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"William Tinsley's Illustrated Edition of Under the Greenwood Tree."

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THE HARDY REVIEW

Volume XVIII-i

SPRING 2016

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THE HARDY REVIEW

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COVER IMAGE: Hardy's sketch accompanying "Her Death and After," *Wessex Poems* (New York and London: Harper and Bros., 1898), 107.

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THE HARDY REVIEW

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EDITORIAL

ROSEMARIE MORGAN
rosemarie@thethomashardyassociation.org

WELCOME to Volume XVIII-i – (designated by your editor the "Spring" number, what a nerve!)

Recently, among the Hardy Association's various **Forum** activities, Paul Kreider posted the following note as part of a conversation about Mark Van Doren and, this, in turn, inspired a comment by Patrick Roper as well as a thoughtful essay by Joan Sheski entitled "Mark Van Doren's Homage to Hardy" (p.66).

Paul Kreider wrote:

> I came across this poem about Thomas Hardy while looking through a book of Mark Van Doren's poetry. I felt he wrote it as someone very familiar with and appreciative of Hardy's poems. I find this poem powerful and beautiful, but I don't understand it as well as I want to. I have some grasp of meaning in the 2nd and 3rd stanzas, but am less sure of the references in the 1st stanza, particularly lines 1-2, and 5, and am intrigued with the use of "illicitly" in line 4 of the 1st stanza.
>
> Here's the poem further below. I would appreciate thoughts from the **Forum** that could aid my pondering it. Also, I wonder how he was influenced by Hardy whose life his own overlapped by more than three decades.

Thomas Hardy, Poet

With older eyes than any Roman had
In a stone hole, or Briton under barrow,
Steadily he gazed; and bleakest worlds
Grew warm – illicitly grew warm and moved;
For hope in him was backward, and love narrow.

Belief in him but squinted; God had died
Of palsy, and mankind, alone with feeling,
Was a poor skinless thing. Yet maids and squires,
Ghosts, organists, and gypsies, and small clerks
Mused in his tales, and oxen kept on kneeling.

It was a late hour and cold when he looked out:
The last man that remembered country singing.
And first to call it pitiful. Those folk
Outstayed themselves, he said. Yet as he listened,
Wanly, what sweet bell tongues took to swinging!

You'll recall that one of our **Forum** members, Patrick Roper, recently reported on the existence of an article he discovered in the February 8, 1928 issue of *The Nation* magazine about Thomas Hardy, written by Mark Van Doren, entitled *Thomas Hardy, Poet.*[1] I found and scanned that short essay this morning at the Univ. Washington Suzzalo Library.

Midwinter Book Section

Thomas Hardy, Poet

BY MARK VAN DOREN

ONE reason, and the chief reason, for the rank in poetry achieved by Thomas Hardy before he died was that his poems were interesting. His only competitor for the highest rank of all among twentieth-century British poets, William Butler Yeats, is in certain aspects more admirable, and this can be demonstrated by reference to known laws of excellence; but Mr. Yeats is not quite so interesting, and therefore, if one is allowed to call in a consideration seldom applied these days to the criticism of poetry, not quite so good. There is actually the implication behind much discussion of the art that in proportion as a poet becomes interesting he become bad – interesting, I mean, in general, interesting to laymen, interesting for what he says, interesting for whatever in his poetry might have been prose, and is inded prose when it is put in other words than the author's. I am very well aware of the desperation which pushes critics into talk about "pure" poetry, and I sympathize with their steadfastness in preferring it to the real thing. But if poetry is in a bad way just now, and there are those who say it is, is this not because of its very purity, its admirable aridity, its unwillingness to compete with other forms of literature on some kind of human ground? With fiction, for instance.

There is reason for the fact that fiction today threatens to put down poetry, that a novelist finds thousands of readers to a poet's hundreds. And this fact has something, I

[1] Transcribed by RM. See also **TTHA's Member's Research Resources** (MRR) and the renowned Gerber-Davis Bibliography which lists among its thousands of entries at MRR: <http://thethomashardyassociation.org/Welcome/Gerber.html> the following:
1423 Van Doren, Mark. "Thomas Hardy, Poet," NATION (NY), CXXVI (8 Feb 1928), 151-52; rptd in MODERN WRITERS AT WORK, ED., J. K. Piercy (NY: Macmillan, 1930), 170-74.
"The principle reason for Hardy's stature as a poet is that his poems are interesting. In fact, Hardy's only competitor for first place among twentieth-century British poets is William Butler Yeats, whose poems are in some respects more admirable but not as interesting. Because of Hardy's background as a novelist, he had a unique way of seeing and describing things in his poetry. This grounding in prose narrative is also evident in the stories which so often appear in his poems."

suspect, to do with the eminence of Hardy as a poet. For he was both novelist and poet. He began and ended with verse, which always he called his favorite form of expression; but he did know how to tell stories about human beings, he did know how to make himself seem one, and he could do these things either in prose or verse – both vehicles being enriched by a mind and an eye bent exclusively upon important and exciting subjects. Certainly his poems in all but a few cases tell or suggest stories. He had a lyric gift, as can be seen in his country songs and in the piece called Let Me Enjoy (Minor Key):

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
And laud the lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song
Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

But even these lines, which by the way ought to be sufficient refutation of the legend that Hardy could not write "smoothly" when it served his purpose to do so, have a narrative reference They refer to the story, running throughout the man's poetry, of his successive adjustments to the universe. They recall the earlier stanza in Nature's Questioning, where the elements of the earth are represented as being overheard by him as they ask:

"Has some Vast Imbecility,
Mighty to build and blend,
But impotent to tend,
Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?

Or come we of an Automaton
Unconscious of our pains?...
Or are we live remains
Of godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?"

The last line there is so highly characteristic of Hardy that it might be made the point of departure for a description of his whole process as a poet. At his best he always saw things this way, and reported them so – with a certain difficulty, as if he peered through mist at something solid and definite beyond, something which was solid and definite because of the very pains required to see it at all. Thus it was that he saw – not, I think, imagined – Drummer Hodge lying dead in South Africa after the Boer War,

His homely Northern breast and brain
Grown to some Southern tree,
And strange-eyed constellations reign
His stars eternally.

Thus it was that he remembered the Roman road whereon he had walked as a boy with his mother:

> The Roman Road runs straight and bare
> As the pale parting-line in hair
> Across the heath.

He remembered it precisely that way, and so would seek no pretty image less weird or less real than the one he already had. He saw, in The Convergence of the Twain, the Titanic drawing nearer, mile by ocean mile, to its "twin half" in "one august event" – an iceberg. And in the poem called Near Lanivet, 1872, he looked, as it were, clear through a woman and through something she leaned against.

> There was a stunted handpost just on the crest,
> Only a few feet high:
> She was tired, and we stopped in the twilight-time for her rest,
> At the crossways close thereby.
>
> She leant back, being so weary, against its stem,
> And laid her arms on its own,
> Each open palm stretched out to each end of them,
> Her sad face sideways thrown….
>
> And we dragged on and on, while we seemed to see
> In the running of Time's far glass
> Her crucified, as she had wondered if she might be
> Some day – Alas, alas!

Many of Hardy's stories in verse – The Curate's Kindness, The Flirt's Tragedy, The Face at the Casement, The Moth's Signal, The Satin Shoes, and Satires of Circumstance – are melodramatic in a way that must always have seemed old-fashioned. He himself was an incorrigible melodramatist, in prose as well as in verse. But I honor him for such a fault, if fault it is. For it is guaranty of his central virtue, a determination to be interesting; and it is only the reverse side of a man who after all did see the world with luminous eyes and did grasp it in a plastic hand. The man who in "The Dynasts" looked down and beheld Europe as "a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone, and the branching mountain-chains like ribs, the peninsular plateau of Spain forming a head" saw more or less, perhaps, than he should have seen; but what he saw one does not forget. One does not forget Hardy's poems, though the novels, the farther they recede into the background, tend the more to pay the penalty of their complexity – the greatest novels being both longer and simpler than his. The poems, crudely worded as many of them are, invariably escape triviality; they stand there old and strong, made out of some personal metal that no other poet will ever use or need to use.

[end of transcription]

David Havird writes:

> Lovely poem, of course. Van Doren is all but forgotten – oddly enough a mentor of Allen Ginsberg at Columbia. There's a very interesting early CBS (I think) program,

a conversation between him and Archibald MacLeish (another all-but-forgotten American poet, though more consequential than Van Doren) – they were close friends – later turned into a book, *Dialogues of Archibald MacLeish and Mark Van Doren*. I have an old Modern Library Wordsworth to which he wrote a wonderful introduction. Do you know Van Doren was the father of the fellow who was the center of a quiz show scandal in the 1950s? (There was a well-received movie made of this, *Quiz Show*, in the 1990s) I remember being in a class with James Dickey when Van Doren died, and Dickey came into class appearing grief-stricken and read us a poem by Van Doren (the poem that James Dickey read the class, "Morning Worship," is, I think, Van Doren's version of Hardy's "Great Things").

Joan Sheski writes:

Paul, thank you for this discovery; Van Doren's poem is, I think, in intense sympathy with Hardy's heart. Even though its title suggests just Hardy's poetry, I find the first lines remind me of the first chapter of *Jude the Obscure*, wherein Jude is confronted with "corduroy fields" – the mechanical covering over, even erasure of, a living interaction with earth. As well, the mention of Roman eyes reminds me of Jude's attempts to decipher Latin, especially on markers and tombs - Jude thinking the key was like pig-Latin, which is actually a child's way of inventing language, and related to the animal world ("pig"). And yet Hardy's eyes take us in this poem on a journey behind the ancient Roman settlements … back, back, to a natural setting where perhaps we were more like animals in harmony with the earth than organizers or conquerors. In *Tess,* the destruction of this world, the veneer that overran it, made it illicit, just as Tess, its representative, was made illicit. I am touched and impressed with Van Doren's acuity – in a kind of dance of words with Hardy he evokes images from the novels (and poetry) that themselves lead us backward, and stir in us "hope" – and perhaps love, understandably narrow, for the long distance of time this harmony has been locked and lost in.

You bring this to us in deep winter – what a gentle gift of the season it is! Thank you again, Joan.

Patrick Roper writes:

I have had an enjoyable time following this thread and trying to untangle some of the puzzles the Van Doren issue seems to present. I haven't got very far, but have made what might be some interesting and useful discoveries. Like Van Doren I have been interested in Hardy's poem "Near Lanivet, 1872" and as soon as I read Van Doren's *Thomas Hardy, Poet* wondered if there might be some link. However, I cannot find anything convincing. Lanivet seems to have had a long 'pagan' history before the Romans arrived in Britain and there is a hill fort nearby and a neolithic burial chamber known as Lesquite or Lanivet Quoit which has formed, seen from the right direction, a hole.[2] The annual festival in Lanivet has been said to have pagan origins, but it sounds like any English village festival to me. I somehow doubt if Van Doren would have been aware of this, nor would he have expected his readers to be.

I also stumbled across a place near Lanivet called Reperry Cross and wondered if this could be Hardy's "stunted handpost just on the crest." It is at a crossroads and along a lane leading from Lanivet, but is not that good a fit (though I do have difficulty wondering what a "stunted handpost" might look like). Some pictures of nearby Lesquite Quoit give the impression that one could lean back on it with outstretched arms, though it is not, of course, a handpost. Others, of course,

[2] See page 68.

may have considered all this before. There seem to be two stories about Reperry Cross which, if taken literally, would mean that it had been removed twice and replaced either with the original or a replica. Still, whether original or replica it could have been there at the date in the title of Hardy's poem – 1872.

Reperry Cross[3]

The Historic England website says "The historian Langdon in 1896 records the cross as missing but with the base remaining in situ. About 1926 it was rediscovered by the historian Charles Henderson and it was replaced in its former location on a new base; a small plaque in the hedge below the cross records this event by the inscription."[4]

[3] This is an exact replica of the original, commissioned in 1905 by Sir Robert Edgecumbe, Lord of the Manor. In the background is the old milestone SX0463 : Old milestone at Reperry Cross. Copyright Rod Allday and licensed for reuse under the Creative Commons Licence. 2015.

[4] Patrick Roper: "Information and pictures on most of these sites is readily available on the Internet. I found a particularly useful site is http://www.geograph.org.uk/ This now has many thousands of

Back at work on the Hardy Association website[5] warmest thanks are long overdue to Kathie Bassett who does *all* of TTHA's website legwork and to Tracy Hayes who directs and maintains the unique resource of TTHA's **Checklist**.[6] Where nothing is too trivial (in case you missed it on TTHA's **Forum**), included on the **Checklist** among the hundreds of scholarly titles there is the headline news:[7]

> Anon, 'Skeletal Remains May be Thomas Hardy's Inspiration for Tess,' *Blasting News*, 21st February 2016. http://us.blastingnews.com/news/2016/02/skeletal-remains-may-be-thomas-hardy-s-inspiration-for-tess-00801437.html

Without giving away any of Tracy's weightier state secrets here is another amusing item listed on the **Checklist**: Craig Brown's review of

> 'That Dickens bloke...what a total yawn!: Amazon Customer's Book Reviews,' Daily Mail, Tuesday 22nd March, 2016, p. 18. [A humourous trawl through some hilarious negative book reviews of classics, including reviews of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* citing it as making {the reviewer} 'angry, annoyed and sleepy,' and another stating that it is 'A turgid slog through an extremely dull milkmaid's life'!]

Likewise we are indebted to Heather Hawkins for her work on TTHA's **Syllabi** page,[8] recently updated to feature:

> **Course Syllabi**
>
> *UK*
> ***University of Bristol***: *'In Napoleon's Shadow' /Literature and Creative Writing*
> Part-time Programme 2015-16./ Exploration of Works about the Napoleonic Period, including Hardy's *The Trumpet Major*.
> www.bristol.ac.uk/english/part-time
> Contact: English Department, University of Bristol, 3/5 Woodland Road Bristol, BS8ITB
> tel: 0117 928 8924 email: english-lifelong@bristol.ac.uk
>
> ***Cambridge University***: *English Literature 1300 to the Present.*
> This undergraduate course includes a study of Hardy though the texts are not

---

pictures of Britain and British topics including much material on Thomas Hardy and his places with a very simple search facility for finding them. There is also very often some text and a particularly useful and enlargeable Ordnance Survey map section for each image showing exactly where the site is. Another example is the material on Reperry Cross": < http://www.geograph.org.uk/photo/2278958>

[5] http://www.thethomashardyassociation.org

[6] thethomashardyassociation.org/mrr/bb/Intro_E.php

[7] See also Tom Whipple in *The Times* UK:"On a drizzly day in 1856, Martha Brown swung from a prison scaffold — the last woman to be hanged in Dorset. Years later, one of the crowd near the gallows would recall 'what a fine figure she showed against the sky as she hung in the misty rain, and how the tight black silk gown set off her shape as she wheeled half-round and back.' For Brown, convicted of killing her husband after he attacked her with a whip, it was the end. But 40 years later, that 16-year-old onlooker who admired her figure would give her new life as the tragic heroine in his novel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* [sic]." For Whipple's full article see *The Times*, online: Published at 12:01AM, February 20. 2016.

[8] http://thethomashardyassociation.org/Syllabi/syllabi.htm

specified. http://www.undergraduate.study.cam.ac.uk/courses/English
Contact: Faculty of English, University of Cambridge, 9 West Road, Cambridge, CB39DP
tel:+44(0) 1223 335070 email: english-faculty@lists.cam.ac.uk

University of Chester: *Victorian Module.*
This second year module includes a study of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.*
www.chester.ac.uk/english
Contact: English Department, University of Chester, CH14BJ tel: 01244 512129
email: Dr Yvonne Siddle y.siddle@chester.ac.uk

Teaching Resources

General Resources:

College Board: Numerous links to general Hardy resources and those specifically concerning Hardy's poetry and prose.
http://apcentral.collegeboard.com/apc/members/courses/teachers_corner/25482.html

Encyclopaedia Britannica: Biography of Hardy.
http://www.britannica.com/biography/Thomas-Hardy

Scholastic: Biography of Thomas Hardy.
http://www.scholastic.com/teachers/contributor/thomas-hardy

Share My Lesson: Useful background information about Hardy, suitable for AS students.
http://www.sharemylesson.com/teaching-resource/Thomas-Hardy-Background-6064031/

Spartacus Educational.com Thomas Hardy biography.
www.spartacus-educational.com/Thardy.htm

Teaching professors should submit their Hardy courses to Heather. Students interested in contributing to the **Checklist** can join the team by contacting the director:

Checklist: Tracy Hayes: malady22@ntlworld.com
Syllabi: Heather Hawkins: heatherhawkins@btinternet.com

This particular number of *The Hardy Review* enjoys the very special privilege not only of being able to announce the first book-length volume of poetry, *The Art of Salvage,* published by our very own Bill Morgan, the Poetry Editor of *The Hardy Review*, but also a selection of his poems, chosen especially by him for our readers worldwide (p. 75-81). Never far away, Morgan's connection with Hardy and Hardy country becomes explicit in a handful of poems: about half way through the book, the Dorset countryside makes its first appearance in "Turn About," a poem about raptors and their prey; and the last three poems before the epilogue are firmly rooted in the hills,

seashore, pastures, valleys, and rivers of Dorset, rivers in whose "achingly clear" water the poet wishes he could wash his eyes "once and forever."[9]

The Art of Salvage, published on April 30 by Downstate Legacies, contains 55 poems in three sections that might have been called, Grey, Green, and Golden, since they address, roughly, I. The Aging Body, 2. The Natural World, and 3. The Recovery of Treasure/Value/Joy from unpromising circumstances – in a word, Salvage. The publisher's blurb tells us that,

> Bill Morgan's debut poetry collection, *The Art of Salvage*, finds value—sometimes even treasure and joy—in unpromising materials. Exploring themes including sexuality and the aging body, the beautiful and jarring intricacies to be found in unlikely corners of the natural world (especially the poet's Central Illinois home), and the vein of gold running amid the quotidian, Morgan attempts "to salvage poems from the detritus of the day." But this gold is not easily reclaimed. Salvage demands the poet's trained eye to earn wisdom from loss or recoup delight from a moment's mindfulness. Morgan's poems insist on an honest reckoning and prove what we salvage is never simple or automatic: it is a tireless endeavor of body, mind, and spirit leading to hard-won rewards.

On behalf of Hardy lovers everywhere I'd like to extend my warmest congratulations to Bill who, with his customary generosity, has regularly sent me copies of his latest poems from as far back as I can remember. This ongoing delight (not only of reading Bill's latest creations but also of interrupting my day's work awhile) has afforded me the added pleasure of occasionally discussing them with their author. I will treasure them always.

The essays in this number open with George Christian's "Not Without a Sense of Humour": Hardy's Comic Consciousness in *Jude the Obscure*" (p.17). I have every confidence that readers will agree with Christian's peer reviewer who writes:

> This is a rich exploration of a novel that has ambiguous genre relations. The development of its central ideas is tightly interwoven with contributions from current theorists that reward close reading without attempting to suggest this is the only possible interpretation given the author's preconceptions. In short, it's a successful study of the Hardy novel that seems to be supporting a variety of interpretations. In particular I like the last few pages, in which the author moves on from the generalness of theory to the details and conflicts of the novel with its characters.[10]

Next, Philip Allingham presents, to the delight of our readership, yet another of his remarkable studies on Hardy's illustrators featuring, in this instance,"William Tinsley's Illustrated Edition of *Under the Greenwood Tree*" (p. 29). These studies are highly popular (although a challenge to the editor's formatting skills – στενάζω !) and, of course, an appreciative readership will always win the day. Following on from Allingham's *pièce de résistance* another of TTHA's loyal founding members, Suzanne J. Flynn,

---

[9] Bill will also be reading from the book as part of this year's Hardy Conference in Dorchester – on Monday, July 25, at 7:00 PM in the Dorchester United Church, Dorset, UK.

[10] Peer reviewers on the Thomas Hardy Association's Editorial Board have to remain, according to the protocols of TTHA's Bylaws, anonymous.

presents "The Return of the Poor Man: *Jude the Obscure* and Late Victorian Socialism." Flynn's peer reviewer commented that it is "such a pleasure to read"

> an article by someone who actually hears language, and therefore writes with instinctive elegance and clarity …. no affectation, no jargon, no grammatical problems, major typos, or expressive infelicities – just someone who knew what she/he wanted to say, had read the material on which she/he wanted to comment with care and intelligence, had confident command of the biographical/period/sociological background so had a firm factual base on which to stand, and had sufficient control over language to construct a thoroughly enjoyable discussion.

Finally, with Joan Sheski's original article on Van Doren already warmly welcomed, this additional study of *Jude* completes today's agenda and Suzanne Flynn's unique paper on "The Return of the Poor Man: *Jude the Obscure* and Late Victorian Socialism" has the last word (p. 56).

The **Book Reviews** section (p. 83), as always featuring but a tiny sample of the online TTHA resources[11] presents reviews of Jane Bownas' ambitious study *War, the Hero, and the Will: Hardy, Tolstoy, and the Napoleonic Wars*, Edward B. Powley's *A Hundred Years of English Poetry,* Virginia B. Morris' *Double Jeopardy: Women Who Kill in Victorian Fiction* (1990) and *The Madder Stain: A Psychoanalytic Reading of Thomas Hardy,* by Annie Ramel, president of FATHOM (French Association for Thomas Hardy Studies).

Finally, my customary homily: in bringing this issue together I have kept in mind at all times that first and foremost ours is a celebration of Thomas Hardy and of those of his aficionados who so treasure his literary endowment that they are prepared to give freely of their time and generously of their expertise – in trust and appreciation, to The Thomas Hardy Association.

[11] http://thethomashardyassociation.org/Welcome/BookReviews.html

LETTERS[1]

Hello Rosemarie,

I'm enjoying getting into this issue.[2] Your editorial's extended treatment of the Facebook discussion of "The Going" interested me with its most welcome thoughts on correlation and the hazards of biographical interpretation of creative literature, as you put it, and I was surprised at how valuable I found the review of the Facebook comments … The book reviews were simply outstanding and I particularly enjoyed the Winnick essay on newly found allusions. It's a delight to see the amazing wood engravings.

Another great issue of the outstanding journal I appreciate having!

Thank you! – Paul Kreider.

Dear Editor,

It's high time I wrote to tell you how much pleasure *The Hardy Review* brings to me and my family – all Hardy lovers sequestered far away in Hong Kong. We've followed the prowess of TTHA ever since its early days when Bob Schweik (a mutually dear friend) was on board and very much alive and kicking – and "kick" he did, bless him. You have all come a long way since those early days and we have watched and listened and admired the way you've all pioneered on to bring an exemplary scholarly journal on Hardy into the global network. Kathie Bassett's arrival on the scene was a huge bonus and we've been eagerly reading her contributions to the **Book Reviews** pages ever since. Likewise the **Checklist** pages which we find invaluable for keeping up with new publications on Hardy – many thanks to the great work of Tracy and her team.

Just one small request? Could we have more on Victorian illustrations and art-work? We are a quirky bunch here and greatly enjoy Hardy's allusions to painters. Would love to hear more on this topic.

Gratefully – the Jernait family: Mary, Simon, Derek and Jane.

FORUM postings:

According to today's Pew Research Center's report on "10 demographic trends that are shaping the U.S. and the world," religion's share of world population in 2010 comprised 6 billion compared to 1 billion represented by unaffiliated. In the next 40 years, the population growth and share enjoyed by religion will significantly increase while the unaffiliated share will stagnate.

Last evening I came across Hardy's "Mute Opinion" in which the speaker refers to traversing "a dominion / Where spokesmen spake out strong / Their purpose and opinion / Through pulpit, press, and song." I gather the reference is to religious leaders using the tools at hand to stir large majorities in directions apparently

[1] In place of the **Uncollected Items** series *The Hardy Review,* XVIII-i features a small selection of readers' letters.

[2] *The Hardy Review*, XVII-ii – Fall 2015.

worrisome to "A large-eyed few, and dumb, / Who thought not as those thought there." Unfortunately, the poem seems as relevant today as when it was written. There are and will continue to be that huge and growing population with religious passions to be stirred and played upon such as we see today.

Paul Kreider

– Thanks for the post Paul.
What do you make of "press, and song"? I personally don't feel Hardy is singling out religion, but aggressive opinionating by all sorts of demagogues. Moreover, the conclusion of the poem suggests that in the long run the loud-mouths don't in fact prevail: history unfolds

> Not as the loud had spoken,
> But as the mute had thought.

Also, are you quite sure you can identify the "unaffiliated" of the Pew Report with the "large-eyed few, and dumb" of Hardy's poem? In my experience lack of religious affiliation doesn't preclude being an opinionated loud-mouth! Best wishes,

Andrew Hewitt

– Your points are helpful and well-taken, Andrew, and they open up a range of meaning beyond the broad brush of my narrow reaction. The religious and unaffiliated both have their wide-eyed and silent minorities and throughout my life I feel I have been part of both – as well as a part of those groups' passionate majorities at times. On history's outcome, I didn't sense the speaker taking comfort in the result as the minority had thought. I took the outcome more as the unfolding of what was feared rather than of something good.

I'm pondering, and open to more ways to imagine "press, and song."

Thank you.

I appreciate your responding,

Paul

– "On history's outcome," I didn't sense the speaker taking comfort in the result as the minority had thought. I took the outcome more as the unfolding of what was feared rather than of something good – that makes sense to me, Paul. Thank you.

