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THOUGHTS IN THINGS: ANN RADCLIFFE AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVELIST

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THOUGHTS IN THINGS:

ANN RADCLIFFE AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVELIST

by

ALAN WEISSMAN

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in English in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York.

1981

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This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in English in satisfaction of the dissertation requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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". . . far more of our deepest
thoughts and feelings pass to
us through perplexed combinations
of concrete objects . . . than
ever reach us directly and in
their own abstract shapes."
--Thomas De Quincey,
Suspiria de Profundis

Preface

"Realism," a term on which so much of the following study relies, has been used so variously in literary criticism that, rather than risk confusion, I had better define at the outset the sense in which I shall use it.

Unless I qualify the term, I will mean by "realism" primarily what Ian Watt has defined as "formal realism": the detailed fictional depiction of setting and character. Often when I discuss realism I will speak of "psychological realism," by which I mean the detailed representation in fiction of the contents of minds, in addition to setting and character. Although I wish to dissociate the idea of realism from the depiction of any particular stratum of social, moral, or metaphysical reality (unless I define it as such in a specific context), I have not been able--nor do I wish--to divorce from the term the implication of plausibility. The details of realistic fiction must reflect --if at a symbolic remove--our actual experience. What is superficially implausible or impossible may symbolize a psychological reality and still, in my definition, be "realistic." But a fabrication of implausibly connected events or objects which has no such symbolic significance is for my purposes <u>not</u> realistic. Admittedly, I can offer no infallible guide for detecting this symbolism or even for

judging the plausibility of commonplace--much less, rare--outward or interior events; what is plausible to one is an absurdity to his neighbor. I must appeal to the introspective capabilities of my readers, allowing for considerable individual differences among them. I know of no other way around a critical problem at least as old as Plato and Aristotle.

I owe thanks to those without whose kind help this dissertation would never have assumed its present shape. My greatest debt of gratitude is to Professor Robert A. Day. Perhaps only the many students and colleagues he has selflessly assisted through the years could properly understand how much attentive care he has bestowed on the minutest details of this study. But his help has involved more than this: I might never have sustained the effort needed to complete so demanding a project if not for Professor Day's unwavering encouragement.

I must extend my thanks also to Professor Coleman O. Parsons, in whose course on the Romantic novel I first conceived the idea which gradually evolved into this dissertation; as its reader, he has made numerous helpful suggestions and corrections.

To Professor Wendell Stacy Johnson I am grateful not merely for his useful comments and criticisms but also for having agreed to read so lengthy a typescript at almost the last minute.

I owe much to my friends' help too. My thinking in the

second chapter was greatly stimulated by a number of conversations with Mr. Akiva Kaminsky on the subject of romance. And I appreciate the encouraging comments of Dr. David Lewin on early drafts of the sections on "sensibility" and the "psychological philosophers."

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Chapter I

INTRODUCTION

Leon Edel has characterized the modern--i.e., twentieth-century--psychological novel as attempting to present "the very atmosphere of the mind."[1] I shall argue that Ann Radcliffe participated in a movement of psychological-novel writing which, in focusing on the inner life of the mind, in certain ways anticipated the kind of fiction described by Edel. Although to a lesser degree than some of the moderns, and without going so far as to represent the stream-like aspects of thought, Mrs. Radcliffe tried to "document the whole world of the senses and to catch fugitive thoughts in their progress through the mind"; she tried to "find words that would convey elusive and evanescent thought: not only the words that come to the mind, but the images of the inner world of fantasy, fusing with . . . the world of perceptual experience."[2]

My chief purpose will be to analyze this representation of thought--and other elements that may be considered "psychological"--in her novels, primarily The Mysteries of Udolpho, by a careful examination of the particulars of their texts.

