

THE GISSING JOURNAL

“More than most men am I dependent on sympathy to bring out the best that is in me.”
– George Gissing’s *Commonplace Book*.

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In Company with Teufelsdröckh:
Gissing’s Friendship with John Davidson

John Sloan
Balliol College
Oxford

That George Gissing and John Davidson were friends in the 1890s is well established. Even without this knowledge, readers have suggestively linked the work of the two men in terms of their shared images of urban monotony and the miseries of lower-class life. Both, significantly, have been compared to James Thomson. This equivalence has never been the subject of systematic analysis, and what follows is on one level an attempt to identify those elements of affinity in the life and work of the two writers that would appear, initially, to have drawn them into friendship. In addition, recent research has indicated the possibility that their

association may have had a direct influence on Gissing's work, notably on *The Whirlpool*.¹ The aim in this respect is to suggest possible traces of that influence in the novel's representations of late Victorian life.

It was Morley Roberts, Gissing's early biographer, who first brought the two men into contact.² Roberts himself had been introduced to John Davidson at the house of Henri Van Laun, a polyglot Dutchman who had translated Taine and Molière into English. On this occasion – possibly in 1891 or 1892 – the three discussed Gissing's first novel, *Workers in the Dawn*, which Roberts had lent to Van Laun, and which the Dutchman criticised “in the coarsest language.”³ The meeting between Gissing and Davidson did not take place until Saturday, 29 July 1893, several weeks after Gissing's return to London from Devon, where he had stayed for

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two and a half years. The two men, who met over lunch at the Café Royal, appear to have liked each other, but it was another chance meeting on the 18 September that furthered their friendship, as it seems to have prompted Gissing to read Davidson's first volume of verse, *In a Music Hall*, as well as his *Fleet Street Eclogues*. He wrote to the poet praising the latter.⁴ This was the beginning of a relationship that Davidson was to remember with warmth.⁵

It is not difficult to see what attracted Gissing to Davidson's *Fleet Street Eclogues*. The model for Davidson's poem cycle was Spencer's “The Shepherd's Calendar,” with the scene transferred to the noisy bustle of London's Fleet Street. The effect is a fine ironic fusion of pastoral romance and modern life in which the grub street hacks sing of their exilic loneliness and seasonal consolations in the heart of the great metropolis. The mood of youthful longing and frustrated hope is reminiscent of Gissing's own poignant account of literary bohemia in *The Unclassed*, and of the “wretched authorhood” of Reardon and Biffen in *New Grub Street*.

It is a testimony perhaps to the accuracy of Gissing's portrait of literary life that so many writers of the time should have felt that Gissing was writing about them, the most famous perhaps being H. G. Wells, whom Gissing first met at the annual dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club at Frascati's in November 1896, where Davidson was his guest.⁶ We cannot assume that Davidson read *New Grub Street*, although we know that he acquainted himself with Gissing's novels and received a copy of *The Emancipated* signed by the author.⁷ He would certainly have found much to identify with in Reardon's domestic miseries, particularly the tensions and inconveniences caused by his constant presence in the home. In his letters to his female correspondents, to Meemi, his sister-in-law, to George Egerton, a fellow writer, and to Mrs. Grant Allen, the wife of the novelist, Davidson speaks candidly of the difficulties of his small suburban house in Hornsey, North London, with constant servant problems, the perpetual illness of his sons, and “touchwood tempers all round.”⁸ We know that Davidson confided some of these problems to Gissing whose difficulties at that time were partly the same.⁹

There were other similarities in the situation of both writers that seem to have drawn them together. They were of the same generation – Gissing a mere year older – and both had tried teaching before turning full-time to writing, Davidson in Scotland, Gissing in a Massachusetts high school and in private tutoring in London. It was an occupation both had found uncongenial,

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although Davidson continued as a full-time teacher until 1889 when he came south to London with the poetic dramas and prose works he had published privately or in small presses during the 1880s. At the time of their meeting, Davidson was still struggling to make a living from poetry and reviewing, whereas Gissing had begun to learn the advantages of marketing his name and employing an agent. An element of practical encouragement and support seems to have been the basis of the friendship between the two men at a time when professional conditions for

writers were still rudimentary. Davidson adopted as his literary agent A. P. Watt, to whom Gissing himself had gone in desperation in August 1891 in order to find a publisher for "Godwin Peak" (later *Born in Exile*).¹⁰ Davidson in turn introduced Gissing to the go-getting John Lane, co-founder of the Bodley Head and publisher of the *Yellow Book*, for which Gissing was promptly asked to write.¹¹

That they shared a scepticism about public taste and a contempt for public conscience is evident in their response to the question as to who should succeed Tennyson as the poet Laureate, which was occupying the literary world in 1895. In *The Idler* for April, in which prominent men of letters shared a platform to debate "Who Should Be Poet Laureate?", both Gissing and Davidson claimed Swinburne as the only possible choice. If Swinburne refused the Laureateship, it was, for Davidson, "'Eclipse' first and the rest nowhere."² Gissing, though more judicious, was no less Olympian:

By the weighing of reputations, how can the laurel be bestowed save upon Mr. Swinburne? Objections to him must be made upon side issues. We are told that Mr. Swinburne, in part, offends against the popular conscience; but the popular conscience has nothing to do with literary merit [...] Mr. Swinburne is great among the poets of the world, and I do not think this can be maintained of any other man whose title might, perchance, be pleaded. Much as I delight in what is given us by some of our younger poets, I assume that they, as yet, withhold from such competition. On the whole, ought we not to elect a Laureate, if only that the "greasy citizen" may pause and marvel, and be for a moment disturbed with the surmise that there is yet a god who rivals Plutus?¹³

The reference to the younger poets may well have been intended to include Davidson, whose name had also been suggested as a possible contender, along with Kipling and William Watson.



John Davidson.. From the *American Bookman*, March 1895.

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Certainly, Gissing had found his *Ballads and Songs* “remarkable.”¹⁴ In the event, the appointment went to Alfred Austin. Davidson expressed his disgust at the appointment when he lunched with Gissing at the Grosvenor Club on 11 January 1896.¹⁵ He seems to have spoken not from frustrated personal ambition, but out of contempt for the blatant triumph of establishment taste over poetic merit.

The distaste for mediocrity and for literature as trade that was shared by both men was derived not simply from bitter personal experiences and frustrations, but from their reading, in particular from Carlyle whose idiom permeated the Victorian consciousness. There is a similar horror in a description of the British Museum Reading Room, written by Davidson in 1889 at the start of his career in journalism, and Marian Yule’s gloomy reflections in the Reading Room

in *New Grub Street* that suggests the influence of Carlyle. Marian Yule's feelings of futility in seeing men making "new books out of those already existing, that yet newer books might in turn be made out of theirs"; her vision of the library as "a trackless desert of print" and the readers as "hapless flies caught in a huge web"¹⁶: these are well-known to readers of Victorian fiction. Here is Davidson's description:

Intuitively he perceived that he had entered one of the most melancholy portions of enclosed space in these islands. The sun was shining, and the windows, dim, like cataract-covered eyes, seemed ready to fall out, ashamed of their dinginess. The jaded sunbeams reached the melancholy gilding on the rows of presses, and it seemed to him as if a lance from heaven had pierced the gloom of Tophet, and touched with a more ethereal light the flames that girdle the home of the lost. Then he saw men and women, young and old, and all with a purpose, busy studying books in order to make books, or to help others to make books. He thought, "Are there not millions of books here already?" and he sighed. The great dome appeared to him like the great skull of a super-encyclopaedic head. The musty odour infected his fancy, and he thought again, "This mass of heterogeneous knowledge festers, and these are the maggots, the book-worms that are born of it, and live upon it." But he turned faint, and went outside for some pure air "to sweeten his imagination."¹⁷

In Davidson, who had *Sartor Resartus* at his fingers' ends by the age of thirteen,¹⁸ Gissing must have found an embodiment of the true Teufelsdröckhian spirit. We know that Gissing

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modelled one of his characters in *The Whirlpool* on "certain matters of fact and remarks" in Davidson's life and conversation.¹⁹ Through his meetings and conversations with Davidson, Gissing seems to have sensed, with a novelist's instinct and interest, a significant aspect of the temper and direction of the times. In addressing the question – which character in *The Whirlpool* was modelled on Davidson – Pierre Coustillas has suggested that "Hugh Carnaby is the best candidate even though the exponent of some of Davidson's views regarding the city and the country is recognizably Harvey Rolfe."²⁰ In fact of the two, Rolfe would seem to be the more likely candidate, in spite of the fact that on one level Gissing clearly intended the weak Rolfe to be "a remorseful self-portrait," and "a form of self-reproach."²¹ The description of Rolfe's "bluff jocularity" bears close resemblance to the facts of Davidson's own behaviour and attitude, found, say, in Richard Le Gallienne's *The Romantic 90's*, as is his "occasional bluntness of assertion or contradiction, suggesting," we are told, "a contempt which possibly he did not intend" (*The Whirlpool*, Part I, Ch. I). Furthermore, the domestic difficulties which prompt Rolfe to send his son to Mrs. Abbott's school have their real-life counterpart in Davidson's action in sending his two boys to a farm in Sussex, a decision he discussed with Gissing.²² Gissing's "own home circumstances," as Clara Collet informed Morley Roberts, "had no place in his thoughts."²³ More convincingly Rolfe's acceptance, and even celebration of athleticism in the face of the growing decadence of the times, is very much in the style of John Davidson's robust assertiveness. This is the new note which H. G. Wells detected in Gissing's novel, although he failed to detect its sardonic quality, as indeed significantly did many readers of Davidson's poetry.²⁴

These suggestive links do not finally resolve the problem, however; and indeed, as Coustillas has rightly indicated, the question can never be conclusively answered unless and until Gissing's letters to Davidson are discovered. What recent findings may well prompt is a

more general recognition of the pervasiveness of Davidson's influence on the novel, a pervasiveness that is in some respects more interesting in our understanding of the novel than the specific identification of the character modelled on Davidson. Take the following dialogue, for instance, between Rolfe and Basil Morton on the occasion of Rolfe's visit to Greystone. It is introduced by an account of Rolfe's morbid sleeplessness as a result of his consciousness of "the infinitude of human suffering":

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...what he now saw and felt was the simple truth of things, obscured by everyday conditions of active life. And that History which he loved to read – what was it but the lurid record of woes unutterable? How could he find pleasure in keeping his eyes fixed on century after century of ever-repeated torment – war, pestilence, tyranny; the stake, the dungeon; tortures of infinite device, cruelties inconceivable? He would close his books, and try to forget all they had taught him.