Best,

Andrew

NEWS FROM THE THOMAS HARDY SOCIETY OF JAPAN

2015

THE 58th ANNUAL MEETING OF THE THOMAS HARDY SOCIETY OF JAPAN

Organized by President Akihiko Niitsuma (Prof. at Rikkyo University and President of the Thomas Hardy Society of Japan).

Submitted by Sumiko Inoue (Prof. Emeritus at Senri-Kinran University and TTHA VP)

The 58th Annual Meeting of the Thomas Hardy Society of Japan was held at Toita Women's College, Tokyo, invited by Professor Chiharu Kobayashi and chaired by Professor Chizuko Watari (Kansai Gaidai College), on November 28, 2015. Some eighty members throughout Japan participated in it.

I. Two research papers were read, chaired by Professor Kaoruko Sakata (Japan Women's University):

i. "Hardy's Novels: To Live and Get it Right With the Hardest," by Hideki Taguchi (Part-time Lecturer at Meisei University).
ii. "A Passionate Heroine's Disillusionment with the Native's Return: Reading *The Return of the Native* as a Pastoral Tragedy," by Professor Beniko Imamura (Asst. Prof. at Fukuoka Jo Gakuin University).

[3] Forthcoming: The Thomas Hardy Association awaits the next "Hardy Abroad" feature on "Hardy in Italy" by Ilaria Mallozzi. Future "Hardy Abroad" articles will appear on Bangladesh, Canada and Sub-Saharan Africa. Wanted: entries on Germany, Spain, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Norway, Greece, China, Australia, New Zealand and more.

II. One research paper was read, chaired by Professor Takayoshi Miyazaki (Tokushima University):

i. "The Desire of Others and a Monomaniac Protagonist: A Consideration on Hardy's Sensationalism after Braddon," by Professor Jun Suzuki (Asst. Prof. at Tohoku Institute of Technology).

III. Business Meeting chaired by Professor Yukimitsu Namiki (Tokyo Univ. of Science)

i. It was announced that the 59th Annual Meeting will be convened at Doshisha University, Kyoto, on November 5, 2016, invited by Professor Masumichi Kanaya.
ii. Some other business matters were decided.

IV. Symposium: "On *Jude* again," chaired by Professor Ikuko Itoda (J. F. Oberlin University).

i. "*Jude the Obscure* and Quack Medicine," by Professor Ikuko Itoda (J. F. Oberlin University).
ii. "On *Jude* again: Beyond Victorian Realism," by Professor Suguru Fukasawa (Prof. Emeritus, Chuo University).
iii. "The Letter Killeth: *Jude the Obscure* and Classical Scholarship," by Nobuyoshi Karato (graduate student at Rikkyo University).

V. Special Lecture chaired by Professor Akira Tamai (Mukogawa University): "Thomas Hardy and Englishness: Pastoral, and the Darwinian Idea of Nature," by Professor Ai Tanji (Hosei University).

VI. Closing Address by Professor Akihiko Niitsuma (Rikkyo University and President of the Thomas Hardy Society of Japan).

Rikkyo University

Tsukiji, Holy Trinity Cathedral, temporary home for the college after the 1894 earthquake

"NOT WITHOUT A SENSE OF HUMOUR": HARDY'S COMIC CONSCIOUSNESS IN *JUDE THE OBSCURE*

GEORGE CHRISTIAN

This article considers *Jude the Obscure* as a "comic" novel – "comic" in terms of eighteenth-century Whig aesthetic theory, formulated by Addison, Steele, Fielding, and others in order to "civilize" an emerging capitalist, commercial society and to oppose the perceived savagery of Tory satire as practiced by Swift. Reinterpreting Shakespeare and Cervantes, Whig theory promoted the doctrine of sympathy as an antidote to the vicious individualism and competitiveness of the new economy. In the same way, I argue that Sue's and Jude's extraordinary, if ephemeral, moments of disinterested sympathy and true intersubjectivity offer a comic alternative to the biological, institutional, and social matrix that ensnares and ultimately kills them. Consequently, their "tragic" outcomes do not determine them, nor does the formal genre of tragedy determine our reading of the novel.

Keywords: Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*, comic, comedy, tragedy, sympathy, aesthetics.

ONE OF THE MOST harrowing passages in British – or any national – literature has to be Hardy's account of Father Time's murder-suicide in *Jude the Obscure* (1895). The image of three misbegotten children hanging dead on clothes-hooks so near the center of English intellectual and cultural life repels and provokes today as much as it did in 1895. Only today we seem regularly confronted with such occurrences and see bereaved mourners in "real time." It is all so numbing – can we really feel anymore?

Hardy shows that we can; indeed, we must. He also shows us how we might find a way to the better through experiencing, Kurtz-like, the very real horror of self-identification. Just after the discovery of the three little bodies, Sue and Jude lie marooned in a house in which they are not wanted, talking about how to carry on. The nearly hysterical Sue asks Jude what they ought to do. Jude, recalling a chilling passage from *Agamemnon*, replies: "Nothing can be done … Things are as they are, and will be brought to their destined issue" (*JO*: VI-2).[1] But, Jude is wrong. Something can be done, and, ironically, Sue does it. She "paused" and said, "Yes! Who said that?" When Jude gives her the citation, she exclaims, "My poor Jude – how you've missed everything! – you more than I, for I did get you! To think you should know that by your unassisted reading, and yet be in poverty and despair!" (*JO*: VI-2).

[1] All citations are to Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1978).

Characteristically, for such moments of luminosity in Hardy vanish almost as quickly as we perceive them, Sue relapses into her grief after this "momentary diversion." But for Hardy, a "momentary diversion" means everything; indeed, in a sense it is all we have. Sue's insight recalls Coleridge's "momentary fulcrum," a fleeting mind-balance of activity and passivity in which life, understanding, and self-identification are revealed. Sue sees it all in this moment: her own suffering, Jude's bitter disappointment, the arbitrariness of fate, the aesthetic nature of human apprehension. Her reaction *in this moment* is not to blame Jude or to rail Lear-like against the gods, but to express love and sympathy to another stricken soul.[2] By reaching across the divide between self and other, Sue transcends the totalitarian threat of grief, which seeks to engulf her either in solipsistic despair or fatalistic resignation. Sue not only holds her ground as an individual subject, but in a flash of recognition constructs a fragment of community out of the trauma of her children's deaths.[3]

I contend that Sue and Jude experience similar moments of clarity that transform them into comic avatars and that Hardy composes *Jude the Obscure* in the major key of comedy. By "comic" and "comedy," I refer to the aesthetic theories of eighteenth-century humorists, such as John Addison, Richard Steele, and Henry Fielding, as developed by nineteenth-century writers and novelists such as Hazlitt, Carlyle, Thackeray, Eliot, and Meredith. In general, these writers sought to "civilize" the emerging capitalist, commercial society characterized by a new form of money value disassociated from the traditional society of the landed nobility and gentry. To fill the void left by the demise of the moral economy, Addison and others created a literary model of disinterested self-consciousness, informed by appropriate exempla and a mutually corrective, critical bond between writers and readers, speakers and auditors (particularly those of the middling sort). As shown by Stuart Tave, Ronald Paulson, and others, the theorists formulated this Whig comic aesthetic as a civilizing response to the perceived savagery of Hobbes's notion that comedy arises from a vicious feeling of superiority over the less fortunate.[4] Paulson contends that Addison, Steele, and others politicized the comic by recharacterizing Hobbesian satire and raillery (such as that practiced by Swift) as savage Tory ideology, reinterpreting Shakespeare and Cervantes in terms of kinder, gentler Whig comic theory. "Politeness is the recovery of incivility (as in Tory incivility); all of those uncivil aspects of society such as enthusiasm and satire are civilized, for which read Whigized," observes

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[2] On Hardy's interest in the connection between evolutionary theory and sympathy, see Caroline Sumpter, "On Suffering Sympathy: *Jude the Obscure*, Evolution, and Ethics," *Victorian Studies* 53 (2011), 665-87. Sumpter argues that Leslie Stephen's influence on Hardy's understanding of sympathy has gone widely unnoticed in scholarship and develops a good case that *Jude* reflects Hardy's conviction that art contributes to "evolutionary meliorism" and advance moral progress.

[3] An exciting recent Lacanian interpretation of the self in Hardy's novels argues that Hardy offers real and substantive agency to women rather than consigning them to a semiotic or imaginative location of male desire. See Jane Thomas, *Thomas Hardy and Desire: Conceptions of the Self* (London: Palgrave, 2013). I agree wholeheartedly with Thomas's assertion of, as Virginia Woolf might put it, Hardy's "man-womanliness."

[4] See especially Ronald Paulson, *Don Quixote in England* (Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1998), chapters 1 and 3, and Stuart M. Tave, *The Amiable Humourist: A Study in the Comic Theory and Criticism of the Eighteenth and Early Nineteenth Centuries* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1960). Probably the most important study of Victorian comic theory remains Robert B. Martin, *The Triumph of Wit: A Study of Victorian Comic Theory* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974).

Paulson. "Addison makes *polite*, *aestheticized*, and *depoliticized* parallel terms, part of an extraordinarily astute and effective strategy for promulgating Whig ideology."[5]

Whig ideology thus emphasizes emotional distance. In such an ideology, sympathy is *not* an outpouring of fellow feeling with the injured or disadvantaged, but, as Adam Smith theorized, a process of self-division, of imagining the self in another's shoes.[6] Self-division has a civilizing effect because it checks the Hobbesian tendency both to exult in another's misfortune and to lash out against one's own, thus promoting polite "sympathy" and making sustainable social relations possible. Much as Addison developed this theory to transform divisive satire into amiable, disinterested humor, Hardy grants Jude and Sue moments of comic consciousness and true intersubjectivity, enabling them to transcend the disappointments, degradation, and personal tragedy of their daily struggle to survive in a world not of their choosing.

As Terry Eagleton points out, Sue is contradiction in action. But whereas he emphasizes Sue's "obscurity," I see her as an Addisonian "human nature" with the ability to self-divide and identify with another's pain and pleasure.[7] Sue illuminates Hardy's exploration in *Jude* of the real struggle involved in achieving that comic nature, indeed, the near impossibility of it. But near impossibility need not constitute a barrier, nor must it be the cause of despair. It merely is what it is, as Aeschylus once wrote, and if we understand that, the destined issue of things need not lay us low. *Jude* rather explores the capacity of a comic aesthetic to bridge the seemingly infinite space between individual consciousness and intersubjective relations in an otherwise inscrutable and inexplicable universe. Coleridge compared self-recognition to a water-insect swimming against the stream, tracing the pathway of a mind in the process of observing itself in the act of thinking.[8] Sue's reflection, in which she reconciles the isolation of individual subjectivity with the acceptance of responsibility for pushing into the space between subjects, surely literalizes this Coleridgean metaphor.

In his preface to *Jude*, Hardy views self-identification as a fleeting coherence, "a series of seemings, or personal impressions" (*JO*: Postscript). John Goode notices in his discussion of the novel's critique of bourgeois identity, the monologic self, in its narrow egoism – or "obscurity" – imagines itself as a site of power to control one's narrative, yet history claims authority to determine individual development, stripping the self of its imagined autonomy and emptying *Bildungsroman* narratives, such as Jude's, of all intrinsic meaning. Viewed from the former perspective, the self is a monster; from the latter, it is a machine programmed with the myth of subjectivity.[9] *Jude* rather imagines the self as a mediatory figure, neither biologically nor historically determined. A "series of seemings, or personal impressions," the self is contingent, with contours only legible in terms of the actual social relations in which it operates. But, as readers of the novel have long asked, can a self so contingent and ephemeral

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[5] Ibid., 30.

[6] For an extensive discussion of Smith's conception of self-division, see Jeffrey Franklin, *Serious Play: The Cultural Form of the Nineteenth-Century Realist Novel* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1999), ch. 3.

[7] Terry Eagleton, *The English Novel: An Introduction* (Oxford: Blackwell, 2005), 211.

[8] S. T. Coleridge, *The Collected Works of S. T. Coleridge* 7, *Biographia Literaria I-II* (Princeton, London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, Princeton University Press, 1983), Vol. I, 124-25.

[9] In Goode's reading, the novel concerns Jude's and Sue's relationships to the bourgeois institutions of education and marriage, and their failure to find accommodation within arbitrary, overdetermined constraints. See John Goode, *Thomas Hardy: The Offensive Truth* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1988), ch. 5.

produce any remediation of the vast social and economic inequities of late-Victorian Britain or achieve even a small domestic victory?[10]

Jude and Sue exist in an almost impossibly narrow matrix of interpersonal relations. As William Goetz has observed, Hardy squarely faces the problem of what happens when two subjects merge in such apparent perfect sympathy as to constitute a single subjectivity in the face of social conventions and family histories that demand their separation and, ultimately, piecemeal destruction.[11] Or as Phillotson tells his friend Gillingham, Jude and Sue enjoy "an extraordinary sympathy, or similarity … He is her cousin, which perhaps accounts for some of it. They seem to be one person split into two!" (*JO*: IV-4). Later, the narrator describes the pair as in a state of "complete mutual understanding, in which every glance and movement was as effectual as speech for conveying intelligence between them, made them almost the two parts of a single whole" (*JO*: V-5). These allusions recall Aristophanes' speech in *The Symposium*, which identifies three "original" sexes,

> man, woman, and the union of the two, of which the name survives and nothing else. Once it was a distinct kind, with a bodily shape and a name of its own, constituted by the union of the male and the female: but now only the word "androgynous" is preserved, and that as a term of reproach."[12]

Jude and Sue self-identify in terms of this androgynous union, yet the world they inhabit mandates their existence as "man" and "woman."[13] By splitting the androgynous atom, so to speak, the novel re-enacts the ancient destruction of the third sex, the ruin of which allowed sin into the world in the form of compulsory exclusive heterosexuality and overdetermined blood relations.

Jude the Obscure is preoccupied with the psychological effects of this epistemic original sin.[14] At one extreme, the novel offers suicide as an alternative to the prison house of sex. Jude walks across a frozen pond, hoping the ice will break and end his misery (a result finally realized when the physically fragile Jude exposes himself to vile weather in his last attempt to reconcile with Sue), while Sue launches herself from a window when Phillotson inadvertently enters her room and begins to undress. But whereas suicide releases one from the pain of isolation or self-alienation, it cannot be the default option. Rather, Jude and Sue can at least intermittently imagine a social order that would sanction their relationship and allow the reunification of "the two parts of a single whole" without adherence to outmoded social, economic, and

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[10] For a strong case that Hardy counterfeits his aesthetic of evolutionary meliorism, see Peter Dale, "Thomas Hardy and the best consummation possible," in *Nature transfigured: Science and literature, 1700-1900*, Eds., John Christie and Sally Shuttleworth (Manchester and New York: Manchester University Press, 1989), 202.

[11] See William R. Goetz, "The Felicity and Infelicity of Marriage in *Jude the Obscure*," *Nineteenth-Century Fiction* 38 (1983), 183-213.

[12] Plato, *Symposium*, Collected *Works of Plato*, 4th edn., trans. Benjamin Jowett (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1953), 520-25.

[13] For an argument that Sue's character reflects a fourth sexual orientation, asexuality, see Zane Linde, "'Intended by Nature to Be Left Intact': An Asexual Reading of *Jude the Obscure*," *Thomas Hardy Journal*, 29 (2012), 81-88. My reading of the Jude-Sue dyad as androgynous is compatible with Linde's interpretation.

[14] For a pertinent discussion of contemporary psychological theories available to Hardy, see Mike Davis, "Hardy, *Tess* and Late Victorian Theories of Consciousness," *Thomas Hardy Journal* 29 (2012), 46-69.

religious sanctions. This Platonic, and even Romantic, image of the divided self searching for its severed counterpart, however, supposes historical conditions in which property interests and political power, which mandate strict marriage laws and the separation of classes, no longer hold sway. Jude and Sue frequently refer to themselves as ahead of their time, although it might be more accurate to consider them a few thousand years too late. "Perhaps the world is not illuminated enough for such experiments as ours!" laments Jude. "Who were we, to think we could act as pioneers!" (*JO*: VI-3). Even so, they achieve a measure of provisional happiness in an itinerant existence following their experience at Aldbrickham, almost as if living a "shifting, almost nomadic life, which was not without its pleasantness for a time" somehow confounds the social order just enough for their androgyny to become tantalizingly possible (*JO*: V-7). Of course, the world is too much against them, and Arabella's resurgence into the narrative sets in motion the events that lead to Jude's and Sue's ill-fated remarriages. Hardy's determinism, the implacability of a purblind nature against the desires of humanity, has been well chronicled; *Jude* nevertheless recognizes the human value of "pleasantness for a time," a space for individual happiness in "third sex" relationships.[15]

Not only do Jude and Sue enjoy a brief flowering of happiness within their unconventional sex category – a not inconsiderable concession in Hardy's novels and poetry – but also Arabella evinces a kind of indefatigable vitality capable of willing itself to renewal of life even in the face of crushing misfortune.[16] Moreover, Jude and Sue unquestionably compound their own problems, both by internalizing their family history of marital failure and imagining themselves as doomed to repeat it, and by failing to consider the effects of their stubborn iconoclasm on their dependents. Their relationship with Father Time, in which they repetitively reinforce his fixed idea that it would be better not to have been born, offers a perspective that the text does not necessarily endorse. Rather, this distorted perception arises from Jude's and Sue's conviction of their own defeat, "real" as it may seem.[17]

The outcome certainly has its cathartic effect, but it should not be read as conceding the hopelessness of existence. While Father Time's "nature" predisposes him to wish to efface himself, as Jude and the doctor believe, the murder-suicide episode does *not* reinforce a gloomy sense of the pointlessness of human endeavor, but instead suggests a basis upon which the apparent alienation of human imagination from deterministic nature might be resolved:

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[15] In a similar vein, see Alexander Fischler, "A Kinship with Job: Obscurity and Remembrance in Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*," *Journal of English and Germanic Philology* 84 (1985), 515-33.

[16] For an early refutation of negative, moralizing critical assessments of Arabella, see Frederick McDowell, "In Defense of Arabella: A Note on *Jude the Obscure*," *English Language Notes* 1 (1964), 274-80. For other critical defenses of Arabella, see Ronald P. Draper, "Hardy's Comic Tragedy: *Jude the Obscure*," in *Critical Essays on Thomas Hardy: The Novels*, Ed., Dale Kramer (Boston: G.K. Hall & Co., 1990), 243-54, and James N. Harding, "The Signification of Arabella's Missile: Feminine Sexuality, Masculine Anxiety and Revision in *Jude the Obscure*," *Journal of Narrative Technique* 26 (1996), 85-111. I likewise read Arabella as a life-affirming voice in the novel, though I argue against Draper's characterization of the novel as a "comic tragedy."

[17] On Father Time as a projection of Jude and the errors of his past, see Suzanne Edwards, "A Shadow from the Past: Little Father Time in *Jude the Obscure*," *Colby Literary Quarterly* 23 (1987), 32-38.

> The boy's face expressed the whole tale of their situation. On that little shape had converged all the inauspiciousness and shadow which had darkened the first union of Jude, and all the accidents, mistakes, fears, errors of the last. He was their nodal point, their focus, their expression in a single term. For the rashness of those parents he had groaned, for their ill-assortment he had quaked, and for the misfortunes of these he had died. (*JO*: VI-2)

Father Time is a compound figure, both Levitican in his suffering for the sins of his parents and Christ-like in his sacrifice for those sins. By the same token, he represents the "real" text of *Jude the Obscure*, the expression of Jude's and Sue's tale. To put the point another way, Father Time reconciles the text's thematic contradiction between the letter and the spirit. As the "nodal point" of Jude's and Sue's converging trails of mistakes, Father Time is literally the instrument of death, the killer of their offspring, the machinery of a seemingly inexorable law whose transgression can only be punished by death. At the same time, his self-sacrifice comes as a redemptive act, an acceptance and expiation of Jude's and Sue's "guilt." As their redeemer, Father Time releases Jude and Sue from the constraints of the deterministic narrative that purports to tell their story. Father Time stands outside the deterministic narrative, "like an enslaved and dwarfed Divinity, sitting passive and regarding his companions as if he saw their whole rounded lives rather than their immediate figures" (*JO*: V-3). Likewise "enslaved and dwarfed" by his imprisonment in human form, Christ appeared "divine" in his apprehension of – and mercy for – all humanity in a single glance.[18] In revising the Christian doctrine of sacrifice and redemption in *Jude*, Hardy, I believe, rejects the full implications of materialism; thus Father Time can be read as representing a potential for individual freedom of action, even if the action appears negative and destructive.[19]

To be sure, Father Time opts out of life, taking his younger siblings (and one might argue his father) with him. Though his actions seem to infringe impermissibly upon the autonomy of other subjects, they reconcile letter and spirit through redemption of the burden of guilt imposed by authoritative, deterministic narratives of church and state which destroy the affective bonds they are designed to protect. Indeed, as JoAnna Stephens Mink succinctly observes, "Little Father Time has achieved something positive by ending an unhealthy hereditary cycle."[20] The children's deaths disrupt the plan of the "purblind Doomsters" by infusing a "senseless tragedy" (the conventional description of such a terrible event) with a comic purpose. By taking the narrative of Jude and Sue onto himself, Father Time liberates it from the cultural Pharisees who seek to impose arbitrary moral strictures and rewrites it to allow for transcendental possibilities. While Sue's self-accusation that she told Father Time that "the world was against us, that it was better to be out of life than in it at this price; and he took it literally" (*JO*: VI-2) lingers in the mind, the rest of the *post-mortem* conversation with Jude rather hints at Sue's comic conversion. She admits that she "wanted to be truthful … yet I wasn't truthful for with a false

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[18] See Goode, *Thomas Hardy*, 158-59.

[19] On Father Time's allegorical function (though not specifically linked to Christian typology) in the text, see Forest Pyle, "Demands of History: Narrative Crisis in *Jude the Obscure*," *New Literary History* 26 (1995), 359-78.

[20] JoAnna Stephens Mink, "Three Generations of Unhealthy Family Relationships in *Jude the Obscure*," *Thomas Hardy Journal* 24 (2008), 68.

delicacy I told him too obscurely…. It was my want of self-control, so that I could neither conceal things nor reveal them" (*JO*: VI-2). "Want of self-control," indeed. Sue now sees the real value of Father Time's life: to grant her the "self-control" she both lacks and needs. Her subsequent relapse into frantic grief should not "obscure" the truth of her expanded consciousness. To do so would condemn the novel to the very "half-truthfulness" Sue comes so deeply to regret.

Father Time functions further as the "nodal point" of the novel's recognition of the progressive moral condition that a comic consciousness confers. Observing his fellow passengers on the train laughing at the antics of a kitten, Father Time "seemed mutely to say: 'All laughing comes from misapprehension. Rightly looked at there is no laughable thing under the sun" (*JO*: V-3). Yet neither Father Time nor Hardy makes the mistake of confusing laughter with comedy. The idea that laughing comes from misapprehension has, of course, long been associated with Victorian modes of thinking.[21] Some Victorian moralists feared the socially disruptive potential of laughter and comedy's tendency to cross the line into iconoclasm. Hardy teases this anxiety in the episode at Shaston, in which Phillotson is called before the school managers to defend his humane release of Sue. After contesting the managers' decision to terminate his employment because "the private eccentricities of a teacher came quite within their sphere of control, as it touched the morals of those he taught," Phillotson replies "that he did not see how an act of natural charity could injure morals" (*JO*: IV-6). A brawl ensues between the "respectable inhabitants and well-to-do fellow-natives of the town [and] a curious and interesting group of itinerants," whose number includes

> two cheap-jacks, a shooting gallery proprietor and the ladies who loaded the guns, a pair of boxing-masters, a steam-roundabout manager, two travelling broom-makers, who called themselves widows, a gingerbread-stall keeper, a swing-boat owner, and a 'test-your-strength' man" (*JO*: IV-6).

We are in Sleary's circus in *Hard Times*, a make-believe site of mobile, unorthodox, and sympathetic relationships in an otherwise utilitarian nightmare. There is mordant humor in Hardy's picture of a motley group of carnival workers cracking the heads of the town pillars in defense of a schoolmaster's charity, yet we should not pass over this scene as a mere example of blunt Hardyean irony – or, perhaps more accurately, Swiftean satire. The episode puts us in the position of Father Time observing the passengers on the train, perhaps bemused but seeing "no laughable thing." The way to the better, to moral progress, is not by way of satire, but of comedy.

When Phillotson and Sue arrive in Shaston, the narrator describes the town and its inhabitants as "not without a sense of humour" (*JO*: IV-1), presumably generated by both the large population of "itinerants" and a "curious period of corruption, conventual and domestic," which

> gave rise to the saying that Shaston was remarkable for three consolations to man, such as the world afforded not elsewhere. It was the place where the churchyard lay nearer heaven than the church steeple, where beer was more plentiful than water, and where there were more wanton women than honest wives and maids (*JO*: IV-1).

[21] For the seminal analysis of Victorian moral earnestness, see Walter E. Houghton, *The Victorian Frame of Mind 1830-1870* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1957), 357.

