptive to his surroundings, describing them in Pre-Raphaelite-like details: "the long hot summer was drawing to a close; and we, the weary pilgrims of the London pavement, were beginning to think of the cloud-shadows on the corn-fields, and the autumn breezes on the sea-shore" (34). Soon after this scene, Walter appears against a Pre-Raphaelite background of light and shadow. Oppressed by the humidity, he decides to "stroll home in the purer air . . . to follow the white winding paths across the lonely heath" in the "mysterious light" of the moon. And as he enjoys "the divine stillness of the scene," admiring "the soft alternations of light and shade . . . over the broken ground," he is startled by the sudden appearance of the solitary figure of Anne Catherick, the woman in white: "there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from the heaven—stood the figure of a solitary Woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments" (46-47).

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[1] John Everett Millais's son relates this incident. On a bright moonlit night, he claims, as Wilkie Collins and John Everett Millais were walking together, they suddenly heard a woman's scream coming from the garden of a villa and saw "the figure of a young and very beautiful woman dressed in flowing white robes that shone in the moonlight. She seemed to float rather than to run . . . . she suddenly moved on and vanished in the shadows cast upon the road" (1: 278-79).

[2] See Maas for details regarding the composition of this famous painting. For Romantic and Victorian theories on the germ, see Andres.

[3] Collins's interest in the workings of the unconscious emerges as early as *Antonina* (1850) and reaches its culmination in *The Moonstone* (1868).

[4] Through representations of the illegitimate, the illicit, the unconventional, Pre-Raphaelites often captured the social imaginary, the popular fear of the Other, particularly in the paintings of fallen women mentioned in this essay. Simultaneously by blending the illicit with the religious, they achieved a fusion of the other with the self.

Like his Pre-Raphaelite friends, Collins created and shaped fallen women as distinct and individual figures rather than types, ranging from the unrepentant Margaret Sherwin to the victimized Mary Grice, the repentant Sarah Leeson, the bewildered Lydia Guilt, and the respectable Mrs. Anne Catherick.

Already before the appearance of the woman in white, Collins has managed to fuse the real and the imaginative in Pre-Raphaelite interplays of light with shadow, admirably capturing the fluidity of the liberating space between waking and dreaming. The woman in white herself appears like a shadow, thus partaking of the substantial and the ethereal, the real and the possible. It is not too presumptuous to believe that, though Hartright at this point does not explicitly describe her as a shadow, he sees her as one, an "extraordinary apparition," that "dropped from the heaven" (47). His own words later on, particularly towards the end of the novel when he hears about Anne Catherick's death, confirm such an assumption: "So the ghostly figure which has haunted these pages, as it haunted my life, goes down into impenetrable gloom. Like a shadow she first came to me in the loneliness of the night. Like a shadow she passes away in the loneliness of the dead" (576).

Thus Collins, in an attempt to draw his narrative in Pre-Raphaelite interplays of light with shadow, transforms the social imaginary, the fear of the Other—the outcast, the displaced—into an essential phase in the protagonist's (the typical Victorian's) psyche. Eventually, the shadowy figure becomes an integral part of Hartright's quest for psychic integration, and in the process Collins illustrates that psychic integration is not possible without an active interaction of the private with the social, of the self with the other. Indeed, Jung himself used the term "shadow" to describe that part of the unconscious which we tend to disregard or repress: "When dark figures turn up in our dreams and seem to want something," M.-L von Frantz reports, explaining Jung's theory of individuation, "we cannot be sure whether they personify merely a shadowy part of ourselves, or the Self, or both at the same time" (175). And elsewhere he explains that "in some aspects the shadow can also consist of collective factors that stem from a source outside the individual's personal life" (168). Thus Hartright's encounter with the woman in white seems to suggest the convergence of psychic and social issues, for the modification in the protagonist's perception creates the possibility of change in the reader's perspective, which, in turn, may effect social change.

The shock Hartright experiences at this extraordinary meeting is characteristic of the first phase in the process of individuation, which Jung explains in *Two Essays in Analytical Psychology* as the process through which one becomes a "single, homogeneous being, and, in so far as 'individuality' embraces our innermost, last, and incomparable uniqueness, it also implies becoming one's own self" (182). As with the quest of the hero, the process of individuation begins with a call that draws an individual into the social sphere. In an attempt to master his bewilderment, Hartright responds to the call by resorting to Victorian standards of respectability, in order to determine whether the figure in white is a distressed or a wayward, outcast woman: "There was nothing wild, nothing immodest in her manner: it was quiet and self-controlled, not exactly the manner of a lady, and, at the same time, not the manner of a woman in the humblest rank of life" (48). Yet the mysterious figure eludes such standards, and Hartright feels compelled to justify his rash impulse to help her: "the loneliness and helplessness of the woman touched me. The natural impulse to assist her and to spare her got the better of my judgement, the caution, the worldly tact, which an older, wiser, and colder man might have summoned to help him in this strange emergency" (49).

The shock of this intriguing encounter initiates an identity crisis. "Was I Walter Hartright?" he asks himself; "had I really left, little more than an hour since, the quiet, decent, conventionally domestic atmosphere of my mother's cottage?" (50). Simultaneously, this bewildering experience prefigures Walter's confrontation with his unconscious. The dreamlike qualities of the woman, "an extraordinary apparition" (47) that was "like a dream" (50), are important, for through dreams, M.-L von Frantz explains in *Man and His Symbols*,

> one becomes acquainted with aspects of one's own personality that for various reasons one has preferred not to look at too closely. That is what Jung called 'the realization of the shadow.' He used the term 'shadow' for this unconscious part of the personality because it actually often appears in dreams in a personified form. (168)

After Walter assists the woman in white to find a cab and get away, he is uneasy about his decision and confesses that he "was perplexed and distressed by an uneasy sense of having done wrong which yet left me confusedly ignorant of how I could have done right" (54). Hartright's perplexity and bewilderment also characterize the encounter with the unconscious, since "deciding whether the shadow represents something that we should accept or reject is one of the most difficult problems on the way to individuation" (Frantz 175-76). His doubts become tormenting when he realizes, after he sees her pursuers, that she has escaped from an asylum: "What had I done? Assisted the victim of the most horrible of all false imprisonments to escape; or cast loose on the wide world of London an unfortunate creature, whose actions it was my duty, and every man's duty to control?" (55).

In the beginning of his journey Walter is unable to "bring the process of individuation into reality," for the extraordinary encounter with the Other cannot be explained in terms of conventional morality or social norms. According to Jung, an individual must be willing to "surrender consciously to the power of the unconscious, instead of thinking in terms of what one should do, or of what is generally right, or of what usually happens. One must listen, in order to learn what the inner totality—the Self—wants one to do here and now in a particular situation" (Frantz 164). At this point Walter lacks, in psychoanalytic terms, the courage "to take the unconscious seriously and to tackle problems it causes" (Frantz 176); in fact, he attempts to repress the memory of the encounter, and hopes to start a new life at Limmeridge, teaching Laura Fairlie and her half-sister, Marian Holcombe, drawing and painting.

Yet the image of the woman in white becomes imperceptibly fused with that of Laura's when Walter first meets Laura in the summerhouse at Limmeridge. In a Pre-Raphaelite sensitivity to light and shadow, Walter draws our attention to the shadows in Laura's portrait: "a little straw hat . . . covers her head, and throws its soft pearly shadow over the upper part of her face. Her hair is of so faint and pale a brown . . . that it nearly melts here and there into the shadow of the hat" (75). Even before Walter is aware of the resemblance of Laura to Anne, the narrator subtly merges the two figures, and simultaneously transforms them into Walter's anima, a figure which Walter cannot disregard. Thus Collins in the process fuses the social with the private, presenting them as inextricably bound, one determining and shaping the other. Laura's function as Walter's anima is revealed in his frustrated attempt to account for the irrational attraction. Drawn in brushstrokes of light and shadow, Laura instantaneously becomes for Walter the ideal Victorian angel, "the woman who first gives life, light, and form to our shadowy conceptions of beauty, fills a void in our spiritual nature that has remained unknown to us till she appeared" (76). Collins's insight into human psychology is even more striking when Walter describes the fatality of his attraction as "the Syren-song that my own heart sung to me with eyes shut to all sight, and ears closed to all sound of danger" (90); for, in Jungian terms, "it is the presence of the anima that causes a man to fall in love with a woman he sees for the first time. . . . The Greek Sirens personify the dangerous aspect of the anima" (Frantz 178, 180).

On the evening of the same day, a few hours after his first meeting of Laura, while Marian and Walter try to fathom the mystery of the connection of the woman in white to Laura's mother, Walter is stunned to see Laura dressed in white, walking on the terrace, bathed in moonlight—a Pre-Raphaelite figure enveloped in light and shadow:

> A thrill of the same feeling which ran through me when the touch was laid upon my shoulder on the lonely highroad chilled me again. There stood Miss Fairlie, a white figure, alone in the moonlight; in her attitude, in the turn of her head, in her complexion, in the shape of her face, the living image . . . of the woman in white! The doubt which had troubled my mind for hours and hours past flashed into conviction in an instant. That "something wanting" was my own recognition of the ominous likeness between the fugitive from the asylum and my pupil at Limmeridge House. (86)

Immediately he laments that "to associate that forlorn, friendless lost woman, even by accidental likeness only, with Miss Fairlie, seems to cast a shadow on the future of the bright creature" (86). Thus Walter's endeavor to extricate himself from the social responsibility to the "forlorn figure" is futile the moment Laura's and Anne's images are interchanged. His condition here represents another important phase in his journey to psychic integration; indeed, the Jungian analysis of this phase seems to correspond to Walter's predicament at this point: "if the shadow figure contains valuable, vital forces, they ought to be assimilated into actual experience and not repressed. It is up to the ego to give up its pride and priggishness and to live out something that seems to be dark, but actually may not be. This can require a sacrifice just as heroic as the conquest of passion, but in an opposite sense" (Frantz 175).

In Jung's view then, when traditional values do not apply to unique cases, the individual must resort to his/her own unconscious for guidance. Walter exhibits such a reliance on his unconscious later in the novel when he becomes suspicious of Sir Percival (after reading Anne Catherick's letter to Laura in which she accuses Sir Percival of imprisoning her in an asylum lest she reveal his secret of illegitimacy), and though unable to find incriminating evidence, he, nevertheless, believes in Anne's innocence. Even Anne herself perceives the change in Walter when she meets him at the cemetery and, instead of the fear she experienced during her first encounter with him, looks at him "eagerly without a shadow of its former distrust left in her expression" (120).