To-night he spoke of it, as he sat with Morton after every one else had gone to bed. [...]

"Every one knows that state of mind, more or less," said Morton, in his dreamy voice – a voice good for the nerves. "It comes generally when one's stomach is out of order. You wake at half-past two in the morning, and suffer infernally from the blackest pessimism. It's morbid – yes; but for all that it may be a glimpse of the truth. Health and good spirits, just as likely as not, are the deceptive condition."

"Exactly. But for the power of deceiving ourselves, we couldn't live at all. It's not a question of theory, but of fact."

"I fought it out with myself," said Basil, after a sip of whisky, "at the time of my 'exodus from Houndsditch.' There's a point in the life of every man who has brains, when it becomes a possibility that he may kill himself." (*The Whirlpool*, Part III, Ch. I)

The phrase 'exodus from Houndsditch' was a metaphorical expression used by Carlyle to describe the need to abandon Old Testament dogma – Houndsditch being in reality a street of Jewish second-hand clothes dealers. It has been suggested that Gissing would have known of the phrase from Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, which he re-read in 1893.²⁵ This may be so, but a more likely context for his adoption of the phrase is John Davidson's "A Ballad of the Exodus from Houndsditch" – a vision of violent moral and social collapse – in the volume of *Ballads and Songs* which gave Gissing "thoughts" when he read it on 10 December 1894.²⁶ Leaving aside Morton's remark on suicide, which is ominous enough, his views on the power of self-deception necessary for life are so close to Davidson's post-Nietzschean conception of irony, and his reflections on disease so near an anticipation of the monism of Davidson's later "Testaments" and "Tragedies" that it is tempting to see the whole dialogue between Morton and Rolfe as Gissing's imaginative recreation of a conversation between himself and Davidson.

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In December 1896, shortly after the Omar Khayyám dinner at Frascati's which he attended as Gissing's guest, Davidson suffered a severe breakdown in health and moved to Brighton. It was not until November 1898, following his recovery, that he was able to send Gissing his new play, *Godfrida*, of which Gissing wrote, "Alas! I try to like it."²⁷ The two men were never to renew their occasional meetings. There was no rupture between them. It was

circumstances that prevented their meeting. Both men in a sense moved away from the vortex – Gissing to travel abroad; Davidson to live more cheaply in Cornwall. Yet it is questionable if either escaped its influences. There hangs over Gissing's death a sense of "exile," and John Davidson's tragic end six years later casts one of the darkest shadows over twentieth-century English letters. In this respect, *The Whirlpool* remains, not only as a testament to their intercourse, but as the prophetic truthfulness of its central metaphor.

¹See my "Of George Gissing: John Davidson's Short Notice," and the "Editor's Note," *Gissing Newsletter*, XXVI, no. 4, October, 1990, pp. 16-21.

²*London and the Life of Literature in Late Victorian England: The Diary of George Gissing, Novelist*, ed. Pierre Coustillas (Hassocks: Harvester Press, 1978), hereafter referred to as *Diary*; entry for Saturday, 29 July 1893.

³Morley Roberts, "The Rhymers' Club," *John O'London's Weekly*, XXIX, September, 1933, pp. 901-02, 908.

⁴*Diary*; entry for Thursday, 28 September 1893.

⁵"Of George Gissing: John Davidson's Short Notice."

⁶*Diary*; entry for Friday, 20 November 1896.

⁷"Of George Gissing: John Davidson's Short Notice"; the copy of *The Emancipated* is in Princeton University Library.

⁸Letters to Meemi and George Egerton are at Princeton University Library, and to Mrs. Grant Allen at Yale University Library.

⁹Unpublished letters from George Gissing to Clara Collet of 10 December 1894 and 13 January 1896.

¹⁰Davidson discussed his agent with Gissing; *Diary*: entry for Saturday, 11 January 1896.

¹¹Letter to Clara Collet, 10 December 1894; after further requests from Lane, Gissing submitted the story "The Foolish Virgin," for which he was paid £24.4.0.

¹²*The Idler*, April 1895, p. 419.

¹³*Ibid.*, pp. 404-05.

¹⁴Letter to Bertz, 30 December 1894; *The Letters of George Gissing to Eduard Bertz*, ed. A. C. Young (London: Constable, 1961).

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¹⁵*Diary*, Saturday, 11 January 1896.

¹⁶*New Grab Street*, Ch. 8.

¹⁷See John Sloan, "John Davidson's Arrival in London: Some New Evidence," to appear in *Notes and Queries* later this year.

¹⁸"Mr. John Davidson," *The Bookman*, November 1894, p. 48.

¹⁹"Of George Gissing: John Davidson's Short Notice."

²⁰"Editor's Note," *Gissing Newsletter*, XXVI, no. 4, October 1990, p. 21.

²¹See Jacob Korg, *George Gissing; A Critical Biography* (London: Methuen, 1965), pp. 209 and 291.

²²Letter to Clara Collet of 13 January 1896.

²³Quoted in the "Editor's Note," *Gissing Newsletter*, XXVI, no. 4, October 1990, p. 21.

²⁴H. G. Wells, "The Novels of Mr. George Gissing," *Contemporary Review*, LXXII, August 1897, pp. 192-201; Gissing corrected Wells's view in a letter of 7 August 1897, in Royal A. Gettmann, ed., *George Gissing and H. G. Wells* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1961).

²⁵*The Whirlpool* (Hassocks: The Harvester Press, 1977), ed. Patrick Parrinder; "Notes to the Text": page 325, line 36.

²⁶*Diary*; entry for Monday, 10 December 1894.

²⁷Letter to H. G. Wells, 6 November 1898; in Gettmann (1961).

The Gissing Session at the MLA Convention in Chicago

On 28 December 1990, the anniversary of the deaths of both George Gissing and his father, a 90-minute Special Session titled "Gissing Studies Today" was held at the 105th Modern Language Association's annual convention in Chicago. With Martha Vogeler (California State University, Fullerton) in the chair, Jacob Korg (University of Washington), in a paper read in his absence by Albert R. Vogeler, reviewed Gissing scholarship of the last decade; Robert L. Selig (Purdue University, Calumet) recounted his discovery in Chicago newspapers of Gissing's earliest stories; and Pierre Coustillas (University of Lille) described the new Ohio University Press edition of Gissing's letters. An informal discussion among the panelists and members of the audience followed. The speakers regretted the absence of Jacob

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and Cynthia Korg, snowbound in Seattle, and of Professors Paul F. Mattheisen and Arthur C. Young, the founding editors of *The Collected Letters of George Gissing*. Volume One of this edition was on display at the huge book exhibit of the convention, which attracted some 10,000 people and offered nearly 700 separate sessions.

MARTHA VOGELER

Gissing and Critical Trends

JACOB KORG

The Gissing criticism of the last ten years has been only moderately influenced by the currents of post-structuralist theory. Traditionally, most of the writing on Gissing has been oriented toward biography or based on principles rooted in the realist perspective, and criticism of this kind has continued to flourish vigorously, but there have been certain anticipations of more recent trends. Two of the members of the banal triplet of current social criticism, gender, and class, have attracted the attention of feminists and Marxists commenting on Gissing, even though his views do not correspond very well with contemporary ideas. His work, of course, offers a rich field to the school of critics interested in developing the historical perspective within which literature should be seen. While none of Gissing's critics, as far as I know, is an official adherent of Deconstruction, some of them have brought a Deconstruction-like skepticism and penetration to the analysis of his work. And the numerous studies of Gissing's relations to other writers seems to imply that texts achieve much of their effect through intertextuality, through the assimilation and redeployment of literary sources.

The most important single book of this decade, John Halperin's *Gissing: A Life in Books* is untouched by these currents. It is rather a conventional biography, a remarkably detailed study of the man, his times, and especially, of his feelings and opinions. Halperin's book pursues the literary biographer's usual premise with unusual vigor, arguing that Gissing used his novels to review and even to anticipate the problems of his own life. It is a convincing argument that tells us much about both the man and his work.

Robert Selig's *George Gissing* (1982) is one of several books that recognize and seek to explain the contradictions in Gissing's outlook. He characterizes Gissing's work as the effort of

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an idealist who was forced into disillusionment. In outlining this development, Selig turns our attention to the conditions he undertook to depict, and shows how they transformed the intentions with which he began his career, without weakening his motivation to write and to expose the truths he perceived.