The narrator associates the itinerant lifestyle of Phillotson's defenders with the mirth and laughter of carnival, defined by Peter Stallybrass and Allon White as "a cultural and collective mechanism for the staging of dyadic, opposite terms to those in operation in the sphere of daily production."[22] Recall also that Jude and Sue experience a period of relative peace and happiness in their nomadic perambulations, reinforcing the narrative's link between carnivalesque inversion and individual freedom. Further, Shaston itself is a site where the control of dominant culture is particularly tenuous. While Phillotson's act of "natural charity" appears to unleash social disorder in the form of a schoolroom brawl, the narrative has previously established that "disorder" is actually Shaston's organizing principle, a principle that, if not forcibly repressed by church and state, would sanction both Phillotson's peculiar "domestic theory" and Jude's and Sue's "natural" bond. Thus, in an important sense, Phillotson and the itinerants of Shaston constitute mediatory figures in the text, representatives, like Father Time, of alternative individual and social configurations. And just as Father Time's suicide option defies the established order, Phillotson's conception of "natural charity" so threatens that order that physical violence must be used to restore it.[23]

Maintaining the high earnestness of Victorian morality depends on the ability to exercise tight control over the concept of culture. When one premises, as Matthew Arnold does, that the salvation of English civilization rests on "the best that has been thought and said in the world," the claim of authority to arbitrate the "best things"[24] becomes pressing. *Jude*, which directly challenges the power of the cultural elites who claim the high ground as mediators of thought, mounts a comic assault on English "high" culture. We get an early indication of this assault in Sue's choice of literature. "I have had advantages," Sue tells Jude.

> I don't know Latin and Greek though I know the grammars of those tongues. But I know most of the Greek and Latin classics through translations, and other books too. I read Lemprière, Catullus, Martial, Juvenal, Lucian, Beaumont and Fletcher, Boccaccio, Scarron, De Brantome, Sterne, De Foe, Smollett, Fielding, Shakespeare, the Bible, and other such; and found that all interest in the unwholesome part of those books ended with its mystery (*JO*: III-4).

Sue's interest both in satirists and comic novelists recalls Dr. Johnson's injunction against the novel as injurious to virtue, and her curious explanation of the result of her education – "I have no fear of men, as such, nor of their books" – reinforces the Johnsonian anxiety that wrong reading, especially by women, can confuse "sex" and

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[22] Stallybrass and White, *The Politics and Poetics of Transgression* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1986), 189-90.

[23] For instructive considerations of the novel in terms of J. S. Mill's political philosophy, see William J. Hyde, "Theoretic and Practical Unconventionality in *Jude the Obscure*," *Nineteenth-Century Fiction* 20 (1965), 155-64, and Keith Clavin, "A History of Negation: Liberty and Coercion in *Jude the Obscure*," *The Hardy Review* 14 (2012), 56-59. Specifically, Hyde reads the Shaston riot as expressing the basis of "liberty" in nature, rather than in middle-class liberal political doctrine. Clavin views the novel as exploring the tension between liberalism's emphasis on "negative liberty" and the coercive effects of social custom.

[24] Matthew Arnold, *Culture and Anarchy: An Essay in Political and Social Criticism* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009), 5.

resquare the gender binary. Of course, Jude's reading is equally controversial, as he attempts thereby to raise himself above his class.[25] Yet Sue's reading is not limited to "lower" forms of comic literature (those condemned as "sensual"), but includes those praised by the most morally unimpeachable of the *literati* and canon-makers. This breadth of comic literary experience suggests that Sue poses an even greater threat to the establishment than her "corrupted virtue" might render her. Sue's ability to live in "friendly intimacy" with male counterparts without subjecting herself to sexual relations, if extended throughout English culture, would fundamentally transfigure dominant religious, economic, and domestic structures.[26]

Indeed, Jude and Sue theorize about a true matriarchal system, in which mother and children form the basic social unit without regard to the identity or presence of the "father," an idea to which Gillingham, a determined advocate for trad-itional marriage, vigorously objects when Phillotson suggests it. Thus, rather than reading Sue exclusively as a feminist avatar, an object of masculine desire, or an angel of death, I argue that the "sexless" society she advocates constructs, along with suicide and carnival, the third, and perhaps most menacing, alternative to the conventional patriarchy.[27] An ideal androgynous state, however, cannot quite be realized by either party. Although Jude and Sue live together on a Platonic basis for some time, Arabella's reappearance provokes a jealous Sue into agreeing to a sexual relationship with Jude. This episode indicates that the sins of the flesh are more powerful than even the purist idealism. From this perspective, Hardy's deterministic impulse may be viewed as disillusion with the discordance between sexual desire and happiness. For Hardy, sex is an insuperable biological fact that blocks access to sympathetic, mutually corrective relations. In a broader sense, the weight of time, the evolutionary round that seems to draw Jude and Sue back to the same geographic locations at which their ancestors suffered life-shattering matrimonial catastrophes, contributes to the novel's mood of inescapability. Jude's aunt and the widow Edlin turn up repeatedly in the text as choric presences, reminding Jude and Sue of their family's dark histories, warning them against marriage, and predicting their unhappy outcome. The widow's final protest to Phillotson on the eve of his remarriage to Sue, culminating in her refusal to go to the church to witness their vows, suggests again a possibility of reimagining marriage as an opportunity for liberation.

> "I don't know what the times be coming to!" she exclaims. "Matrimony have growed to be that serious in these days that one really do feel afeard to move in at all. In my time we took it more careless; and I don't know that we was any worse for it! When

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[25] On *Jude* as an anti-Arnoldian novel that rejects the Hellenistic/Hebraic binary, see Renzo D'Agnillo, "*Jude the Obscure* as an Anti-Didactic Novel," *The Thomas Hardy Journal* 30 (2014), 144-60.

[26] On Jude's and Sue's eclectic reading as impeding their lives in the world, see Patrick Brantlinger, *The Reading Lesson: The Threat of Mass Literacy in Nineteenth-Century British Fiction* (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1998), 193. For more recent analyses, see Mark Rollins, "Another Way 'the Letter Killeth': Classical Study in *Jude the Obscure*," *The Hardy Review* 13 (2011), 49-53 and Thierry Goater, "'The Letter Killeth': The Text as Fetish in *Jude the Obscure*," *The Hardy Review* 10 (2008), 129-37.

[27] See Kathleen Blake, "Sue Bridehead: 'The Woman of the Feminist Movement," *SEL* 18 (1978), 703-26; Elizabeth Langland, "Becoming a Man in *Jude the Obscure*," in *The Sense of Sex: Feminist Perspectives on Hardy*, Ed., Margaret R. Higonnet (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1993), 32-48; and Elizabeth L. Knauer, "Unconscious Sue? Selfishness and Manipulation in *Jude the Obscure*," *The Hardy Review* 9 (2009), 41-51.

> I and my poor man were jined in it we kept up the junketing all the week, and drunk the parish dry, and had to borrow a half-crown to begin housekeeping!" (*JO*: VI-5).

The widow's opposition of "seriousness" and "carelessness" can be read as a comically "low" conception of culture appropriate to a stock rural character, but it also adumbrates the very matriarchal system Jude and Sue hypothesize by rejecting the necessary link between marriage and patrilineal succession of property and political power. It further undercuts old Aunt Fawley's choral invocation of fate, dissipating the text's impulse toward formal tragedy and providing an opening, however small, into a comic alternative.

This counter-tragic impetus, coming at a moment in the text at which one wonders how things could get any worse, not only compels Phillotson to reconsider his remarriage, but leads to Arabella's almost parodic second seduction of Jude. The scenes in which Arabella exploits Jude's depression and weakness for alcohol to effect their remarriage are at once comically incongruous and a coarse rehearsal of the widow Edlin's theory of marriage as a "junket."[28] Like Sue's and Phillotson's, this remarriage, however, is tinged by the "seriousness" widow Edlin fears. "Now, Mr. Fawley, be honourable," Arabella's father tells Jude after he denies promising to marry her:

> "You and my daughter have been living here together these three or four days, quite on the understanding that you were going to marry her. Of course, I shouldn't have had such goings on in my house if I hadn't understood that. As a point of honour you must do it now."
>
> "Don't say anything against my honour!" enjoined Jude hotly, standing up. "I'd marry the — of Babylon rather than do anything dishonourable! No reflection on you, my dear. It is a mere rhetorical figure – what they call in the books, hyperbole." (*JO*: VI-7)

The grotesque irony of this scene, in which Arabella and her father, of all people, stand upon the principle of "honour," recoils wickedly on Jude, who once again displays his fatal affectation for humane scholarship, just as he does in the earlier tavern scene in which he recites in Latin the Apostle's Creed to a roomful of besotted laborers. The narrator's attitude toward Jude's intellectual aspirations remains enigmatic. Is he tragically misunderstood and abused by a system that reserves learning only for the privileged? Or is he Quixote-like figure, chasing chimeras and living a fantastical life in his "books"? In this act of sacrifice to his own standard of honor, a bookish ideal to the say the least, Jude commits himself to a union in which he does not believe, and further, the moral legitimacy that he categorically rejects.

But perhaps Jude recognizes that his conception of honor, just like the convention of marriage, means nothing beyond its use as "a mere rhetorical figure." Like Quixote, Jude awakens in this scene, not only from his alcoholic daze, but from the daze which his lifetime of intellectualism has adduced. High culture cloaks its interest in consolidating power in the rhetoric of "honour" and the approved social and economic relationship of marriage that it entails. Here Jude fully articulates his

[28] With respect to Jude's susceptibility to sexual temptation, see Langland, "Becoming a Man in *Jude the Obscure*."

realization of the sham, achieving the comic consciousness that allows him to see through his own pretensions and to understand that the letter does not body forth the spirit after all. This self-recognition makes him Quixotic, comic not by reason of his pursuit of a fixed idea but because he learns that the "self" is not a mere rhetorical figure, bound and sanctioned in forms of representation. Jude takes his remarriage to Arabella "seriously," but paradoxically only in the widow Edlin's sense of "carelessness." Although he knows the whole thing is a joke, he learns to live with it in the comic double vision that recognizes the falsity of rhetorical morality and the truth of his spiritual union with Sue, however unattainable such a union might be in a world of rhetorical figures.

While Arabella misreads the genuineness of Sue's asexual androgyny, she knows better than to accept Sue's return to legitimacy as sincere. At Jude's burial, when the widow Edlin tells her that Sue "said she had found peace," Arabella replies: "She may swear that on her knees to the holy cross upon her necklace till she's hoarse, but it won't be true! … She's never found peace since she left his arms, and never will again till she's as he is now!" (*JO*: VI-11). In a final paradox, Arabella defends the authenticity of Jude's and Sue's relationship and becomes the text's teller of truth, in an ironic twist replacing Father Time in this position. But what is the nature of this relationship? Discussing their resistance to formalizing their marriage, Jude and Sue argue over whether their experience is "common":

> While she hesitated he went on to confess that, though he thought they ought to be able to do it, he felt checked by the dread of incompetency just as she did – from their peculiarities, perhaps, because they were unlike other people. "We are horribly sensitive; that's really what's the matter with us, Sue!" he declared.
>
> "I fancy more are like us than we think!"
>
> "Well, I don't know. The intention of the contract is good, and right for many, no doubt; but in our case it may defeat its own ends because we are the queer sort of people we are – folk in whom domestic ties of a forced kind snuff out cordiality and spontaneousness."
>
> Sue still held that there was not much queer or exceptional in them: that all were so. "Everybody is getting to feel as we do. We are a little beforehand, that's all. In fifty, a hundred, years the descendants of these two will act and feel worse than we. They will see weltering humanity still more vividly than we do now, as
>
> 'Shapes like our own selves hideously multiplied,'
>
> and will be afraid to reproduce them."
>
> "What a terrible line of poetry! .... though I have felt it myself about my fellow-creatures, at morbid times."' (*JO*: V-4)

Sue's quotation from Shelley (*The Revolt of Islam*, Canto Third) finds its echo in Jude's Aeschylean response to the deaths of the children, but her prediction that future generations will suffer so greatly from the oppressive social contract that human reproduction will cease altogether may be the text's grimmest moment. Their debate over the "unique" or "uniformitarian" character of their views defies resolution. Jude correctly states that no objective standard can determine the "right" course for everyone, and Hardy does not propose one, unless one considers the widow Edlin's

conception of "carelessness" as a philosophy of marital relations. As Anna Kornbluh has recently observed, Jude and Sue themselves "can neither find a place to live nor effectively agree on how to live."[29] Sue's bitterly ironic "conversion" to conventional morality, triggered by her conviction that her and Jude's sins came like a plague upon their children, strips Jude of his moral bearings and renders him susceptible to Arabella's duplicity.

Indeed, their "sensitivity" confers both a blessing and a curse. On one hand, it asserts the possibility of a serenely companionable relationship not governed by the four corners of the social contract. To put it another way, Jude and Sue speak for a relationship that recognizes the self as an intermittent coherence, a self so essentially ephemeral that imposing a legal fiction on it that fixes its relationship to other selves produces positive cruelty. On the other hand, such emphemerality renders their relationship an unstable element that vanishes at the very instant of recognition, leaving both of them emotionally shattered.[30] Jude's suicide and Sue's effectively suicidal remarriage, perhaps the only truly "free" acts they each perform in their unfortunate lives, follow as a matter of course from the double bind of sensitivity. Sue's "terrible line of poetry" encapsulates Hardy's vision of the self as a succession of specters, each haunting the places and people it encounters along the way, each shaped by its particular associations and repeating the same mistakes and tragedies throughout time.

But Hardy does not surrender the narrative to Sue's vision alone. Arabella's final words deny the deterministic outcome, promising still a possibility for self-fulfillment in the mutuality of a single bond between two souls, even if she is not one of them. The Addisonian comic idea lives on in *Jude*, even if only attainable in the briefest insights into the human condition. But in that moment of insight, comic consciousness can produce a self that imagines itself in mutual sympathy with another, and in so imagining transcends the boundaries of the predetermined order of the universe. The self – and certainly Hardy, the poet of "seemings" – is not without a sense of humor after all, not without a sensitivity to the "cordiality" and "spontaneousness" of which it is capable. Perhaps this limited vision does not amount to much, but no novelist can honestly offer more.

[29] Anna Kornbluh, "Obscure Forms: The Letter, the Law, and the Line in Hardy's Social Geometry," *Novel* 48:1 (2015), 1-17, 14.

[30] On Jude's and Sue's "tragedy" as stemming from the failure of the Romantic ideals they espouse, see Michael E. Hassett, "Compromised Romanticism in *Jude the Obscure*," *Nineteenth-Century Fiction* 25 (1971), 432-43.

WILLIAM TINSLEY'S ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF *UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE*

PHILIP ALLINGHAM

Thomas Hardy never intended the pastoral romance *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872: 1st.edn. two volumes, unillustrated) to be marketed as a Christmas book. However, the enterprising publisher William Tinsley, who had acquired the British and continental copyrights from Hardy for a mere £30, later produced it as a commodity text with a somewhat garish, embossed bright blue morocco cover and an extensive programme of illustration (sixteen plates, the majority, full-page wood-engravings) describing the dramatis personae and some principal scenes, each with a seasonal border of holly. Richard Little Purdy indicates Tinsley re-published the novella expressly as a Christmas book in December 1875 (although "dated 1876"). When Tinsley's publishing house failed he passed the copyright along with the remaining stock and stereotypes to Chatto and Windus. With an ornamental tailpiece, the illustrated 1875 octavo volume has 344 pages, a table of contents, but no list of illustrations. Gilt lettering announces title and author, and alludes to Hardy as "The author of *Far From the Madding Crowd*, undoubtedly for the sake of promotion – ironically, Tinsley had declined what turned out to be Hardy's "break out" novel in 1874. The illustrator of *UGT*, R. Knight, frames the frontispiece, of Fancy, with vignettes of the village quire rather than with scenes capturing her plight caught between three suitors. Since the "Upper Mellstock" of the story is based on the Higher Bockhampton of Hardy's youth, descriptions of the novel's locales are specific to a degree rarely paralleled elsewhere in English literature. Careful study of the plates against the letterpress reveals nuances of plot and character that a reading of the unadorned text does not.

Keywords: Novella, Thomas Hardy's journeyman work, Victorian illustration, William Tinsley, *A Pair of Blue Eyes,* Christmas book, 1870s publishing, illustrator: R. Knight, Chatto and Windus, 1875 re-publication of *Under the Greenwood Tree,* Dickens's *Christmas Books,* The New Woman of the Seventies, Mellstock, analeptic reading, proleptic reading, Stinsford quire, Dorset dialect, modernity, copyrights.

UNTIL ABOUT 1850, printing costs were sufficiently high that new works were published in short runs (editions), generally for lending libraries – the favoured form being the triple decker or three-volume novel. By the close of the 1850s, almost all quality fiction was published by seven firms, the majority of whom were located in London: Chapman and Hall (long associated with Dickens), Bradbury and Evans (publishers of the popular magazine *Punch*), Macmillan's, Longman's, Richard Bentley, George Smith and Alexander Elder (publishers of *The Cornhill Magazine* and *The Pall Mall Gazette*), and the long-established Edinburgh firm of Blackwood's, which published *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. First-time authors,

hoping to publish a breakout novel in serial form, usually fared poorly in financial arrangements with these publishing giants.

> Unknown authors could be victimized by "payment against profit" schemes that left them owing money to the publisher even if the book were moderately successful. Among the firms that were willing to take chances – but often did not serve their authors well – were Tinsley Brothers … and T. C. Newby (*Wuthering Heights*).[1]

On this basis, Tinsleys had published Hardy's earliest efforts at sustained fiction: William Tinsley had rejected *The Poor Man and the Lady* in 1869 but published *Desperate Remedies* (1871) at little risk to the firm, and *Under the Greenwood Tree*.[2] For the latter Hardy sold the full copyright to William Tinsley for a mere £30.[3]

In the 1860s, with the rise of the illustrated British magazine, came an intense demand for all sorts of fiction and for artists capable of working with minimal direction and at great speed to provide the illustrations. William Tinsley did not enter the illustrated monthly magazine market in the 1860s, and lost some £3,000 in the first year of operation, but by 1868 *Tinsley's Magazine* had a readership of 10,000, as compared with the *Cornhill*'s 18,000 for that same year.[4] Tinsley Brothers, like other magazine publishers of the period, were constantly looking for new writers, but from the list of contributors – a non-canonical group which includes Mrs Henry Wood, Mrs J. H. Riddell, Mary Molesworth, Grant Allen, Mrs Fraser, Annabel Gray, Justin McCarthy, B. L. Farjeon, and James Grant – it is evident that it was at best a middle-brow journal publishing entertainment of the mystery/tale-of-the-supernatural variety rather than literature of artistic or intellectual value

Shortly after its publication, favourable reviews of *Under the Greenwood Tree* (the author not identified on the title-page) in the *Athenaeum* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* prompted William Tinsley in early July to offer £200 for the 12-part serial and initial volume publication rights to Hardy's most recent novel, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. Having learned to his cost that William Tinsley was one for sharp practice, Hardy wisely withheld full copyright, giving enough material by 7th August 1872 for the first instalment.[5]

In attempting to break away from architecture, Hardy's initial profession, in favour of writing fiction, this thirty-year-old countryman, recently come up to London, had received a harsh education from two of the country's top publishing houses, Macmillan's and Chapman and Hall, both of whom had rejected the manuscript of his first novel, the socialistic romance entitled *The Poor Man and the Lady*. Perhaps, given the astounding success of Margaret Elisabeth Braddon's great money-maker for Tinsley Brothers, the Sensation novel *Lady Audley's Secret* (1862), it was understandable that Hardy would then approach that firm with his twice-rejected manuscript.

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[1] Dennis R. Dean, "Publishing and Publishers." *The Victorian Encyclopedia*, Ed., Sally Mitchell (New York & London: Garland, 1988), 652-654.

[2] Thomas Hardy, *Under The Greenwood Tree. A Rural Painting of the Dutch School* (28 June, 1872). Il. R. Knight. London: Chatto and Windus, 1878. All citations from the 1878 Chatto and Windus edition have been checked against the Macmillan Education, 1975 paperback edition. See Note 9.

[3] When William Tinsleys' publishing house failed he passed the copyright (which he valued at £300) along with the remaining stock and stereotypes to Chatto and Windus.

[4] Although by 1873 the *Cornhill*'s circulation had climbed to 50,000.

[5] *Tinsley's Magazine,* September 1872-July 1873.

Remarks John Sutherland in *Victorian Fiction*,

> From Macmillan's Hardy had had a schoolboy's lesson in "composition"; [George] Meredith [the reader for Chapman and Hall at the time] gave him a "lecture." He had been offered some conflicting encouragement. He understood he was to write fiction with an intricate plot like Wilkie Collins (*The Moonstone* was the hit of 1868) and to write of "rural scenes and humble life" like George Eliot (*Silas Marner* was a recent bestseller). He had been instructed to avoid the shocking and try for a "light chatty tone which gave no offence"…. Hardy's first novel had at least two more rebuffs and he finally gave it up as a lost cause. In his next work he decided to follow Meredith's advice first. *The Poor Man and the Lady* was "A Story with no Plot"; his next novel, *Desperate Remedies*, is all plot. Its narrative is a serial [sic] of accidents, coincidences and improbabilities. In defiance of chapters it is sectioned, presented as a calendar of "events" (a device borrowed from Wilkie Collins).[6]

When Tinsley had asked him for another novel Hardy, disgusted by his loss of £15 in publishing *Desperate Remedies*, had merely sent him the discarded manuscript of *Under the Greenwood Tree* without even reviewing it. Not long enough for either the standard three-volume novel, the "triple-deckers" purchased in great numbers by lending libraries such as Mudie's, or a twelve-month magazine serialization, the two-volume *Under The Greenwood Tree* proved to be something of a marketing conundrum for Hardy. Apparently he had never considered representing it as a Christmas Book, even though it is a novella only a little longer than the Thackeray and Dickens productions of the 1840s. He had set it aside after a temporizing letter from Alexander Macmillan in October 1871 about his firm's having many Christmas Books to publish before he could consider the project as "an early summer or spring book,"[7] and decided to work instead on *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, a novel with strong Sensation characteristics. This, he finished seven months later on 14 March 1873 and, fortunately, did not have to deal with Tinsley again. The latter, however, remained in complete control of the copyright of *Under the Greenwood Tree,* which the firm had initially published with no profit to speak of.

Since Hardy had moved on to other publishers it is highly unlikely that Tinsley consulted him about the sixteen wood-engravings constituting the first illustrations for *Under The Greenwood Tree: A Rural Painting of the Dutch School* as these now appear in the 1878 Chatto and Windus "Christmas Book" edition. Richard Little Purdy indicates that Tinsley published expressly for the peak book-buying month in December 1875.[8] The somewhat garish-looking octavo volume, bound in bright blue morocco, with fifteen full-page wood-engravings, an ornamental tailpiece, 344 pages and a table of contents, has no list of illustrations the majority of which concern the characters rather than the situations or settings of the novel. Gilt lettering announces its title and author, and alludes to Hardy as "The author of *Far From the Madding Crowd*,"

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[6] John Sutherland, *The Stanford Companion to Victorian Fiction*. (Stanford, Cal.: Stanford U. P., 1989). 216.
[7] Letter cited by Michael Millgate, *Thomas Hardy: A Biography Revisited* (Oxford: Oxford U. P., 2004), 127.
[8] See Richard Little Purdy, *Thomas Hardy: A Bibliographical Study* (Oxford University Press. 1954), 8. The reference to *FFMC* points to editorial decisions about the 1878 volume having been made somewhat earlier. It may well be that the title-page is the new publisher's only contribution to the 1878 publication. Note: it was customary to show the year following on books published in December, hence this "Christmas Book" edition is dated 1876.

undoubtedly for the sake of promotion – which, ironically, Tinsley had declined to publish. So what turned out to be Hardy's "break out" novel in 1874, instead of appearing monthly in *Tinsleys Magazine* as *A Pair of Blue Eyes* had done *Far From the Madding Crowd* appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*, and subsequently as a Smith, Elder volume.

By 1878 Tinsley was some £33,000 in debt. Despite attempting to capitalise on Hardy's recent celebrity as author of the *Cornhill* serialization of *Far From the Madding Crowd*, a best-seller in volume form as published by Smith, Elder, sales of *Under The Greenwood Tree* had not met Tinsley's expectations.

R. Knight, the illustrator of the 1878 single-volume edition, was clearly a competent draughtsman working in the Sixties manner of portraiture rather than realisation of crucial narrative moments and caricature – and he was prepared to receive the low-end wages that Tinsley typically paid. In framing the frontispiece Knight has rightly graphed the importance of Fancy with her "curls and a hat and a feather" to the plot, but surrounds her in the book's largest illustration with vignettes of the village quire rather than scenes involving her having to choose between three suitors, the young tranter, the wealthy middle-aged farmer, Shinar, and the judgmental Anglican minister, Parson Maybold.[9] Since the "Upper Mellstock" of the story is based on the hamlet of Higher Bockhampton of Hardy's youth, descriptions of the novel's locales are specific to a degree rarely paralleled elsewhere in English literature, but few of Knight's illustrations reflect the sense of the place that permeates the book. In this respect the most effective of the sixteen illustrations is that of Keeper Day's cottage in Yellowham ("Yalbury") Wood; although the action occurs within three miles of a significant town, Dorchester (the "Casterbridge" of Hardy's novels and short stories), the characters are such as one would have found in any nineteenth-century Dorset village, and rarely does an urban note intrude. According to some critics the village romance which dominates the story reflects Hardy's own with Emma Gifford, the rector's sister-in-law whom Hardy as a young architect met when visiting the parish church in St. Juliot, Cornwall. Emma's independent spirit, social aspirations, musical nature, and fashion sense match those of the educated gamekeeper's organist daughter, Fancy Day.[10]

Among the nineteenth-century British editions of *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872) are these four below, the book not having been serialised first:

1. 1872 Tinsley Brothers – 1st Edition, two volumes – Anonymous (popular speculation was that George Eliot was the author).
2. 1873 Tinsley Brothers – 2nd Edition, one volume (Hardy is identified as the author on the title-page).
3. 1875 Tinsley – 3rd Edition, one volume. Illustrated by R. Knight.
4. 1878 Chatto and Windus – 4th Edition, one volume.