Undermining contemporary ideology, Collins seems to enjoy playing with a series of contrasts and ironic situations. A destitute, vulnerable, seemingly outcast figure, Anne Catherick, could be easily perceived as the guilty party. Wealthy, respectable, "a really irresistible man—courteous, considerate, delightfully free from pride—a gentleman, every inch of him" (169), Sir Percival Glyde, on the other hand, is beyond suspicion. Contrasted with Walter's response to his own unconscious is Mr. Gilmore's conventional reaction, representative of the average, complacent middle-class citizen. Justifying his conduct as "practical" by juxtaposing it with Walter's "romantic" view, Mr. Gilmore, Laura's lawyer, resists any doubts he himself experiences about Sir Percival's defense against Anne Catherick. When he is made uneasy by Marian's suspicions, Mr. Gilmore muses complacently, "in my youth, I should have chafed and fretted under the irritation of my own unreasonable state of mind. In my age, I knew better, and went out philosophically to walk it off" (159). Like Laura's uncle who refuses to participate in drawing a marriage settlement that would protect her from Sir Percival's abuse, and later on prefers her dead lest a legal action to establish her identity would disturb his fragile nerves, Mr. Gilmore prefers his peace of mind to the pursuit of justice, the solipsist cocoon of individual complacency to social responsibility. In this respect he prefigures his successor Mr. Kyle, who, though he believes that Laura has been the victim of a gross deception, (imprisoned in an asylum as Anne Catherick and, after Anne Catherick's death, declared dead and deprived of all her legal rights), tells Walter that he does not have "the shadow of a case" (462).

Collins then seems to expose the average human mind that shrinks from any contact with the unconscious because the "recognition of its unconscious reality involves honest self-examination and reorganization of one's life," a formidable task which people would rather avoid, continuing "to behave as if nothing at all has happened" (Frantz 176). Even Walter is tempted to disengage himself from Anne Catherick's cumbersome problem, and the second time he meets her at the cemetery hopes, as on the first occasion, that he will never see her again (130).

Yet her mystery haunts him during his adventure in Central America, where he believed the distance and time would efface his anima and the physical journey might stifle the anxiety of his spiritual journey. During that time, Marian's prophetic dream depicts Walter's struggle with his unconscious, prefiguring his eventual rebirth; simultaneously, the dream conveys a fusion of the real and the imaginative or possible. In this exotic dream Walter appears in a landscape drawn in Pre-Raphaelite touches of light and shadows cast by immense tropical trees that "shut out the sky, and threw a *dismal shadow* over the forlorn band of men on the steps. *White exhalations* twisted and curled up stealthily from the ground."[5] And later on, in the same dream Walter appears "kneeling by a tomb of *white* marble, and the *shadow* of a veiled woman rose out of the grave beneath and waited by his side" (297, my italics). Thus, once again, the Pre-Raphaelite "soft alternations of light and shade," against which Walter's meeting of the woman in white first occurred, highlight this important episode which prefigures Sir Percival's deception, the burial of Anne Catherick as Lady Glyde.

When Walter resumes the narrative, after his return from Central America, he seems to celebrate his higher state of consciousness signaled by his symbolic death in Marian's dream. Indeed, after the acceptance of his unconscious, which initiates his social involvement, his determination to vindicate Laura and thus become fully involved in exposing the deplorable inefficiency of the legal system, Walter emerges as a reborn figure, a self-reliant, self-assured individual, believing that "in the stern school of extremity and danger my will had learnt to be strong, my heart resolute, my mind to rely on itself" (427).

After this recognition, the following scene in the cemetery, where he believes Laura is buried, is yet another transformation of his initial encounter with the woman in white; in fact, his reaction to Laura's touch is almost identical to that of the mysterious shadow: "the springs of my life fell low, and the shuddering of an unutterable dread crept over me from head to foot" (431). In this case, however, Walter does not resist the call, does not attempt to extricate himself from social responsibility, but undertakes the seemingly impossible task of vindicating Laura "through all risks and all sacrifices—through the hopeless struggle against Rank and Power, through the long fight with armed deceit and fortified success, through the waste of my reputation, through the loss of any friends, through the hazard of my life" (435).

His journey toward psychic integration concludes with the most important event in Hartright's struggle for Laura's vindication, an event that coincides with a crucial phase in his process of individuation. In the nightmarish scene of the fire of the church vestry, where Sir Percival (the secret of his illegitimacy having been discovered) tries to surreptiously add the names of his parents to the church marriage register but accidentally starts a fire with his lantern, Hartright responds to his unconscious by renouncing his passionate commitment to retribution. Like the sudden appearance of the woman in white, the sudden fire represents another call, another temptation to gratify the ego by letting Sir Percival burn to death. But unlike the first occasion, when Walter's ego takes over and seeks to ascertain Anne Catherick's respectability before he offers help, this time Walter immediately responds to his unconscious and tries to rescue Sir Percival:

> I rushed to the door. The one absorbed purpose that had filled all my thoughts, that had controlled all my actions, for weeks and weeks past, vanished in an instant from my mind. All remembrance of the heartless injury the man's crimes had inflicted—of the loss, the innocence, the happiness he had pitilessly laid waste—of the oath I had sworn in my own heart to summon him to the terrible reckoning that he deserved—passed from my memory like a dream. I remembered nothing but the horror of his situation." (535)

In Jung's view, the development of personality is an ongoing process, and a new or higher level of consciousness is at times initiated by symbolic death or rebirth (Frantz 222). Indeed, rebirth follows death as the novel closes in the springtime, and Walter traces the full circle of his journey: "From the long slumber, on her side and on mine, those imperishable memories of our past life in Cumberland now awoke, which were one and all alike, the memories of our love" (577). Ironically, Walter chooses Laura, the woman who has undergone no mental or psychological growth, the figure Nina Auerbach appropriately calls, "the nebulous, incompetent heroine" (135). Yet the traditional Victorian closure of the novel discloses Collins's keen sensitivity to the forces of the marketplace, simultaneously revealing his exquisite ability to gratify his middle-class readers while severely criticizing them.

Wilkie Collins often attempted to gain recognition as a literary artist, the founder of the sensation novel that moved beyond the limits of the realistic without violating realism, and insisted that his novels described "those extraordinary accidents and events which happen to few men . . . as the ordinary accidents may and do happen to us all" (Phillips 136). In the liberating dream space of the sensation novel, Collins successfully undermines contemporary ideology that displaces women by either apotheosizing them as angels or condemning them as outcasts. Through his emphasis on Walter's mysterious entanglement in someone else's fate—an outcast, the illegitimate daughter of a fallen woman—Collins, like his Pre-Raphaelite friends, fuses the shadow of the Other with the self, demonstrating that our lives are often as interconnected and interwoven as the filaments of a web. Most probably, Collins would have agreed with Jung that "if a single individual devotes himself to individuation, he frequently has a positive contagious effect on the people around him. It is as if a spark leaps from one to another" (Frantz 224). In his attempt to draw, like his Pre-Raphaelite friends, landscapes and portraits in alternations of light and shade, Collins discovers the shadow of the unconscious. And through the struggle of the ego with the unconscious towards psychic growth and integration, he expresses his faith in the role of individuals, rather than legislative measures, in effecting social reforms.

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[5] Interestingly enough, the process of individuation has been compared to a pine tree whose growth is often obstructed by other trees but is never stifled, for the tree invariably seeks and finds the light and keeps growing. Certainly, the Jungian paradigm of the tree seems to delineate Walter's determination reflected in Marian's eerie dream: "Like the tree, we should give in to this almost imperceptible, yet powerfully dominating, impulse—an impulse that comes from the urge toward unique, creative, self-realization. And this is a process in which we must repeatedly seek out and find something that is not yet known to anyone. The guiding hints or impulses come, not from the ego, but from the totality of the psyche: the Self" (Frantz 164).

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University of Texas at Permian Basin

Crucifixes and Madonnas: George Eliot's Fascination with Catholicism in *Romola*

Michael Schiefelbein

When Mary Anne Evans rejected orthodox Christianity at the age of 22, after years of Evangelical fervor, she wrote her father to explain why she cold no longer attend church services with him despite his insistence: "I could not without vile hypocrisy and a miserable truckling to the smile of the world for the sake of my supposed interests, profess to join in worship which I wholly disapprove" (*Letters* 1: 128-30). She never abandoned an agnosticism eventually shaped by various positivist theories, and never again affiliated herself with any religious institution. It is this enlightened, secular thinker we have come to see expressed in the fiction of George Eliot. Yet strong religious sentiment lingered in Eliot, as she eloquently confessed to Madame D'Albert in an 1859 letter, describing her "profoundest interest in the inward life of sincere Christians in all ages" (*Letters* 3: 230-31), and in this sentiment she revealed a surprising affinity with the sensibilities of Roman Catholicism. Ironically, she expressed this affinity in *Romola*, a novel validly interpreted as a critique of the Roman religion.

We can discover hints of Eliot's attraction to asceticism in her early adolescence, when, under the influence of Maria Lewis and the Franklins, she observed a strict detachment from stylish clothing and condemned the worldliness exhibited by conceited and affected women. Her school notebook during this time suggests a Catholic influence in the formation of such attitudes. Her writing, which exalts the inner life, includes a poem entitled "On Being Called a Saint," which she herself probably wrote, according to Gordon Haight (*Biography* 20). Years later, long after she had abandoned Christianity, she showed a similar interest in things monastic, deriving great inner peace from Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*. The *Imitation* so affected her that she later made it—along with Keble's *Christian Year*—part of Maggie Tulliver's essential reading in *The Mill on the Floss*. In 1858, on a trip to Germany, she fled from the Protestant St. Sebald's Church at Nurnberg where a lifeless service was being conducted, only to linger at the Frauenkirche during mass. She recounts in her journal the ecstasy she experienced there:

> How the music that stirs all one's devout emotions blends everything into harmony,—makes one feel part of one whole, which one loves all alike, losing the sense of a separate self. Nothing could be more wretched as art than the painted Saint Veronica opposite me, holding out the sad face on her miraculous handkerchief. Yet it touched me deeply, and the thought of the Man of Sorrows seemed a very close thing—not a faint heresy. (George Eliot Journal, 14 April 1858, qtd. in Haight 256)

She recorded a similar experience on beholding Raphael's *Sistine Madonna* in Munich: "a sort of awe, as if I were suddenly in the presence of some glorious being, made my heart swell too much for me to remain comfortably . . . " (George H. Lewes Journal, 20 July 1858, *Biography* 264). In Rome, two years later, she found the illumination of St. Peter's "magically beautiful," contemplated Fra Angelico's *Crucifixion*, and even indulged a whim to kneel for the Pope's blessing. Inspired by such Catholic surroundings, Eliot got the idea for *Romola* and found encouragement in Lewes, who believed such a novel would "fall in with much of her studies and sympathies" (GHL Journal 21 May 1880, qtd. in Haight 326).