The influence of recent theory is visible if we turn to *The Paradox of Gissing* by David Grylls (1986). Although Grylls does not use the vocabulary of deconstruction, his analysis of the contradictions apparent in Gissing's treatments of his various themes harmonizes with the tendency to read through rather than from a text. Gissing's inconsistencies are not a new topic. But Grylls reviews all the important aspects of Gissing's vision of the world – poverty and the working classes, the fate of art in an industrial society, the position of the disinherited intellectual, the subjection of women – and details the excruciating contradictions embodied in his treatment of these subjects. Grylls finds that these paradoxes are rooted in Gissing's temperament. He is characterized as a pessimist who nevertheless believed in hard work and the power of the will, a romantic committed to realism, an adherent of middle-class intellectual values who opposed the commercialism on which middle-class life is based.

Unlike what a deconstructionist critic might conclude, Grylls does not, however, find that these inconsistencies invalidate Gissing's achievement. On the contrary, they enabled him to perceive the contradictions of the society he surveyed, and to bring to it the ironic tone that characterizes his best work. Further, Grylls finds that in his later novels Gissing retreated from his most contentious and extreme ideas, without abandoning his general view, and moved toward the placid isolation of the *Ryecroft Papers*.

The mixed motives and mixed feelings that Grylls ascribes to temperament are given social and even political thrusts by two other critics, John Sloan and Fredric Jameson. Jameson, in the chapter devoted to Gissing in *The Political Unconscious*, begins with the charitable project of Michael Snowdon in *The Nether World*, and draws upon Nietzsche to argue that Gissing's identification with middle-class values is undermined by the hostility characteristic of submerged classes who seek to disable their former masters by imposing philanthropic imperatives upon them. Jameson concludes that Gissing's ambivalence was an advantage, for it prevented him from adopting a rigid ideological view, and preserved his ability to express his

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feelings of discontent, a power which he sees emerging more fully in the later novels. Jameson's analysis is somewhat reminiscent of Edmund Wilson's demonstration of Dickens' divided attitude toward the middle class, especially as Jameson, like Wilson, invokes the author's personal traumas as a cause. It seems open to question, though, for the roots of Gissing's indecision about social conditions seem to lie in his ambivalence about the proletariat rather than in his doubts about the middle class.

Another study of the inconsistencies visible in Gissing's treatment of society, John Sloan's *George Gissing: The Cultural Challenge*, attributes them to the conflicting desires for spiritual independence and social acceptance that afflict the social outsiders whom Gissing termed "the unclassed" or "born in exile." His humanistic ideals and the material comfort he thought essential to them had conflicting spiritual implications, and it was this contradiction that was the motivation for his searching analysis of a society that made it impossible to reconcile them with each other. Sloan is not perhaps a deconstructionist, but his book calls upon Gissing's readers to approach him with a benign skepticism, and an eye for the complexities generated by the prejudices and unresolved dilemmas that disturb his vision of life.

The Gissing paradox of course frequently surfaces in the articles appearing in the *Gissing Newsletter*, which is soon to emerge in a new form as the *Gissing Journal*. Its editor, Pierre Coustillas, undertook to define the theoretical form of the split in Gissing's feelings, by showing that the author can be seen either as "a realist controlled by an ideal" or "an idealist controlled

by realism.” Assuming that the realistic aspect of Gissing’s work speaks for itself, Coustillas devotes most of this article to the manifestations of the romantic spirit in his reading, his sense of injustice and rebellious tendencies, and his reactions to nature, travel, and even to his own work. (Pierre Coustillas, “Gissing as a Romantic Realist,” *Gissing Newsletter*, XVII, no. 1, January, 1981, pp. 14-26).

In the face of so many analyses of the shifts and inconsistencies in Gissing’s views, it is startling to find one critic who sees an aspect of unity in them. David Dowling, in a survey of the six essays in which Gissing expressed his ideas directly, argues that they show “a strong consistency of mind.” He finds that in them Gissing adopts the position of the concerned witness whose integrity prevents him from resolving the problems he sees in any simple way, so that his consistency lies in his refusal to concede that any solution for them is in sight. (David

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Dowling, “Gissing: Six Major Essays,” *Gissing Newsletter*, XX, no. 4, October, 1984, pp. 1-15).

Surprisingly, the decade has not seen much feminist criticism of Gissing’s work. Perhaps this vein was exhausted earlier in studies by Pierre Coustillas, Nina Auerbach and many others. In addition, we must admit that, though he was a pioneer feminist, Gissing’s attitudes have long been superseded by cultural developments. But there is an interesting brief examination of the relation between Gissing’s generally antagonistic attitude toward religion and his view of women’s liberation. John R. Harrison, in a *Gissing Newsletter* article (“*The Emancipated: Gissing’s Treatment of Women and Religious Emancipation*,” *Gissing Newsletter*, XVII, no. 2, April, 1981, pp. 1-10), finds that he saw rejection of religion as a phase of emancipation but nevertheless recommended that women who were too weak for emancipation would do well to maintain their religious beliefs.

Reprints of Gissing’s works, translations and publications of unedited documents and letters have continued to appear in the last ten years, providing new opportunities for research. But those who specialize in Gissing also tend to measure their progress by the amount of attention paid to him in what might be called mainstream publications – the general criticism of the novel or of English literature. Among the different approaches to Gissing the following might be mentioned: the chapter in Jameson’s *Political Unconscious*; the substantial section devoted to his relations with Frederic Harrison in Martha Vogeler’s biography of the latter; Avrom Fleishman’s comment on the *Ryecroft Papers* in George P. Landow’s *Approaches to Victorian Autobiography*; and the position given Gissing in George Levine’s *The Realistic Imagination*. The record is not startlingly good, but it does encourage us to believe that Gissing is increasingly being seen in the general context of English literature.

A Chicago Pretzel and a Gissing Feast

ROBERT L. SELIG

Gissing survived four months in Chicago by his pen alone – an achievement at nineteen

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that helps explain his later stubborn persistence as an author back in England. When the disgraced exile reached Chicago in early March of 1877, the whole United States was in a severe depression that had lasted since the panic of 1873. A city still rebuilding from the great 1871 fire, a place of 400,000 with as yet many burnt-out lots and clumps of darkened bricks,¹ Chicago suffered from heavy unemployment during the country’s economic troubles.² Indeed, Gissing’s one previous experience of work – teaching in a high school at Waltham, Massachusetts³ – would have done him little good in this struggling young city. A definitive

history of Chicago notes that “at times, especially in the depression years of the late ’seventies, all teachers got only scrip, and in 1877 and ’78 their pay was suspended.”⁴

Living in Chicago by the sale of short stories, Gissing stayed afloat in a depressed economy. He had to submit his work exclusively to papers because, in those years of financial ruin, every magazine of literature had vanished from the city. Its foremost one after the fire, the *Lakeside Monthly*, had collapsed from losses in the ’73 panic.⁵ Shortly after Gissing arrived on the scene, the *Lakeside*’s editor and also proprietor, Francis F. Browne, took over the literary section of the weekly paper the *Alliance* and ran three of Gissing’s short stories.⁶ To publish at all in this city, Gissing had to use the highly ephemeral medium of a daily and weekly press – pages to wrap fish in. One of these weeklies was so trashable, in fact, that it has almost disappeared from Chicago’s own libraries as well as others throughout Illinois and elsewhere: the *National Weekly* or *Carl Pretzel’s Weekly* – the Pretzel of my title.

Acting on a hint in *New Grub Street* (1891) and a tip from Morley Roberts, scholars in the 1920s and early ’30s concentrated on Chicago’s daily press in searching for Gissing’s stories. They found quite a few in the *Tribune* but also in the *Journal* and the *Post*: four certainly by him, four most probably, and three somewhat doubtfully.⁷ In 1933 M. C. Richter reported two more signed tales, saved by Gissing himself, from obscure Chicago weeklies: one apiece from the *Alliance* and the *National Weekly*, also called *Carl Pretzel’s Weekly* or *Carl Pretzel’s Illustrated Weekly*. Richter also noted another signed tale in New York’s *Appletons’ Journal*,⁸ one mentioned by Gissing himself in an already published letter.⁹ No more of his American fiction turned up for nearly half a century until Pierre Coustillas urged me to act upon a clue from Gissing’s *Commonplace Book* about his Chicago stories:

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I wrote some stories for a man who combined the keeping of a dry-goods store with the editing of a weekly paper, – & had always, by the bye, to wait about in the shop and dun him for payment due.¹⁰

The words “some stories” and “always” suggested that either the *Alliance* or *Carl Pretzel’s Weekly* had published more than the one Gissing tale already known from each. I quickly located the *Alliance* at Newberry Library, and I found two unknown stories signed with Gissing’s early pen name, G. R. Gresham. Pierre and I had one of them reprinted in the *Times Literary Supplement* along with our commentary.¹¹ But I could not locate a single issue of the 1877 *National Weekly* or *Carl Pretzel’s Weekly* or *Carl Pretzel’s Illustrated Weekly*. Frustratingly enough, I soon learned from Chicago’s *Lakeside Annual Directory* of 1877-78 that Gissing’s clue in the *Commonplace Book* had not pointed to the *Alliance* at all but to Carl Pretzel’s paper, whose managing editor, James M. Hill, ran a clothing store on Clark Street. We had found the additional Gissing tales in the *Alliance* out of sheer dumb luck, but more lay buried in Carl Pretzel’s pages.