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[9] See also The Victorian Web: http://www.victorianweb.org/victorian/art/illustration/knight/3.html

[10] But see also Andrzej Diniejko, http://www.victorianweb.org/authors/hardy/greenwoodtree.html, for whom "Fancy Day resembles Hardy's cousin Tryphena Sparks, who became headmistress of a Plymouth school in 1871." Two years after the publication of *Under The Greenwood Tree* Hardy married Emma; as Anna Winchcombe remarks in her 1975 preface to the novel, the setting is not the only autobiographical element: "The members of the Dewy family ... bear a strong likeness to the Hardy family, though the author's family and grandfather were builders and stonemasons." *Under The Greenwood Tree, or, The Mellstock Quire – A Rural Painting of the Dutch School.* Ed., Anna Winchcombe (Houndmills, Basingstoke, and London: Macmillan Education, 1975), 15.

The Thomas Hardy Association website[11] indicates that the Knight illustrations first appeared in the 4th edition (below) and reappeared in Chatto and Windus, 1878:

1. 1872: 2-vol. edition. (London: Tinsley Bros.)
2. 1873: New edition. (London: Tinsley Bros.)
3. 1873: Leisure Hour series. (New York: Henry Holt and Co.)
4. 1875: Illustrated edition. (London: Tinsley Bros.)
5. 1877: Seaside Library (Quarto edition). No. 50. (New York: George Munro), [First piracy of any Hardy title]
6. 1878: New edition with illustrations. (London: Chatto and Windus) [Reprinted 1878, 1891, 1892, 1893]
7. 1892: (New York: Hovendon Co.)
8. 1892: Seaside Library (Pocket edition). No. 1976. (New York: George Munro)
9. 1896: Wessex Novels edition. (London: Osgood, McIlvaine)
10. 1896[?]: Uniform edition. (New York: Harper and Bros.)
11. 1896: Majestic series. No. 451. (New York: George Munro) [This volume also includes "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid."];
12. 1898: London: Harper and Bros. (Reissue of the 1896 Osgood, McIlvaine edition).

Uncaptioned frontispiece: "Fancy Day": 16 cm by 10 cm

[11] http://thethomashardyassociation.org/

Although Hardy introduces Fancy Day early in the novel, in the musicians' conversation in the third chapter, "The Assembled Quire," in "Part The First: Winter," the new schoolmistress does not actually make her entrance until the seventh chapter, "The Tranter's Party."

> But the comely, slender, prettily-dressed prize Fancy Day fell to Dick's lot, in spite of some private machinations of the farmer, for the reason that Mr. Shinar, as a richer man, had shown too much assurance in asking the favour, whilst Dick had been duly courteous.
>
> We gain a good view of our heroine as she advances to her place in the ladies' line. She belonged to the taller division of middle height. Flexibility was her first characteristic, by which she appeared to enjoy the most easeful rest when she was in gliding motion. Her dark eyes – arched by brows of so keen, slender, and soft a curve, that they resembled nothing so much as two slurs in music – showed primarily a bright sparkle each. This was softened by a frequent thoughtfulness, yet not so frequent as to do away, for more than a few minutes at a time, with a certain coquettishness; which in its turn was never so decided as to banish honesty. Her lips imitated her brows in their clearly-cut outline and softness of bend; and her nose was well shaped – which is saying a great deal, when it is remembered that there are a hundred pretty mouths and eyes for one pretty nose. Add to this, plentiful knots of dark-brown hair, a gauzy dress of white, with blue facings; and the slightest idea may be gained of the young maiden who showed, amidst the rest of the dancing-ladies, like a flower among vegetables (77-78).

Fancy Day, dressed in the style of the New Woman of the Seventies, is surrounded by scenes and characters from the novel, connected by wedding bells and Christmas holly – the Christmas sprites or faeries both recall the figures in Dickens's Christmas Books and represent the imaginative, musical, and romantic side of the heroine's character (her 'fancy,' so to speak). Her appetite for fashion, for 'fancy' clothing in particular, is suggested by her hat, earrings, and coiffure. Her wedding occurs lower right, and she drives off with Dick in his carrier's wagon, lower left. In the upper right, she plays the organ introduced by the minister after his dismissal of the quire.[12] The motif of the seasonal greenery that surrounds or frames Fancy in the frontispiece continues throughout the narrative-pictorial program, suggesting that Tinsley did intend this volume for the Christmas market of 1875. For all but the frontispiece, Knight has framed the figure or scene depicted in an archway of holly and berries, not merely to underscore the Christmas-time context of the opening scenes but also to suggest the vicissitudes of Dick Dewy's infatuation with the schoolmistress who, unbeknown to Dick, is being pursued by two other suitors, only one of whom (Farmer Shinar) she later admits to.

Another candidate for the real-life model for the novel's musical and flirtatious schoolmistress is Hardy's cousin Tryphena Sparks, also a schoolmistress:

> Fancy is subtly drawn character, who gives clear indications of Hardy's attitude to women at this stage in his life. As a very young man he had an impressionable nature

[12] The engraving's spirits as well as the dominating bells at the top suggest the influence of the 1844 illustrations for Dickens's second Christmas Book, *The Chimes: A Goblin Story* (Bradbury and Evans), particularly Daniel Maclise's ornate frontispiece, "The Tower of the Chimes."

> and was romantically attracted to various young women, some of whom he only knew from passing them in the lane near his home or in the neighbouring towns. He was very fond of his cousins in Puddletown, the Sparks family, and even wanted to marry two of the girls, Martha and Tryphena, and became engaged to the latter before he met his his first wife, Emma. One can see in Fancy the first sketch of a very Hardyish heroine, who may well be based on his cousin and develops into more complicated characters.[13]

How much of Hardy's personal history the publisher and illustrator would have been aware of is the subject of mere speculation. Possibly the character of Fancy Day is an amalgam of the thirty-year-old, blonde-haired Emma Lavinia Gifford and the brown-haired twenty-year-old Tryphena, cousin and schoolmistress, the book having been written, as Purdy notes, at Weymouth and Higher Bockhampton "in the early summer of 1871."[14] Having described Tryphena as the "muse" of Hardy's Sensation novel, *Desperate Remedies*, Paul Turner makes the case succinctly that Hardy's fictional schoolmistress in *Under the Greenwood Tree* is based on his knowledge of his Puddletown cousin and quondam fiancée, eleven years his junior: "Not surprisingly [in April 1871], with Tryphena in the last stage of teacher training, it was about a village girl who becomes a schoolmistress."[15]

Whereas Dick's love interest in Fancy Day is very much as an individual, the operative word in Hardy's initial description of the male protagonist is "ordinary." A countryman born and bred, Dick like the hapless Tony Kytes in Hardy's framed-tale sequence *A Few Crusted Characters* (1891), is a young rural carrier, but is dressed in Knight's illustration in the urban style of the 1870s rather than the more traditional fustian and smock frock of the carter in Alfred Parson's Casterbridge-set street scene headpiece for *Wessex Folk* in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (March 1891). Thus, although he is more akin to Hardy's rural young men such as Gabriel Oak of *Far From the Madding Crowd* (1874), Dick, appears in the 1875 illustration as a youthful Hardy clone, a professional man not unlike the young architect, Stephen Smith, in *A Pair of Blue Eyes,* which ran in *Tinsley's Magazine* serially from September 1872 through July 1873.

Since the story of the demise of the Mellstock Quire is a reflection of actual events in the parish of Stinsford in the early 1840s, when the new vicar, the Reverend Arthur Shirley, replaced the musicians with a barrel organ, the illustrator's clothing of Dick in the fashion of the 1870s seems somewhat anachronistic. However, Paul Turner stipulates that there is a strong connection between the author and his male protagonist in this early novel:

> As a product of Hardy's life, *Under the Greenwood Tree* was an expanded version of 'Domicilium.' The home sketched in the poem became the Tranter's in the novel, "a long low cottage with a hipped roof of thatch, having dormer windows breaking up into the eaves"; and in one of those windows, which belonged in real life to Hardy's bedroom, much of the book had been written.[16]

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[13] Winchcombe, 22.
[14] Purdy, 7.
[15] Paul Turner, *Thomas Hardy: A Critical Biography* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1998), 27.
[16] Ibid., 29.

However, Knight's portrait of Dick Dewy here bears no particular resemblance to the thirty-five-year-old Thomas Hardy. Admittedly, Hardy gave his illustrator little to go on, having been more interested in painting a word picture of the woodland scene than of the solitary walker who speaks standard English rather than Dorset dialect.

"Dick Dewey at the Garden Gate" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 16)

" …. casually glancing upward, the silver and black-stemmed birches with their characteristic tufts, the pale grey boughs of beech, the dark-creviced elm, all appeared now as black and flat outlines upon the sky…. Having escaped both trees and hedge, he could now be distinctly seen rising against the sky, his profile appearing on the light background like the portrait of a gentleman in black cardboard. It assumed the form of a low-crowned hat, an ordinary-shaped nose, an ordinary chin, an orddinary neck, and ordinary shoulders …. A little wicket admitted [them] to the garden, and [they[proceeded up the path to Dick's house."

(Part the First, "Winter," Ch.1, "Mellstock Lane")

"Shuffling, halting, irregular footsteps of various kinds were now heard coming up the hill, and presently there emerged from the shade severally five men of different ages and gaits, all of them working villagers of the parish of Mellstock. They, too, had lost their rotundity with the daylight, and advanced against the sky in flat outlines, which suggested some processional design on Greek or Etruscan pottery. They represented the chief portion of Mellstock parish choir." (Part the First, "Winter," Ch.1, "Mellstock Lane")

"Going the Rounds" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, p. 33

"Just before the clock struck twelve they lighted the lanterns and started. The moon, in her third quarter, had risen since the snowstorm; but the dense accumulation of snow-cloud weakened her power to a faint twilight which was rather pervasive of the landscape than traceable to the sky. The breeze had gone down, and the rustle of their feet and tones of their speech echoed with an alert rebound from every post, boundary-stone, and ancient wall they passed."

(Part the First, "Winter," Ch. 4, "Going the Rounds").

The generalised woodland scene, with snow in the foreground and deciduous trees bare of leaves, frames the village choir of numbers more substantial than Hardy suggests, admirably representing the close relationship between the denizens of Mellstock and the surrounding countryside – however, the scene is hardly site-specific as the plate showing the gamekeeper's cottage is. For example, Hardy initiates the romantic plot and the village quire plots almost simultaneously as he has the village cobbler, Mr. Penny, introduce the subject of Fancy Day's footwear in conversation with the other musicians in the third chapter, "The Assembled Choir." As they imbibe home-made cider and prepare for the night's performances, they discuss the recently returned young school teacher.

Presumably, although Knight has specifically included the moon, the scene represents the choir's passing the outskirts of a wooded park near the main village about 2: 00 a.m. Thus, the opening scenes of Christmas-tide carolling and making the

rounds of the various farms and estates surrounding "Mellstock" for after-performance refreshments would not have been construed in quite the same way in the June (1872) edition as they would in the single-volume, illustrated edition of December 1875.

"Michael Mail" (16 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 40)

"The first [of the party of musicians assembling in the wood] was a bowed and bent man, who carried a fiddle under his arm, and walked as if engaged in studying some object connected with the surface of the road. He was Michael Mail."

(Part the First, "Winter," Ch. 1, "Mellstock Lane").

Instead of electing to depict such significant characters as the second and third suitors of Fancy Day (Parson Maybold and the wealthy farmer Frederic Shinar), Knight has chosen a number of "character" illustrations – members of the Mellstock quire – whom Hardy introduces in the first chapter. This selection of subject for the fourth and fifth illustrations has necessitated the insertion of plates where they have little or no relevance to the text, so that, for example, Michael Mail is situated 35 pages after the passage realised, and Thomas Leaf fully 138 pages later. Clearly, then, the illustrator, possibly at the direction of the editor, Tinsley, aims to emphasize the colourful village characters, even at the expense of the romantic plot. Here, the village cobbler, Mr. Penny, reaches into the depths of his great-coat pocket to show his fellow musician's the shoe that he has been making for the new schoolmistress, Fancy Day, recently graduated from teachers' college. The cobbler's showing off the shoe serves as an initiating incident in that it piques Dick Dewy's interest in Fancy even before he meets her.

"Mr. Penny" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 56)

"However, I was going to say," continued Penny, putting down the cup, "I ought to have called at the school"—here he went groping again in the depths of his pocket—"to leave this without fail, though I suppose the first thing to-morrow will do."

He now drew forth and placed upon the table a boot—small, light, and prettily shaped—upon the heel of which he had been operating.

"The new schoolmistress's!"

"Ay, no less, Miss Fancy Day; as nate a little figure of fun as ever I see, and just husband-high." (Part the First, "Winter," Ch. 3, "The Assembled Quire").

"The Tranter, Reuben Dewy" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 88)

"Dick Dewy's father, Reuben, [was] by vocation a 'tranter,' or irregular carrier. He was a stout florid man about forty years of age, who surveyed people up and down when first making their acquaintance, and generally smiled at the horizon or other distant object during conversations with friends, walking about with a steady sway, and turning out his toes very considerably." (Part the First, "Winter," Ch. 2, "The Tranter's.")

"Perhaps the most rugged of them all is Grandfather William, likened to the greenwood tree itself as Hardy describes him standing nobly in the light of the setting sun 'which gave him a Titanic shadow at least thirty feet in length, stretching away to the east in outlines of imposing magnitude, his head finally terminating upon the trunk of a grand old oak tree'."[17]

"Grandfather William" (16 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 120)

"William Dewy – otherwise grandfather William – was now about seventy; yet an ardent vitality still preserved a warm and roughened bloom upon his face, which reminded gardeners of the sunny side of a ripe ribstone-pippin;[18] though a narrow strip of forehead, that was protected from the weather by lying above the line of his hat-brim, seemed to belong to some town man, so gentlemanly was its whiteness. His was a humorous and kindly nature, not unmixed with a frequent melancholy; and he had a firm religious faith. But to his neighbours he had no character in particular."

(Part the First, "Winter," Ch. 3, "The Assembled Quire.")

As Dick's grandfather, old William represents family tradition and a close kinship with the natural environment. As the oldest of the "quire," he represents the continuity of the generations and the old usages of his people, the slowly changing social environment. He is the spirit of the traditional music-makers of the region, who double as adjuncts to the church service (the "quire"), but are primarily players of jigs and reels at non-church community social functions.

[17] Winchcombe, 23.

[18] A yellow-marbled apple, flushed orange and streaked red with russet at the base and apex. Hardy also alludes to this apple (with reference to Clym) in *The Return of the Native*: "Now a few russets, Tamsin. He used to like those as well as ribstones" (Ch.2).

> To old William, music meant more than life itself. To Fancy's father, 'her musical notes' were primarily a social asset, qualifying her to catch a 'gentleman' husband. To Fancy herself, music was a form of sexual display, which duly made the vicar fall in love with her.[19]

Rather than depict Grandfather William making his simple, time-honoured music, the illustrator has elected to show him chopping wood, thereby associating him with the woodland which sustains the local population. Knight captures the old man's dignity and his ability to complete manual labour still, but has not effectively conveyed the "roughened bloom upon his face."

"Thomas Leaf" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 144)

Although the figure of the well-intentioned but inept village fool is mere window dressing in the cast of characters who constitute the Mellstock Quire, Hardy develops this type into a fully realised individual whose character interacts with the principals and affects the course of the plot – Abel Whittle in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886). A virtual skeleton in a coarse linen smock-frock, Leaf is the surviving member of thirteen siblings, and, given his extreme leanness, probably is the character in the book lowest on the social scale, a member of the "labouring folk" elevated by his musical ability to become a named member of the Mellstock Quire.

> "… Tommy Leaf, don't ye be afeard! Come and sit here in the settle."
>
> This was addressed to the young man before mentioned, consisting chiefly of a human skeleton and a smock-frock, who was very awkward in his movements, apparently on account of having grown so very fast that before he had had time to get used to his height he was higher.
>
> "Hee—hee—ay!" replied Leaf, letting his mouth continue to smile for some time after his mind had done smiling, so that his teeth remained in view as the most conpicuous members of his body.
>
> (Part the First, "Winter," Ch. 3, "The Tranter's")

[19] Turner, 29.

The most "half-real"[20] of Knight's sixteen illustrations is that describing Keeper Day's cottage in "Yalbury" Wood – the gamekeeper's house is a physical building approximating photographs of the actual house and its environs.

"Yalbury Wood and the Keeper's House" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 153)

The game-keeper, Geoffrey Day, lived in the depths of Yalbury Wood; but the wood was intersected by a lane at a place not far from the house, and some trees had of late years been felled, to give the solitary cottager a glimpse of the occasional passer-by.

(Part the Second, "Spring," Ch. 6, Yalbury Wood")

If we substitute "Yellowham" for the fictional "Yalbury Wood," we have the name of an actual locale near Lower Bockhampton, close to Hardy's native village, the woods lying between Puddletown and Dorchester. Geoffrey

[20] Hardy refers to his fictional Wessex as "half-real, half-dream country." *Under the Greenwoood Tree* was not incorporated into this construct until 1896, some 24 years after publication in 1872, when Hardy revised *Under the Greenwoood Tree* for the first Wessex Novels collected edition. "Only then did he include elements from his own childhood past, linking Mellstock and its environs with Stinsford and the hamlets of Higher and Lower Bockhampton. When it first appeared in 1872 [as here] Wessex had not been devised and Mellstock was more or less a generic English village" (see Tim Dolin's Introduction to the Penguin Classics first edition, repr.1998).

Day's "cottage ('remodelled,' according to Hermann Lea) may be found on the northern side of the road, with 'the greenwood tree' behind it. The copses between which the newly married Dick Dewy and Fancy Day passed in the tranter's 'excellent new spring-cart' extend from Grey's Wood to Higher Bockhampton."[21]

> The one house in the wood is that of "Keeper Day." In real life he was Keeper Browne; his daughter Elizabeth was the young woman of the poem "To Lizzie Browne." I found the house less altered than implied by Lea. It stands precisely where Hardy indicates; the front window is still set with thickly leaded diamond glazing, in which one can detect a number of the original thin bottle-glass panes. The "huge inglenooks" and the little window in the chimney-back, on the other hand, are not to be seen because they never existed.[22]

To indicate that the young Tranter is visiting the Days, Knight has the spring cart (also prominent in the concluding plate or tailpiece) parked out front.

Fancy Day's stepmother, who counsels her stepdaughter against marrying Dick Dewy because she can do better socially (either with Parson Maybold or Farmer Shinar), is a minor but intriguing figure – although Knight's illustration does not suggest her peculiar nature, her husband describes her as "queer." In her determination to assert her social superiority to her neighbours Mrs. Day maintains a spotless house, even going so far as to change the tablecloth in the middle of the meal so that, as Sarah Bird Wright remarks, "'they' (any guests present) won't say her linens are ragged."[23] Frank Pinion merely describes her obsessive-compulsive nature as "very house-proud."[24]

As the family gathers at the Tranter's house for dinner, Mrs Day makes her first appearance:

> A movement was now heard along the upstairs passage, and footsteps descending. The door at the foot of the stairs opened, and the second Mrs. Day appeared in view, looking fixedly at the table as she advanced towards it, with apparent obliviousness of the presence of any other human being than herself. In short, if the table had been the personages, and the persons the table, her glance would have been the most natural imaginable.
>
> She showed herself to possess an ordinary woman's face, iron-grey hair, hardly any hips, and a great deal of cleanliness in a broad white apron-string, as it appeared upon the waist of her dark stuff dress (Part Two, Ch. 6).

She also appears briefly in Part Five, Chapters 1 and 2, in connection with the wedding. Knight's illustration suggests her fastidiousness as a housekeeper by the dusting cloth she holds; Knight reveals her "peculiar" (or, as we might say, "compulsive") nature by the way she grips her wrist.

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[21] Frank B. Pinion, *A Hardy Companion: A Guide to the Works of Thomas Hardy and Their Background* (Trowbridge, Wiltshire, and Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1968, rpt. 1984), 515.
[22] Denys Kay-Robinson, *The Landscape of Thomas Hardy* (Exeter: Webb and Bower, 1984), 49.
[23] Sarah Bird Wright, *Thomas Hardy A to Z: The Essential Reference to His Life and Work* (New York: Facts on File, 2002), 49.
[24] Pinion, 294.

"Mrs. Day" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 172)

In the pre-railway age stories of Thomas Hardy scenes involving wagons are not uncommon, and are, indeed, sometimes crucial to the plot, as when Susan and Elizabeth-Jane make their way from Weydon Priors to Casterbridge in carriers' vans or farmers' wagons in *The Mayor of Casterbridge,* and even in structuring the narrative, as in "Tony Kytes, The Arch-Deceiver" in the framed-tale sequence *Wessex Folk*. Quite by coincidence (or Providence), Dick is in Budmouth on business when he encounters Fancy Day, in need of a lift home. On that fateful trip, Fancy confesses that she loves him, and, after Farmer Shinar's racing past them in his shiny new gig, agrees to marry him – "if father will let me." Thus, the important aspect of the journey is not the surrounding countryside, the wagon, or Smart, the horse, but the developing relationship between Fancy and Dick reflected in the considerable dialogue in the two chapters "Driving out of Budmouth" and "Further Along the Road."

"Driving out of Budmouth" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 196)

Dick's spirits having risen in the course of these admissions of his sweetheart, he now touched Smart with the whip; and on Smart's neck, not far behind his ears. Smart, who had been lost in thought for some time, never dreaming that Dick could reach so far with a whip which, on this particular journey, had never been extended farther than his flank, tossed his head, and scampered along with exceeding briskness, which was very pleasant to the young couple behind him till, turning a bend in the road, they came instantly upon the farmer, farmer's man, and farmer's wife with the flapping mantle, all jogging on just the same as ever.

(Part the Third, "Summer," Ch. 2, "Further Along the Road")

In the frontispiece, Knight foreshadows this crucial journey by depicting Dick and Fancy in the tranter's covered wagon in the lower-left-hand corner. Fancy is not wearing a hat in the frontispiece, and the wagon is moving towards the left rather than the right, as here, but the images are otherwise congruent, the emphasis in each case being the horse and vehicle rather than the diminutive occupants in each case.

"Going Nutting" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 233)

[. . .] Dick renounced his freedom there and then, and kissed her ten times over, and promised that no pretty woman of the kind alluded to should ever engross his thoughts; in short, that though he had been vexed with her, all such vexation was past, and that henceforth and for ever it was simply Fancy or death for him. And then they set about proceeding homewards, very slowly on account of Fancy's weariness, she leaning upon his shoulder, and in addition receiving support from his arm round her waist; though she had sufficiently recovered from her desperate condition to sing to him, "Why are you wandering here, I pray?" during the latter part of their walk. Nor is it necessary to describe in detail how the bag of nuts was quite forgotten until three days later, when it was found among the brambles and restored empty to Mrs. Dewy, her initials being marked thereon in red cotton; and how she puzzled herself till her head ached upon the question of how on earth her meal-bag could have got into Cuckoo-Lane.

(Part the Fourth, "Autumn," Ch. 1, "Going Nutting").

The proleptic reading of the illustration alerts the reader not to the conflict between Dick and Fancy over how best to spend the afternoon off, but to the resolution of the conflict over the refashioning of the blue dress since it depicts Dick and Fancy in the woods rather than in the schoolroom. However, the illustrator does not suggest that the scene described in the text transpires almost in darkness and that Fancy has not participated in Dick's nutting expedition at all. The meal-bag conspicuously positioned in the left foreground and the departing pair suggest that the illustrator had the aftermath of the ill-fated "nutting" expedition in mind, rather than Dick's earlier foray into the woods near Cuckoo Lane when Fancy's dress-making has consumed nearly all of Dick's half-day off. Making Fancy his priority, Dick has totally forgotten the overflowing bag of nuts he has so energetically gathered. Although the nutting was initially a symbol of his desire for a stroll in the woods with his beloved, as Fancy wasted time on a dress that Dick would not see her in, the nutting comes to represent for Dick how Fancy is utterly oblivious to his feelings as a result of her vanity.

"Elizabeth Endorfield" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing p. 268)

Elizabeth Endorfield had a repute among women which was in its nature something between distinction and notoriety. It was founded on the following items of character. She was shrewd and penetrating; her house stood in a lonely place; she never went to church; she always retained her bonnet indoors; and she had a pointed chin. Thus far her attributes were distinctly Satanic; and those who looked no further called her, in plain terms, a witch. But she was not gaunt, nor ugly in the upper part of her face, nor particularly strange in manner; so that, when her more intimate acquaintances spoke of her the term was softened, and she became simply a Deep Body, who was as long-headed as she was high. It maybe stated that Elizabeth belonged to a class of people who were gradually losing their mysterious characteristics under the administration of the young vicar; though during the long reign of Mr. Grinham the parish of Mellstock had proved extremely favourable to the growth of witches.