A discussion of *Romola* in terms of Eliot's sympathies for Catholicism must begin with some important qualifications. Even without knowing her intellectual positions, readers can readily discern in *Romola* Eliot's abhorrence of superstition, blind obedience, and the excessive morbidness sometimes exhibited in popular Catholic piety. By understanding her positivist tenets, one can soundly interpret the entire novel as a calculated rejection of Catholic theology in favor of a Comtean view of society and the universe. According to J. B. Bullen, for example, Romola's moral development corresponds to the history of society's moral evolution according to Comte, in which Catholicism is an immature stage, superseded by the agnostic, humanist ideals of positivism. (See Bernard Paris's seminal essay, "George Eliot's Religion of Humanity.")

Yet, even considering Eliot's intellectual positions, one cannot deny the emotional attraction to Catholicism Eliot reveals in *Romola*, specifically to its incarnational theology. In describing the nineteenth-century Tractarians, who promoted a Catholic vision of Church and sacraments, Eugene Fairweather explains such a theology:

> It was, [the Tractarians] insisted, supremely fitting that the life-giving flesh and blood of God's eternal Son who was made man should be communicated through fleshly signs wrought by human hands. Indeed, they were prepared to argue that the failure to recognize the 'extensions of the Incarnation' stemmed from a feeble apprehension of the twofold truth of the Incarnation itself—on one hand, that man's salvation comes from God alone; on the other, that God's saving action really penetrates and transforms man's world and man's life. (11)

Unlike the emphasis of the Evangelicals who envisioned Christ released from the bonds of history and promising a spiritual existence, the emphasis of Catholicism is on a Christ intimately involved in the material world into which he was born, a world of the senses, a world of experience. In his incarnation, Christ validated human flesh, and in his sacramental presence within the Church, he continues to validate it. Communicants eat and drink, those confirmed are touched by the bishop, recipients of extreme unction have the five senses anointed. (I have discussed this in my article on *The Old Curiosity Shop*, listed in "Works Cited.")

Ironically, incarnational theology resembles positivism in its emphasis on human experience. It is no wonder that Comte's *Philosophie positive* presents the Religion of Humanity as a purified form of Catholicism, one without a corrupt institution and without a distorted view of the highest good as a transcendent God. However, Comte's new religion lacks the aesthetic and symbolic expressions of human experience so psychologically important to Eliot and so powerfully present in Catholic culture. Rather than through abstract language about the sacred, the Catholic faithful can experience it intimately through concrete depictions of Christ and his saints. Eliot expresses her fascination for such humanization in *Romola*. In the same breath in which she mocks the Florentines' superstitious treatment of San Giovanni's image on their coins as a guarantee of financial prosperity, she describes with admiration the procession on his feast day, in which the saints themselves, through the medium of vivid effigies, "seemed . . . to have brought their piece of the heavens down into the narrow streets, and to pass slowly through them" (131). She goes on to wonder at the material components of this religious experience:

> The clouds were made of good woven stuff, the saints and cherubs were unglorified mortals supported by firm bars, and those mysterious giants were really men of very steady brain, balancing themselves on stilts, and enlarged, like Greek tragedians, by huge masks and stuffed shoulders; but he was a miserably unimaginative Florentine who thought only of that—nay, somewhat impious, for in the images of sacred things was there not some of the virtue of sacred things themselves? (132)

While Catholicism's demand for blind obedience to a sometimes barbaric hierarchy inspires Eliot's condemnation, Catholicism's incarnational view explains Eliot's positive view of church authority as embodied in Savonarola. Although Romola at first rejects the "right of priests and monks to interfere with my actions" (429), she ultimately bends to his will, not from fear or ignorance, but because she discerns in it the embodiment of Divine Law, which, of course for Eliot is altruism (see Paris). His authoritative glance is sacramental, as it were, a visible sign of the Divine presence. "Such a glance," Eliot confesses, "is half the vocation of the priest or spiritual guide of men" (429). When she ultimately rejects his advice to remain with her husband and loses her confidence in Savonarola himself, she does not come to doubt the higher law of duty which he embodies. Instead, she sees it more clearly than ever, experiencing a "new baptism," and returns to nurse Florence's sick. Considering the new life Savonarola has brought to her she asks, "Who, in all her experience, could demand the same gratitude from her as he?" (652).

But it is incarnational theology's treatment of suffering that particularly interests Eliot in *Romola*. According to this theology, Christ validated suffering through his passion and death, even transforming it into the means for redeeming humankind. Through their own suffering, believers participate mystically in that of Christ. The sacraments ritualize and religious icons represent such a salvific mystical union. As *Romola* suggests, such an approach sometimes yields repulsive art—"hideous smoked Madonnas; fleshless saints in mosaic . . . [and] skinclad skeletons hanging on crosses. . . " (77)—but it also offers great potential for affirming suffering as an essential human experience. It explains, perhaps, Eliot's attraction to à Kempis during her father's sickness. It certainly emerges as *Romola*'s central theme, which Eliot explores through the crucifix, a symbol dominant in the novel.

Savonarola introduces this symbol. Raising his crucifix from the pulpit, he graphically describes the forms of torture endured by Christ. However, he applies them to himself now: "'Take me,'" he calls to heaven, "'stretch me on thy cross . . . let the thorns press my brow, and let my sweat be anguish . . .'" (293-94). Of course, Savonarola intends more in his crucifixion than a masochistic glorification of suffering. "'I desire to be made like thee in thy great love,'" he proclaims. "'But let me see the fruit of my travail—let this people be saved'" (294). For a Florence where "envy and hatred" have allowed political turmoil and tyranny to thrive, Savonarola seeks lasting peace, freedom, and prosperity. Still, his emotional focus is on the bliss of embracing the pain of one's own circumstances. In his case, that bliss comes with accepting his exposure to the powerful Medici party. In the case of the hardened Baldassare, who is so moved by Savonarola's evocation of the crucified image that, sobbing, he "clutched his own palms, driving long nails into them . . . ," that bliss validates years of slavery, illness, and imprisonment—all followed by a cruel betrayal.

By the end of the novel, Romola adopts Savonarola's perspective on love, first returning to her betrayer, and then assisting the plague-stricken villagers, the destitute Florentines, and even her husband's mistress and illegitimate children. But what captures Eliot's imagination is the process by which Romola comes to accept her own brand of pain and the central role played in this process by the crucifix. Despite her bias against mawkish piety, Romola is powerfully drawn toward this symbol, at first without understanding why. She kneels in "strange awe" before the deathbed of Dino and accepts the crucifix from Savonarola, an act that "appeared to relieve the tension in her mind" (217). Eliot elaborates on Romola's inexplicable fascination in chapter 36, in which Romola admires her brother's love for the crucifix:

> If there were much more of such experience as [Dino's] in the world, she would like to understand it—would even like to learn the thoughts of men who sank in ecstasy before the pictured agonies of martyrdom. There seemed to be something more than madness in that supreme fellowship with suffering. (396)

This passage indicates, however, that as much as the crucifix's power moves Romola, she still resists identifying with men like Dino who experience ecstasy before the tortured image, and she does this for two reasons. First, she senses that Dino has missed the point of the crucifix. In describing to Tito her encounter with Savonarola and her dying brother she recounts a revealing meditation: "'Last night I looked at the crucifix a long while, and tried to see that it would help him, until at last it seemed to me by the lamp light as if the suffering face shed pity.'" (237). The connection she glimpses here between suffering and love is one that Dino has failed to appreciate. Eliot makes this clear in her judgment against Dino following the deathbed scene: while he dedicated his life to self-renunciation, he abandoned "the simple questions of filial and brotherly affection" (218) by keeping from Romola facts about Tito's past that might have prevented her unhappy marriage. But the more important reason for Romola's reluctance to identify with those awestruck by the crucifix is that she is unwilling to confront her own suffering. When Dino dies, she flees from her grief by allowing Tito to lock the crucifix in a tryptich, described by him as "'a little shrine, which is to hide away from you forever that remembrancer of sadness'" (259). And when Tito betrays her by selling the library, she disguises herself as a nun and flees her beloved Florence rather than facing the hurt she experiences in his presence. Before going she removes the crucifix from its "tabernacle," but "without looking at it" and hides it under her mantle.

The nun's disguise reveals the destructive consequences of hiding the crucifix and the truth it represents. Becoming the very things she abhors, Romola actually seeks the "rude sensations" caused by the "harsh sleeves" and "hard girdle of rope" of the habit because "they were in keeping with her new scorn of that thing called pleasure which made men base. . . " (390). This artificial martyrdom is an inadequate substitute for the authentic suffering that Romola is called to endure as the wife of Tito. The fruit of this flight from the world is the notable loss of "tenderness" and "keen fellow-feeling" experienced by Romola. It is no coincidence that, in her new attire, Romola resembles Dino, who has also misunderstood the message of the cross by seeking a life of penance that is redundant for one whose duties as a son and brother would have carried their own proper sacrifices. (Eliot's biases against a strict cloistered life are apparent in Romola's "unconquerable repulsion" for the "monkish aspect".)

Only when Savonarola stops her on the road and makes her look at the crucifix does Romola come to understand that, like the good it accompanies, authentic suffering is "not a thing of choice" (432). Authentic suffering, like that of the crucified Christ, accompanies the duties determined by one's station in life and has value as an offering. In Romola's case, she must embrace her "marriage-sorrows." Savonarola describes such a self-defining offering with sadistic fervor: "'The iron is sharp—I know, I know—it rends the tender flesh'" (436). But he promises that it also produces ecstasy: "'The draught is bitterness on the lips. But there is rapture in the cup.'"

One could argue that Romola ultimately rejects her "new fellowship" with suffering because she goes on to abandon her husband and reject the authority of the one who teaches her to bear her marriage-sorrows. But she abandons her husband only because she believes her station in life has changed since Tito is pledged to another. And although she becomes disillusioned with Savonarola, she does not reject his doctrine of suffering, primarily because her pain is too overwhelming to ignore. With the loss of her love for Tito, and with her disappointment in a flawed Savonarola, she confronts a level of agony beyond all her previous experiences:

> Romola felt orphaned in those wide spaces of sea and sky. She read no message of love for her in that far-off symbolic writing of the heavens, and with a great sob she wished that she might be gliding into death. . . . Presently she felt that she was in the grave, but not resting there: she was touching the hands of the beloved dead beside her, and trying to wake them. (590)

Then, when she flees Florence and labors in the plague-stricken village, she rediscovers her calling because, once again, she embraces sorrow. Admittedly, she now seems to doubt the value of suffering and to seek only its relief when others endure it ("'If everything else is doubtful, this suffering that I can help is certain; if the glory of the cross is an illusion, the sorrow is only the truer'" [650]); however, it is her own suffering that yields a renewed tenderness toward Tito and a decision to return to Florence where she might be of use to him:

> There was still a thread of pain within her, testifying to those words of Fra Girolamo, that she could not cease to be a wife. Could anything utterly cease for her that had once mingled itself with the current of her heart's blood? (651)

She chastises herself for once more trying to escape the pains of the world, for trying to "shake the dust from off her feet" (652), and despite the errors of the man who taught her to seek authentic suffering, she realizes that "there had been a great inspiration in him which had waked a new life in her" (652). This "new life," mentioned earlier, is owed to suffering for, as Romola warns young Lillo, when one embraces one's disagreeable lot one develops a strength of character that heals in times of calamity, whereas, when one pursues personal pleasures and disaster comes, one experiences "'the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say,—"It would have been better for me if I had never been born"'" (675).