I am aware that a proposal to treat Ann Radcliffe as a psychological novelist--a term suggestive of Dostoevsky, James, Kafka, Proust--needs considerable explanation. The novels that I shall study as works of psychological realism have traditionally been viewed as the most unrealistic of romances. Walter Scott, writing in 1824, set the tone for over a century of Radcliffe criticism:

> Mrs. Radcliffe rather walks in fairy-land than in the region of realities, and . . . she has

> neither displayed the command of the human passions, nor the insight into the human heart, nor the observation of life and manners, which recommend other authors in the same line.[3]

She has been categorized as a writer of sentimental thrillers fashioned according to a formula, in which innocent heroines are thrust into dangerous situations.[4] She was--and often still is--seen as a sensationalist whose purpose was "to exercise and recreate the mind of the reader"[5] by arousing its curiosity and creating in it feelings of suspense and terror.[6] And we are forever reminded of her array of Gothic elements: "mountains and spectral music, defenseless beauty and the Inquisition, ruined manors, vaults, pilgrims and banditti."[7]

Critics have by no means invariably dismissed Mrs. Radcliffe as a mere writer of thrillers, nor have they limited their praise to her ability to weave gorgeous tapestries and wistful fantasies. For some time she has been seen as having made significant contributions to the development of the structure of fiction,[8] and as having been one of the first novelists to weave into their tales scenery that reflects the moods of the characters.[9] Moreover, her genuine ability to arouse fear and awe in the mind of the reader has rarely been denied.[10] In one way she has been persistently recognized as a psychologist, though only in the sense that all talented writers are psychologists: they take into account, for rhetorical purposes, the psychology of reader response. Yet even here Mrs. Radcliffe's psychology has been seen as relatively crude in what are

alleged to be its attempts to arouse only the extremes of fear and sentimentality. That one could learn from or recognize in her books the subtler human responses, the finer shades of thought, has occasionally been suspected, but, until quite recently, not significantly investigated. And the few psychological studies of her novels that the recent wave of interest in Gothic fiction has left us are seriously hampered by residues of old critical prejudices.

Nearly forty years ago, J.M.S. Tompkins outlined briefly how Mrs. Radcliffe depicts "abnormal mental states," and noted that "in tracing the growth of fear," "the slow subjection of the mind to terror" by means of delicate effects--"a sigh, a moving light, an unfamiliar tone of voice, the reflection in a mirror of a cloaked and striding figure"--"Mrs. Radcliffe takes a few steps in the direction of that science that was to become the guiding light of fiction a hundred years hence" and contributes to the development of "the psychological novel."[11] Tompkins hastens to qualify her observation by adding that Mrs. Radcliffe's psychology "is strictly limited by the bias of her own tastes and opinions," and compares her unfavorably with Maturin.[12] However true Tompkins's qualification is, it is also, we may note, one that may be applied to the psychologies of all writers.

Since Tompkins wrote, critics have not advanced much in exploring the extent to which Mrs. Radcliffe was a deliberate literary psychologist,[13] even though they have discovered further psychological meanings in her work. They have not

placed her novels in the context of early psychological fiction (perhaps because it has scarcely been recognized that there was such a thing as the "psychological novel" in the eighteenth century). The few attempts to link her literary psychology with the theoretical psychologies of contemporary philosophers and critics have been, as I shall argue, woefully inadequate. And though her fiction has recently been scrutinized from a psychoanalytic viewpoint, her psychological insights have never been adequately correlated with those of psychoanalysis or other modern psychologies. To take, successively, all of these approaches will be among the aims of this study.

If we grant the truth of Tompkins's judgment, we might then ask why psychological critics virtually ignored Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction for forty years. The answer may be found in Tompkins's own commentary and that of her contemporaries. For even those who acknowledged a degree of psychological significance in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction at the same time advanced certain views, based on serious misconceptions, which were then passed on from one commentator to the next in precisely such an uncritical manner as tended to discourage a renewal of contact with the very texts that would, on careful reading, have seriously called these views into question and disclosed fresh psychological meanings. As we shall discover, Mrs. Radcliffe's novels have been seen, reductively, as no more than exemplifications of associationist psychologies or of Edmund Burke's concept of the "sublime"; as

merely verbal exercises in the "picturesque"; as little more than exercises in fashionable sentimentality; and as contrivances of Gothic machinery intended merely to send chills down the reader's spine. One of my chief contentions here will be that a close and impartial reading of her best novels reveals that all these views are, at best, extreme and misleading simplifications of complex literary texts.