(Part the Fourth, "Autumn," Ch. 3, "Fancy in the Rain").

From a numerological perspective, it is an interesting coincidence that the portrait of the local witch is the thirteenth illustration. The enigmatic "wise woman" is not, however, the typical witch of folklore and popular superstition, despite her "pointed chin." No cats are conspicuous in her residence, and she has a husband but neither warts nor excessive facial hair. In this instance, the text precedes the graphic portrait, which the reader construes analeptically, having to revert to the text a page earlier to construe the image.[25] Thus, Elizabeth Endorfield invites Fancy to enter the cottage before her visitor has even knocked, suggesting supernatural prescience, although Fancy reasons that her host is "an exceedingly and exceptionally sharp woman in the use of her eyes and ears" (IV, 3).

Fancy, having taken refuge from the storm at one of Mellstock's outer cottages, avails herself of the opportunity, take counsel – and perhaps acquire a spell in order to bring her father around to the notion of having Dick Dewy as a son-in-law – from the local witch, whose name ("field") and biblical antecedent[26] suggest both natural magic and herbal charms. Whereas her biblical analogue is a medium with the power to conjure up the spirits of the dead for her surreptitious clients (including a disguised King Saul), as Hardy's next chapter reveals, Elizabeth Endorfield's only "power" is a penchant for intuitive psychological insight as she advises Fancy to appear to be pining away as a result of her father's rejection of Dick as an eligible husband for his daughter.

In Knight's illustration as in the text, Endorfield peels potatoes for supper as she shrewdly studies the viewer, thus placing the reader in Fancy Day's position. As Endorfield's riddling verse goes,

> This fear of Liz – whatever 'tis –
> By great and small,
> She makes pretence to common sense,
> And that's all.

The sophisticated use of "pretence" betrays Elizabeth Endorfield's literary origins, as it is hardly congruent with a speaker of Dorset dialect. Hardy periodically makes use of such enigmatic figures who include Conjurer Fall in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, and such fetishistic practices as Susan Nonsuch's burning a wax effigy of her adversary, the supposed witch Eustacia Vye, in *The Return of the Native*. Despite his veneer of urban sophistication, Hardy generally shows that their interlocutors should accept rather than reject the advice that such "knowing" people offer. Here, Elizabeth Endorfield's strategy in dealing with the obstinate Geoffrey Day proves wholly successful because Fancy follows the witch's advice in every particular, so that the villagers are convinced that she is starving herself. As a good story-teller, Hardy keeps the reader in suspense by withholding the precise nature of the wise woman's instructions until the next chapter, "The Spell."

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[25] The scene anticipates that in the 27 March 1886 instalment of *The Mayor of Casterbridge* in the *Graphic* of Michael Henchard's visit in chapter 26 to the local "prophet" or weather-diviner as highlighted in the twelfth headnote illustration "In answer to the knock Fall came to the door, candle in hand" (317). Although Barnes's Wide-oh is in his nightshirt, as if he were not expecting visitors, in Hardy's text he has a place laid at the table in anticipation of Henchard's visit.

[26] 1 Samuel 28: 3-5.

"The Knot There is No Untying" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing page 308)

> "And then, of course, when 'tis all over," continued the tranter, "we shall march two and two round the parish."
>
> "Yes, sure," said Mr. Penny: "two and two: every man hitched up to his woman, 'a b'lieve."
>
> "I never can make a show of myself in that way!" said Fancy, looking to Dick to ascertain if he could.
>
> "I'm agreed to anything you and the company likes, my dear!" said Mr. Richard Dewy heartily.
>
> "Why, we did when we were married didn't we, Ann?" said the tranter; "and so do everybody, my sonnies."
>
> (Part the Fifth, "Conclusion," Ch.1, "The Knot there's no Untying").

Since the illustration precedes the passage by some sixteen pages, the reader must anticipate that passage and, probably, once encountering it, thumb through the pages to compare it to the plate. The title of the illustration, like that of the penultimate chapter, is derived from a song entitled "How Delicious is the Winning" by Thomas Campbell (1774-1844), which suggests, ominously perhaps, that Dick and Fancy's marital journey will not be without its challenges, not the least of which may be her concern with fashionable appearances. Her modernity, in fact, prompts her to reject the notion of circling the parish and only the sound advice of her friends and seniors to honour the custom persuades her to acquiesce. Moreover, although the illustrator has depicted the immediate aftermath of the wedding as the congregation greets the newly married couple as husband and wife, Hardy chooses to avoid narrating the wedding itself and focuses instead on the parade through the idyllic woods, and simply concludes: "and in the space of a quarter of an hour Fancy found herself to be Mrs. Richard Dewy, though much to her surprise, feeling no other than Fancy Day still" (V, 1). This marriage, then, promises to be a contest of wills.

In the dialogue between members of the rustic chorus (the opinions and judgments of the musicians in the Mellstock quire), Fancy's participation is dissonant as she frets over "showing herself" in the parade of the bridal party around the parish of Mellstock whose church tower and the general disposition of the building, grounds, and entrance in Knight's illustration resemble those of Hardy's own parish church at Stinsford in Dorset. Curiously, Knight has not moved in for a close-up to emphasize the figures in the wedding party but, rather, has subordinated these tiny figures to the massive block of the country church, as if to emphasize the overarching importance of tradition. The open gate in the right foreground suggests that, like Adam and Eve leaving Paradise in Milton's seventeenth-century epic poem, all the world lies before the newly married couple. Knight, connecting the gateway with the wedding party (centre) through the ivy that engulfs the churchyard wall (lower left) brings the eye well forward from the background figures to focus on the open gate: between this and the church lie the graves of the participants' forebears. This is the second time in the narrative-pictorial sequence that we see Dick and Fancy standing together, the first occasion being "Going Nutting," in which the couple are nearly the same height, whereas here Dick is clearly taller – perhaps a suggestion that, whatever her inclination, Fancy will be his subordinate from now on.

"Geoffrey Day" (14 cm high by 10 cm wide, facing page 326)

[Geoffrey Day, the gamekeeper], appeared to be a man who was always looking down as if trying, to recollect something he said yesterday. The surface of his face was fissured rather than wrinkled, and over and under his eyes were folds which seemed as a kind of exterior eyelids. His nose had been thrown backwards by a blow in a poaching fray, so that when the sun was low and shining in his face, people could see far into his head. There was in him a quiet grimness, which would in his moments of displeasure have become surliness, had it not been tempered by honesty of soul, and which was often wrongheadedness because not allied with subtlety. Although not an extraordinarily taciturn man among friends slightly richer than he, he never wasted words upon outsiders, and to his trapper Enoch his ideas were seldom conveyed by any other means than nods and shakes of the head.

(Part the Third, "Summer," Ch. 6, "Yalbury Wood and the Keeper's House").

"Married at Last" is the one illustration that really seems out of place, since it follows the wedding scene somewhat illogically – after all, despite the ominous presence of Geoffrey Day's shotgun, he is hardly in a position to object to the marriage at this point. The placement seems arbitrary, as if the editor, William Tinsley, were determined to have an illustration to face the opening page of the final chapter. The only rationale may be that the final chapter begins with a description of the Days'

cottage in Yalbury Wood, near which under the great greenwood tree the wedding dance occurs under his auspices as host. The gamekeeper actually appears inside the cottage, as Fancy prepares to leave with Dick. Nevertheless, the illustration's showing Day as "Lord Wessex's head man-in-charge, on the outlying Yalbury estate" in his working attire and carrying his weapon points to a much earlier description of the gruff father-in-law who now seems thoroughly resigned to his daughter's choice – and of her prescriptions for modern and socially appropriate conduct in drinking and of limiting the use of dialectal expressions such as "thee" and "thou" in her father's speech.

"Ornamental Tailpiece: Married at Last·"

"Married at Last" (ornamental tailpiece, 10 cm high by 10 cm wide, dropped into the letterpress at the bottom of p. 342)

Although the reader encounters Geoffrey Day in Part the Third (Ch. 6), the illu-stration may well pertain to the passage in which Fancy's father first learns of Fancy's starving herself from his assistant in "The Spell," in Part the Fourth: Autumn" (Ch. 4). Having noticed with "great consternation" Fancy's extremely limited portion of bread and butter when she serves him tea after school, Geoffrey Day and his trusty gossip, Enoch, while eradicating ant-hills discuss this peculiar change in Fancy's eating habits. With his gun under his arm afterward, Day strides off, ruminating upon what he should do to correct the situation:

> ""Tis to be hoped poor Miss Fancy will be able to keep on her school," said Geoffrey's man Enoch to Geoffrey the following week, as they were shovelling up ant-hills in the wood.
>
> Geoffrey stuck in the shovel, swept seven or eight ants from his sleeve, and killed another that was prowling round his ear, then looked perpendicularly into the earth as usual, waiting for Enoch to say more. "Well, why shouldn't she?" said the keeper at last.
>
> "The baker told me yesterday," continued Enoch, shaking out another emmet that had run merrily up his thigh, "that the bread he've left at that there school-house this last month would starve any mouse in the three creations; that 'twould so! And afterwards I had a pint o' small down at Morrs's, and there I heard more."
>
> "What might that ha' been?"
>
> "That she used to have a pound o' the best rolled butter a week, regular as clockwork, from Dairyman Viney's for herself, as well as just so much salted for the helping girl, and the 'ooman she calls in; but now the same quantity d'last her three weeks, and then 'tis thoughted she throws it away sour."
>
> "Finish doing the emmets, and carry the bag home-along." The keeper resumed his gun, tucked it under his arm, and went on without whistling to the dogs, who however followed, with a bearing meant to imply that they did not expect any such attentions when their master was reflecting.

Seen from a distance, the young couple on the bench seat of the spring-cart look perfectly content, and the illustrator does not invite the reader to look more closely for signs of future discord, for Dick and Fancy have their backs toward the viewer.

> Dick and his bride took their departure, side by side in the excellent new spring-cart which the young tranter now possessed. The moon was just over the full, rendering any light from lamps or their own beauties quite unnecessary to the pair. They drove slowly along Wilderness Bottom, where the lane passed between two copses. Dick was talking to his companion.
>
> "Fancy," he said, "why we are so happy is because there is such full confidence between us. Ever since that time you confessed to that little flirtation with Shinar by the river (which was really no flirtation at all), I have thought how artless and good you must be to tell me o' such a trifling thing, and to be so frightened about it as you were. It has won me to tell you my every deed and word since then. We'll have no secrets from each other, darling, will we ever? – no secret at all."
>
> "None from to-day," said Fancy. "Hark! what's that?"
>
> From a neighbouring thicket was suddenly heard to issue in a loud, musical, and liquid voice –
>
> "Tippiwit! swe-e-et! ki-ki-ki! Come hither, come hither, come hither!" "O, 'tis the nightingale," murmured she, and thought of a secret she would never tell. (Part the Fifth, "Conclusion," Ch. 2, 341)

The antiphonal note of the nightingale, foreshadowing perhaps difficulties in the somewhat uneven marriage, does not occur in the perfect amity of the couple in the carriage in Knight's tailpiece; however, the long shadow cast by the wagon may imply future ramifications of Fancy's keeping her "secret" about Parson Maybold's proposal. The textual hint of future discord is strongest in "those beautiful eyes of hers – too refined and beautiful for a tranter's wife; but, perhaps, not too good." Dick will undoubtedly prosper, as his "new spring-cart" suggests, but Fancy may well think

better of her bargain as she might have been the wife of a parson instead of a tranter. Moonlight, more romantic and mysterious than gig-lamps, dominates the harmonious illustration, although readers not attending first to the text could be forgiven for mistaking the sphere for the sun; this is moonrise, not sunrise, but all the world lies before Dick and Fancy, whose figures appear an equal number of times in Knight's sequence, although Fancy's stylish image in the frontispiece dominates the series of character studies and landscapes.

After their initial individual introductions in the narrative-pictorial sequence, Fancy and Dick are consistently featured as a couple, in numbers 11, 12, 14, and finally 16; but as a couple, they are small figures and one may discern little about them, so that one inevitably falls back on the first two images for the artist's interpretation of their characters; in the second illustration, Dick is an elegantly dressed but otherwise unremarkable young man, but, in the frontispiece, the image of the beautiful, fashionable, self-assured Fancy lies between creatures of the imagination, of her music and her romantic inclinations (above), and her very real relationships in the story with Dick in his spring-cart, the Mellstock Quire (whom she displaces), and the congregation at her wedding. In other words, the frontispiece with its highly engaging closeup of the heroine implies that she dominates the action of book, which begins and ends with her, even though the informing consciousness of the story, Hardy's means of directing the reader's sympathy) is Dick's.

APPENDIX:

Under the Greenwood Tree: A Rural Painting of the Dutch School. 1878: Chatto & Windus, London. [354 pp, 15 plate leaves, including guarded frontis]: [ii], viii, 344 (last leaf blank); gilt-decorated royal blue cloth; 190 x 132 x 31 mm. First illustrated edition, with 15 full-page engravings & a tailpiece by R. Knight; first state with "th a" for "that" (p. 109, line 4). Originally issued in two vols. without the author's name (1872: Tinsley), the novel was reissued four years later (again by Tinsley) in a single volume now bearing Hardy's name, with the Knight illustrations (to capitalize on the success of *Far From the Madding Crowd*). The present volume comprises the second issue of those sheets which had reportedly sold poorly for Tinsley despite the illustrations. Note, the Thomas Hardy Association inventory of illustrations makes no distinction between the tailpiece & the plates. Originally issued in two volumes without the author's name (1872: Tinsley) the novel was reissued four years later (again by Tinsley) in a single volume. The author's first three books proving commercial failures for Tinsley, he declined to risk publishing *FFMC* (1874: Smith, Elder), to his undying dismay. Hardy had sold the copyright of *UGT* to Tinsley for £30 outright (prior to reading his Copinger on Copyright). Then, upon the success of *FFMC*, its publisher George Smith urged him to retrieve the copyright from Tinsley, who demanded £300 (the author countering with half). All accounts claim the negotiations ended there, yet it appears, as Tinsley tottered near bankruptcy (owing £33,000 in 1878), he did in fact part with the copyright (& sheets) before the final dissolution of the firm (1888), the present reissue (the first of numerous printings of the novel by Chatto & Windus) falling to the publishers who held the serial rights to *RN* (1878) in *Belgravia*. A very scarce second issue of the Tinsley sheets; upper cover elaborately gilt-embossed: "*Under the Greenwood Tree* by the Author of *Far From the Madding Crowd*."A clean copy save for foxing to the frontis & tissue-guard. The spine is dull with chipping at extremities & two small punctures. Upper hinge barely started.

THE RETURN OF THE POOR MAN: *JUDE THE OBSCURE* AND LATE VICTORIAN SOCIALISM

SUZANNE J. FLYNN

This essay examines Hardy's decision at the end of his career as a novelist to return to the "striking socialistic" themes which had defined his first (unpublished) novel. *Jude the Obscure* is Hardy's exploration of the spiritual and intellectual deprivation that attends the condition of the working-class poor. While the novel was reviled at the time as blatantly "anti-marriage," its fiercest polemic is reserved for the soul-destroying economic and social systems which continued to keep the class structure rigidly intact. While Hardy was never a socialist himself, his final novel has much in common with the numerous socialist and radical movements that were emerging, merging, and dissolving during the final decades of Victoria's reign.

Keywords: *Jude the Obscure*, socialism, social class, education, working class, inequality, Karl Marx, William Morris, social systems

IN 1868, WHEN THOMAS HARDY was a struggling architect's assistant in London, he submitted the manuscript of his first novel, tentatively titled *The Poor Man and the Lady*; *By the Poor Man* to Alexander Macmillan for his consideration Hardy later described that first work as "a sweeping dramatic satire of the squirearchy and nobility, London society, the vulgarity of the middle class, modern Christianity, church restoration, and political and domestic morals in general."[1] Macmillan rejected the novel, and Hardy then submitted it to Chapman and Hall, receiving a similar rejection. Chapman's reader happened to be the novelist George Meredith, who met with the young would-be author and advised him not to "nail his colours to the mast" so clearly in his first book.[2] Hardy swallowed his disappointment, put aside what he later called his "striking socialistic novel,"[3] and turned his fictional talents towards the sort of pastoral romances and tragedies that would make him one of the late nineteenth-century's most successful novelists.

[1] Thomas Hardy, *The Life and Work of Thomas Hardy,* Ed., Michael Millgate (Athens, Georgia: University of Georgia Press, 1985), 62-3; hereafter cited as *Life*.
[2] Ibid., 62.
[3] Ibid., 58.

Despite this seeming shift away from controversial topics, however, Hardy never moved far from the theme that had inspired his first attempt at prose fiction. In most, if not all, of the fourteen novels that he would write over the next three decades, he explored the issue of socio-economic class through the well-established marriage plot. In some of those novels, most notably *Far From the Madding Crowd* (his first great success), the poor man courts and sometimes marries the lady. More often in his fiction, a poor, or at least working-class, woman is wooed and won (frequently with tragic results) by a "gentleman," a man of higher social and economic standing if not of higher moral caliber. *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* is the most notable example of this plot pattern. Class is always an issue in Hardy's novels and short stories; Peter Widdowson has gone so far as to suggest that not only are the novels "imbued with an obsessive class consciousness," but also that the "'poor man and the lady' theme is indeed at the heart of all Hardy's fiction."[4] Still, the poetry of the pastoral settings and the pathos of the romantic tragedies can often blunt the force of the social critique which lies just below the narrative surface of these works. Early on, Hardy had struck on a successful formula, and while not exactly compromising his moral and ethical principles, he generally heeded Meredith's advice of 1868 not to nail his colors too firmly to the mast.

By the 1890s, however, and partly as a result of the financial success he had enjoyed, Hardy chose to return – and with a vengeance – to the "striking socialistic" themes which had first motivated him to write fiction, albeit with a new and less conventional approach. While that first (unpublished) novel had dwelt on the romantic implications of class disparities, *Jude the Obscure*, a novel which Hardy almost certainly planned to be his last,[5] explores the spiritual and intellectual deprivation that attends the condition of the working-class poor. The novel was reviled at the time as blatantly "anti-marriage," and a great deal of attention then, and to this day, focused on its ostensibly *avant-garde* heroine Sue Bridehead. Hardy quietly accepted the reading public's and reviewers' fascination with Sue, even to the extent of claiming (disingenuously I would contend) that she was "the first delineation in fiction of … the woman of the feminist movement,"[6] notably the fin-de-siècle New Woman.

While Jude and Sue's unconventional relationship and her extremely progressive views undoubtedly tie in to the novel's social critique, Hardy shifts from a focus on *The Poor Man and the Lady* (or the *Poor Woman and the Gentleman*) to a full-blown examination of the Poor Man at Odds with the modern world. In one of the few favorable reviews of the novel, H. G. Wells notes that: "For the first time in English literature the almost intolerable difficulties that beset an ambitious man of the working-class – the snares, the obstacles, the countless rejections and humiliation … – receive adequate treatment."[7] The novel's fiercest polemic is reserved for the soul-destroying economic and social systems which continued to keep the British

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[4] Peter Widdowson, *Hardy in History: A Study in Literary Sociology* (New York: Routledge, 1989), 205. Widdowson goes on to note that Hardy's treatment of class was "in no way constrained by the specific gender orientation of the title of that first novel."

[5] Describing Hardy's 1892 trip to Fawley, Michael Millgate contends that Hardy "seems already to have foreseen that [*Jude the Obscure*] would be his last major work of fiction." See *Thomas Hardy: A Biography Revisited* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), 302.

[6] Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure* (New York: Norton Critical Edition, [1895] 1999), 1912 Postscript.

[7] R. G. Cox, ed. *Thomas Hardy: The Critical Heritage* (London: Routledge, 2002), 292.

class structure rigidly intact. While critiquing these systems in his work, Hardy was nevertheless not advancing any radical alternative system. He was never an avowed socialist himself. In a 1908 letter to Frederic Harrison, he wrote: "My quarrel with Socialists is that they don't make it clear what Socialism is." He went on to note, however, "I have a suspicion that I am of their way of thinking."[8] Whatever his political leanings, his final novel clearly has much in common with the numerous socialist and radical movements that were emerging, merging, and dissolving during the final decades of Victoria's reign.

Hardy's own background and life story seem to belie the rigidity of the British class system. He belonged to what he called in one of his novels "the metamorphic classes of society."[9] Born the son of a stonemason and a domestic servant in a rural backwater village of Dorset, Hardy was able to work his way up the social scale through hard work, education (both formal and self-directed) and, like many of his characters, through marriage. Although in later years, Emma Hardy was something of an embarrassment to her husband, her solidly middle-class status – she was the niece of a bishop – augmented Hardy's own ambitions to obscure his humble origins. Emma, however, never quite let her husband forget those origins; she complained that their proximity to Hardy's family home required her to mix with "the peasant class"[10] more than she would like.

In his professional life as well, Hardy was keenly aware that he lacked the educational experience, in particular a university degree, which would ordinarily give one *entrée* into the intellectual circles of London. Despite his talents, both as an architect (his first profession) and as a writer, Hardy's sense of class inferiority never left him. As Roger Ebbatson has noted, "England remained a society constituted by complicated hierarchies of status in which nuances of accent, deportment and rank were crucial but ever-changing signifiers," and for Hardy, "the issue of class is … intimately entwined with his problematic entry into the Victorian literary field."[11] As his success and fame as a novelist grew, Hardy made his way into the upper echelons of the London social scene but his own writings at this time suggest that he was conscious of being perceived as an *arriviste*, one whose acceptance into these social circles rested tenuously on the success or failure of his most recent novel.

Despite this sense of insecurity, by the late 1880s, Hardy had every reason to feel good about his place within the literary world. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886) had been followed rapidly by *The Woodlanders* (1887), and then his first collection of short fiction, *Wessex Tales* (1888). Yet, within a week of the latter's publication, Hardy jotted down an idea for a new piece of fiction in his notebook:

> "April 28. A short story of a young man – 'who could not go to Oxford' – His struggles and ultimate failure. Suicide. [Probably the germ of *Jude the Obscure*.] There

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[8] Letter to Frederic Harrison, 11 March 1908, *The Collected Letters of Thomas Hardy,* Eds., Richard Little Purdy and Michael Millgate, 7 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1978-88), III, 304; hereafter cited as *Letters*.

[9] Thomas Hardy, *The Hand of Ethelberta*, (New York: Penguin Classic, [1876] 1998), ch. 39.

[10] Letter from Emma Hardy to Louisa MacCarthy, 3 November 1902; quoted in Millgate, *Thomas Hardy: A Biography Revisited*, 367.

[11] Roger Ebbatson, "Hardy and Class," *Palgrave Advances in Thomas Hardy Studies* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2004), 112, 115.

> is something in this the world ought to be shown, and I am the one to show it to them."[12]

Five years were to pass before Hardy took up this challenge to himself in earnest, but the defiant tone of his remark reveals the motivation behind what would be his last novel.[13] Hardy had a score to settle. Despite his own financial and social success – and perhaps even as a result of that success – he resented the social systems which would exclude an aspiring young working-class man with a "passion for learning"[14] from the educational institutions which alone could confer intellectual respectability. Twenty-five years had passed since he had been cautioned by editors and readers to mute the radical tone of his fiction and he had gained great success by becoming not merely a "good hand"[15] but an expert at Victorian serial production. By the mid 1890s, however, Hardy had nothing to lose by nailing his colors to the mast.

The critique of British social systems in *Jude the Obscure* may have been less shocking to editors and readers than his first attempt in fiction in part because of the change in the political climate which took place over the course of those intervening twenty-five years. In fact, the beginning of Hardy's literary career in the late 1860s coincided with the appearance of the first volume of Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* in 1867,[16] and the rise in influence of Marxian theory over the next several decades parallels the rise in Hardy's stature as a novelist and poet. While it would be simplistic to posit a cause and effect linkage here between the two, John Goode has rightfully pointed out that

> if Marxism has any undeniable feature it is that it is preoccupied with the fate of the working-class. And … Hardy explicitly concerned himself in a large number of novels, stories, poems, and even, to some extent, *The Dynasts*, with sections of the working-class in their specific social role as subordinate workers.[17]

The emphasis on socio-economic injustice, on issues of work and wealth in Hardy's novels coincides with a growing interest during these decades in political remedies to perceived inequities in British society.

In the 1880s in particular, a number of political groups sprung up which offered a challenge to the status quo, especially in regards to the socio-economic conditions of the laboring classes of England. One commentator in 1891 wrote that

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[12] *Life,* 216.

[13] *The Well-Beloved* (rewritten), serialized in 1892, was published as a book and added to the Wessex Novels in 1897.

[14] *Jude*, III-iv.

[15] Of course, in 1874 Hardy wrote his famous note to Leslie Stephen, his editor, that while he might eventually "be a great stickler for the proper artistic balance of the completed work," at that point in his literary career he wished "merely to be considered a good hand at a serial." See *Life,* 102.