Romola finally becomes such a paradigmatic sorrow-bearer that Eliot gives her the role of *Mater Dolorosa*, the suffering Madonna of popular Catholic piety, epitomized in the *Stabat Mater*. This Medieval lyric, which dwells on the agony of the Virgin Mary at the foot of the cross, bids the sorrowful mother to "Bihold thy child wyth gladde mood," because his death has redeemed humanity (Stevick 29). In countless prayers and hymns the sorrowful Virgin embraces her pain, and as a spiritual mother of all believers, also embraces her children in their pain. Through Savonarola, Eliot gives Romola the same mission. Echoing the words of Luke's Gospel about Mary, Savonarola acknowledges that "'the sword has pierced your soul'" (434) but reprimands Romola for seeking to flee those in need when she cannot bear her sorrow:

> "[Y]ou think nothing of the sorrow and the wrong that are within the walls of the city where you dwell: you would leave your place empty, when it ought to be filled with your pity and your labour. If there is wickedness in the streets, your steps should shine with the light of purity; if there is a cry of anguish, you, my daughter, because you know the meaning of the cry, should be there to still it. My beloved daughter, sorrow has come to teach you a new worship: the sign of it hangs before you." (435)

When the famine threatens the city, the Florentines long for the image of the Madonna dell'Impruneta to be carried in procession, for perhaps "that Mother, rich in sorrows and therefore in mercy, would plead for the suffering city?" (445). The image is brought forth, but hidden behind a veil. Eliot pointedly names this chapter "The Unseen Madonna," while she names the next one, describing Romola's work among the sick, "The Visible Madonna" as if to emphasize that a "Mother rich in sorrows" belongs in the world, not in a locked tabernacle. Romola's patients bless her "in much the same tone as that in which they had a few minutes before praised and thanked the unseen Madonna" (462), and Romola herself acknowledges her role as sorrowful mother: "Florence had had need of her, and the more her own sorrow pressed upon her, the more gladness she felt in the memories, stretching through the two long years, of hours and moments in which she had lightened the burden of life to others" (463).

While Romola is tempted to abandon her role after she learns of Tito's infidelity, she reenacts it in the plague-stricken village and finally among the needy Florentines, including Tessa herself, who asks Romola "whether she could be the Holy Madonna herself" (546). When Romola humbly answers, "'Not exactly, my Tessa; only one of the saints'" she indicates, perhaps, that the role of Madonna belongs not exclusively to her, but to all who will turn in their sorrow to the needs of others.

Eliot's interest in validating pain should not surprise us too much. At the age of five, her sick mother sent her away to a boarding school where she pined for her brother Isaac and experienced great fears at night. Her mother died about ten years later, and her father to whom she felt very close, about a dozen years after that. Then her early adulthood was dominated by a "need to be loved," documented well by Haight in his biography. Even when she finally found love in George Lewes, after experiencing rejection by Herbert Spencer because of her homeliness, she had to endure the anxiety caused by her irregular relationship with him, resulting in violent headaches and fits of depression. No wonder the somber rituals and the religious art of Catholicism attracted her. No wonder, for all her rejection of dogma, she could so identify with a religion exalting sorrow that she would make its sensibilities the focus of a major novel.

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Christian Brothers University

Gerard Manley Hopkins: Priest vs. Poet

A. R. Coulthard

Gerard Manley Hopkins struggled throughout his adult life to bring the physical and the spiritual into soul-saving harmony. Even as an Oxford student, he tormented himself with moral disapproval of his sensual inclinations, regretfully noting in his diary, for instance, his inability to conquer his "old habit" of almost daily masturbation (White 120). Hopkins even scrupulously recorded "looking up 'dreadful words' in his lexicon or dictionary, reading 'dangerous things' in *The Saturday Review* and once in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and looking up anatomical drawings in *The Lancet*" (White 114).

Nature was equally voluptuous to Hopkins; he was a tireless walker among its beauties, which he described in lush detail in his notebooks. His sense of self was intimately entwined with natural physicality, as this Whitmanesque characterization attests: "my consciousness and feeling of myself, that taste of myself, . . . more distinctive than the smell of walnutleaf or camphour" (qtd. in Houghton and Stange 689).

Yet when this son of the flesh entered the Catholic priesthood against the wishes of his Anglican family, he chose an order so ascetic that part of his novitiate discipline was to wear a chain with "galvanized spikes gripping [the] thigh muscles" for three hours each morning (qtd. in White 182). The reformed aesthete burned his early poems but was careful to keep copies. The strict moralist who ranked seeking literary fame among the vainest of sins wrote until his death and made sure that his friend Robert Bridges not only had his poems for safekeeping, but also a preface explaining their sprung rhythm metrics.

Poets who leave as few poems as Hopkins did rarely are accorded greatness. What limits his literary achievement, however, is not the brevity of his canon but the fact that he lived his curtailed life as a priest. It is doubtful that Hopkins would have produced a much larger and more varied body of work had he lived longer, especially if he remained in the priesthood, which he showed no signs of abandoning in spite of disenchantment with it. Religion constricted Hopkins's poetry during both its happy and depressed phases. As a devout young priest, he apparently regarded glorifying nature apart from theological dogma in his poems as irreverent. As a disillusioned older cleric, Hopkins lost his enthusiasm for nature and, in the terrible sonnets, took his spiritual crisis as far as it could go short of suicide. When the Christ-haunted poet died at forty-four, he probably had said all he had to say.

Hopkins falls one rung short of greatness not because of small output or narrow range, but because even most of his better poems speak with contrary voices, their superficially tight sonnet form thrown out of kilter by an underlying conflict between Dionysian instincts and self-abnegating moralism. What Hopkins really extols in the nature-devotional poems is nature itself and not the God that made it. What he grieves in the terrible sonnets is not estrangement from God so much as the absence of corporeal pleasure in his religion similar to that which he once felt in nature and self. Apparently without fully understanding the conflict, Hopkins struggled throughout his adult life to bring his adopted self-denying dogma into accord with his instinctive egocentric romanticism. The impossibility of such a union is evident in his poetry. A strained spiritualism which Hopkins probably never internalized taints even the nature lyrics of 1877, the year of his ordination and his most hopeful in the priesthood. The same doctrinaire theology blights most of the later terrible sonnets as well.

Norman White's probing study of Hopkins's life should lay to rest any speculation that Hopkins derived masochistic pleasure from his priestly pain. Numerous excerpts from letters, diaries, and notebooks, such as the 1889 "Nothing to enter but loathing of my life and a barren submission to God's will" (qtd. in White 440), reveal a man whose physical and psychic ills brought him nothing but misery and near-suicidal depression. The mystery of why Hopkins remained a priest can only be explained by his inherent inertia and an unwillingness to admit that he had made a colossal mistake. That celibacy allowed him both to suppress and disguise his homosexuality may have been a secondary motive.

Whatever his private reasons, Hopkins regressed from trying to meld his love of nature with his new profession to a feeling of hopeless entrapment in a way of life he detested. The schizophrenic poetry produced during both stages makes Hopkins a poet of excellent passages more than excellent poems. The early nature-devotional lyrics and the later terrible sonnets, which seem so unlike in tenor and theme, are linked by the fact that in both kinds of poems the best poetry issues from Hopkins's gut and not his cerebral cortex. Whether he was crying out in joy or despair, Hopkins wrote better from his impulsive heart than his theological head.

In "Spring," for instance, Hopkins's emotions and pen are better attuned to his exuberant opening sentiment that "Nothing is so beautiful as Spring" than to his sophisitc admonition that we must "Have, get, before it cloy." It is hard to believe that Hopkins, especially at this relatively sanguine time in his life, actually felt that the pleasure of nature could ever grow routine and wearisome. Not even Wordsworth so loved that world's flora that "weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush," the explosive image infusing even nature's outcasts with their own vitality and beauty. The man who wrote this line must have revered nature in his bones.

The part of the sonnet that focuses on the made rather than the Maker is fresh, lilting, and alive, closer to the metier of Dylan Thomas or Van Gogh than the conventional romantics. A thrush's eggs resembling "little low heavens" bring blue skies piecemeal down to earth, and the bird's song cleanses the ear in a charmingly homespun "rinse and wring" washday metaphor. In a sunny pun, "The glassy peartree leaves" but never to stay, for spring has brought back its "leaves and blooms," which "brush / The descending blue" as Hopkins embroiders on his cleansing heaven-on-earth figures. The joyful octave ends in an all's-right-with-the-world frolic as "the racing lambs too have fair their fling," pristine testimony that all this life was made for the pleasure of the living.

The spring fling halts abruptly in the sestet, as the priest intrudes upon the pastoral scene with his winter words. He must remind the world (and himself) that contrary to the poem's opening line, as beautiful as spring is, it is but a "strain," a trace, of the perfection of unfallen "Eden garden." "Strain" is also a nagging pun, for the spoilsport voice of theology glumly notes that our time on earth is brief for seizing spring / Eden and the concomitant "Christ, lord" before we "sour with sinning." The sermonizing sestet ends with a benediction stressing the burden of free will and asserting a divine reward for piousness that has not been visibly realized within the poem: "Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning." The meadows of spring are no longer to be enjoyed with carefree abandon; we must now beware the snake.

The priest reins in "The Windhover" with self-abasement rather than dogmatic exhortation as if he fears the sensual pleasure evoked in him by the hawk. The best poetry is again in the celebratory octave rather than the moralistic sestet. In describing the falcon cavorting in the morning sky, Hopkins captures its animal joy in being alive and also "catches" something of its carefree spirit within himself. The poet soars with the ecstatic bird in such fluid lines as "off, off forth on swing" and "in his riding / Of the rolling level underneath him steady air," and "the hurl and gliding / Rebuffed the big wind" has a virile swagger rare in Hopkins's verse.