At last, at the library of the Chicago Historical Society, I found four scattered issues of Carl Pretzel’s paper but from dates when George Gissing lived an ocean away: 1875, early 1876, 1878, and 1880. “Carl Pretzel” was a pseudonym of Charles Henry Harris (1841-1892), who described himself in his 1876 prospectus: “For several years celebrated as a grotesque German writer and humorist.”¹² Here *grotesque* seems *le mot juste*. In a city where Germans outnumbered the other foreign born,¹³ Harris apparently felt that a German-American dialect made anything funny: for example, a parody of Poe’s “The Raven” in which the pangs of loss become just mosquito bites from a very pesky “ous fly.”¹⁴ Although one issue from 1876 and one from 1880 do include fiction in nondialect prose, all four surviving issues are filled with the “Pretzel’s” own dubious attempts at humor. I began to understand why other libraries had not bothered to keep this stuff, yet I continued digging for it.

Something unexpected came out of all this digging. While hunting for the vanished “Pretzel,” I immersed myself in Chicago newspaper history and noticed a clue pointing beyond his *National Weekly*. According to Thomas Ollive Mabbott, researchers of the 20s and 30s had looked for Gissing’s tales only in what they considered “big dailies” or “the greater papers”:

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specifically, the *Tribune*, the *Journal*, the *Times*, the *Post*, and the *Inter-Ocean*.¹⁵ But between these major ones and Carl Pretzel’s little weekly lay an intermediate afternoon paper, the *Daily News*, started on a shoestring with a very tiny staff in only two small rooms only one year before Gissing arrived in Chicago.¹⁶ The one-cent price of the struggling young *News* made it far less prestigious than the five-penny *Tribune*, *Times*, *Inter-Ocean*, and *Journal* or the three-cent *Post*,¹⁷ as the publisher of the *News* confessed some three decades later:

It is difficult to realize at this day the prejudice then existing against a penny journal. People expected very little of a newspaper selling for a cent, and in those times ... such a paper was looked upon as ... one pandering to the lower instincts of its reader.¹⁸

Twenty years further on, Mabbott and his fellow Gissing scholars apparently shared this same low opinion of the early *Daily News* and, accordingly, ignored it. One hundred or so years later, I thought it worth a look.

My search for a “Pretzel” led to a feast of Gissing stories from the *News* – about as many as from the *Tribune* itself. Since 1983 I have found and reprinted four unsigned Gissing tales from the *News*,¹⁹ three of them republished this September in *English Literature in Transition*.²⁰ I have also claimed for him an unsigned story in the *Chicago Post* overlooked by Mabbott and the others.²¹ Now I wish to attribute to Gissing one more anonymous story from the *Chicago Daily News*: “How They Cooked Me.”²²

This tale refers notably to Wakefield, Gissing’s birthplace and former hometown – an English locale unusual enough in 1877 Chicago fiction to point to his handiwork. Descending on London from her Wakefield estate, the heroine, Annie Hilton, wins as a husband her fastidious big-city cousin while trading places with her lady’s companion maid to masquerade as a servant. A distinctive Gissing theme emerges from this stoops-to-conquer tale: an egoistic and aesthetic young man who insists on a wife with a cultivated soul (see, for example, *Thyrza* [1887] and *A Life’s Morning* [1888]). In “How They Cooked Me,” Ernest Morland scorns the fake Annie Hilton as “an execrable pianist, an insufferable singer,” and a graceless conversationalist. He falls in love with the disguised true Annie because of her splendid playing, her singing, her dancing, her command of foreign languages, and her speech “far sweeter than

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the tinkling of silver bells, or the strains of an aeolian harp.” As an equally striking Gissing-like touch, the connoisseur protagonist feels particularly impressed by the heroine’s beautiful sketches. Gissing himself drew with near-professional skill,²³ and he filled his fiction with many painter-characters such as Arthur Golding of *Workers in the Dawn* (1880). In “How They Cooked Me,” the candidate for wife passes an aptitude test by drawing a sketch as the hero watches. This reminds one of Gissing’s *The Emancipated* (1890), where the painter Ross Mallard subjects Miriam Baske to an oral exam in art appreciation to test her marital worth.²⁴

One other clue points to Gissing’s authorship: the name *Minnie* for the hero’s pert sister – a character resembling the equally pert Minnie in Gissing’s authenticated and first published story, “The Sins of the Fathers” (10 March 1877).²⁵ These badly written attempts at girlish wit

seem virtually interchangeable:

“A very nice little speech, Ernest,” observed Minnie, archly, “and I deeply regret my inability to have taken it down in short hand for some future occasion...” (“How They Cooked Me,” p. 2)

“Minnie,” said Leonard, in a low, earnest tone, “you understand me, though you pretend not to. May I always keep this hand?”

She...replied somewhat indistinctly:

“Really, that would be asking me to stand here too long.” (*Sins of the Fathers*, p. 18)

Appearing in Chicago papers within eleven weeks of each other, these are not just commonplace tin-ear examples of dialogue by Minnies or ninnies. They are bad in the special way of Gissing’s early period and his immature attempts to depict girlish humor. The full text of “How They Cooked Me” appears below, where readers can judge it for themselves.

Let us take a last overall glance at the search for Gissing’s lost Chicago tales. By 1933 scholars had attributed fourteen to him: eleven of them either certain or at least very likely. Now by 1990 we have twenty-two attributed to Gissing – nineteen of them either certain or at least very likely. We have learned that he underwent a far more intensive literary apprenticeship in his Chicago days than we ever could have guessed. None of these essentially undistinguished tales can compare, of course, with the first-rate ones of Gissing’s artistic maturity, such as “A

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Victim of Circumstances” (1893), “The Schoolmaster’s Vision” (1896), or “The House of Cobwebs” (1900), but the youthful stories do reveal a very early emergence of his characteristic themes. A now-large body of work from Chicago fills a long-existing gap in our record of Gissing’s development from journeyman writer to important English novelist.

¹Charles H. Dennis, *Victor Lawson: His Time and His Work* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1935), p. 2.

²Louise Bessie Pierce, *The Rise of a Modern City 1871-1893*, Vol. 3 of *A History of Chicago* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1957), pp. 196, 224.

³John Halperin, *Gissing: A Life in Books* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982), p. 22.

⁴Pierce, p. 324.

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 405.

⁶*Chicago Tribune*, 15 April 1877, editorial section, p. 4.

⁷See Pierre Coustillas and Robert L. Selig, “Unknown Gissing Stories from Chicago,” *Times Literary Supplement*, 12 December 1980, pp. 1437-38; George Gissing, *Sins of the Fathers*, ed. Vincent Starrett (Chicago: Pascal Covici, 1924); George Gissing, *Brownie: Now First Reprinted from the Chicago Tribune Together with Six Other Stories Attributed to Him*, ed. George Everett Hastings, Vincent Starrett, and Thomas Olive Mabbott (New York: Columbia University Press, 1931).

⁸M. C. Richter, “Memorabilia,” *Notes and Queries*, CLXV, no. 14 (7 October 1933), p. 236.

⁹*Letters of George Gissing to Members of His Family*, ed. Algernon and Ellen Gissing (London: Constable, 1927), pp. 57-58.

¹⁰George Gissing, *George Gissing’s Commonplace Book: A Manuscript in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library*, ed. Jacob Korg (New York: New York Public Library, 1962), p. 52.

¹¹“Unknown Gissing Stories from Chicago,” 12 December 1980, p. 1437.

¹²*Carl Pretzel's Illustrated Weekly*, 5 February 1876, p. 10.

¹³Pierce, p. 516.

¹⁴*Carl Pretzel's Illustrated Weekly*, 6 July 1878, p. 7.

¹⁵*Brownie*, pp. 16-18.

¹⁶Dennis, pp. 1-2 and 8.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 2.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, p. 30.

¹⁹Robert L. Selig, "An Unknown Gissing Story from the *Chicago Daily News*," *Studies in Bibliography*, XXXVI, (1983), pp. 205-12.

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²⁰Robert L. Selig, "Three Stories by George Gissing: Lost Tales from Chicago," *English Literature in Transition*, XXXIII, no. 3 (September 1990), pp. 277-96.

²¹Robert L. Selig, "A Further Gissing Attribution from the *Chicago Post*," *The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, LXXX, no. 1 (1986), pp. 100-04; Robert L. Selig, "A New Gissing Attribution from Chicago," *Gissing Newsletter*, XXII, no. 4, October, 1986, pp. 1-12.

²²4 June 1877, p. 2.

²³John Spiers and Pierre Coustillas, *The Rediscovery of George Gissing: A Reader's Guide* (London: National Book League, 1971), pp. 18-19.

²⁴George Gissing, *The Emancipated: A Novel* (London: Bentley, 1890, 3 vols.), vol. 3, pp. 55-56.

²⁵*Sins of the Fathers*, pp. 1-31.

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How They Cooked Me
[*Chicago Daily News*, 4 June 1877, p. 2]

"Ernest, do you ever intend to get married?" questioned my provoking sister Minnie, just as I had finished reading the last chapter of a new novel to my good mother – an irksome task I had imposed upon myself in the most heroic spirit of self-sacrifice.

"I feel half inclined to answer you by putting a similar query, Minnie," I replied; "but since you, like a stranger's letter, must be left till called for, I will be less curious, and tell you frankly that I do not know whether such an auspicious event will ever happen [to] me or not. However, if I should make up my mind to contract matrimony, you may rely upon being duly informed of the fact."