[16] *Das Kapital, Kritik der politischen Ökonomie* was published in September 1867, and was the sole volume published in Marx's lifetime. The first part of *Capital: Critique of Political Economy* was published in English by Marx's collaborator, Friedrich Engels, in 1887, four years after Marx's death, although volumes II and III were not published until the 1890s.

[17] John Goode, "Hardy and Marxism," in *Critical Essay on Thomas Hardy: The Novels,* Ed., Dale Kramer (Boston: G. K. Hall & Co., 1993), 22.

> in 1883 a socialist movement seemed to break out spontaneously in England, the air hummed for a season with a multifarious social agitation, and we soon had a fairly complete equipment of socialist organizations – social democratic, anarchist, dilettante – which have ever since kept up a busy movement with newspapers, lectures, debates speeches, and demonstrations in the streets.[18]

Thus, during the years leading up to Hardy's own examination of the condition of the working-class man in England, the British public was being introduced to a number of revolutionary and reform movements. The Social Democratic Federation was established in 1881 as Britain's first organized socialist political party; its founder H. M. Hyndman had been converted to a socialist view by reading Marx's writing. Within a few years, two other important groups arose: in 1884, key members of the Social Democratic Federation (SDF), including William Morris and Eleanor Marx, split off and founded the Socialist League, a group with a more clearly revolutionary mission than the original SDF. In hindsight the Socialist League's greatest contribution to the cause of socialism and reform was literary. The League's newsletter, *The Commonweal*, provided the venue for a number of important works, most significantly Morris's own *Dream of John Ball* and *News from Nowhere*. Also in 1884, the Fabian Society was formed; early and later members included Edward Carpenter, Olive Schreiner, Beatrice and Sidney Webb, Havelock Ellis, H. G. Wells, and George Bernard Shaw.[19] The Fabians shared many of the goals of the Social Democratic Federation and the Socialist League, but they favored a more gradualist approach; their mission was reformist rather than revolutionary.

From the mid 1880s through the mid-1890s, these socialist groups along with radical liberals (or New Liberals as they were then called) took varying approaches to the social problems confronting British society. Marxist socialists such as Morris advocated a complete overhaul of the social system; nothing short of revolution and a redistribution of capital would bring about the fundamental shift in society which they sought.[20] The Fabians and New Liberals, on the other hand, believed in the possibility of reforming the system and working for change beneath the radar of traditional political parties. In the end, the gradualists prevailed. The formation of the Independent Labour Party in 1893 (the year Hardy began work on *Jude the Obscure* in earnest) in some ways marked the death-knell of the radical or revolutionary socialist movement in England. Although ostensibly socialist in outlook, with the goal of securing "the collective and communal ownership of the means of production,"[21] the Independent Labour Party sought to marshal the power of the labor unions while working within the parliamentary system to effect change.

Hardy's stance towards all these merging and diverging socialist trends was noncommittal. This position was typical; in 1883, when labour union activity was on the rise amongst agricultural workers, Hardy contributed an essay, "The Dorsetshire

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[18] John Rae, *Contemporary Socialism,* 2nd ed. (London: Swan Sonnenschein, 1891), 84.

[19] For a thorough review of late Victorian socialist movements, see Stephen Yeo, "A New Life: The Religion of Socialism in Britain, 1883-1896," *History Workshop Journal* 4 (1977), 5-56.

[20] It is worth noting that, although he never met William Morris, Hardy thought highly enough of him to send him a presentation copy of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* in December 1891. Richard L. Purdy, *Thomas Hardy: A Bibliographical Study* (New Castle, Del.: Oak Knoll Press, [1954] 2002), 73.

[21] Gidon Cohen, "Myth, History, and the Independent Labour Party," in *The Foundations of the British Labour Party,* Ed., Matthew Worley (Surrey: Ashgate, 2009), 105.

Labourer," to *Longman's Magazine*. About this piece, he wrote to a friend, "Though a Liberal, I have endeavoured to describe the state of things without political bias."[22] Later, he would write to another correspondent that he had "always been compelled to forego all participation in active politics, by reason of the neutrality of my own pursuits, which would be stultified to a great extent if I could not approach all classes of thinkers from an absolutely unpledged point."[23] His private writings reveal a more nuanced understanding of his own political leanings. In 1888, just a few months before his notebook entry on his idea for a story of the "'young man - who could not go to Oxford,'" Hardy wrote: "'I find that my politics really are neither Tory nor Radical. I may be called an Intrinsicalist. I am against privilege derived from accident of any kind, and am therefore equally opposed to aristocratic privilege and democratic privilege.'"[24]

This remark ties in with an essential element of Hardy's treatment of class in his novels, stories and poems. While he focuses on agricultural and village laborers extensively in his work, he treats these subjects as individuals struggling against social, economic, and metaphysical forces, rather than as representative members of any particular socio-economic group. Gabriel Oak from *Far From the Madding Crowd* loses his social position because his sheep-farming venture is undercapitalized. In *The Mayor of Casterbridge,* Michael Henchard reverses Gabriel's pattern by becoming a model capitalist even as he loses his moral center. Tess Durbeyfield is both a "field woman, pure and simple"[25] and a figure of tragic grandeur. As John Goode has noted, "Hardy deals with the working-class, but never as a class, always as individuals experiencing 'history' only as a meaningless manipulation thwarting their lives."[26] While confronting the economic and social forces which seemed to consign large swathes of the population to poverty, or at least hardship, Hardy recognizes the intrinsic nature of each individual's rise or fall.

Along with the socialists and radicals of his day, however, he was also keenly aware of the destructive effects of inequality. In his early novels – in particular *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Far From the Madding Crowd* – class inequities are sometimes obscured by traces of an almost utopian world of work and community. Even in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, the central Talbothays chapters present a rosy picture of working-class life. At the dairy, the "household of maids and men lived on comfortably, placidly, even merrily. Their position was perhaps the happiest of all positions in the social scale, being above the line at which neediness ends, and below the line at which the *convenances* begin to cramp natural feelings."[27] In scenes almost reminiscent of William Morris's socialist utopia *News from Nowhere,* labor becomes pleasure, all needs are met with abundance, and the only catalyst for conflict lies in human passion.

Those chapters are, of course, succeeded by the Flintcomb Ash chapters, in which Tess finds herself brought nearly as low as a human being can be, grubbing up the remnants of frozen turnips left behind by foraging animals. Economic and thus physical hardships return with a vengeance. Hardy was too much of a realist to believe

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[22] *Letters*, I, 119.
[23] Ibid., I, 272.
[24] *Life*, 213.
[25] Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (New York: Norton Critical Edition [1891], 1990), V-xlii.
[26] Goode, "Hardy and Marxism," 23.
[27] *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, III-xx.

that the blissful balance achieved by the Talbothays dairy maids and men could be anything but an interlude. He had little faith in the possibility of a lasting redistribution of wealth. In fact, another comment made in his journal in 1893, the year he began writing *Jude the Obscure*, may hold a clue to his attitude towards radical ideas of economic revolution. He writes

> There cannot be equity in one kind. Assuming, e.g., that the possession of £1,000,000 or 10,000 acres of land be the coveted ideal, all cannot possess £1,000,000 or 10,000 acres. But there is a practicable equity possible: that the happiness which one man derives from one thing shall be equalled by what another man derives from another thing. Freedom from worry, for instance, is a counterpoise to the lack of great possessions, though he who enjoys that freedom may not think so."[28]

This remark creates an interesting matrix of land, wealth, and happiness, and it is perhaps no accident that in one of the first scenes of Hardy's final novel, the young Jude Fawley stands in the middle of Farmer Troutham's fields, where he is being paid sixpence a day to use a "clacker" to scare away the birds who would eat the grains of corn. In an action of sympathetic identification with the birds' "thwarted desires," eleven-year-old Jude throws down the clacker and addresses the birds: "'Poor little dears!' … 'You *shall* have some dinner—you shall. There is enough for us all. Farmer Troutham can afford to let you have some. Eat, then my dear little birdies, and make a good meal!'"[29] Within minutes, Farmer Troutham appears, uses the clacker across Jude's backside, and fires him. From the beginning of the novel then, we are in a world which has no tolerance for the communal instinct to share the surplus.

In fact, at no point in *Jude the Obscure* do we have the sense of community which characterizes the early novels and which even in *The Woodlanders* and *Tess* appears in idyllic interludes. Although raised in a rural village, Jude spends his adulthood in a series of towns. An orphan from a young age, he never knows the sense of being rooted in one stable place. The rural home which in Wessex villages might be occupied by the same family for generations is replaced in this novel by lodgings rented by the month or the week.

At one point, however, it appears as though Jude might be entering a real community – a community of fellow workmen. He takes up the trade of stonemasonry, working on Gothic restoration as a stopgap to his dream of attending university. Hardy's choice of this trade for his working-class hero may owe something to his father and grandfather's having been stonemasons and to his own former career as a restoration architect, but the Victorian reading public would almost certainly have associated Gothic stonework with the writings of John Ruskin, in particular "The Nature of Gothic" chapter of *The Stones of Venice* (1851-53). And as Jude enters the Christminster stone yard for the first time he has a Ruskinian moment of revelation:

> For a moment there fell on Jude a true illumination: that here in the stone yard was a centre of effort as worthy as that dignified by the name of scholarly study within the noblest colleges.[30]

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[28] *Life*, 267.
[29] *Jude,* I- ii.
[30] *Jude,* II-ii.

Once he is excluded from the community of scholars at Christminster, "elbowed off the pavement by millionaire's sons,"[31] as Sue puts it, Jude takes up his position within a community of laborers and craftsmen. He even eventually joins one of the working men's reading groups which sprang up throughout the last third of the nineteenth century, in this case an "Artizans' Mutual Improvement Society," a group of "young men of all creeds and denominations … their one common wish to enlarge their minds forming a sufficiently close bond of union."[32] This close bond of union is shattered, however, as soon as the other members of the Society learn that Jude and Sue are living together unmarried. It seems that the laboring classes hold the same bourgeois ideas of marriage as their middle-class counterparts. True to his "intrinsicalist" approach, Hardy does not privilege or romanticize the working-class position; the workers of the world are unlikely to unite for the simple reason that they are prone to the same narrow prejudices and self-centeredness as those found in other socio-economic groups.

Near the end of the novel, Jude returns to Christminster with Sue and his children, and having been recognized by some on the street as the young stonemason who had had such high ambitions, he addresses the small crowd. He tells them

> It is a difficult question, my friends, for any young man – that question I had to grapple with, and which thousands are weighing at the present moment in these uprising times – whether to follow uncritically the track he finds himself in, without considering his aptness for it, or to consider what his aptness or bent may be, and reshape his course accordingly. I tried to do the latter, and I failed.[33]

While he goes on to say, "It takes two or three generations to do what I tried to do in one," the truth is that Hardy's examination of the Poor Man at odds with the world offers very few glimpses of hope to the working-class individual who would seek to improve his or her condition.

Despite its tragic conclusion, *Jude the Obscure* did reach a wide audience, including those struggling to rise from their disadvantaged positions. In his study of the reading habits of the working classes, Jonathan Rose gives several examples of young workers reading Hardy's novel for inspiration, even tracing Jude's steps in Oxford, but he also relates a more tragic tale:

> One Coventry millworker and WEA [Workers' Educational Association] student claimed that he pushed his son to educate himself for a better life, until one morning the boy was found dead in his room, with a phial of poison beside him and *Jude the Obscure* under his pillow. He feared he would fail his examinations, and the story apparently deepened his depression.[34]

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[31] Ibid., III-iv.
[32] Ibid., V-vi.
[33] Ibid., VI-i.
[34] Jonathan Rose, *The Intellectual Life of the British Working Classes,* 3rd edn. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2010), 399; Rose takes the story from Harold Begbie, *Living Water: Chapters from the Romance of the Poor Student* (London: Headley Bros.,1918), 119.

Such an extreme response was thankfully rare, but Hardy's readers were overwhelmed by the novel's misery and "coarseness," one reviewer going so far as to consider one episode of the novel (the pig killing) "an act of literary suicide."[35] As mentioned previously, a great deal of critical scorn was directed at the novel's alleged anti-marriage stance and frank treatment of sexual issues. Perhaps the hardest blow, however, came from Hardy's close friend, Edmund Gosse, whose first review of *Jude* began "It is a very gloomy, it is even a grimy, story that Mr. Hardy has at last presented to his admirers."[36] Gosse's second review, published two months later, was meant to be more supportive, but he seemed to intuit the "socialistic" bent of his friend's novel, and like George Meredith almost thirty years earlier, he patronizingly urged Hardy to give up his radical ways and go back to the pastoral world of Wessex:

> Is it too late to urge Mr. Hardy to struggle against the jarring note of rebellion which seems to be growing upon him? …. He should not force his talent, should not give way to these chimerical outbursts of philosophy falsely so called. His early romances were full of calm and lovely pantheism; he seemed in them to feel the deephued country landscapes full of rural gods, all homely and benign. We wish he would go back to Egdon Heath and listen to the singing in the heather.[37]

When nearly a decade earlier, Hardy had jotted down his idea for a story of "a young man – 'who could not go to Oxford' – His struggles and ultimate failure" and furthermore decided "I am the one to show it to them," he must not have anticipated the deeply engrained class snobbery that would rise up against this son of a stonemason and domestic servant. Those among whom he had been socializing, and even those whom he had grown to consider friends, were quick to let him know that his proper role was that of a chronicler of "homely and benign" Wessex romances. Of course, Hardy had been straining against this condescending position for decades; after the success of *Far From the Madding Crowd*, he declared that "he had not the slightest intention of writing for ever about sheepfarming."[38] His final novel would be his last chance to return to the concerns that had first prompted him to take up prose fiction, and as Michael Millgate has suggested, in it "he deliberately incorporated views and feelings which had been largely suppressed since the time of *The Poor Man and the Lady*."[39]

Despite the storm of criticism that greeted his last novel, Hardy could not help but feel that *Jude the Obscure* had had an impact on the condition of the working classes in England. In 1899, Ruskin Hall (later Ruskin College) was founded in Oxford, with the mission of offering the benefits of an Oxford education to members of the working-class. In his Postscript to the 1912 Wessex Edition of *Jude the Obscure*, Hardy wrote that some readers thought "that when Ruskin College was subsequently founded it should have been called the College of Jude the Obscure." While the two American philanthropists who founded Ruskin Hall might have disputed this notion,

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[35] Laurence Lerner and John Holmstrom, Eds., *Thomas Hardy and His Readers* (London: Bodley Head, 1968), 113.
[36] Quoted in Millgate, *Biography Revisited*, 341.
[37] Cox, 280.
[38] *Life*, 105.
[39] Michael Millgate, *Thomas Hardy: His Career as a Novelist* (New York: Random House, 1971), 341.

there can be no doubt that Hardy's examination of the frustrated ambitions of his working-class hero illuminated the same social and economic inequities that stirred socialists, liberals and labor activists in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

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MARK VAN DOREN'S HOMAGE TO THOMAS HARDY

JOAN SHESKI

The poem *Thomas Hardy, Poet* by Mark Van Doren captures with empathy a chief concern at the heart of Hardy's work: The loss of harmony between humanity and nature. In style, the poem echoes Hardy's economy of emotion and metaphoric statements. Above all, Van Doren recognized the vast time-scape of Hardy's work and thought, honoring its significance beyond the particular, whether of individual, locale, or era.

Keywords: Thomas Hardy, Mark Van Doren, poetry, poetic imagery, metaphor, ancient Britain, nature, illicit, stone holes, Tess, Jude, Gabriel Oak.

PAUL KREIDER'S POST to the Hardy Forum (December 16, 2015) of Mark Van Doren's poem titled "Thomas Hardy, Poet" awakens recollections of various passages in Thomas Hardy's works that stimulate fresh insight, revealing a layer of meaning beneath his foregrounds. Another responder to the Forum noted that Van Doren likely identified Hardy as a poet because American readers were much more familiar with his novels. Perhaps, though, Van Doren also recognized that the novels are themselves filled with metaphoric imagery that is poetic. The process of reading any narrative is at first linear, confining one to essentials of story-line that limit other dimensions or discoveries. By contrast, poetry's condensation of words and meanings requires solving puzzles rather than passively following a plot. Once read, narrative may recede in favor of remembered, seemingly isolated passages, usually imagistic and mysterious, quite like the puzzle pieces of poetry. Below is Van Doren's poem, a rich condensation indeed, inviting one to associate freely among all of Hardy's works as if strolling randomly in a garden, or an old cemettery. The poem stimulates investigative study behind its words and beneath the associations it evokes, and uncovers relationships of meaning throughout those associations.

Thomas Hardy, Poet

Mark Van Doren

With older eyes than any Roman had
In a stone hole, or Briton under barrow,
Steadily he gazed; and bleakest worlds
Grew warm—illicitly grew warm and moved;
For hope in him was backward, and love narrow.

Belief in him but squinted; God had died
Of palsy, and mankind, alone with feeling,
Was a poor skinless thing. Yet maids and squires,
Ghosts, organists, and gypsies, and small clerks
Mused in his tales, and oxen kept on kneeling.

It was a late hour and cold when he looked out:
The last man that remembered country singing,
And first to call it pitiful. Those folk
Outstayed themselves, he said. Yet as he listened,
Wanly, what sweet bell tongues took to swinging![1]

The idea of Hardy "with older eyes" having "backward hope" at first seems simplistic; most readers are quite aware, for instance, that he cherished the rural England of his childhood. Van Doren, however, suggests a time long before the 1840s with three somewhat mysterious referents. The first is the word "Roman." Romans came to England as early as 55 BCE[2], which is considerably farther in the past, but what of the second hint, the "stone hole?" These existed even farther back, in the shadows before hours were counted: England has several examples of "holed stones (see fig. 1).[3] It is believed that many are remnants of dolmens, or Neolithic burial chambers, of which the holed-stones were once the entrances."[4] These are also associated with healing and fertility rituals such as "passing naked children three times through the holed stone and then drawing them along the grass three times in an easterly direction … to cure scrofula … and rickets."[5] Also "it is suggested by Weir … that some Irish megaliths had their holes at groin level, and had a diameter suitable for the 'ritual insertion of a living penis.'"[6]

It is curious that one of the most famous of ancient monuments in Cornwall should be one of the most enigmatic. Although thousands visit the Mên-an-Tol holed stone every year, no one really knows what it is or why it is there.[7]

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[1] The poem first appeared in *The Kenyon Review*, Vol 9, No.1 (Winter, 1947) 70. See also Mark Van Doren, *Collected and New Poems 1924 - 1963* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1963), 338-339.
[2] http://www.britannia.com/history/timelines.html
[3] Photograph courtesy of Ann Preston Jones.
[4] http://www.ancientwisdom.com/englandmenantol.htm
[5] http://www.ancient-wisdom.com/holedstones.htm
[6] http://www.beyond-the-pale.org.uk/phallic2.htm
[7] <Ann.Preston-Jones@HistoricEngland.org.uk> to <joansheski@icloud.com> "I agree that the photo is wonderful in showing the setting of the stones. I have nothing comparable but have attached a few, which you are welcome to use if you like. At least the light was quite nice on the day I took them. Best

Photograph of Holed Stone, part of the Neolithic monument of Mên-an-Tol near Morvah, Cornwall.
Permission courtesy of Ann Preston-Jones.

Van Doren's phrase "in a stone hole" creates a puzzle that, when investigated, reveals the image in Figure 1, which in turn unveils another image: that of Hardy gazing through the opening in the stone, perhaps as through a portal into an ancient world. It is possible that Van Doren intended to refer to the 'holes' beneath such stones as are found at Stonehenge, as these also are burial sites. However, Van Doren's metaphor of Hardy looking back in time, figuratively, through such a stone as the Mên-an-Tol to revive our ancient origins is compelling.

Another puzzle is presented with "Briton under barrow."

> …Barrows…are Neolithic (New Stone Age) tombs …. Not only were they tombs, but centres of religious activity centering on a cult of the dead and fertility. Often, the bones of the dead were used in ceremonies performed at the recessed entrance to the barrow. *Another curious thing about the barrows is that the dead were usually interred after all the flesh had been removed*…. (italics mine)[8]

Barrows are mounds of earth under which the dead reside. Once again, an image appears from the text, of Hardy looking within these tombs as if to raise long dead souls to life.

With unadorned, compressed phrases, then, Van Doren follows Hardy beyond the confines of history, "backward" to a natural setting where perhaps we were more like animals in harmony with the earth than organizers or conquerors. Ancient harmony, earth, and our relationship to animals are all themes linked to Hardy's work, and taken together, might have been his heart's central concern. How

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wishes, Ann." See also, Ann Preston-Jones, "The Mên-an-Tol Reconsidered in Cornish Archaeology" *Cornish Archaeology No. 32. 1993,* Ed., Sarnia Butcher, Cornwall Archaeological Society, 7. http://cornisharchaeology.org.uk/volume-32-1993/

[8] David Ross, Owner and Ed., http://www.britainexpress.com/History/prehistoric monuments.htm

and why did he conjure this atmosphere of antiquity within his stories? Perhaps the origins of his sight stem from actual relics evident around his childhood haunts and, as well, actual country folk known to him in the mid-nineteenth century. However, to see "with older eyes" into the origins of these and bring them to life in the novels and poems took extraordinary vision. The course of the novels in time, both within and according to their publications, progresses from harmonic sensibility in nature to discordant disintegration. It seems, though, that a longer time scale is involved, as Van Doren indicates. This is evidenced by Hardy's metaphoric imagery; it floats like a translucent veil through the novels as asides, character descriptions, and other musings, creating a subliminal story with deeper meaning behind foreground specifics.

The "bleakest worlds" phrase, coming in line 3, in a seeming contradiction of settings, reminds one of *Jude the Obscure*, latest of the novels, timewise, in its entirety. Those corduroy fields are especially haunting, as their description is heavy with deadened words:

> … a wide and *lonely depression* in the general level of the upland … The *brown* surface of the field went right up towards the sky all round, where it was *lost* by degrees in the mist … The fresh *harrow-lines* seemed to stretch like the channellings in a piece of new corduroy, lending a *meanly utilitarian* air to the expanse … and *depriving* it of all history (italics mine).[9]

Hardy sees beneath and behind "bleakest worlds" to those long dead and warms them to life in his earlier novels, not in *Jude*. *Far From the Madding Crowd*'s surface plot is set in the immediacy of present time (when written), yet a far earlier time simultaneously exists under it describing a land lush with unbounded fertility fostered by a worthy steward: Gabriel Oak. His character embodies the potency and balance assigned to earliest men in the prehistoric time "under barrow." The contrast evident between Gabriel's world and Jude's is striking and intense: The past was alive; the present is dead. When Gabriel walks toward Weatherbury (and Bathsheba), it is as a passage through a birth canal, suggesting, in fact, a river of original life:

> The road stretched through water-meadows traversed by little brooks, whose quivering surfaces were braided along their centers, and folded into creases at the sides … the stream was pied with spots of white froth, which rode on in undisturbed serenity.[10]

Moreover, Gabriel's attributes suggest that he is a descendant, if not the embodiment, of the nature-god Pan, piper of early Greek myth.

> Pan was above all a shepherd-god, of woods and pastures, protector of shepherds and flocks … (h)e made … goats and ewes prolific—whence his aspect of a phallic divinity …. (H)e amused himself by giving the lonely traveller sudden frights, called for this reason panics …. Pan finally symbolized the universal god, the Great All. He was considered as the protector of flocks and agriculture. [11]

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[9] Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure* (New York: Penguin Books, 1985 (1895)), I-ii.
[10] Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd* (New York: Penguin Books, 1980 (1874). VI.
[11] Felix Guirand, *The New Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology* (New York: The Hamlyn Publishing Group Ltd., 1977 (1959), 161.

Each of these attributes of Pan characterizes Gabriel Oak:

> It was only latterly that people had begun to call Gabriel 'Farmer Oak' … Previously he had been a bailiff for a short time, and earlier still a shepherd only …. The first movement in his new progress was the lambing of his ewes …. Suddenly an unexpected series of sounds began to be heard in this place up against the sky …. They were the notes of Farmer Oak's flute.[12]

He causes a sudden panic of embarrassment in Bathsheba when he admits to observing her unorthodox horseback ride.[13] Thus with understated references to a past long before the 1800s, Hardy created a layer of meaning behind the foreground of his stories that Van Doren recognized as significant. Gabriel Oak is a character from the past, yet he lives in both past and present in close harmony with his surroundings, benefiting all around him. Among Hardy's poems that celebrate "worlds grew warm" are the following lines from "He Fears His Good Fortune:"

> There was a glorious time
> At an epoch of my prime;
> Mornings beryl-bespread,
> And evenings golden-red;
> Nothing gray:
> And in my heart I said,
> 'However this chanced to be,
> It is too full for me.
> Too rare, too rapturous, rash,
> Its spell must close with a crash
> Some day![14]

Tess is perhaps the most poignant and tragic of all of Hardy's characters, and it is the word "illicitly" in Van Doren's poem that evokes her. In her story, the destruction of the natural world by a veneer of progress and Christian rules made it illicit, just as Tess, its representative, was made illicit. In ancient, pre-Christian time Tess would not have been condemned for her actions; they would have been more aligned with her animal relatives than such abstract opinions as Angel Clare held.