In the sestet, the poet falls back to monastic earth, no falcon but the drab functionary of Christ, his knight. Lest his nature-worship remain more Pan than pantheistic, Hopkins shifts his metaphorical center from liberating bird to threatening fire, as the falcon's "Brute beauty" becomes "dangerous." The chastened speaker, his ego now suppressed, can only hope his plodding efforts in service of his master will make his "plough down sillion / Shine" not like falcon feathers in the sun, too much to ask, but trodden dirt.

Hopkins ends by claiming that the "blue-bleak embers" of Christ's agony, suggested by "gall" and "gash," have a beauty "a billion / Times told lovelier" than the temporal falcon's. But this hyperbolically greater beauty is merely *told* by Hopkins, asserted rather than shown, and his insipid epithet "ah, my dear" at the poem's climax, as well as the earlier melodramatic "oh" and "O" of the sestet, suggest that Hopkins was groping after the same intense feeling for the glory of Christ's sacrifice that he actually experienced in his pure-nature deification of the falcon.

As the crucified Christ is too ascetic for "The Windhover," the God of love is too indulgent for "God's Grandeur," which was inspired by Hopkins's revulsion at the effects of industrialism on the natural beauty of his beloved England. The poem begins in honest disgust and ends in suspect sanctimony.

"God's Grandeur" wrenches toward a climax in which Hopkins declares delight in the certainty that "the Holy Ghost over the bent / World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings." The deity as cosmic mother hen is a fresh and effective image (despite the histrionic "ah!"), but its comforting connotations blot out man's impious abuse of nature lamented in the opening stanza. The mollifying sestet takes back the hard-edged octave, in which "all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil; / And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell."

The toll of commerce on landscape and spirit gave Hopkins an ideal opportunity to express his love of nature in a legitimate theological context. He begins by implying that "trade" not only blemishes the beauty of the world, but is also an affront to God's will and authority. "Why do men then now not reck his rod?" asks Hopkins in stern monosyllables. But, inexplicably, in the poem's second movement impudent man is spared the rod he ignores and richly deserves in the first. Hopkins's God, overly demanding in other poems, turns soft and permissive in this one.

The transitional ninth line, "And for all this, nature is never spent," begins the finessing of materialism's blight on the world's body to make room for tolerant benevolence. If "There lives the dearest freshness deep down things" and the Creator can be counted on to ignore our offenses by always giving us dawn after darkness, as stated by the poem's most torturous imagery, then it little matters what humanity does to an earth forever "charged with the grandeur of God" beyond our harm. All's right with an abused world merely because of the existence of God, Hopkins finally says.

Surely ecology and theology can be brought into more reasonable accord. Not only does the sanctimonious sestet lack the eloquence of the complaining octave, it sells out Hopkins's love of nature for an unpersuasively cheery finish. Maybe Hopkins intended to hint at his (and God's) displeasure in a concluding pun on "broods," but, if so, it's not nearly enough.

"Pied Beauty" is an entirely different matter. It comes close to the kind of poetry Hopkins might have written more of had he not been so haunted by the angels and demons of theology. Though it begins and ends with a tribute to God, its major text is a hymning of the wonders of the physical world. The poem is written in the shortened form that Hopkins called a curtal (curtailed) sonnet, which may have helped him avoid the insistent theologizing that characteristically dominates the sestets of his Italian sonnets.

Were it not for the opening and closing devotional statements, "Pied Beauty" would meet all the requirements of twentieth-century imagist verse. Its real "message"—the delight that exists in the external world—is in the medium of the things, the concrete objects, it so vividly presents. It is Hopkins's "These are a few of my favorite things" poem, written in what must have been a rare mood of exhilarated well-being.

"Pied Beauty" begins with an exuberant "Glory be to God for dappled things," but the poem's focus is on the dappled rather than the Deity. Hopkins employs a cataloging style unusual for him to paint a composite portrait of some of the earthly (and earthy) things that make his life worth living, such as fallen chestnuts shining in the sun, rose-stippled trout, and brindle-cow skies, as if the poem's objects were picked spontaneously from all the many he might have praised as well. Opposite the human blight of "God's Grandeur," in this poem even busy man adds to the glory of the world as Hopkins extols "Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough; / And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim."

In "Spring" (the poem most resembling this one) Hopkins finally throws cold divinity on his effusiveness, but he continues to laud the dappled, or varied, world to the end of "Pied Beauty." The short second stanza concluding the poem broadens the central figure to embrace "All things counter, original, spare, strange," with the interjection of a childlike "who knows how?" at the marvelous mystery of it all.

For once, Hopkins was content to leave wonder essentially as wonder. The complex and sometimes contorted relationship between the charms of the world and God's will of other poems is swept aside in this one. The concluding statement, "He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change: / Praise him," probably was inspired more by the dappled metaphor controlling the poem than by any deep theology. By extending the figure from earth to heaven and giving it a paradoxical twist, Hopkins cleverly implies that God not only approves of his delight in the secular world but that the varied, interesting nature of nature and life is visible proof of the Creator's constant, unchanging love.

The short final line ("Praise him") thanks God for the dappled world, but the poem gives the impression that Hopkins would be equally thankful for the same earthly pleasures no matter where or why they originated. Would that he had never sifted the relationship between earthly delights and divine dispensation any finer than this.

"Spring and Fall," written in 1880, is pivotal in Hopkins's psychic journey from the hope of the 1877 nature-devotional lyrics to the despair of the terrible sonnets of the mid-1880s. It is his song of innocence and song of experience rolled into one.

"Spring and Fall" is Hopkins's purest, most coherent dark poem, freed from the conflicting values of the self-divided cleric by a dispassionate, almost enervated pessimism. One has to look very hard, in fact, to find a priest in this poem at all. By 1880, Hopkins's youthful optimism in taking orders had worn off. Not only had church censorship discouraged his creative efforts, but his early years in the priesthood had been neither satisfying nor productive. The hopeful romanticism with which Hopkins had made the biggest decision of his life had quickly come face-to-face with an emotionally debilitating reality.

"Spring and Fall" is a poignant testimony to the loss of youth's naive happiness, more about Hopkins than the child to whom it is ostensibly addressed. Though subtitled "To a Young Child," the poem is really an interior monologue, the somber meditation of its world-weary speaker (or thinker), who, by his own acknowledgement, is "naming" a cause for gloom that Margaret is not yet mature enough to understand:

> Now not matter, child, the name:
> Sorrow's springs are the same.
> Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
> What heart heard of, ghost guessed.

The melancholy adult predicts that the child (and by extension all children of men) is doomed to eventually share his own hopeless condition, for the law of life is a soul-chilling deterioration: "Ah! as the heart grows older / It will come to such sights colder," intones the voice of experience. "Sorrow's springs" don't represent the fall from grace as is sometimes conjectured, but the mere fact of existence. Margaret's only "sin," and the poet's too, is in having lived. Nor are "Sorrow's springs" mere mortality, except in the sense that all things decay, especially the naive optimism of youth, and that the natural result of a life of loss is death. Even at the spring of her young life, Margaret senses in the autumn leaves that decline, more emotional than physical, is "the blight man was born for," but it is Hopkins himself and not Margaret that the poem mourns for. He sees her present unhappy mood as but the precursor of the greater griefs which had already come to him.

"Spring and Fall" was written at a time when Hopkins was first learning to live with a relentless despair. His way of coping with his ontological sorrow in this poem was to universalize it by seeing it even in the instinct of a child, a psychologically dubious supposition. As Hopkins's hope for achievement and contentment waned daily, he recorded his malaise under the guise of an empathetic meditation on a young girl's moment of sadness, crediting her with his own gloomy sentience.

Though the immediate cause of Hopkins's pessimism was his misery in the priesthood, "Spring and Fall" is remarkable for the absence of theology. There is no spiritual consolation for Margaret, or Hopkins, even if "Fall" is read as Biblical and "blight" as sin. Neither is there implication that earthly suffering is the just deserts of fallen humanity. "Spring and Fall" is warped by neither the hopeful religiosity of earlier poems nor the frustrated religiosity of the terrible sonnets. The poem is existential rather than theological in tone and substance, and Hopkins's beloved nature provides no solace, only a visible sign of life's inevitable descent into sadness in its dead and dying leaves.

By 1885, the year Hopkins wrote the terrible (or terrifying or, maybe more properly, terrified) sonnets, his despair had become visceral and virtually constant. He now admitted the cause of his misery, the priesthood in which he no longer could entertain even fleeting hope of happiness. Not only had he given up on the possibility of temporal reward in his profession, but he had begun to doubt eternal compensation as well.

The belief in divine benevolence which had earlier sustained Hopkins, at least on an intellectual level, had all but evaporated. God the protective mother hen had become the uncaring sire who ignores, or devours, his offspring—Hopkins in particular, for these poems rarely generalize. Rather than the universal sorrow of "Spring and Fall," the misery of the terrible sonnets is Hopkins's alone, as if God has singled him out for special abuse. Though Hopkins continued to take his walks despite depression and failing health and to record seasonal changes in his diaries, nature as an uplifter of the spirit disappears along with a caring God from these poems.

"To Seem the Stranger Lies My Lot" is the least forceful of the verse records of Hopkins's dark night of the soul, but it provides a revealing context for his other poems of personal despair. In this, his most directly autobiographical work, Hopkins laments the price he has paid for an unhappy life in the church. Not only is he separated by distance and doctrine from his Anglican family, but he has found no substitute brotherhood in his "life / Among strangers" in the priesthood. (Hopkins in fact had no close friends within the church and few outside it.) He implies that his life of lonely alienation would be bearable if Christ brought him a compensatory "peace," but his religion instead is his "sword and strife."

This poem also records the most direct verse statement of Hopkins's disappointment at the thwarting of his creative impulse. The poet bemoans the absence of a sympathetic audience in the England which "would neither hear / Me," but also admits that he isn't producing much to hear: "were I pleading, plead nor do I."

The subtext of Hopkins's aesthetic frustration is that he blamed this too on the church. He wrote "To Seem a Stranger" while teaching in Dublin, and numerous entries in his private writings attest that Hopkins laid the stifling of his poetic endeavors not only to Catholic disapproval of his verse but also to lifelong assignments of dispiriting instructional duties he was not adept at. Though Hopkins calls England "wife to my creating thought," the same letters and diaries show that Hopkins was painfully aware of the fact that the church did not condone his writing about his country's nature and people, nor even, as the prelate-suppressed "The Wreck of the Deutschland" had proven to him, his brand of religious poetry. It is understandable that Hopkins saw his spiritual and creative frustrations as stemming from the same source.

In this poem of multiple alienation (from family, friendship, faith, and creativity), the claim that "Not but in all removes I can / Kind love both give and get" smacks of wishful thinking, and it is immediately canceled out by "Only what word / Wisest my heart breeds dark heaven's baffling ban / Bars or hell's spell thwarts." Hopkins ends his stock-taking in an anticlimactic tangle of unfulfillment and strained wordplay: "This to hoard unheard, / Heard unheeded, leaves me a lonely began."