At least partly as a result of this unfortunate critical legacy, the few recent studies that have discovered new psychological meanings in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction have been more severely limited by old critical prejudices, and more seriously out of touch with the texts of the novels themselves, than they probably otherwise would have been. Ellen Moers, for example, has pointed to the developmental psychology in The Mysteries of Udolpho--"the narrative as a whole," she remarks, "is designed to accord with the rhythms of a woman's life"[14]--and has made several other psychologically incisive remarks. Yet she also accepts many of the traditional criticisms, particularly that which virtually reduces Mrs. Radcliffe's landscapes to artificial canvasses based on "paintings, theater backdrops, and travel books";[15] like Tompkins, Moers finds a kind of charm in these landscapes, but it is that of a "naive" sort of fairy tale in which the heroine "flies through the air independent of the laws of gravity, time, perspective, and, certainly, of real travel."[16] We shall see below that, even though it is true that Mrs. Radcliffe never visited the places she describes,

the psychological significance of her landscapes is precisely the contrary of what Moers has claimed.

E.B. Murray and perhaps one or two others, now and then --in studies not primarily psychological--and Leona Sherman, throughout a full-length psychoanalytic study (an unpublished dissertation), have contributed valuable psychological observations to the body of Radcliffe criticism. Yet all have at the same time tenaciously clung to one or more of the traditional views. Murray has retained virtually all of them--perhaps inevitably concluding that Mrs. Radcliffe is a "mediocre" novelist, a judgment that fails to do justice not only to Mrs. Radcliffe's texts, but also to several of his own insights into them.[17]

Robert Kiely, in The Romantic Novel in England, has written what in my judgment is the best of the psychologically oriented analyses to date.[18] Kiely recognizes how "Mrs. Radcliffe had done more for the form of the Romantic novel than Gothic needlework." Her principal contribution, as he sees it, is her account of Emily's experiences at Udolpho, which he views (correctly, I believe) as the story of Emily's gradual mental breakdown, in which the "physical setting corresponds to an aroused emotional state."[19] This last point is especially important; yet Kiely has not even approached a full recognition of the importance of the settings in Udolpho. Although his awareness of how these settings reflect the emotions of the characters goes beyond that of earlier critics, he has failed to extend his insight

to parts of the novel other than the episodes at Udolpho.[20] Like Moers and the other critics, he has retained something like the traditional critical approach to Mrs. Radcliffe's landscapes and has therefore failed to see how all the settings in Udolpho, not merely the interiors, contribute meaningfully to its psychology. Once we understand this important point, we may begin to see how the psychology of Udolpho is much broader--and profounder--than anyone has yet suspected. We shall in fact discover that it extends not merely to the varieties of fear but--through a whole range of emotions and subtleties of mental functioning--to the gradations of joy and religious ecstasy.

I will not say much about the place of Mrs. Radcliffe in the Gothic movement. Her Gothic predecessors and contemporaries will concern us to the degree that they were also psychological novelists, and as a basis for comparison. A virtue of this approach, certainly, is that it avoids viewing Mrs. Racliffe's novels in the perspective of an already commonplace category.[21] All criticism must establish at least tentative categories,[22] but the indiscriminate re-use of outworn classifications can lead criticism into a cul-de-sac. Better-than-adequate studies of the typical themes and settings, the trappings, the paraphernalia of Gothicism have long existed. B.G. MacCarthy's summary reflects this typical approach:

> Dizzying battlements, dark and winding stairways, dark dungeons, instruments of torture, groans and gouts of blood, secret passages with many a

> suggestion of spectral life, ghostly music, tapestries which sway with the wind and which betray the secret watcher or assassin--this was the stuff of the Gothic novel.[23]

Little more of such cataloguing remains to be done.

Some consideration of the Gothic movement nevertheless falls within our scope. From its beginnings the Gothic novel included elements of what we might call the psychological. The most obvious of these is the interest of the Gothicists, from Walpole onwards, in human behavior under stress, particularly under the pressure of terrifying events of obscure, possibly supernatural origin. They were interested as well in certain extreme character-types: religious fanatics, lunatics, criminals. And from the beginning they were attracted to dream-like states of mind in which author, reader, and characters could escape the limitations of ordinary waking life. Walpole's use of his own dream to begin The Castle of Otranto is highly suggestive in this context.[24]

We shall be especially interested in the psychological kind of Gothicism--if one must retain the term--that Mrs. Radcliffe was to develop most fully. This type, which I shall call "projective" Gothicism, has its beginnings not in The Castle of Otranto but in certain passages of Tobias Smollett's Ferdinand Count Fathom (1753). In that novel, more than once, we find a situation like many of those in Udolpho: a solitary character is lost in a threatening environment, and his disordered mind projects onto the surroundings its horrible imaginings of what might be there.