> Walking among the sleeping birds in the hedges, watching the skipping rabbits on a moonlit warren, or standing under a pheasant-laden bough, she looked upon herself as a figure of Guilt intruding into the haunts of Innocence. But all the while, she was making a distinction where there was no difference. Feeling herself in antagonism, she was quite in accord. She had been made to break an accepted social law, but no law known to the environment in which she fancied herself such an anomaly.[15]

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[12] Hardy, *FFMC*, II.
[13] Ibid., III.
[14] Thomas Hardy, "He Fears His Good Fortune," lines 1-11, in *Thomas Hardy, Oxford Poetry Library*, Ed., Samuel Hynes, (New York: Oxford University Press, 1994), 126.
[15] Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (New York: Penguin Books, 1964 (1891), II-xiii.

In addition, Hardy alludes to many animals in the novel that are dimensions of Tess's character, giving her a presence, or soul, that extends back even before Neolithic or stone age time (animals, of course, existing before humans on earth). The first of these is:

> The Vale was known in former times as the Forest of White Hart, from a curious legend of King Henry III's reign (1216) in which the killing … of a beautiful white hart which the King had run down and spared was made the occasion of a heavy fine.[16]

"Hart" is a pun on "heart," and the color white is a symbol of purity. Furthermore, the sentence encapsulates with offhand subtlety Tess's innocence and uniqueness, her wild animal nature, and her demise. Not only, the point is made, is a particular woman destroyed, but animal life is also. If one recognizes Tess as the "White Hart," she appears once more, only this time as a plant, which is gazing far back indeed. At the beginning of *Jude the Obscure* this passage occurs:

> The well into which he was looking was as ancient as the village itself, and … appeared as a long circular perspective ending in a shining disk of quivering water … a hundred feet down. There was a lining of green moss near the top, and nearer still the hart's-tongue fern.[17]

Little else in Jude's story has these images of life.

It is apparent that the first stanza of Van Doren's poem leads readers to envision Hardy as more at one with an ancient, than modern, world. He conveys this with the same kind of understated rhetoric that is a hallmark of Hardy's work, wherein simplicity and compression combine to discount dramatic emphasis in favor of ordinariness. The words "stone hole" for example, are not poetic or emotional, yet they lead one to the archaic "holed stone" or "Mên-an-Tol;" an extremely poetic image which evokes a world as dream, Hardy's longing to return to his and our origins and bring them to life again. Words like "illicitly" are rather abstract, and yet stimulate memories of isolated passages which unfold with new meaning. The references above are only a few instances in the novels and poetry in relation to Van Doren's insights; no doubt many more may be found. In sum, the first stanza establishes an unearthing of a long-dead past and hints about a deadened present, with "bleakest worlds."

The second stanza in Van Doren's poem brings to mind lines from Hardy's poem "The Darkling Thrush": "The ancient pulse of germ and birth / Was shrunken hard and dry."[18] This contrasts sharply with the above-referenced "He Fears His Good Fortune," and captures in only two lines the theme of nature's death flowing through all Hardy's writings. Van Doren's expression "for God had died / Of palsy" (a typically 'Hardyan' word associated with the passing of his aged characters, and colloquially in the 1800s a shortening of 'paralysis') seems to equate the Christian God with this "ancient pulse" yet at the same time contradicts prevailing notions about that deity's invincibility, thus creating another puzzle for readers. For Hardy, though, if by "God" is meant the essential life force of everything in an earthly and mythic,

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[16] Ibid. I-ii.
[17] Hardy, *Jude* III-i.
[18] Hardy, "The Darkling Thrush," lines 13 and 14.

not religious, context, certainly there is a progression in the novels toward its shrinking, hardening, and ultimate death. This can be traced, for instance, in descriptions of the land that is home to Hardy's characters. In early novels such as *Far From the Madding Crowd* earth as life-force and home is vast, fertile, and accessible. In *The Return of the Native* it has become dark and mysterious, a brooding unhappy place without much tillable soil, still large, but now bounded by its name: "Egdon Heath." In *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, all the small farms and villages become overtaken by larger, mechanized operations and Tess, throughout, has no home. Egdon Heath, moreover, has retreated into the distance, being mentioned only once: "They … were backed in the extreme edge of distance by the swarthy and abrupt slopes of Egdon Heath."[19] In *Jude the Obscure* land as the basis for life has disappeared, and Jude, as homeless as Tess, finds work "carving at the cemetery on the hill; and ultimately … Cathedral repairs … (involving) stonework."[20] He consistently searches among stones of antiquity, whether they be the walls at Christminster, or the headstones in cemeteries. Is he hoping for recognition or some communication from them? It appears that earth, descriptively, has become stone. Jude's world is a marvel of hypocrisy within which, curiously, the mute stones might be the only objects with integrity, and yet, being historic, they do not allow access to the original vitality of the Mên-an-Tol. "Palsy" effectively conveys the finality of the "hardening" Hardy outlines.

Next in the poem is an orphaned humanity: "mankind / Alone with feeling / Was a poor, skinless thing." Jude as representative of humanity aptly fits, and his wounded sensitivities, especially toward animals, allow one to visualize him as "skinless." In addition, this links Jude to the past of a "Briton under barrow." "Another curious thing about the barrows is that the dead were usually interred after all the flesh had been removed."[21] The relationship between Jude in the present (i.e. the latest novel) and the fleshless dead of Neolithic time is intriguing. What is Van Doren intimating about Hardy with this exchange of time frames? What paradoxes, if these puzzle pieces fit together, does Hardy offer about "backward hope?" Jude's innocence, or lack of guile, can be associated with the ancient past Hardy cherished, and so perhaps he is the original natural man unearthed, stripped of his skin at his ancient death, and also metaphorically "skinless," that is, lacking any protection or insulation from a world devoid of life. The past, like Jude, is alive even if wounded and confused; the present is stone-dead. Jude might not only be a misfit, but also a man unearthed from the past now haunting the "madding crowd." Conversely, the reference could imply that everyone but Jude is 'skinless', and thus skeletal only. This would supply an apt image of a dead society; all that remains of our once-vibrant past are bones impervious to decay and generativity alike. The stanza's end looks upon rustic emanations from some of Hardy's earliest novels, as if to merge the ancient skeletal past with one alive in memory, giving the impression that until "its spell …

[19] Hardy, Tess IV-xxx.
[20] Hardy, Jude III-i.
[21] David Ross, http://www.britainexpress.com/History/prehistoric monuments.htm

close(d) with a crash"[22] the activities and vivacity of the two times were similarly entwined with the earth.

At the last stanza it seems as if Hardy has merged with Jude to become the last man. and still he looks back, albeit "pitifully," on the simplicity of villagers like those in *The Woodlanders* and *Under the Greenwood Tree*. In spite of the devastation in *Jude the Obscure*, they live on in his stories and poems, with kneeling oxen and the "full-hearted evensong / Of joy illimited[23] that the thrush sings. The last line Van Doren penned refers not to any birdsong but surely to church bells. The word "wanly" in connection with sound is unusual but effective, because it confers a sense of fading away, visually, into time's distance and also an echo in memory's distance, of a village parish calling simple country folk to its occasions. That he would turn from sight imagery to that of sound marks a fitting end to the poem, as if the "sweet bell tongues" were the last remnants of awareness receding in the distance at the onset of death.

Van Doren chooses the middle ground of time in Hardy's opus for his conclusion, softening the harsh assessment of the modern world, as if to say that once upon a time we nested in peaceful stability. In addition, he underscores with this resort the undramatic ordinariness of Hardy's same economy of emotion. Overall, Van Doren's understated yet forceful style complements Hardy's, allowing readers to appreciate the interplay between these two minds. One may actually see Hardy's own quality of understatement through the poem's simplicity. Van Doren's poetic clues have led beyond the aforementioned garden or cemetery analogy into a maze, or labyrinth akin to subterranean passages 'under barrow' for instance, where seemingly inconsequential pieces of information appear, recede, and appear again to reveal a hidden story beneath the surface of Hardy's works. The poem's and Hardy's references to time are part of this maze, as they challenge assumptions, throw readers off-balance, and consequently engender fresh perspectives. Van Doren indicates a span of time for Hardy's work that is all-encompassing, and refers also to time frames that shift backward and forward within several of the novels, creating layers of stories and identities to investigate. The homage in this poem allows readers to understand the scope of Hardy's work beyond specific locales and time limitations. Above all, it dispels ideas that his concerns were merely nostalgic, instead subjugating rhythm, lilt, and rhyme to the quiet gravity befitting a funeral, and not just any funeral; that of the whole world.

[22] Hardy, "He Fears His Good Fortune," line 10, *Thomas Hardy,* Oxford Poetry Library, Ed., Samuel Hynes, (New York: Oxford University Press, 1994), 126.
[23] Ibid. "The Darkling Thrush," lines 20, 32.

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TEN POEMS FROM BILL MORGAN'S

The Art of Salvage

Morning Pause

She silences the cruel clock,
sighs, turns lazily onto her side
and reaches across to cup his warm
skin-pouch—soft nest for the two small eggs
inside—against her palm. He stirs;
she kisses him on the shoulder.
                Their minds
are climbing like mist into the light;
their indolent bodies are sinking, heavy
and still in love with sleep.
                He replies
in mirror-form, his hand resting
lightly along the low hills and central
valley of the *mons veneris*—warm too,
rising-falling on slowing waves
of breath.
        Soon the familiar touch
of the long-partnered, settled pair
has done its work: all their cells
are re-aligned, re-set and ready
to lift them up to tidy the covers
and join the day, already in progress.

Reckoning: Autumn Afternoon

The year's past equinox, equipoise –
assertion still wells up in spasms,
but ending pulls like gravity tugging
at aging flesh.

Worker yellow-jackets are a menace –
desperate, bold; cast out from the hive
and doomed to late-season free lancing,
they prowl in pop cans, burrow
into small carrion on city streets
and sidewalks.

Indoor spiders wait quietly, tucked
back into corners, hardly moving
when challenged.
                That sluggish fly,
banging against the window,
will lie brittle, light as air,
on the sill tomorrow.

At the end of the garden path,
the season's last mosquito
clings to the underside
of a lilac leaf in the late
October wind;
when I brush
against the branch, he careens off
downward, tumbling wildly to earth,
and disappears into leafmold and twigs.

Something dreadful—slow and sure—
is stalking this clear sunlight.

Losing Ground

Following the diagnosis
and all the expert advice,

he set about re-grading the landscape
to turn the waves away.

He installed shunts and drains
to give the floods back to the tide.

He raised the sea-wall another foot.

Good. Enjoy it now, they said.

> He will. But nothing avails
> forever, he knows: the blind
> waters will have their way.

Ephemeroptera

Creatures of this order,
the filmy mayflies,
break the membrane, shake off the water, and rise
for their mating—an airborne quickie—
then fall back to drop their eggs and die,
all in less than a day.
A dedicated life—focused,
narrow even—it may seem to us,
who name them thus;

as we—frail, fluttering—must seem
to stabler things—say, rocky shale,
limestone, marble, granite—which,
themselves, in the eye of time
are brief as desire

and shapeless as the dust
within them
they are becoming.

Six Tree Sparrows

Among the dozens of Juncos, six Tree Sparrows
low in the snow-crusted field, make their way westward
through mixed grasses, repeating a low, contented
harvest song, calling discreetly to one another
in calm, candid voices like so many small wooden flutes.

In this late-afternoon work, each bird settles
about two feet up on a pale yellow Foxtail
seed spike, slim and tall, and rides it down—
tail and wings buzzing in quick bursts, for balance—
then slides along toward the brown tip,
pins the cluster to the ice and strips it, telling and re-telling
a narrative of progress to the others, who listen,
feed, and reply. This goes on, stem after stem, for half an hour;
it is a labor elegant, precise, so perfectly fitted to itself
that one watching could almost believe in a peaceable god.

Then their little rusty caps, black breast spots, and white-
barred wings rise and disappear into darkening trees behind.

Equinox

The timid sun is poised
for its scripted, slow return

to dominance, a trek
that will tame the night, releasing

muscles and breath I've held
in wire-tight strapping, unable

to risk a full exhale
through months of heavy dark.

These warm arcs of radiant
clear sky invite release

and mask for now the cooler,
darker side of moon

and sun to which, chastened,
I know I must return

when warmth has done its half-year's
work and ice flows in again.

Christmas Morning

Downstairs to coffee, paper, a blown bulb,
and a glowing screen full of unanswered emails.

A wind-whipped cardinal picks at the empty feeder;
the neighbors' Santa flounders face down in the snow.

On the early news, zealots have bombed a church
during mass in Nigeria, killing twenty-five.

Welcome, child. Good luck. So much to be set right.

Restoration

These slick little seeds, black-brown-
grey on my fingers, promise *rattlesnake*

master, *coneflowers* yellow and purple,
blue aster, *compass plant*, *tick*

trefoil, *bundleflower*, *partridge*
pea—some of the dozen native

forbs we're mixing with green kelp meal
in a 5-gallon bucket. Another holds

fluffy grasses—*little bluestem*, *wild rye*,
prairie dropseed, indian—stirred into pinkish-

brown Azomite before I pour
both tubs into the bins of the Bison

seed drill harnessed behind the bright-
red, borrowed tractor. The project

today is to press these antique names,
sturdy and eloquent, back into the narrative

of this ancient, glacial soil, whose tale
for a hundred years has been spoken in corn

and beans, in *brome*, *timothy*, *fescue*—
alien tongues of a vast, agricultural epic,

one acre of which, about a sentence-
worth, we're rewriting this afternoon:

our small gift of color, lyric voice
restored to the muffled, patient earth.

Spirits of the Field

The Greeks believed they hid inside the trees,
but here in the heartland, the nymphs and dryads play—
where else?—in summer corn and soybean fields.

See?—there they are—wind-surfing the blue-green
seas of beans and, next field over, stilt-walking
between the tall, wind-washed ranks of corn.

So suited to the place they are, they might
be taken for barn swallows feeding low,
or the velvet-covered tines of white-tail bucks.

These are the ordinary demi-gods of local
earth—of seed and rain, of sun and air.

A Second Eden
(Clyffe Farm: Dorset)

Garden tomatoes, red, rich, firm—
like eating new sunlight.

Scatters of warm, brown wheat on a granary floor—
like breathing in the morning's bread.

You gathering breakfast blackberries—
like watching time's first harvester.

River water, achingly clear—
like washing my eyes,
once and forever.

Ordnance Survey Map.
First Series map of Dorset showing Dorchester and environs.
Hardy's birthplace is named "New Bockhampton."
Max Gate was built on the western side of Conquer Barrow.

THE THOMAS HARDY ASSOCIATION'S BOOK REVIEWS

Selected from The Thomas Hardy Association's Book Reviews Collection at
Members' Research Resources (MRR)
http://thethomashardyassociation.org

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THE THOMAS HARDY ASSOCIATION'S Book Reviews Page typically highlights new approaches to inquiry in Hardy scholarship as represented here by two provocative reviews of new criticism, yet this issue also unexpectedly includes two new reviews of recently reprinted works, an unusual representation for pages normally devoted to *au courant* studies. This inclusion raises the intriguing question of the value of reading older works: will these reprinted books bring into focus a new, deeper understanding of Hardy today? This occurrence only underscores what tremendous resources both the expansive Book Reviews and Checklist pages are for Hardy scholars and enthusiasts, now entering our 17th year of publication. TTHA members can now access approximately 150 reviews as well as the complimentary, encyclopedic Checklist at: thethomashardyassociation.org/Members/MRRHome.htm.

The reviews selected for this issue underscore the diverse threads of interest in Hardy's work as well as in literary criticism. Perhaps what I find most surprising in light of the Book Review page's recent offerings is that there is little if any overlap of interest among the works; each scholar rewards us, with varying degrees of success, with such far-ranging topics as the comparative influence of the Napoleonic Wars on Hardy and Tolstoy, Hardy's preeminent position in the pantheon of the great English poets in the century prior to 1930, the fictional representation of Victorian female murderers and gender expectations, and psychoanalytic theory.

In Jane Bownas' ambitious study *War, the Hero, and the Will: Hardy, Tolstoy, and the Napoleonic Wars*, the author offers a comparative study of Hardy's *The Dynasts* and Tolstoy's *War and Peace,* emphasizing their shared historical focus and interest in implications of free will, determinism and consciousness on man's actions. In his review, Keith Wilson observes,

> Welcome as such a pairing is, her study betrays something of the difficulty its author has faced in finding solid foundations, beyond those of shared subject-matter and daunting length, for bringing together two works so radically different in genre, structure, purpose, characterization, narrative emphasis, and conceptual underpinnings.

Yet, Wilson notes that there are moments of keen insight to glean, leaving him with the wish that the book had received more careful editorial attention.

Next, Gillian Steinberg reviews Edward B. Powley's *A Hundred Years of English Poetry,* first released in 1930 and then reprinted by Cambridge University Press in 2015. Steinberg characterizes the book as a charming "historical artifact" or "oddity"; she aptly questions if the publisher's interest relates to the poems chosen or to Powley's selection of them, hypothesizing that "perhaps such an anthology can increase contemporary self-awareness about more recent anthology choices and can help us to define our criteria for poetry worthy of inclusion in an anthology or which details belong in a brief biography."

Similarly, William A. Davis, Jr. reviews a 2014 reprint of Virginia B. Morris' *Double Jeopardy: Women Who Kill in Victorian Fiction* (1990) and suggests that renewed interest in the topic may stem from the success of Trish Ferguson's *Thomas Hardy's Legal Fictions*, published in 2013. In contrast to Ferguson's broader approach, Morris focuses specifically on women who have killed men who have abused them. Davis considers the chapter on Tess to be "thought-provoking" and additionally finds the background chapter on Victorian law useful.

Finally, Meg Dobbins examines *The Madder Stain: A Psychoanalytic Reading of Thomas Hardy* written by Annie Ramel, president of FATHOM (French Association for Thomas Hardy Studies). Dobbins notes,

> The short essays that comprise *The Madder Stain* lend themselves to sampling, skimming, and excerpting; however, one would be ill-advised to do so, for what Ramel untangles in this remarkable book is a very intricate web of language, objects, and desires.

Dobbins further praises the author's inclusion of rich textual details and her patient guidance through psychoanalytical theories.

The reviews published in *The Hardy Review* represent only a sample of those published on TTHA's website. Thought-provoking excerpts from these printed reviews are featured on TTHA's sub-page "Previews and Reviews." These can be accessed at http://thethomashardyassociation.org/Welcome/Reviews/reviews.htm where members and non-members alike can view engaging portions of the full, published reviews that are otherwise available only through membership. Membership offers free access to all features of TTHA's comprehensive Members Research Resources, including TTHA's Checklist directory.

Jane L. Bownas, *War, the Hero, and the Will: Hardy, Tolstoy, and the Napoleonic Wars.* Brighton: Sussex Academic Press, 2015. viii + 189. ISBN 978-1-84519-670-7.

In early 1917, the social reformer Charles Rowley gave an address entitled "Labour and the War: Fraternity—Education—Spirituality" before the Ancoats Brotherhood, a group established in this working-class area of Manchester to nurture the intellectual and cultural life of its residents. In the course of his talk he referred, with assertively absolutist confidence, to Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* as the only modern works of literature "which unreservedly one can place in a supreme first class."[1] The Hardy component in this judgment would have seemed much less surprising in 1917 than it does now. *The Dynasts*' three parts had first appeared, to mixed reactions, between 1904 and 1908, with the first single-volume edition appearing in 1910. With the outbreak of the First World War, its reputation had been given a boost by its being made to seem, when viewed through the distorting lens of wartime jingoism, a much more straightforwardly patriotic work than its ethical and philosophical complexity should have allowed for. In fact, at the time of Rowley's lecture, *The Dynasts* was not far from arrival at the zenith of its reputation. When, in 1925 on the occasion of Hardy's 81st birthday, he was presented with a tribute address, signed by a hundred and six younger writers, among them men who had fought in the war, its penultimate sentence read "We thank you, Sir, for all that you have written … but most of all, perhaps, for *The Dynasts*."[2]

Today even *The Dynasts*' most enthusiastic admirers would be unlikely to claim such preeminent status for what is without doubt Hardy's least read major work. Indeed, despite much scholarship devoted to it over the years, including a number of book-length studies, it is still on occasion subjected to condescension and facile dismissal. Claire Tomalin, for example, dispatches it in little more than three pages of her close to 500-page Hardy biography: "With a few exceptions … it plods along, worthy and banal. Occasionally it becomes ludicrous. Blank verse needs a spring in it, and this has neither spring nor strength, but feebly apes Shakespearean historical writing."[3] And even those with an ear more sympathetically attuned to its subtleties, such as Harold Orel (himself the author of one of the earliest books on *The Dynasts*), can still feel compelled to proclaim its merits in phrasing that tacitly acknowledges the inclination of many otherwise ardent Hardy enthusiasts to give it a miss: "Those who love Hardy cannot afford to pass it by."[4] One cannot imagine anyone who writes on, say, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* or *Poems of 1912-13* ever feeling the need to declare so defensively these works' claims on a reader's attention.

Over the longer haul, critical judgment, aided by generic fashion, has of course been much kinder to Tolstoy's novel than to Hardy's "Epic-Drama … in Three Parts, Nineteen Acts, and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes." Notwithstanding this imbalance in respect bestowed and attention received, their shared historical

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[1] *The Collected Letters of Thomas Hardy*, Volume Eight, Ed., Michael Millgate and Keith Wilson (Clarendon Press, 2012), 155n.

[2] *The Life and Work of Thomas Hardy*, Ed., Michael Millgate (University of Georgia Press, 1985), 446.

[3] Claire Tomalin, *Thomas Hardy: The Time-Torn Man* (Viking, 2006), 293.

[4] "The Dynasts" in Norman Page, Ed., *Oxford Reader's Companion to Hardy* (Oxford University Press, 2000), 108.

focus suggests the appropriateness of the comparative analysis whose challenges Jane Bownas bravely takes up in this book. Welcome as such a pairing is, her study betrays something of the difficulty its author has faced in finding solid foundations, beyond those of shared subject-matter and daunting length, for bringing together two works so radically different in genre, structure, purpose, characterization, narrative emphasis, and conceptual underpinnings. As Bownas attempts to deal comparatively with the chosen components of her subject – authorial experiences of war, preparations for composition, attitudes to war, the chronologically ordered specifics of Napoleonic campaigns, renderings of the hero figure, and the philosophical assumptions informing each work – the recurrent impression given is that she is easily drawn aside from her not altogether clearly conceived mission to follow meandering paths to shadowy destinations. Certainly a lot of ground is covered in the process. But at the level of all three of paragraph, chapter, and book, one is often troubled by uncertainty as to where the argument is going and to what purpose.

This is partly because the discursive momentum of this study often appears associative rather than ideas-driven. A broad-stroke introductory chapter begins with a brisk summary of Romantic and Revolutionary European history: revolution in France bred unease in Britain; "political and social changes were accompanied by new developments in the arts" (1); many British Whigs sympathized with French revolutionary aims; Russia too had both a ruling nobility worried by revolution in France and many writers who sympathized with revolutionary aims and admired Napoleon. Such familiar terrain is swiftly cantered over in a single opening paragraph that runs on for more than two pages. This is followed in the second paragraph by invocation of Britain's Industrial Revolution as a spur to "people" (unspecified) having "a profound sense of alienation from the expanding capitalist system," which in turn led to the rise of the realist novel (Lukács briefly nodded to here). Then, still in the same paragraph, we are off to Russia and a Tolstoy who, though aware of the emergence of the realist novel, felt no need to abandon the tradition of the historical novel that had developed under Scott's influence in the Romantic period. By the beginning of the next paragraph, we are back in England and have somehow arrived at the end of the century with a Hardy who opts to abandon the realist novel for a new kind of epic that "belongs firmly to the end of the nineteenth century" (4) when "[b]oth Hardy and Tolstoy were attempting in their works to recapture the totalities [undefined] of existence, totalities which were being lost with increasing industrialization throughout the nineteenth century" (4).

And so this introductory chapter careers breathlessly along through a sketchily outlined historical-literary-ideational landscape, arriving at its destination, a statement of the book's purpose, only in its antepenultimate paragraph:

> Both Hardy and Tolstoy are preoccupied with finding answers to the same questions, namely, what causes events to take place; how do individual men make people act according to their will; what is the force which directs peoples' activities; do people possess freewill or are all events predetermined; and perhaps the most important question of all what is consciousness?
>
> A major part of this study will be concerned with examining the ways in which Hardy and Tolstoy attempt to find answers to these questions and whether common ground may be found in their reasoning and in their conclusions. (10)

This précis of shared concerns offers hope that a somewhat chaotic beginning will evolve into a more disciplined and directed argument, and to some degree it does.

From this point on, Bownas structures her study into five chapters: "Masterpieces in the Making," "The Language of War," "The Hero and the Crowd," "The Will and the Conscious Mind," and "Consequences and Conclusions." The first of these speculates about the forces – biographical, historical, and literary – that drew Tolstoy and Hardy towards their Napoleonic subjects, summarizing their researches and the compositional stages through which their works passed and concluding with a brief section on genre. This latter ends, somewhat self-defeatingly, with the suggestion that "any attempt to assign these two great works to a particular genre is futile, for it is a reflection of the genius of both writers that they were not restricted by questions of genre and were able to produce works which defy classification" (36). Inevitably, the reader wonders why the question of genre has been so perfunctorily foregrounded then: little has been done with it and generic classification for its own sake does not seem to be particularly germane to analysis of either text.