"No Worst, There Is None," probably written shortly after the comparatively low-key "To Seem the Stranger," plunges into unrelieved pessimism, with not even a perfunctory nod to the possibility of "kind love." The extent of Hopkins's pain is signaled by the wry superlative of the first line: "No *worst*, there is none," rather than the conventional "worse" (my emphasis). The wordplay predicts that his present agony is but a foretaste of worse suffering to come: "More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring," a somber reversal of the exhilarating "ring / wring" pun of "Spring."

But while Hopkins isn't exactly detached from the misery he records, he seems in control of it. The calm artistry of the poem takes some of the edge off its theme. For instance, "Comforter, where, where is your comforting?" is, in its taunting contrast between promise and act, more sarcastic aside than plea for divine intercession. The second quatrain subtly picks up the auditory metaphor of "pitch" and the pun on "wring" of the first quatrain as Hopkins describes himself wincing on "an age-old anvil" and singing out in ringing pain almost with a note of stoic pride. The misery is palpable throughout but modulated by art, as if Hopkins has accepted his lot in life and is finding at least a modicum of solace in writing about it.

Instead of offering even the temporary relief of a theological sop, the sestet elaborates on the hopeless octave. So accustomed is Hopkins to psychic pain, it seems, that he can examine it with cerebral objectivity: "O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall / Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap / May who ne'er hung there." Hopkins contemplated suicide during this period of his life, and this poem of resignation ends in near-tranquility with the poet looking forward to death's oblivious peace, now possible only in sleep: "all / Life death does end and each day dies with sleep."

Despite its grim imagery, "No Worst" is written in the mood of chilling calm that can come with giving up all hope. God the Comforter and "Mary, mother of us" are recognized only in absentia, and that with no deep regret. Hopkins expresses neither love nor fear of a deity, nor does he acknowledge the possibility of an afterlife. In fact, he appears to desire none. The poem is unified by images of a life not worth living and a yearning for the oblivion that will end it. The exact dating of the terrible sonnets remains speculative, but if a tormented mind followed a logical pattern, "No Worst" would be the last of them, Hopkins's concession speech to a miserable, meaningless existence that ends, thankfully, in the grave.

Though Hopkins reverts to a finagling theology in the sestet of "I Wake and Feel the Fell of Dark," which White thinks he composed next (399), the poem opens with an immediacy absent from "No Worst," as if it were written during an actual moment of intense suffering: "I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day. / What hours, O what black hours we have spent / This night! what sights you, heart, saw." The second quatrain begins "With witness I speak this" to assert a near-boastful authenticity, then enlarges the miserable moments to forever: "But where I say / Hours I mean years, mean life." The pain is so real as to require no adornment. In one of his simplest and most apt metaphors, Hopkins likens his countless cries to an alien God to "dead letters sent / To dearest him that lives alas! away." The "alas!" seems more heartfelt than the "dearest him," however, in light of the stark line which immediately follows: "I am gall. I am heartburn."

After this bleak ninth line, the simple power of the octave degenerates into contorted moralism as Hopkins speculates, in the poem's fuzziest metaphor, that his misery may come from self-love rather than a loveless God: "Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse. / Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours." The allusion to Biblical hell which ends the poem is also confusing in context. Hopkins calmly contemplates an even more unbearable hell than his life on earth: "I see / The lost are like this, and their scourge to be / As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse." After picturing himself among the hopelessly lost, Hopkins now looks down on doomed sinners with the smug pity of the saved, assuming that "*their* scourge" (my emphasis) will be eternal, his only temporal. Though "I Wake" contains some of Hopkins's best passages, it is among his least coherent poems in matching sestet with octave, personal reality with dogmatic theology.

"Carrion Comfort" is even less unified. "I Wake" shifts from existential hell to the churchy implication that recognizing vanity is a ticket to salvation, while "Carrion Comfort" jumps from a spirited quarrel with an abusive God to Hopkins's claim of amazement that he was ever so brazen toward his infallible master.

Both poems begin better than they end. The octave of "Carrion Comfort" achieves the forceful immediacy of the first stanza of "I Wake" in a more complex idiom. It opens *in medias res* as Hopkins struggles desperately with depression:

> Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;
> Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man
> In me or, most weary, cry I can no more. I can;
> Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.

The repetition of "not," especially the insistent "Not, I'll not," suggests the Herculean effort of will required to ward off despair, as does the frantic slang of "Can something" followed by a list of last-ditch defenses culminating in the rejection of suicide ("not choose not to be"). The spontaneous effect of this quatrain reflects the tormented Hopkins at his most human and least mannered and its plucky tone is more appealing than the note of self-pity that creeps into other dark poems.

The poet is still in feisty form in the second quatrain, which traces the threat of despair to a brutalizing God in vivid imagery alliterating with anger:

> But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me
> Thy wring-world right foot rock? lay a lion-limb against
> me? scan
> With darksome devouring eyes my bruised bones? and fan,
> O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me frantic to avoid
> thee and flee?

The rest of the poem is spoken in an entirely different voice as, similar to the shift in "I Wake," Hopkins searches for a way out of the terrible fix the octave finds him in. The sestet moves flightily toward a too-easy victory over the formidable Despair of the opening stanza. It begins with Hopkins almost playfully speculating that his God-sent agony may have been meant to purify him: "Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain lie, sheer and clear." The "Nay" following this line negates nothing, as the poet swerves to his life-shaping decision to kiss "the rod" of priesthood, then emends the Old Testament metaphor to a New Testament "Hand rather." The God of lion-limb and rod suddenly reappears in an odd passage that alludes to both the threat and appeal of ego, as Hopkins wonders whether he should celebrate sadistic master, battered and recalcitrant servant, or both: "Cheer whom though? the hero whose heaven-handling flung me, foot trod / Me? or me that fought him? O which one? is it each one?"

Even odder, Hopkins breaks into the middle of a line at this point with a concluding assertion that is the most unpersuasive in all his poetry, the claim that the struggle of faith so authentically delineated in the octave has long since been resolved: "That night, that year / Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God." Not only is this resolution "prophylactic," as Norman White observes (406), but the purportedly aghast parenthetical expletive "my God!" is too clever by half, even lending a note of comedy (a chastened, swearing priest) to an already tonally confused and either self-deceiving or dishonest poem.

Hopkins wrote little poetry between the 1885 dark sonnets and the end of his life. "Thou Art Indeed Just, Lord," composed just three months before his death in 1889, proves that his earlier contention with God in the terrible sonnets was not "now done." Though Hopkins had not yet been diagnosed with the typhoid that would kill him, his sense of estrangement from God's care could hardly have been more complete, and, if anything, his depression over how little he thought his life had amounted to deepened with age. But "Thou Art" is warped by neither desperate hope nor hopeless desperation. Its keynote is the ire of one who feels wronged but does not really expect the wrongs to ever be righted

As "Pied Beauty" is the purest expression of Hopkins's early romanticism, "Thou Art Indeed Just, Lord" is the most cogent statement of his later realism, like the terrible sonnets in its depiction of an empty, miserable life but remarkably unlike them in the poet's reaction to it. It is also less mannered than the standard Hopkins poem. Hopkins's unique style, for all its charms, can give the impression of having been labored over too long, but this poem is spoken almost totally in the near-conversational idiom of his best earlier passages. Thematically, the cleric wars with the poet in the typical Hopkins poem, but in this one the poet—and the man as opposed to the priest—is the clear winner.

Taking his cue from Jeremiah's quarrel with God, Hopkins complains of the circumstances of his life to its incomprehensible Creator, and he does so without contorted piety or abasing fear. The Hopkins who speaks this poem is worthy not only of sympathy but of admiration as he manfully makes the case that he deserves better than he has received, eschewing Jesuitical rationalization and puling self-pity. The voice of angry protest predominates.

The poem employs a witty businesslike context. "Thou Art Indeed Just, Lord" is no humble petition from servant to master but the grievance of a disgruntled employee to an unfair employer. The title line which opens the poem is not an obsequious tribute but the argumentative strategy of a subordinate who believes his nominal superior anything but just. The "sir" with which Hopkins addresses his insensitive overseer is no sign of obeisance but rather the grudging "respect" required in such situations, tinged here with sarcasm. The lack of genuine deference toward an incompetent manager is seen in the brusqueness with which Hopkins presses his point after the pro forma buttering-up: "Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must / Disappointment all I endeavor end?" The impertinent implication is that God is unfit for his position, either perverse in his earthly dispensations or a singularly bad judge of character.

In the second stanza, Hopkins (who, surprisingly, did have a playful sense of humor outside his poems) anticipates the sarcastic modern jest of "With friends like you, who needs enemies?" when he asks his supposed benefactor, "Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend, / How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost / Defeat, thwart me?" The "thou" of divine homage underscores the rhetorical question's gibing irony.

Instead of his conventional eight / six break, Hopkins uses enjambment to continue the octave's second quatrain into the sestet, tossing in another sardonic "sir" in the process: "Oh, the sots and thralls of lust / Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend, / Sir, life upon thy cause." The sureness and clarity with which Hopkins finally challenges the justice of his constricted life probably brought him no spiritual solace, but he must have derived some aesthetic therapy from such lines.

Hopkins moves smoothly from thriving sensualists (possibly recalling that lust was chief among his own youthful demons exorcised, or at least suppressed, for the church) to flourishing flora as he commands, rather than asks, the Creator to "See, banks and brakes / Now, leaved how thick! laced they are again / With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes / Them."

Here Hopkins returns to his first love, nature, which he can still bring to vivid life, but its lushness is in contrast to his own perceived barrenness, no longer a hopeful sign that his drab life will be similarly glorified. "Birds build—but not I build," he grumbles, as he builds his poem to its forceful climax, more demanding parting-shot than abject plea: "Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain," with emphasis on the insistent personal pronouns.

Gerard Manley Hopkins may have been "Time's eunuch" in his priestly endeavors, but it is only just that he left enough fresh celebrations of nature and intimate mementos of malaise to earn the literary fame he both coveted and feared. If he had been a better priest, he probably would have written less interesting poetry, or none at all. If he had never been ordained, he may have rivaled Keats as a romantic lyricist.

As John Milton and Flannery O'Connor have demonstrated, theology and great literature aren't necessarily at odds, but the passages, and in rare cases entire poems, that ensure Hopkins's immortality are those that don't drag in spiritual dogma by the heels, but instead hide the Omnipotent as a benign presence behind the natural scenery or blend divinity into the bleak existential landscape.

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Appalachian State University

Coming in

The Victorian Newsletter

Jacqueline Banerjee, "The Impossible Goal: The Struggle for Manhood in Victorian Fiction."