"Oh, then you are not the terrible monster you once were?" continued Minnie.

"What do you mean, Minnie? I do not understand you," I said. My sister knew very well I did not like the subject.

"Well, don't fly into a rage, Ernest, and I will explain myself forthwith," said Minnie. "Are you still a woman hater?"

"No, I am neither a lover nor a hater of your sex at present," I replied.

"Now, mamma, isn't that too bad!" said Minnie. "I really think sometimes our poor Ernest has taken leave of his senses, or is laboring under some dreadful mania. The idea! A fine young gentleman like you openly avowing his indifference to our sex. Ernest, I am shocked, and

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shall remain so until you cultivate a more manly estimate of womankind."

"You know nothing at all about it," said I, "and I must once more remind you that the

present topic is distasteful to me. Why, then, do you persevere in trying to vex me simply because I have not yet discovered the right object? As for the honor I may or may not bring to the house of Morland, rest assured, dear sister, that my opinion of your sex can bring discredit upon no one, for few men value a true woman more highly than I do. Your solicitude for my welfare may be natural, Minnie, but it is not pleasant, and I intend to please myself about a matter which concerns nobody else."

"Stop, Ernest, stop!" exclaimed Minnie. "Do not be offended."

However, I did not stop, but went on faster than ever.

"I am over thirty," said I, "and shall soon be called an old bachelor, I suppose. Well, whose fault is it that I am not married? Why, simply because I have not yet encountered a lady whom I could love. Youth, wealth and beauty have flattered and courted me. I have been chosen as an object of special regard by your strong-minded women, just as an old dowager would choose a French poodle. Nay, some of the most delicate syrens of Eve's fair family have deigned to smile upon me, and yet I have heeded them not. And why? Because I believed then, and still believe, that in their eyes wealth was the chief attraction, that not one among the gay and loving throng were actuated by a spirit of disinterested affection. There, you inquisitive minx, you have now got a piece of my mind," said I, and in truth I had never spoken so candidly on the subject before.

"A very nice little speech, Ernest," observed Minnie, archly, "and I deeply regret my inability to have taken it down in short-hand for some future occasion; but I am greatly surprised to learn that ladies are in the habit of wooing gentlemen."

"Not with words, perhaps," I replied; "but the eye can speak as well as the tongue."

"Doubtless you are right, Ernest," said my sister, "but will you condescend to tell me (since you have rejected so many overtures) what sort of a wife would suit your august excellency?"

"Why, you tormenting little puss!" I exclaimed, "you know very well the kind of article I am looking for, and that I would class myself among the happiest of men if I were permitted to meet with one whose principles, disposition and habits corresponded with – with –"

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"Well sir!" interrupted Minnie.

"Your own, Minnie," I replied.

"Nay, brother, that is a false compliment, I am sure," cried the incorrigible girl. "A plain, quiet, corner-haunting creature; a nursery and kitchen philosopher: one who can manage a house better than a flirtation; an amuser and teacher of children, whose fingers play more with the needle than the keyboard, would never be the person to captivate the gay and talented Ernest Morland. Never, never!" said Minnie, and she gazed upon me with a smile of well-feigned incredulity.

"But, believe me, Minnie, such an individual would be the very one for me, if she were as poor as a dressmaker and as ugly as Miss Longpurse!" I exclaimed, quite delighted with my sister's modest description of herself, "and if I had been going to place my wants on the books of a matrimonial agent, I could not have chosen fitter words."

"Ha! ha! ha! Singular case of mental aberration. Ernest Morland advertising for a wife! A heart to let unfurnished! Ha! ha!" exclaimed Minnie, and she laughed away until I was compelled to join her in self-defense.

Our hilarity, however, at last subsided, and taking a lamp from the table, my sympathizing sister said:

"Well, Ernest, I am truly sorry I cannot find you a proper partner, but for the hope that the right 'object' will turn up by-and-by, I bid you good-night."

"Good-night, Minnie," said I; "and remember, if you please, that we are to have no more

matrimonial discussions.”

As I entered the breakfast-room on the following morning, Minnie placed a letter in my hand, saying, as she did so:

“Read that, Ernest. It is from Cousin Annie, at Wakefield.”

On proceeding to obey this peremptory order, I found the contents of the letter to be as follows:

“BROMLEY HALL, Wakefield, May 18--.

“DEAR AUNT AND COUSINS: Feeling inclined for a change of scene, I shall be glad to avail myself of your kind invitation to visit London, provided such an arrangement would be

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agreeable at this time. I write this in some haste, so you must excuse a long letter. I shall have much to tell you when I arrive, and I intend to bring with me the young lady (my companion), of whom I have so often spoken. I think she is in many respects perfection itself, and I am sure you will like her. My love to all. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, your affectionate cousin,

“ANNIE HILTON.”

“Hum, a very business-like communication, truly,” said I, returning the note to my sister; “and so this wonderful country cousin has at length decided upon coming up to town and showing herself, has she? Well, you had better return her reply by post, and let us have a look at her by all means.”

“Yes, Ernest,” said my mother. “I intend to do so, for I have a great wish that Minnie should see the young person whom your cousin mentions in her letter. I understand she is very accomplished, though poor.”

“None the less worthy on that account, mother,” said I; “but one thing is quite certain, I shall not --”

“Marry Cousin Annie,” interrupted Minnie, laughing.

“No, Miss Matchmaker, I will not do that, although I had no intention of saying so,” I replied, rather sharply.

“Well, Ernest, I do not think you will be asked to perpetrate such an act; but I trust you will behave yourself like a gentleman and a Christian while she remains with us,” said my mother, with a quiet smile.

“Do not be alarmed on that score, my dear mother,” I replied; and, seeing that they were both bent on disturbing my equanimity, I finished my breakfast in silence and drove into the city.

Well, in less than a week after the above conversation took place, my cousin Annie, accompanied by her companion, arrived at our house. They must have come early in the afternoon, for when I returned from town about my usual time Minnie was preparing tea in our little sitting room, and the two strangers (to me at least) were very snugly disposed upon the hearth.

As I have said, my cousin was quite unknown to me. I had never seen her before, although I had heard a great deal about her from my mother and Minnie, who had each praised our Yorkshire relative in the highest terms. I was, therefore, considerably prepossessed in her

favor beforehand; but, alas! a most complete and crushing change came over the spirit of my

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dream, just exactly as I thought it would. And that others may be able to sympathize with me in so cruel a disappointment, I will trouble them with a brief outline of the individual who caused it.

Imagine, then, a prim spinster, rapidly approaching 40, attired after the fashion of middle-aged ladies in general, fidgety, critical, and peevish, without a single particle of feminine beauty or tenderness, a tall, wiry-looking personage, devoid of everything save English grammar and regular habits, and you will have an idea of the charming belle of a cousin, whom I had expected to admire! Nay, it cost me no small effort to keep my countenance during our formal introductions, for a glance was quite sufficient to enable me to read the main sections of her character. Instead, therefore, of admiring, I despised her manners, and pitied the poor vain creature herself. An execrable pianiste, an insufferable singer, a perpetual talker, and as ignorant as a Hottentot of household philosophy, what could a sensible bachelor do but be barely civil to such social fright? Nay, I believe the very name of Annie would have become disagreeable to my ears, had it not been borne by a far more interesting person – my cousin's companion. Yes, she, too, was called Annie; and, if I had not known better, I should have taken her at once for Miss Hilton, and that wealthy dame for her poor companion. Apparently about five-and-twenty, tall, graceful, and retiring, with a voice far sweeter than the tinkling of silver bells, or the strains of an Aeolian harp, she seemed formed to go through [life] like the embodied idea of some enamored poet. In short, I was puzzled with what I heard and saw.

My rich, proud cousin treated her dependent so familiarly, made so free with her on all occasions, that it would have been impossible for any one to have noticed the least distinction between them. She played and sang like a professor; danced with equal skill and grace; spoke French and Italian fluently; and appeared so thoroughly at home, that even I, who am no flatterer, pronounced her clever, and thought her something more. But when, one quiet evening, she produced a few sketches for our inspection, I felt totally at a loss to account for her present position on any other hypothesis than that some great misfortune had befallen her family. Being, however, altogether ignorant of her history, I doubted the genuineness of her pictures at first; but she promptly convinced me, during the execution of a masterly little piece of work, that she was, in truth, a very respectable artiste.

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Why was she, then, the attendant of my Yorkshire cousin? Why not a governess in some great house? In vain I put these queries to myself. Surely her story must be a strange one, I thought; and with a growing interest I could not quell, I resolved, if possible, to know some of her past life. But the time for my cousin's departure was drawing very near. What could I do to prolong her stay?

These thoughts were still uppermost in my mind, and no opportunity had yet presented itself for the desired interview, when my sister Minnie came in and told me that "Annie" had expressed her wish to return home, although she had certainly enjoyed her visit exceedingly.

"But what do you say, Ernest?" continued Minnie; "should we not press her to remain a few days longer?"

Determined to be on my guard, I merely replied:

"Well, Minnie, it is a matter in which I can have little interest; but if you and mother like the lady's society, ask her to remain by all means."

This was done, and I did not allow many days to pass without obtaining the longed-for *tête-à-tête* with the brilliant Miss Watson. It was during one of her evening rambles in the

garden that I resolved to satisfy a feeling which it would not be fair to call idle curiosity. She was reserved at first, but I persevered. Still, she spoke reluctantly, and still I pressed her to tell me more. The leading incidents of her eventful life were briefly related in simple language.