In "The Language of War" chapter Bownas examines her authors' broad attitudes to war before advancing chronologically through the main Napoleonic engagements, from Trafalgar to Waterloo, to outline the individual emphases placed on specific campaigns. Few surprises in either attitude or emphasis emerge here. That Tolstoy focuses primarily on actions involving the Russian army, choosing not to concern himself with those campaigns in which Russia plays no part, while Hardy adopts a broader sweep, albeit one that often privileges those engagements in which England is a major participant, is indeed true, though identification of this unremarkable fact leads to some strained exercises in speculative dissection of possible authorial motivation. Is it really likely that Hardy's "detached view of the Battle of Wagram … is related to his lack of close identification with the French and Austrian soldiers, whereas his close personal interest in the British soldiers in Spain made it easier for him to see them as individuals with backgrounds similar to his own"? (59) This suggests surprising imaginative incapacities, especially in an author whose shorter war poems are said, rightly, to be "filled with a feeling of despair that people who share a culture and history can be destroying each other" (155) and to plead "for greater understanding between nations, and a patriotism which is not based on nationalism" (153). Similarly the suggestion that "Hardy can deal with the events following Borodino in a more detached manner, for his country was not invaded by foreign troops, and the population was not forced to flee from its burning capital" (67) offers a reductively personalized explanation for a tonal and perspectival choice in a work whose entire structural *modus operandi* rests on constant shuttling between distance and proximity, dispassion and engagement. Those were the polarities Hardy chose to establish from the outset by the creation of the whole apparatus of the Spirit Overworld, with its accompanying pannings backwards and forwards through space and time. Surely explanations for particular instances of detachment or engagement are far more likely to be found in deliberate structural decisions (the nature of which might reward analysis) than in authorial national affiliation and affective incapacity.

The next two chapters – "The Hero and the Crowd" and "The Will and the Conscious Mind" – are overall the most satisfying, in considerable part because they are also the most cohesive. In the first of these Homer comes more pointedly into focus as a reference point, as do Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, and William James.

Similarly, exploration of the Will and consciousness allows for a useful review of philosophical influences, with suggestive sorties in the direction of contemporary science. But then the final chapter, "Consequences and Conclusions," drifts back into argumentative instability again.

Concluding chapters can by their nature be the trickiest of textual components. With a tendency to be either summative or prospective, they risk either the redundancy of repetition or the opening up to view of enticingly fresh vistas that cannot be fully explored. But it is difficult to judge, among a number of possibilities, what real purpose Bownas intended her final chapter to serve. A brief outline of post-Napoleonic events in Britain, France, and Russia is followed by a summary of British imperial expansion, particularly in South Africa, in the later nineteenth century. This allows some attention to be paid to Hardy's shorter war poems (many of them provoked by the Boer War) and his responses to the First World War. In conjunction with comments on Tolstoy's reaction to the Russo-Japanese War (1904-5) this takes us back to similar attitudinal concerns to those touched on in the earlier "Language of War" chapter, a revisiting of "the thoughts of both writers on the pointlessness of war" (156). This in turn leads to a further review of the idea of the "Hero," pondering such questions as "whether the concept of heroism can be confined to deeds of bravery and action which are perceived to be heroic by others, or whether the unrecognised person living a life of forbearance and endurance may also be regarded as a hero" (160). Discussion then moves for a few pages almost entirely away from consideration of either Tolstoy or Hardy, until the vague speculations the question provokes eventually return us (with passing assistance from George Eliot and W. H. Auden) to the Hardy of "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'," with its "fitting reminder that lives of quiet endurance are ultimately more significant than those filled with action and heroism" (162).

Such vague authorial musings on the possible nature of heroism flirt dangerously with banality. Is it true, for example, that "People [again unspecified] … need role models and heroes"? (157) How is it relevant to this book's declared critical agenda to ask "what is the meaning of a hero in the twenty-first century?" (158). What is being added to a study of "Hardy, Tolstoy and the Napoleonic Wars" by such pop philosophizing as "The public need for heroes seems to demand that all those fighting in the name of their country against a perceived threat should be regarded as heroes, for they are performing deeds on our behalf, deeds that most of us would be incapable of carrying out"? (158) For that matter, what *is* this unspecified "public" that is deemed to hold these views? The project of literary analysis here gives way almost entirely to flaccid assertion. Surely that blithe "on our behalf" cannot be being directed to those millions of Americans who protested against the Vietnam War in the Sixties and Seventies, nor to the hundreds of thousands of Britons (among millions of fellow-protesters around the world) who on 15th February 2003 paraded through the streets of London with "Not in my name" placards in anticipation of the outbreak of a questionably legal attack on Iraq? But in any case, whoever constitute this modern normative public, with its unerringly predictable notions of the heroic, where did Tolstoy and Hardy disappear to amongst all this reflection on "our" putative attitudes?

Return to consideration of consciousness, freewill, and necessity in the chapter's final half dozen pages allows for a brief refocusing on comparative consideration of Tolstoy and Hardy:

> [. . .] Tolstoy could not in the end relinquish the possibility of a force outside time and history which controls the activities of Man. For Hardy this determining force was a part of the natural world, working "unconsciously, as heretofore, eternal artistries in Circumstance" [….] Unlike Tolstoy, it seems that Hardy was able to accept the reality his intellect showed him to be true, rather than an illusion which his instincts and emotions might wish to be true (168).

Such a formulation could come only from a writer with an ear for cadenced language and a discriminating eye responsive to the particularities of her core authors. One leaves this book wishing there had been more such moments – that someone had taken it in much firmer, and therefore ultimately kinder, editorial hand. Within its divided and confused purposes are insights that would certainly generate an interesting article or two, and perhaps even a more disciplined book-length study. It is therefore a matter of some regret that it appears not to have received the editorial attention warranted by its author's admirable knowledge of and enthusiasm for her subject.

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Edward B. Powley, *A Hundred Years of English Poetry.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2015. Pp. 192. ISBN-13: 978-1107494428

Cambridge University Press recently made the surprising choice to reissue Edward B. Powley's *A Hundred Years of English Poetry*, which was first released in 1930. The book is clearly a relic of its time and thus interesting as an historical artifact. Beyond that, however, its reissue is somewhat baffling although the book charms in its own way. The editorial note on the reissue offers no insight whatsoever into the editors' thinking:

> Originally published in 1930, this book contains a selection of English poetry for the previous 100 years. Brief biographies are given for each of the poets and an index of first lines is also included. This book will be of value to anyone with an interest in English poetry.

The first two sentences of this quirky explanation are true enough: the book indeed contains a selection of poetry from those dates, with biographical notes and an index. But *why*, I wish to inquire, will this book be of value to those interested in poetry? Because of the poems themselves? Because we should be interested in Powley's selection? From my perspective, the book is such an oddity – the kind of

thing one might discover on a dusty old shelf and leaf through briefly – that I cannot understand why it merits re-release.

Unlike many anthologists who doubt their choices or worry about over-looking worthy artists, Powley is blithe and self-forgiving: "Doubtless unknown writers have escaped attention, isolated sonnets of worth or lyrics of outstanding beauty been missed … Such oversight is inevitable." He explains confidently that "Every true poem *says something intelligibly*, expresses its message *with due regard for prosody* and *makes an emotional appeal*" (my italics). Since "every true poem" is a category whose bound-aries seem self-evident to Powley, he unquestioningly argues that "most of the poems which appear in the periodical press or are collected and published in attractively bound volumes are unworthy of authorship … bearing every sign of undisciplined mind and lazy application." Such confidence is charming in its own way, and after reading this anthology I felt a bit attached to Powley, in the manner of a charming but dotty old professor whose ideas are behind the times but whose enthusiasm and self-assurance are appealing. Are his contemporary readers laughing with Powley or at him? That's a difficult question to answer, since Powley himself seems not to be laughing.

Using the Palgrave *Golden Treasury* as his model, Powley includes only poems published from 1855 on, so as not to repeat Palgrave's choices (with the exception of a few worthy pre-1855 poems that *Golden Treasury* omitted). Luckily for us, Powley believes that Thomas Hardy's work should be categorized as "Poetry of the right sort" and is therefore included in *A Hundred Years of English Poetry* for, in the pages of Powley's anthology, "the task of rigorous exclusion of the poorer modern verse has not been shirked." Powley concedes that Hardy along with Tennyson and Browning "merit a greater proportion of representation than they receive," but Hardy remains among the best-represented poets in this collection, with six selections, a tie with Robert Browning. Only Tennyson has more poems herein, with eight. Matthew Arnold gets four, including an excerpt from "Empedocles on Etna," as does John Masefield, and most of the other poets are represented by only a single poem, including Yeats ("The Lake Isle of Innisfree"), Dante Rossetti (an excerpt from "The Choice"), Hopkins ("Pied Beauty"), and Emily Brontë ("No Coward Soul is Mine"). Interestingly, Edward Fitzgerald wins in terms of number of pages: Powley includes all 75 verses of his version of "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." Powley is clearly a Hardy fan and he uses Hardy occasionally as a stand-in for "poetic excellence," as in his description of Emily Brontë: "Only with the work of Thomas Hardy is her writing, prose or verse, all too small in quantity, comparable."

As for the selection from Hardy's sizeable corpus, Powley's choices differ wildly from Hardy's most anthologized poems today. The two most familiar of Hardy's poems in this collected are "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'" and "Afterwards." The other complete poems are "Friends Beyond," "Lausanne," and "Weathers." Were I the editor of this collection, I would have chosen none of these last three and would have represented *Poems of 1912-13* in at least one selection, as today's anthologists inevitably do. As a collection for learning about Hardy's work, therefore, I believe this one to be quite unrepresentative. As an historical insight into perceptions of Hardy's verse in 1930, only two years after his death, this limited selection is fascinating. Since Powley does profess to include only worthy verse that

meets his requirements of intelligibility, prosody, and emotional appeal, his selection of these poems suggests quite a different approach from the qualities valued in poetry than one might find from a contemporary anthologist.

In addition to these five stand-alone poems, Powley includes an excerpt from the After Scene of *The Dynasts*, noting that he believes that this work "asks an anthology to itself." Powley's apparent attachment to *The Dynasts* leads him to include a jarring 32 lines excerpt that alternates between Semichorus I and Semichorus II, upon which Powley comments: "Here a single extract [of *The Dynasts*] is printed, which, out of its context, does *not* represent Hardy's philosophy." Why he chooses to include it, given that important caveat, is a question Powley chooses not to answer here.

Powley's short introductory biographies are far more interesting than his poem selections, though, and Hardy's biography is by far the most laudatory of the bunch: "Nobody disputes the station of Hardy among the prophets," Powley writes (quite falsely). Any even casual reader of criticism on Hardy recognizes that his work was the subject of vigorous debate, and any number of his readers at Powley's time dispute Hardy's prophetic vision. Nonetheless, Powley does not stop there:

> It is likely that, as a novelist, Hardy will be regarded as our greatest; that, among dramatists, he will be accorded rank as the true successor, but not the copyist, of Shakespeare, the co-equal of the author of the *Cenci*; that the unimitative and frequently harsh music of his verse will give him lasting place among English poets.

For a Hardy enthusiast, this biography reassures. But when one notes the quirks of Powley's other biographies, one's confidence in his analysis may be somewhat shaken. Most poets only get four or five sentences of biography in this collection, and yet Powley manages to include a wide range of peculiar biographical details in that brief space. For instance, Poe's "The Raven" "brought him in two pounds only"; Coventry Patmore "turned to Roman Catholicism and made a very bad convert"; Francis Thompson "cured himself of opium-taking"; for Ernest Dowson, "drink ruined his life; he died in poverty." Powley does not limit himself to such information, however, and also includes sweeping assessments of poets' styles: Carlyle's poems are "ruggedly Germanic"; Owen Seaman's "clever verse is an almost weekly delight"; Henry John Newbolt's work is "stirring and patriotic" while Kipling's is "unique and arresting"; Walter de la Mare's writing "is of a new and strange quality" and he is "the rarest dreamer of our age": as well as unabashed opinions: Longfellow's poetry "never soars" but "seldom fails to charm"; Robert Browning's longer works require too much "mental effort"; Charles Kingsley's poetry "possesses genuine merits; usually it is vigorous"; "the uneven character" of James Thomson's poetry "is a grave deficit"; Andrew Lang "will be remembered for one or two sonnets"; poor Dowson again possesses a real "lyrical gift" but "had little to say." For these prescriptions alone, the book offers an entertaining if unusual read.

I was intrigued while reading Powley's pocket-sized book but I remain mystified by its republication. Surely, from Cambridge's entire back catalogue, some work must be worthier of re-release than this one. Perhaps such an anthology can increase contemporary self-awareness about more recent anthology choices and can help us to define our criteria for poetry worthy of inclusion in an anthology; equally, which details belong in a brief biography. Is such reasoning sufficient to justify the re-release

of this work? I don't believe so, but I enjoyed reflecting on these questions nonetheless and thank Powley for his curious, charming, and peculiar collection.

Gillian Steinberg, TTHA POTM Director

Morris, Virginia B. *Double Jeopardy: Women Who Kill in Victorian Fiction.* Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2014. Pp. 192. ISBN-13: 978-0813153582

In the spirit of the renewed interest in Hardy and the law sparked by Trish Ferguson's *Thomas Hardy's Legal Fictions* (2013), I here offer not so much a review as a brief notice of a volume published in 1990 and now reissued by the University Press of Kentucky, Virginia B. Morris' *Double Jeopardy: Women Who Kill in Victorian Fiction.* Morris notes that fictional female Victorian murderers were not killers at random but typically killed those husbands and suitors who abused them. Her introductory chapter offers an overview of the situations she studies at length. "Their behavior," she writes of these deadly women,

> resulted from the abuse they suffered at the hands of the men they killed. The dilemma the writers created for themselves is this: in explaining the women's motives and in making the women sympathetic, there is a latent advocacy of violence and law-breaking. While the novelists were sympathetic, they were also Victorians; they could not allow women to get away with murder or destroy the established power structure. As a result, guilty women did not benefit from their crimes by finding happiness or peace. When novelists did not subject the women to the jurisdiction of the courts, they made them commit suicide, withdraw from society, or become insane. The novelists thus insured that women could not escape the constriction of gender-role expectations (5).

The "Double Jeopardy"of the title refers to the crime of murder and to the challenge brought by such a crime to gender expectations.

After a background chapter on Victorian law that serves as a backdrop to the novels and novelists, Morris considers the examples of Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Mary Elizabeth Braddon, Wilkie Collins, Thomas Hardy, and Arthur Conan Doyle. Some comments on the Hardy chapter will be of greatest interest to readers of *The Hardy Review*. Morris focuses, of course, on *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, in which the Victorian murderer is brought to "its most compelling potential" (127). Morris addresses the familiar critical perspective that sees Tess as a passive character at some critical times and as an active agent at others. When Angel leaves her (and Alec returns and resumes his persecution of her), Tess considers several ways "out": suicide, murder by Angel, writing to her mother and Angel, joining Alec, and others. Persecuted and robbed of her personality and dignity, Tess finally lashes out at Alec in a moment of extreme provocation and outrage. The result is fatal. Morris addresses the absence of a criminal trial with an astute comment: "The mystery which shrouds Tess from the time she is arrested at Stonehenge," writes Morris, "blunts the sense that the reader has of her as a criminal and overlays her story with an aura of primeval

sacrifice" (140). Hardy, in other words, creates a jury of readers, restricts their view of Tess's criminal action, and plants in their minds the idea of the "primeval sacrifice" of his heroine. Sacrificed to what, one might ask? With her execution Hardy "lodge[s] an outraged protest against the treatment of women – especially poor, 'fallen' women – by society in general and the courts in particular" (140). Tess is executed not just by the legal system (the mechanisms of which Hardy withholds from readers); her culture also participates in her condemnation and execution.

Overall this is a thought-provoking chapter. Readers will also find within it some discussion of the Florence Maybrick murder case of 1889, which undoubtedly influenced Hardy as he was writing *Tess*.

William A. Davis, Jr., Notre Dame of Maryland University.

Ramel, Annie. *The Madder Stain: A Psychoanalytic Reading of Thomas Hardy.* Leiden: Brill Rodolpi, 2015. Pp. 190. ISBN-13: 978-9004293403

In *The Madder Stain: A Psychoanalytic Reading of Thomas Hardy*, Annie Ramel examines the disrupting stains, blights, wounds, and inaudible screams – what Hillis Miller once described as "the chain of red things" – that run through Hardy's fiction (2). Bringing psychoanalysis to bear on these disturbances in the fields of sight and sound, Ramel shows that the "madder stain" is "a point of contact" with the Lacanian Real, or that which "cannot be integrated into the symbolic order and remains undifferentiated, outside language" (3). Ramel argues that the piercing, fragmented presence of this "sheer, absolute, insoluble mystery" is Hardy's poetical "signature." In the rosy ribbons adorning Tess Durbeyfield and Eustacia Vye, in the "sinister redness" of reddleman Diggory Venn, or in the valentine Bathsheba Everdene gives William Boldwood, the madder stain penetrates the text, producing a "radical enigma" at once "a mark of enjoyment and the mark of death and suffering" (3; 6).

The short essays that comprise *The Madder Stain* lend themselves to sampling, skimming, and excerpting; however, one would be ill-advised to do so, for what Ramel untangles in this remarkable book is a very intricate web of language, objects, and desires. In the first chapter, "The Letter Killeth," Ramel begins by considering the recurrent structural figures Hardy uses to meditate on the question of limits: dangerous precipices, porous boundaries, encircling rings, and tragic gashes. In *A Pair of Blue Eyes,* for example, Henry Knight "clings to the 'Cliff without a Name' overhanging the 'unplummetted ocean' beneath his feet – a black sea edged with white foam which appears to him as 'his funeral pall and its edging'" (19). The ring is an especially powerful expression of the dilemma, symbolizing "the function of human culture" to encircle rather than avoid or deny the "abyss of the Real" (26). In a tragic novel such as *The Mayor of Casterbridge,* the motif of rings – wedding rings, rings of onlookers, rings left by cups on tables – are not benign "structural holes" in the fabric of human relations, but the violent gaps and breaches of the unsymbolizable Real. The "stout copper ring" in the nose of the bull that chases Elizabeth Jane and Lucetta, for instance, is "a parodic ring" that "does not work as a sign of *wed*lock but is *weld*ed on to the flesh of the sacrificial victim" (26; original emphasis).

Ramel elaborates on the connection between "structural holes," adulterous women, and the Lacanian feminine; in the following chapter she introduces a form of pleasure, "beyond the phallus," uniquely accessible to women and artists (52). While this chapter occasionally traces familiar ground in feminist scholarship (particularly in readings of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*), in the subsequent chapter, Ramel expounds a highly original and persuasive reading of Hardyan tragedy. Contrasting Gabriel Oak and Farmer Boldwood in *Far From the Madding Crowd,* Ramel shows that Boldwood is a tragic character because when he receives the valentine from Bathsheba, he seizes on her obsessively as the original and irreplaceable love object. Oak, by contrast, merely "paints" Bathsheba "a beauty" after longing "for some time" to fill a void of desire (76). Unlike his rival, Oak "has the capacity to find ways *around* the objects of desire," and so is saved Boldwood's tragic fate (78; original emphasis). To the comedic hero Bathsheba is not original, but substitute object (or the Lacanian *object petit a*). Once again, we see the need to draw the ring around the unsymbolizable abyss into which one otherwise falls. In Hardy's fiction, tragedy lies where the ring cannot be drawn, where the object cannot be substituted.

While the first half of *Madder Stain* is remarkable, the true objects of Ramel's analysis do not come into view (or is it earshot?) until Chapters Four and Five on the Object Gaze and the Object-Voice, respectively. Building on previous scholarship on anamorphosis by Slavoj Zizek in *Looking Awry* (1991), Chapter Four begins by calling attention to the motif of the "evil eye" in *The Return of the Native*: the birdlike stare of the reddleman, Eustacia's "lidless [sic] eyes," the serpent that bites Mrs. Yeobright but even more fatefully *sees* her. Just as desire must be diverted in *Far From the Madding Crowd*, here the threatening gaze of the Other is tamed only by looking away. Ramel shows that objects which modify, diffuse, or fragment light are necessary to effect a "failure in representation," which she sees as central to Hardy's aesthetic (128). In *Jude the Obscure,* for instance, Jude "pull[s] his straw hat over his face" and "peer[s] through the interstices of the plaiting at the white brightness, vaguely reflecting" (129). Jude's need to diffract light is linked to his psychosexual maturation:

> All around you there seemed to be something glaring, garish, rattling, and the noises and glares hit upon the little cell called your life, and shook it, and warped it. If he could only prevent himself growing up! He did not want to be a man (129).

Next, Ramel turns to the Object-Voice. If the horror of the Object Gaze is captured in a *memento mori* painting such as Hans Holbein's *The Ambassadors*, in Chapter Five, the uncanny effect is more like Edvard Munch's *The Scream:* the horror of hearing with one's eyes. Here, Ramel shows that the "madder stain" is in fact the "sound of silence," a scream "stuck in the throat" (168). *Tess*, in particular, is "a novel whose heroine can never voice her complaint or her lament, but who is marked by a 'madder stain' endowed with a vocal quality" (140). Developing Mladen Dolar's theory that the voice is a feminine, "cast-off sense" on the other side of logos, Ramel shows that "what Tess's voice aspires to is not the capacity to make itself heard but 'the asymptote of silence,' the 'pure' voice expurgated from all signification" (140). In this reading, Tess is hanged "not because she is guilty but *because she is pure*" – because the disturbing voice object outside of language must be silenced (154; original emphasis).

As Ramel's intricate argument unfolds, a reader less practiced in psychoanalytic literary criticism will sometimes wonder about the universality of the "madder stain" and the claims Ramel makes for it: does Hardy's fiction merely offer an especially compelling compendium of Lacanian ideas? Is it the other way around? Paraphrasing Lacan, Ramel insists that the artist always precedes the psychoanalyst, yet the connections among the artist, the woman, and the psychoanalyst could be developed further (50). The single-author focus of the monograph raises similar questions. In a fascinating discussion of literary texts and the feminine unconscious, for instance, Ramel argues that all *écriture* is feminine insofar as "there is a 'feminine'" voice vying with the authorial and narrative voices, subverting their phallic certainties" (68). If this is true, does Hardy's "madder stain" bespeak just one particularly fascinating "sound of silence"? Is the voice that vies for narrative authority in his novels especially feminine? Uniquely audible? Both?

Throughout *The Madder Stain*, Ramel deals adeptly not just with aspects of character and narrative in Hardy's works, but with the poetical features of his language. In Hardy's description of the dance at Chaseborough, for example, Ramel shows how "the obsessive repetition of consonant /f/ ('forms,' 'figure,' 'footfalls,' 'scroff,' 'floating fusty debris,' 'fiddles,' 'feebly,' 'failing,')" serves to mute and "dampen" the music of the scene (137). Elsewhere, she explores the repetition of the sound "ur" in Hardy's poetry and fiction, revealing this phonic pair as a site of trauma and *jouissance* in which we hear the difference between Hardy's native Dorset speech and Standard English. Ramel hears this utterance in the titles of three major novels: *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, *The Return of the Native*, and *Jude the Obscure* (whose original title was "Hearts Insurgent") (156). In *Return,* the play on "'ur" is most "insistent," audible in a "phonematic chain" of important signifiers like "'urn,' 'turn,' 'return,' and 'burn'" (156).

Like the poetical prose she so ardently admires, Ramel's own language is "a delight to the reader's ear" (168). Above all, it is a thrill to get caught up in Ramel's enthusiastic explication of textual details. In an especially lively discussion of textile and substitution in *The Woodlanders,* for example, Ramel praises Hardy's description of the "silk mouthful" of Grace Melbury's dress that is caught in a bear trap and extracted "creased and pierced with small holes, but not torn" (48): "What an admirable way of saying, in poetic language, that the holes in the fabric of life are no longer unsymbolizable 'crevices' – tragic wounds that cannot be healed – but *structural* holes, like the holes woven into a cloth by the interlacing threads!" (48; original emphasis). Very admirable, indeed. We cannot thank Ramel enough for the care she takes in *Madder Stain* to expound upon such wonderful details in the works of Thomas Hardy and to guide us patiently through the psychoanalytical theories that make these enigmas so compelling and important.

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Joan Sheski is a longstanding founder-member of TTHA – going back to its inception in the late 1990s. Her paper analyzing "The Darkling Thrush" was published in an early edition of *The Hardy Review*. Her thesis, *Thomas Hardy and the Evolution of Consciousness,* is on record at California State University, Dominguez Hills, where she was awarded a Master's Degree in Humanities in 1999. Appreciation of Thomas Hardy's work infuses her activities as watercolor artist, gardener, and beekeeper in Grants, New Mexico.

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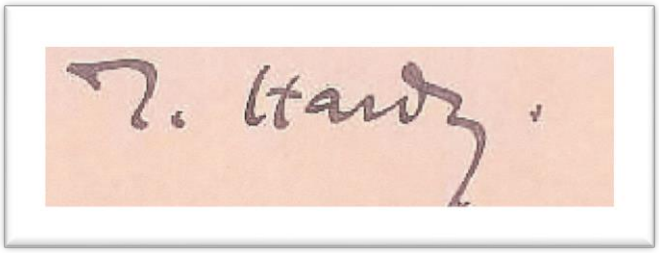

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