Chris Foss, "Birds of a Feather: On Swinburne's Nightingale and Shelley's Sky-Lark."

J.e.d. Stavick, "Love at First Beet: Vegetarian Critical Theory Meats Dracula."

Hendershot, Cyndy, "The Restoration of the Angel: Female Vampirism in Doyle's 'The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire."

Ernest Fontana, "Gray's *Elegy* and Browning's "Apparent Failure."

Susan Heseltine Jagoda, "A Psychiatric Interpretation of Dr. Jekyll's 'Case.'"

Books Received

Aldrich, Richard. *School and Society in Victorian Britain: Joseph Payne and the New World of Education.* Studies in the History of Education, vol. 1. Garland Reference Library of Social Science, vol. 935. New York & London: Garland, 1995. Pp. xxvi + 317. $60.00. "The main purpose of this book is to provide a series of insights into school and society in Victorian Britain through an examination of the life and work of Joseph Payne. . . . Its principal subject is a private schoolteacher who was struggling daily with market forces, supply and demand, and who was strongly committed to wider social opportunity and political democracy" (xiii-xiv).

Anne Thackeray Ritchie Journals and Letters. Biographical Commentary and Notes by Lillian Shankman; eds. Abigail Burnham Bloom and John Maynard. Studies in Victorian Life and Literature. Columbus: Ohio State UP, 1994. Pp. xxviii + 371. $62.50. "This book offers the reader an ample selection of Anny's most interesting letters, her complete journals written in 1864-65 and 1878, and a number of significant letters written to her" (xi). Included are a genealogy, a chronology and a list of works by Ritchie.

Critical Essays on Thomas Hardy's Poetry. Ed. Harold Orel. Critical Essays on British Literature. New York: G. K. Hall, 1995. Pp. [xi] + 191. $45.00. Contents: Harold Orel, "Introduction"; Tom Paulin, "Observations of Fact"; Geoffrey Harvey, "Thomas Hardy: Moments of Vision"; William H. Pritchard, "Hardy's Winter Words"; Samuel Hynes, "On Hardy's Badnesses"; Frank B. Pinion, "The Influence of Shelley"; James Persoon, "'Dover Beach,' Hardy's Version"; Paul Zietlow, "Ballads and Narratives"; Vern B. Lentz, "Disembodied Voices in Hardy's Shorter Poems"; U. C. Knoepflmacher, "Hardy Ruins: Female Space and Male Designs"; Kenneth Millard, "Hardy's *The Dynasts*: 'words . . . to hold the imagination.'"

Eliot, George. *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* Ed. Nancy Henry. Iowa City: U of Iowa P, 1994. Pp. [xliv] + 187. $24.95. Includes a 30 page intro., a chronology, a select bibliography and notes. "The text is based on the First British Edition of George Eliot's *Impressions of Theophrastus Such* (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1879). . . . Two deleted passages, one from the Huntington notebook [Appendix I] and one from the corrected proofs [Appendix II] have been published here for the first time. Significant variants in the MS, First Edition, and Cabinet Editions are noted, and a few spelling errors have been silently corrected" ([xlii]).

Fitzgerald, Robert. *Rowntree and the Marketing Revolution, 1862-1969.* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1995. Pp. xix-737. $150.00. "Despite [the] weight of directly or indirectly related accounts, no work has yet tackled what should—for all those interested in economic affairs and wealth creation—be the central question: why did Rowntree ['the York producer of chocolate and confectionery'] become one of the world's largest manufacturer's of confectionery? In tackling this key issue, it is hoped that the benefits of an explicit *business* history will become clear, because the reasons for Rowntree's commercial success are to be found in its past" (3).

Harsh, Constance D. *Subversive Heroines: Feminist Resolutions of Social Crisis in the Condition-of-England Novel.* Ann Arbor: U of Michigan P, 1994. Pp. 203. $37.50; £27.00, U. K. and Europe . "My concern is with a particular group of novels that claimed fiction's new authority—works that specifically addressed the contemporary English crisis. Critics have often called them industrial novels or social problem novels, but the label that seems most appropriate is condition-of-England novels: they belong to the time in which the condition-of-England question was widely debated, and they make a contribution to the version of the debate that Carlyle had crystallized. They appeared throughout the years in which the working class was perceived to be a revolutionary threat—from the time of the first Chartist Petition in 1839 to the aftermath of the Preston strike of 1853-54. There are seven of them: Frances Trollope's *The Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy* (1840), Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna's *Helen Fleetwood* (1841), Benjamin Disraeli's *Sybil: or, The Two Nations* (1845), Elizabeth Gaskell's *Mary Barton* (1848) and *North and South* (1855), Charles Kingsley's *Alton Locke* (1850), and Charles Dickens's *Hard Times* (1854). . . . These novels share an understanding of the contemporary situation similar to Carlyle's: they locate the fundamental difficulty of the age in class relationships, and they acknowledge the need for visionary solutions that will radically transform the face of English society. But they move beyond Carlyle by presenting coherent solutions, and they make use of a potential source of power that Victorian society commonly ignored and to which Carlyle would only allude: women" (6-7).

Houston, Gail Turley. *Consuming Fictions: Gender, Class, and Hunger in Dickens's Novels.* Carbondale & Edwardsville: Southern Illinois UP, 1994. Pp. xvi + 237. $29.95. "I am particularly interested in Dickens's conflicting attitudes about gender-based codes of consumption. My study of Dickens's work suggests that, on the one hand, Dickens's novels reveal and revile the practical, political reality resulting from consumer ideology: in other words, that extravagant consumerism in one part of Victorian society depended upon the extreme delimitation of consumption in another part. At the same time, Dickens accepted and perpetuated the Victorian idealization of woman as a self-sacrificing and ever-renewing source of physical and emotional nurture who was without need of nurture herself. Of course, what this ideological abstraction translates to in the most practical terms is starvation [xi-xii].

". . . . [T]his study of the Victorian consumption of and in Dickens's fiction is anchored in the belief that although class and gender are fictional construcions, real people's lives are affected in complex and coercive ways by such constructions. My intent is to produce a knowlthe commodification and consumption of the female body as text, as body, and as psyche and to suggest ways capitalist culture may be implicated in the consuming fictions" (xv).

Kestner, Joseph A.. *Masculinities in Victorian Painting.* Aldershot: Scolar P, 1995. Pp. xv + 316. $69.95. "This study examines the formation of masculinity during the nineteenth century through the investigation of representations which contribute to the construction of maleness and male subjectivity during the era" (44). Includes "Artistic Representation and the Construction of Masculinity," "The Classical Hero," "The Gallant Knight," "The Challenged Paterfamilias," "The Valiant Soldier," "The Male Nude"; there are 125 black and white plates.

Langland, Elizabeth. *Nobody's Angels: Middle-Class Women and Domestic Ideology in Victorian Culture.* Reading Women Writing Series. Ithaca & London: Cornell UP, 1995. Pp. x + 268. $39.50 (cloth), $15.95 (paper). "The novel, in sum, stages the conflict between ideology of the domestic Angel in the House and its ideological Other (the Worker or Servant), exposing through women represented in fiction the mechanisms of middle-class control, including those mechanisms that were themselves fictions, stratagems of desire.

"Thus, the story of the working-class wife for the middle-class man became non-narratable because a mid-Victorian man depended on his wife to perform the ideological work of managing the class question and displaying the signs of middle-class status, toward which he contributed a disposable income" (8-9).

Muscular Christianity: Embodying the Victorian Age. Ed. Donald E. Hall. Cambridge Studies in Nineteenth-Century Literature and Culture 2. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1994. Pp. xiii + 244. $54.95. Includes: Donald E. Hall, "Muscular Christianity: Reading and Writing the Male Social Body"; David Rosen, "The Volcano and the Cathedral: Muscular Christianity and the Origins of Primal Manliness"; Donald E. Hall, "On the Making and Unmaking of Monsters: Christian Socialism, Muscular Christianity, and the Metaphorization of Class Conflict"; C. J. W. -L. Wee, "Christian Manliness and National Identity: The Problematic Construction of a Racially 'Pure' Nation"; Laura Fasick, "Charles Kingsley's Scientific Treatment of Gender"; Dennis W. Allen, "Young England: Muscular Christianity and the Politics of the Body in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*"; John Pennington, "Muscular Spirituality in George MacDonald's Curdie Books"; Susan L. Roberson, "'Degenerate effeminacy' and the Making of a Masculine Spirituality in the Sermons of Ralph Waldo Emerson"; David Faulkner, "The Confidence Man: Empire and the Deconstruction of Muscular Christianity in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*"; Patricia Srebrnik, "The Re-Subjection of 'Lucas Malet': Charles Kingsley's Daughter and the Response to Muscular Christianity"; James Eli Adams, "Pater's Muscular Aestheticism."

Music Analysis in the Nineteenth Century: Vol. 2, Hermeneutic Approaches. Ed. Ian Bent. Cambridge Readings in the Literature of Music. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1994. Pp. xx + 299. $64.95. Essays by H. Berlioz (Meyerbeer), R. Wagner (Beethoven), W. von Lenz (Beethoven), E. von Elterlein (Beethoven), P. Spitta (Bach), H. von Wolzogen (Wagner), H. Kretzschmar (Bruckner), J.-J, de Mormigny (Haydn), E. T. A. Hoffmann (Beethoven), R. Schuman (Berlioz), A. Basevi (Verdi), A. B. Marx (Beethoven), T. Helm (Beethoven).

Oberhaus, Dorothy Huff. *Emily Dickinson's Fascicles: Method and Meaning.* University Park: Pennsylvania State UP, 1995. Pp. xi + 260. $40.00, £35.95. The poet left among her papers forty booklets, which have come to be called fascicles. In 1981, for the first time, Ralph W. Franklin in his *Manuscript Books of Emily Dickinson,* "[g]uided by such evidence as stationery imperfections, smudge patterns, and puncture marks where the poet's needle had pierced the paper to bind them . . . returned the fascicles to their original state" (2). "My primary purpose is the booklet that, according to his *Manuscript Books,* is the fortieth and final booklet Dickinson assembled. Although at first this booklet appears to be simply a collection of unrelated poems in her late, dense style, in the process of grappling with these elliptical poems one discovers beneath their surface multiplicity a deep structural and thematic unity. The key to discovering this unity is in the poems' allusions to the Bible, their allusions to one another and to preceding fascicles, and their echoes of the Christian meditative tradition. This intertextuality forms a network of signals leading the reader to discover that the fortieth fascicle is a carefully constructed poetic sequence and the triumphant conclusion of a long single work, the account of a spiritual and poetic pilgrimage that begins with the first fascicle's first poem" (3).