Several times I thought I could discern a strange sort of smile playing about her beautiful countenance, but was too excited to attribute it to any particular cause. Her story was soon told. It was full of thrilling interest to me, but with the sequel so near at hand it could hardly so affect the reader. She was a hidden diamond – a gem without the world’s brightest setting – yet purer and brighter than the richest treasures of earth, because radiant in the light of innocence and truth.

Need I dwell long upon the result of this fatal interview? No. I proposed – was accepted, and in less than two minutes after I had been made happy for the rest of my existence, I was made awfully uncomfortable by the merry peals of laughter which rang through our house from top to bottom, revealing the fact that I had been made the victim of a most unpardonable plot, the principal actor being no other than Annie Hilton, of Bromley Hall, the future wife of Ernest Morland. In a month I was married; not, indeed, to a poor lady’s companion, but to a rich and

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beautiful heiress; and although many years have gone over our heads, I have never found any reason to deplore, or find fault with “How They Cooked Me.”

New Letters by Gissing: The Ohio University Press Edition

PIERRE COUSTILLAS

There are various ways of consolidating a writer’s posthumous status, and a major one consists in publishing his collected correspondence. For this to be feasible time must be allowed to do its work, negatively then positively. It may take a couple of centuries for the process of dispersal, loss and reunion to be completed, but surely if the letters of such writers as Hardy, Conrad, Yeats, Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield – all of them writers who died long after him – have been or are being collected, the time has come to pay Gissing one more tribute that we know he expected. Most hitherto unknown or partly known letters from his pen have reached institutional libraries and accessible private collections in the last twenty or thirty years, and it seemed to my co-editors Paul Mattheisen and Arthur Young and I, some three years ago, that we had now better join forces. We are reasonably sure that not more than three hundred Gissing letters are henceforth likely to emerge from oblivion and we hope that a substantial proportion of them will do so before the typescript of our last volume is in the printers’ hands. Distinct encouragement has come from the youngest of Gissing’s descendants, and it is gratifying to know that significant letters from figures like Hardy, Wells, James, Conrad, Frederic Harrison and Ouida among others will grace the last two volumes. So the time is at hand when we shall be able to consider the whole of Gissing’s life in the light of his correspondence arranged in chronological order and not merely, as hitherto, through a badly edited selection of letters to his family published in 1927 and volumes to this or that correspondent – Clodd, Shorter, Bertz, Wells, Gabrielle Fleury, Hick and Edith Sichel.

The whole project is a sizeable one. Our edition, issued by Ohio University Press, will run up to no fewer than nine volumes, the first of which came out last June. Most of them, from

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1886 onwards, will cover only two or three years. We have so far gathered over 2,400 letters by Gissing and over 200 addressed to him, not to speak of several hundred which concern him

more or less directly – letters from Gabrielle to her friend Clara Collet for instance or correspondence between literary agents and publishers or editors about Gissing's work, but most of the letters of this third category will not be printed as such and in full. They will only be quoted from fairly liberally in the notes. It is also worth noting that many of the 2,400 letters from Gissing's pen, including some very significant early ones, have so far been unknown to the novelist's biographers and critics. The total figure divides about equally between on the one hand letters to his family, that is his father and mother, his two brothers and two sisters, his sister-in-law and his elder son, on the other hand letters to other correspondents. These range from his common-law wife, Gabrielle Fleury (3 new postcards to her have just emerged) to obscure admirers, some of whom are proving difficult to identify. Doubtless a sociological enquiry about these occasional or exceptional correspondents would help to define Gissing's varied audience. It includes governesses, provincial literati, a canon's daughter, lady authors in quest of intellectual comfort, people begging for autographs, flatterers, readers anxious to pass on to him presscuttings on his work, and two persons protesting against his use of their names in fiction. As Gissing only gave attested names to his characters he was bound to run foul of some unenlightened readers. The oddest situation occurred when he heard from a genial namesake of his – one George Gissing of Croydon –, who received by mistake the German translation of *Demos* and reported that he was often congratulated for his clever novels. Gissing's contacts with journalists were on the whole guarded ones – he is only known to have given one interview, to Joseph Anderson, of the *Boston Evening Transcript* –, but he was once caught off his guard by another American journalist, John Northern Hilliard, of the Rochester *Union and Advertiser*, who published extracts from Gissing's letters without permission and presented them as an interview – hence a loud protest, the vanity of which was signified to Gissing by the echoes that went on ringing for months, indeed until after his death since the pseudo-interview was used as a quarry by his obituarists in need of anecdotes.

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For a man who is too often and largely mistakenly supposed to have lived as a recluse, Gissing had many correspondents. He once said in the early 1890s that the only writer of note he had not yet met was Kipling, and it is true that the number of his distinguished correspondents is impressive. We shall be publishing, quite often for the first time, items of his correspondence (both sides when possible) with Meredith, Hardy, Conrad, James, Hudson, Morley Roberts, Clodd, Wells, Frederic Harrison, Stephen Crane, Edmund Gosse, May Sinclair, F. G. Kitton, C. F. Keary and foreign littérateurs such as Eduard Bertz, Henry Davray and Halpérine-Kaminsky. His circle also included, besides the supremely important Clara Collet and Eliza Orme, a number of men who were on the borderline of literature and politics, like Henry Hyde Champion, Henry Massingham or Justin MacCarthy, or on the fringe of trade or scholarship, like C. W. Tinckam and H. H. Sturmer. The letter to Halpérine-Kaminsky on Tolstoi is as much of a prize item as the letter from James on Gissing's travel narrative, *By the Ionian Sea*.

Richly documented will be Gissing's relationships with most of his publishers, partly through his own letters to the heads of publishing firms, partly through his hundreds of letters to his literary agents, Colles and Pinker. Fortunately we shall be able to print his letters to Smith, Elder & Co and that firm's reader, the undistinguished novelist James Payn, those to George Bentley, A. H. Bullen, T. Fisher Unwin, John Lane and Grant Richards, together with a handful of additional items to Macmillan and Constable. However informative these letters to publishers may be, they are as a rule put in the shade by the rich collection of those to editors, Clement Shorter prominent among these, and to literary agents, William Morris Colles, who negotiated successfully many of Gissing's short stories of the early and mid-1890s, and James B. Pinker, who was entrusted with the sale of his later books, after the dissolution of the Lawrence &

Bullen partnership, and his last short stories. All these letters will prove a valuable source to anyone concerned with the history of publishing, of serialization, of the press catering for the intelligentsia and for those more modest readers to whom Gissing sometimes consented to write down without debasing his art or sacrificing anything of his integrity. There is scarcely a transaction of which the purely financial aspect is not on record. My co-editors and I have thought it wise to print even the receipts we happen to know of. Similarly we have chosen to

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include those various letters of his, sent or not at some editor's request, which appeared in dailies and weeklies and which he looked upon as free advertisements. The best of these letters amount to short essays, on the tyranny of the circulating libraries, the art of fiction, the English stage at the turn of the century, the pitfalls of book reviewing or the pronunciation of Greek. Some surprises are in store for scholars who are prone to oversimplify Gissing: they would hardly expect to find letters from him in the *Ludgate Magazine* or *Life and Beauty*.

Potential future discoveries are linked with some persistent difficulties. A major one consists in the current unavailability of some thirty letters to Algernon and Ellen Gissing partly printed in 1927 in the collection of letters to the family; there is evidence that they are still in private hands in this country. Of a few other missing letters some record appears in auction catalogues from the 1920s onwards, and one keeps hoping that something has survived of the many communications with a former fellow-student named Alfred John Smith and with a fellow-novelist, Ménie Muriel Dowie, who was an avid collector of his works. Nor does the correspondence with Wells as we have it, published or unpublished – for Royal Gettmann was content to publish the material that awaited him at Urbana – constitute a full record. Letters to some minor figures of the 1890s may also still surface as surely will a few of the fifty replies Gissing wrote to readers of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*. That to the naive clergyman who offered Ryecroft's housekeeper some employment if she happened to be out of work might make entertaining reading. Lastly, gaps in the correspondence with the family may also conceivably be filled. Thus it is unbelievable that George may not have written to his sister Margaret a single note between 1890 and 1896. But such deficiencies are currently compensated for by the discovery of some letters of the author's second wife, Edith, and of some more of his to Gabrielle Fleury, let alone his last to his brother, written exactly one month before his death.

As I have suggested, it is the editors' policy, based on personal experience, to publish Gissing's correspondence down to the shortest and apparently least interesting note. Not because any scrap of paper bearing his handwriting is sacred – Gissing himself, a deflationist with clear eyes, would have laughed at such a notion – but because the most trivial note may prove editorially helpful, especially if dated. The borderline between the significant and the

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insignificant is always subjective and open to revision. Future discoveries may and not infrequently do compel us to reconsider our views on the interest or otherwise of a letter which, on the face of it, was not, and indeed will never prove, earth-shaking. We shall follow common practice in printing in our concluding volume whatever letters became known too late for publication in their proper chronological position. What a critic has called "the current rage for completeness" (or a reasonable approximation thereof) strikes us as no rage at all, but as evidence of sanity and efficiency. While we have endeavoured to keep the editorial material within moderate bounds, we have nevertheless tried to spare our readers the frustration that stems from over concise notes that supply the *means* of elucidation rather than elucidation proper. Annotation has necessitated much research concerning hundreds of obscure persons living in Yorkshire, Cheshire and London – hence considerable work at St. Catherine's House,

Somerset House, the Guildhall Library, the census room in Portugal Street, London, and the Record Offices of several counties. Gissing's numerous allusions to current events and accounts of them in the press, metropolitan and provincial, have been documented even in the vast majority of those cases when he gave no reference whatsoever. This could only be done in the British Newspaper Library at Colindale and in the Library of Congress. We have had to move constantly from genealogy to ephemeral printed matter.

Lastly our edition will break new ground in a possibly unexpected way. The illustrations, especially from Volume III onwards, will include a number of portraits of Gissing, of his relatives and friends mentioned in the letters – portraits which remained in the family archive for decades and only became known to me recently, thanks to the generosity and enthusiasm of Gissing's youngest descendant. Who has ever seen a portrait of Algernon Gissing in 1884, of Gissing himself in Switzerland in 1899 or at Arcachon in 1902? Who has ever seen a portrait of Gissing's first wife, the notorious Nell, for whom he sacrificed his academic and many other prospects? These questions are as many promises.

We trust this collected edition of Gissing's correspondence will help to see his life and career in a more adequate light than hitherto. May we never read again in future publications that Gissing spent a year in Bismarck's Germany on his return from America or that his second wife, Edith Underwood, was a girl of fourteen.

English Literature in Transition

1880-1920

Volume 34, 1991

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Distributed in Europe by Colin Smythe Ltd.

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story edited by Pierre Coustillas, Edinburgh: The Tragara Press, 1990, pp. 40.

One of Gissing's lost stories, which had previously only appeared in abbreviated form as "Mr. Brogden, City Clerk" in the *Harmsworth Magazine*, "A Freak of Nature" has now been issued in an attractive edition by the Tragara Press of Edinburgh, who have previously published two Gissing titles.

It is a strange story that can strike a chord with anyone who has felt hemmed in by the routine nature of day-to-day life. The editor, Pierre Coustillas, compares it with an earlier story, "My First Rehearsal," but it offers a more developed, tenderer treatment of the theme with a surprisingly gentle ending for Gissing.

Briefly, the story tells the tale of a respectable clerk who suddenly finds himself with the impulse to carry out rash acts, and who, on one occasion whilst walking in the country, impersonates his employer to some casual acquaintances and briefly enjoys the homage that this brings. Having made his escape at dead of night, he confesses to his employer, who treats him with sympathy and kindness, and rather than give him the sack awards him a month's paid holiday and a pay rise on his return.

The interest of the story lies in its close observation to detail, and apart from the amiable charlatan, it throws up a number of familiar Gissing character types: the worthy country parson (upon whom Mr. Brogden practises his deception) and the nagging wife – the story was written when Gissing was finding his domestic life with Edith intolerable – as well as the downtrodden but eminently respectable clerk, leading a narrow, constrained life.

The charlatan, of course, is a common figure in Gissing's fiction, with two of his novels, *Born in Exile* and *Our Friend the Charlatan* having charlatanism as their central theme and characters of this kind appearing in many of his other novels and short stories, especially in the fields of Politics and of Art. But Mr. Brogden is a different sort of character – he does not (like Peak or Lashmar) stoop to deception to gain his own ends. Indeed he feels afterwards that he has only brought upon himself disgrace and that he will have to drown himself to avoid the shame of what he has done.

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Pierre Coustillas compares Mr. Brogden with both Godwin Peak and the protagonist of another short story written in the same year. ("A Freak of Nature" was written in March 1895 although not published – and then in heavily edited form – until February 1899.) However, Mr. Donne, the schoolmaster with a "vision," escapes from reality only in a dream, but both he and Mr. Brogden remain in their own safe ways of life, not "dead in exile" like Peak.

This, then, is an interesting story, worthy of its resurrection. The slim volume includes a comprehensive introduction by Pierre Coustillas, which discusses the bibliographical and biographical background to the story as well as setting it in the context of Gissing's fiction and the period in which it was written. The bibliographical history is a fascinating piece of detective work with the manuscript of the story being discovered only recently.

Apart from the interest of this long-lost story and its thorough introduction, this is a handsome little book, very nicely printed by Alan Anderson, whose Tragara Press has issued two previous Gissing titles: *Brief Interlude: The Letters of George Gissing to Edith Sichel*, by Pierre Coustillas, and *Aphorisms and Reflections*, edited by P. F. Kropholler. It would be a welcome addition to the collection of any Gissing enthusiast. – Ros Stinton.

A Hundred Years Ago

On 16 April 1891 *New Grub Street*, which had come out earlier in the month, was assessed as follows in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, p. 2:

Those who are acquainted with Mr. George Gissing's previous works will find in the title of his latest novel a sufficiently clear indication of its scope and treatment. He has won an audience by various powerfully sombre presentations of the seamy side of life in general, and now he gives us an equally powerful novel and, if possible, still more sombre presentation of the seamy side of literary life in particular. Of the intellectual and emotional force of the book there can be no doubt whatever, for weak or insincere work could not by any possibility be so

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profoundly depressing. Mr. Gissing writes as only a man could write who believed that he was telling not merely the truth, but the whole truth – that the side of life which he depicts is not merely one side but the only side. The new Grub-street, like the old Grub-street, is the abode of struggling authorship, and it is inhabited by just two classes – the men whose failure demands contempt modified by pity, and the men whose success demands contempt unmodified by anything. There is not a doubt in the world that there have been many such careers as those of Edwin Reardon, Alfred Yule, and Harold Biffen, who, with genius, or talent, or culture, or industry, fall by the wayside and are trampled under foot because they lack a thick skin, a flexible conscience, and all the arts – innocent, doubtful, or dark – which, if assiduously practised, often command success. It is equally certain that such other careers as those of Jasper Milvain and Mr. Fadge, to whom everything that will ensure gain or its equivalent is morally possible, are still more numerous, but Bohemia, or New Grub-street, is libelled when its total population is supposed to be represented by these two classes. This, however, is comment upon Mr. Gissing's point of view rather than criticism of his workmanship, and the latter has never been firmer, stronger, and, within the author's scope, more relentlessly veracious than it is here. The story of the Reardons, husband and wife, is a masterpiece of grim, realistic presentation; and the clever, versatile, outspokenly self-seeking Jasper Milvain is a portrait which bites itself into the imagination and the memory. *New Grub Street* is not a book for those who like "cheerful reading," for it is throughout painful, but its painfulness is equalled by its power.

Notes and News

A wealth of news has reached us in the last three months and as usual we are indebted to a number of friends and correspondents for sending us information which as a rule is of more than temporary interest, and record of which must be kept: notably William R. Cagle, Martha

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Vogeler, Wulfhard Stahl, Francesco Badolato, Ros Stinton, Andrew Whitehead and Alan Clodd.

William R. Cagle, Lilly Librarian (The Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana 47405) reports the acquisition of a collection of photographs of Gissing interest, the Paterson MSS, c. 1941. These MSS consist primarily of photographs of London streets and districts that relate to locations in Gissing's novels. The photographs were commissioned by James Paterson and were taken by Bedford Lemere & Co., Architectural Photographers, 147

Strand, London. Twenty-three of these photographs are 6" x 8," and most of them are described in some detail in an accompanying letter from Paterson to Dr. K. C. Hayens. Four additional photographs are 9¼" x 12." All of them are matted. Accompanying the materials in addition to Paterson's letter is a response from Hayens to Paterson and a 5" x 7" full-length portrait photograph of Gissing taken by Russell & Sons in 1895. We hope to be able to publish an article on this collection soon. Little enough is known about James Paterson except that he made public his intention of writing a biography of Gissing twice, in 1939 and 1946. He is likely to have been in touch with Alfred Gissing at the time.

Nonie R. Houlton-Gissing (Box 30364, C.P.O., 6455 MacLeod Trail S.W., Calgary, Alberta T2H 2W1, Canada) has published a limited edition print of one of Roland Gissing's paintings, "Sunset Glow." The edition consists of 395 numbered, titled and authenticated copies printed on 100% acid free paper. Size: 16" x 20". Price: \$125.00 Can.

The Tragara Press is soon to cease publishing. Of the three Gissing titles Alan Anderson published, only *A Freak of Nature* is still available from the publisher, but the booklet, as well as *Brief Interlude* and *Aphorisms and Reflections*, can be obtained from Ros Stinton, Bookseller, 7 Town Lane, Idle, Bradford, BD10 8PR.

The Enitharmon Press, which passed into the hands of Stephen Stuart-Smith some time ago, has published *An Enitharmon Anthology* for Alan Clodd, founder and director of the Press from 1969 to 1987. The volume is available in both cloth and paper. It contains poetry and prose by well-known poets, essayists and booksellers, as well as illustrations by six artists. The

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tributes to Alan Clodd and his press will be of special interest to readers of Gissing and his critics. Only Christopher Skelton mentions the Gissing series, however. The new address of the Press, which currently concentrates on modern verse, is 40 Rushes Road, Petersfield, Hampshire GU32 3BW. A review of the *Anthology* and of several Enitharmon titles appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* for 16 November 1990, p. 1248.