Raby, Peter. *The Importance of Being Earnest: A Reader's Companion.* Twayne's Masterwork Series No. 144. New York: Twayne, 1995. Pp. xii + 117. $22.95 (cloth), $12.95 (paper). Includes chapters on "The Artist as Critic," "The Triumph of the 'Trivial,'" "Taking Wilde Seriously," "The Genesis of the Play," "A Question of Class," "Names and Places," "Characters," "Structure and Style," "Flux," and "The Afterlife of *Earnest.*"

Reilly, Catherine W. *Late Victorian Poetry, 1880-1899: An Annotated Biobibliography.* London: Mansell, 1994. Pp. xxi + 577. $120.00. The first of a planned three-volume work, this volume contains 2,964 authors from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, plus 101 titles for which no author was found; 579 are identifiable women. "Not included are authors who died before 1880. . . . [Omitted] are volumes consisting *exclusively* of: verse drama; dialect; hymns with music; songs with music; native languages other than English, i.e. Gaelic, Irish and Welsh; literal translations from foreign languages; pamphlets, defined as items having fewer than eight leaves, i.e. fifteen or sixteen pages; children's verse, although an occasional important item in the latter category is included, e.g. Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses.* However, elements of all these categories do appear within the volumes listed.

The whole panorama of Victorian life at the end of the nineteenth century is represented. The poets came from all strata of society" ([ix]).

Reilly, Catherine, compiler; preface Germaine Greer. *Winged Words: An Anthology of Victorian Women's Poetry and Verse.* London: Enitharmon P, 1994. Pp. xix + 174. $19.95 (paper). Of the 68 women included, "Most were of English origin but nine were Irish, six were Scottish, two, Louise Imogen Guiney and Rosamund Marriott Watson, were born in the United States but had settled in England, while one, Mathilde Blind, was born in Germany" (xvii).

Robson, John M. *Marriage or Celibacy? The "Daily Telegraph" on a Victorian Dilemma.* Toronto, Buffalo, London: U of Toronto P, 1995. Pp. 365. $60.00 (cloth), $29.95 (paper); £39.00, £19.50 (UK); $67,00, $33.50 (Europe). "[T]he discussion moves from an account of the inception of the series on marriage and celibacy, and discussion of the initial topic, prostitution as treated in the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* (chapter 1), into a discussion of the way in which the connection was established in the newspapers between prostitution and marriage, and how the *Daily Telegraph* series developed (chapter 2). Then the main themes of the series are explored: marriage and its material costs (chapters 3 and 4), celibacy (chapter 5), the causes and solutions of the dilemma (chapter 6), emigration as the most effective resolution of it (chapter 7), and finally my conclusions (chapter 8)" (8).

Smith, Jonathan. *Fact and Feeling: Baconian Science and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination.* Science and Literature Series. Madison: U of Wisconsin P, 1994. Pp. ix + 277. $52.00 (cloth) $22.95 (paper). "My approach attempts to provide a sense of the diversity with which science engaged nineteenth-century Britain in general, literary artists in particular. I have deliberately chosen to study over the course of the century a number of different scientists in a variety of scientific disciplines as well as a number of different writers in several different genres. This range is designed to counter the notion unconsciously fostered by studies of one author (for example, Eliot) or one scientist (for example, Darwin) that a writer's interest in science or a scientist's influence outside the scientific community is unusual, limited to the extraordinary mind. By showing that writers and scientists both participated in the debate over Baconian induction, that they drew on the language and methods of each other's discourses, I hope to offer a glimpse (to steal metaphors from both Eliot and Darwin) of that web of affinities, that entangled bank, which is the relationship of science and literature in nineteenth-century British culture" (10).

Stevenson, Robert Louis. *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson: Vol. 5, July 1884-August 1887; Vol. 6, August 1887 - September 1890.* Eds. Bradford A. Booth and Ernest Mehew. New Haven & London: Yale UP, 1995. Pp. 465, 443. $45.00, $45.00. Vol. 5 contains 605 letters, the largest numbers going to his parents, W. E. Henley, Charles Baxter, Anne Jenkin, Sidney Colvin, Edmund Gosse, Ida Taylor, Will Low, but there are also letters to Hardy, Henry James, Rider Haggard, Gladstone, Henry Jones, Frederick Locker-Lampson, Andrew Lang, Rodin, George Saintsbury, Leslie Stephen, John Addington Symonds. Vol. 6 contains 383 letters, the largest numbers going again to the same correspondents as in the previous volume but many go to Edward L. Burlingame, editor of *Scribner's Magazine*; there are also letters to Kipling, Anne Thackeray Ritchie, Twain, and Owen Wister.

Stuart, Roxana. *Stage Blood: Vampires of the 19th-Century Stage.* Bowling Green OH: Bowling Green State U Popular P, 1994. Pp. 377. $49.95 (cloth), $25.95 (paper). "Beginning in 1820, the 19th century produced a steady stream of plays about vampires, originating in France and quickly 'cannibalized' by the English and Americans. Many important figures in 19th-century English, French, and American theatre were involved in the production of these plays. Approximately 35 in number, the vampire plays are evenly distributed throughout the century, so that a study of each production in sequence provides a useful look at theatre practices, as well as social and psychological insight into the age and into popular taste as reflected in the changing personality of this icon of popular culture, the vampire, who has continued to resurface in one form or another for the last 250 years" (3).

Sussman, Herbert. *Victorian Masculinities: Manhood and Masculine Poetics in Early Victorian Literature and Art.* Cambridge Studies in Nineteenth-Century Literature and Culture 3. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1995. Pp. xii + 227. $49.95. "This work is a study of masculinities, more specifically of the varied masculinities, masculine poetics, and constructions of artistic manhood that emerged in the early Victorian period, as well as an examination of the inscription of these diverse formations of the masculine in the high literature and visual art of this time. I have limited this study to the period extending from the early 1830s through the later 1860s, a relatively unexamined moment in the history of masculinities whose beginning is marked by the drive to construct a new form of manhood and a new masculine poetic for the industrial age, an enterprise exemplified in Thomas Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* (1833-34) and his *Past and Present* (1843), and whose dissolution is seen in the emergence of a gay or homosexual discourse, represented here by such early critical essays of Walter Pater as 'Poems by William Morris' (1868), that destabilize early Victorian formations of manhood and of the masculine in literature and in art. Keeping within this period, the study concentrates on representative figures—Carlyle, Robert Browning, the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers, Pater—as a way of exploring problematics within the construction of Victorian masculinities as well as within the efforts of Victorian men to fashion manly poetics and new styles of artistic manhood for their time" (1).

Thesing, William B. and Becky Lewis, compilers. *Indexes to Fiction in "The Idler" (1892-1911).* Victorian Fiction Research Guide 23. Dept. of English, University of Queensland, Queensland, Australia, 4072. Pp. 89. $12.00 (Aus.) (paper). Includes an intro., author's index, chronological index.

Victorian Group News

Announcements

King's College, Winchester, U. K., will hold a conference entitled *Reading the Nineteenth-Century Domestic Space* 17 to 19 April 1996, offering an interdisciplinary perspective on cultural attitudes to the home and domestic activity in nineteenth-century Britain and America. Send provisional title and 300 word abstract to Inga Bryden and Janet Floyd, School of Cultural Studies, King Alfred's College, Winchester, HANTS S022 4NR (Fax: 011 44 1962 842280) by 31 July 1995. People interested in chairing a session or in participating in work-in-progress seminars should write. For further information contact Laurel Forster at the above address.

Call for Papers: For a proposed collection on Victorian women's emigration to the colonies and dominions, ed. R. S. Kranidis. Any theoretical and historical approach, any discipline. Subjects may include, among others: the politics of emigration, Victorian women and the Empire, emigration discourse, the "unauthorized" colonial experience, etc. Submit a two-page proposal, or essay, by 29 September 1995 to: R. S. Kranidis, Eng. Dept., Radford University, Radford, VA 24142-6935.

Fifth Conference of the International Society for the Study of European Ideas will be held 19 to 24 August 1996 at the University for Humanist Studies in Utrecht, the Netherlands. The conference title is *Memory, History and Critque: European Identity at the Millenium.* The general theme of the conference will be subdivided into five sections: 1) History, Geography, Science; 2) Economics, Politics, Law; 3) Education, Women's Studies, Sociology; 4) Art, Literature, Religion, Culture; 5) Language, Philosophy, Psychology. For details contact: University of Humanist Studies, att. Ms Lenette van Buren M.Sc., P. O. Box 797, 3500 AT Utrecht, The Netherlands; telephone +31 30 390142; Fax +31 30 390170; E-mail ISSEI96@univforhuman.nl. After 10 Oct. 1995, phone and fax number will be preceded by a 2, e.g. 31 30 2390142.

Call for Papers: For a Conference on Eighteenth- and Nineteenth-Century British Women Writers. The Conference will be held 21-23 March 1996 at the University of South Carolina. For information or to submit abstracts, contact Ellen Arnold, Becky Lewis or Sid Watson, Dept. of English, University of South Carolina, Columbia, SC 29208 (BWW1819@UNIVSCVM.CSD.SCAROLINA.EDU). Deadline for abstracts is 1 Oct. 1995.

Victorians Institute Journal has moved its offices and will be edited jointly at the Universities of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and at Greensboro by Beverly Taylor and Mary Ellis Gibson. It will continue as an annual devoted to interdisciplinary work on Victorian culture. The editors invite essays on Victorian literature, arts, and culture that bring to light connections between canonical and less well-known authors. They seek essays that connect literary texts and the visual and other arts, Victorian ideologies and material culture. They plan to continue the section, "Texts," which publishes Victorian mss and out-of-print materials. In addition, they welcome proposals for review essays and for essays assessing electronic sources for Victorian research including hypertext publishing, cd-rom materials, and internet listservers. Please contact Mary Ellis Gibson, English Dept., 115 McIver Bldg., UNC-Greensboro, Greensboro, NC 27412; ph. 910-334-5221; fax: 910 334-5221; e-mail: gibsonm@hamlet.uncg.edu or Beverly Taylor, English Dept., CB, #3520, UNC-Chapel Hill, Chapel Hill, NC 27599-3520; ph. 919 962-4039; fax: 919 962-3520

English Literary Studies seeks submissions for its annual monograph series. *ELS* publishes peer-reviewed mss (usual length 45,000 to 60,000 words or approximately 125-170 double-spaced typed pages, including notes) on the literatures written in English. The series is open to a wide range of methodologies, and it considers a variety of scholarly work: bibliographies, scholarly editions, and historical and critical studies of significant authors, texts, and issues. Write the Editor, *English Literary Studies*, Eng. Dept., University of Victoria, P. O. Box 3070, Victoria, B. C., V8W 3W1, Canada.

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