The new editor of that well-established weekly is Ferdinand Mount, who, according to an interview of him by Caroline Bankes, numbers Gissing among his favourite authors ("Life on New Grub Street," *Journalist's Week*, 30 November 1990, p. 12). Andrew Whitehead, of the B.B.C., who sent this press-cutting draws our attention to *Out of Work*, by John Law (i.e. Margaret Harkness), first published in 1888 and now republished by the Merlin Press. Margaret Harkness was at the time an active financier and supporter of the socialist movement, and a close friend of H. H. Champion, and through him she must at least have heard of Gissing and Morley Roberts. When describing a police cell (p. 204) she comments: "That place needs a Zola to do it justice" and describes the Dock warehouses as follows:

Floors covered with ivory, rooms filled with mammoth teeth, shelves holding mother-of-pearl, – all these excited his interest. Everything that people could want to eat, everything that people could care to drink, stood in these warehouses. And among all this wealth worked the hungriest set of men in England. (p. 168)

This, Andrew Whitehead remarks, puts one in mind of the following passage in *The Nether World*:

Wealth inestimable is ever flowing through these workshops, and the hands that have been stained with gold-dust may, as likely as not, some day extend themselves in petition for a crust. (p. 11 of the Harvester edition)

In his recent book, *Exploding English: Criticism, Theory, Culture* (Clarendon Press, 1990), Bernard Bergonzi remembers Gissing in two places. He remarks that when literary criticism moved into the Academy, "it received obvious privileges and status... For some there were conferences and congresses in glamorous places, the glittering prizes satirically displayed

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in Lodge's *Small World*. None of this was available to the hard-pressed scholarly hacks in Gissing's *New Grub Street*, or to the real-life Francis Thompson, keeping himself just alive by high-quality literary journalism, which involved working for twelve hours every day and taking no holidays" (p. 165). Bergonzi might have remembered Gissing's comment on academic life in Oxford in a letter to Bertz. On pp. 178-79 Bergonzi relates an undated anecdote which is redolent of the crass materialism of most publishers: "Certainly any academic who wants to write a book on a canonical author, topic, or period, is likely to get a contract without very much formality (particularly if it has to do with 'women' or 'theory,' or ideally both). This is not the case, though, if the proposed subject is outside the catchment area of school and university examinations, as Terry Lovell discovered when she offered to write a book on Gissing for a left-wing series, which had asked for one on Jane Austen."

Oxford University Press have published a new volume in their History of English Literature, a volume in which one might have expected to find a chapter on Gissing. But the general editors, both deceased, and the author Alan Horsman, decided that Victorian fiction ended abruptly in 1880. The present volume, *The Victorian Novel* (XIII), is followed immediately by volumes on Victorian poetry, drama, and miscellaneous prose from 1832 to 1890 (XIV) and on writers of the early twentieth century (XV). It is consequently clear that the gap between 1880 and 1900 in the history of the novel is not going to be filled, unless the next general editor chooses to renumber once more the volumes in the series, making room for a reasonably detailed survey of the novel between the death of George Eliot and that of R. D. Blackmore. John Sutherland commented upon the editorial vagaries of O.U.P. with justifiable harshness in the *TLS* (21-27 December 1990, p. 1368). The title of the book is deliberately misleading.

While looking for Bertz's contributions to the German periodical press, Wulfhard Stahl exhumed some allusions to Gissing in the Stuttgart weekly *Das litterarische Echo* (15 November 1911) and in *Die Literatur* (January 1925 and May 1929). He would welcome the assistance of anyone who could put him on the track of articles and reviews by Bertz and of a complete file of the Leipzig-based *Litterarische Echo* published by Victor Ottmann in 1891-1892.

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The information we gave on Dr. Mauro Francesco Minervino's radio programmes recently was inaccurate. It is a series of thirteen weekly broadcasts that he has been devoting to Gissing's trip to Southern Italy on the RAI, under the title "Scilla e Cariddi. G. Gissing. Letture di Viaggio." Dr. Minervino is to be congratulated on this performance. Surely a new Italian edition of *By the Ionian Sea* is now in order. A translation by the same scholar of Virginia Woolf's essay "The Novels of George Gissing" appeared in the December 1990 number of

Plural, a half-yearly review of international literature published by Empiria, via Baccina, 79, 00184 Rome.

Volume II of the *Collected Letters of George Gissing* (1881-1885) will be available in late Spring from Ohio University Press. Volume III will cover the years 1886-1888 and Volume IV the next three years.

Recent Publications

Volumes

George Gissing, *The Odd Women*, London: Virago Press, 1990. £5.50. Pictorial stiff covers. This is the fifth impression.

George Gissing, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (A Selection), with an introduction and notes by Francesco Badolato, Società editrice Dante Alighieri, 1991. Lire 13,500. White card covers. The illustration on the front cover is a detail of Constable's well-known painting, "Salisbury Cathedral."

Articles, reviews, etc.

Miranda Seymour, *A Ring of Conspirators: Henry James and his literary circle 1895-1915*, London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1988. Contains occasional references to Gissing.

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Annette Rose Federico, "Literature, English," *Dissertation Abstracts International*, Vol. 50, no. 5, November 1989, p. 1310A. Abstract of "Masculine Identity in Hardy and Gissing."

Ronald P. Draper and Martin S. Ray, *An Annotated Critical Bibliography of Thomas Hardy*, London: Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1989. Four entries concern Gissing and Hardy.

Janice Deledalle-Rhodes, "La dramatisation du conflit entre la science et la religion dans *Born in Exile* de George Gissing," pp. 87-98 in *Mythes, croyances et religions dans le roman anglo-saxon*, études recueillies par Maurice Abiteboul, Avignon: Université d'Avignon, 1989. The author discusses the main theme of the book which Madeleine Cazamian was the first critic in France to examine at length in the 1920s.

Walter Jens (ed.), *Kindlers Neues Literatur Lexicon*, Munich: Kindler Verlag, 1989, Vol. 6. Contains a substantial entry on Gissing. Entries on *Born in Exile*, *Demos* and *New Grub Street* are to be found in the same multivolume work.

George M. Andes, *A Descriptive Bibliography of The Modern Library*, Boston: Boston Annex, 1989. This is a book of crucial importance to any scholar or collector who is interested in the complex history of Gissing's two titles in the Modern Library, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1918) and *New Grub Street* (1926). Dozens of variants of each title were published until 1942.

John R. Reed, *Victorian Will*, Athens: Ohio University Press, 1989. Gissing appears

occasionally in this thoughtful enquiry into a vast subject.

Alfredo Cattabiani, "Viaggi in Italia: Chi capisce e chi no," *Il Sabato*, 10 November 1990, p. 89. Review of *Da Venezia allo stretto di Messina*.

Denis Clodd, "Edward Clodd (1840~1930)," *Antiquarian Book Monthly Review*, November 1990, pp. 504-07. An article written for the 150th anniversary of Clodd's birth by a member of his family, with a bibliography and four illustrations: (1) a portrait of Clodd in old age;

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(2) a well-known photograph of Clodd and Thomas Hardy on the beach at Aldeburgh, about 1909; (3) a photograph of Clodd at the tiller of his yacht the Lotus; (4) a sketch by J. V. Nisbet of Strafford House, Aldeburgh in 1926. Gissing's poem "The Lotus on a sunny reach" is reproduced and a useful list of Clodd's books supplied by way of conclusion.

Giovanni Rulli, "Letteratura," *La Civiltà Cattolica*, 1 December 1990, pp. 523-24. Review of *Da Venezia allo stretto di Messina*.

David Grylls, "Reviews," *Notes and Queries*, New Series, Vol. 37, no. 4, December 1990, pp. 492-93. Review of *George Gissing: The Cultural Challenge*.

Mark Samuels Lasner, "Where There's a Will There's a Way': Identifying the Authors of the Biographical Notices in William Rothenstein's *English Portraits (1897-8)*," *Notes and Queries*, New Series, Vol. 37, no. 4, December 1990, pp. 428-32.

Nelson Cenci, "Recensioni," *Il Fante d'Italia*, December 1990, p. 28. Review of *Da Venezia allo stretto di Messina*.

Bernard Bergonzi, *Exploding English: Criticism, Theory, Culture*, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1990. Gissing appears on pp. 165 and 179.

William R. Cagle and Dorian Gossy, *Two Hundred and Fifty Years of the British Novel 1740-1989*, Bloomington: The Lilly Library, Indiana University, 1990. This is an exhibition catalogue. Gissing's work is mentioned in various contexts. First editions of *Born in Exile*, *Demos*, *New Grub Street*, *The Odd Women* and *The Whirlpool* were on show.

Thomas Richards, *The Commodity Culture of Victorian England: Advertising and Spectacle 1851-1914*, Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1990. Contains many references to Gissing's works, in particular *The Nether World* and *In the Year of Jubilee*.

M. F. Minervino, "Maledetto inglese," *L'Unità* (Rome), 11 January 1991, p. 22. Review of recent Gissing publications in Italian and in English.

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Jane Miller, "Gissing may damage your health," *London Review of Books*, 7 March 1991, p. 16. A long review of Vol. I of the *Collected Letters of George Gissing*. Jane Miller is Clara Collet's great-niece.

Gissing Books

For all books reviewed in the *Gissing Journal* and many other books by and about Gissing please write to

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Information for Contributors

The Gissing Journal publishes essays and notes on Gissing and his circle. Contributions may deal with biographical, critical, bibliographical and topographical subjects. They should be addressed to the editor, Pierre Coustillas, 10 rue Gay-Lussac, 59110 La Madeleine, France.

This journal is indexed in the *MLA Annual Bibliography*, in the Summer number of *Victorian Studies* and *The Year's Work in English Studies*.

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