It is interesting that in some of these scenes, Smollett, like Mrs. Radcliffe, makes use of the "explained supernatural." The scorn with which this mode of Gothicism has been viewed has, until recently, obscured its psychological value. Psychologically oriented critics have now begun to realize that whether, say, a shadowy figure passing in the night is really a ghost is less important than the immediate impression it makes and the reaction it causes in those who perceive it.[25] The detailed and vivid portrayal of the thoughts and feelings associated with such impressions can, as we shall see, constitute part of a probing narrative, exploratory of inner experience, which can be meaningfully called psychological.[26]

Notes

[1]Leon Edel, The Psychological Novel, 1900-1950 (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1961), p. 11.

[2]Ibid., p. 16.

[3]Quoted in Clara Frances McIntyre, Ann Radcliffe in Relation to Her Time (1920; rpt. n.p.: Archon Books, 1970), p. 5. "Divorced from realities," echoes Lord Ernle a century later, Mrs. Radcliffe's novels "are the poetry of prose romance." The Light Reading of Our Ancestors (New York: Brentano's, [1927]), p. 297.

[4]Ernest Bernbaum, Guide Through the Romantic Movement, 2nd ed. (New York: Ronald Press, 1949), p. 33.

[5]J.M.S. Tompkins, The Popular Novel in England, 1770-1800 (London: Constable, 1932), p. 249.

[6]Eino Railo, The Haunted Castle (1927; rpt. New York: Humanities Press, 1964), p. 71. Compare Tompkins, p. 250.

[7]"The raison d'être of her books is not a story, nor a character, nor a moral truth, but a mood, the mood of a sensitive dreamer before Gothic buildings and picturesque scenery." Tompkins, pp. 249, 255. See also Edith Birkhead, The Tale of Terror (1921; rpt. New York: Russell and Russell, [1963]), pp. 222-224.

[8]McIntyre, pp. 77-89.

[9]Tompkins, p. 263. See also Devendra P. Varma, The Gothic Flame (1957; rpt. New York: Russell and Russell, 1966), p. 114.

[10]Tompkins, p. 248.

[11]It is interesting that Mrs. Radcliffe's abilities as a psychologist were briefly acknowledged as early as 1796: "Mary Hays in the preface to Emma Courtney . . . ranks her among those writers who, by tracing the progress and consequence of one strong, indulged passion, have afforded material for philosophers to calculate the powers and estimate the motives of the human mind." Tompkins, pp. 258-259.

[12]Ibid., p. 259.

[13]Occasionally, critics like Robert D. Hume have pointed to the "psychological interest," the "concern for interior mental processes" of Gothic novelists, dating back to Walpole. "Gothic Versus Romantic: A Revaluation of the Gothic Novel," PMLA, 84 (1969), 283.

[14]Ellen Moers, Literary Women (Garden City, N.Y.: Anchor/Doubleday, 1977), p. 204.

[15]Ibid., p. 194.

[16]Ibid., p. 193.

[17]E.B. Murray, Ann Radcliffe (New York: Twayne, 1972), p. 167.

[18]His reading of Udolpho has frequently influenced mine--more often, no doubt (where I have been unconscious of my debt) than I have been able to acknowledge.

[19]Robert Kiely, The Romantic Novel in England (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1972), p. 80.

[20]I might add that he also revises, as it were, his earlier critical view when he concludes that "the interiors" in Udolpho "encompass much activity but little believable life" (p. 253). As we shall see, and as Kiely at times understands, the interiors are reflections of the quite believable psychological life of, especially, the heroine.

[21]Compare Kiely: "If anything, romantic fiction has already suffered from too much categorization. Its fate is to have been pigeon-holed more often than read" (p. 26).

[22]Thus mine of the "psychological novel" and Kiely's of the "romantic novel."

[23]B.G. MacCarthy, The Later Women Novelists, 1744-1818 (Cork University Press, 1947), p. 133; see Railo for the most comprehensive treatment of the standard Gothic motifs and stage properties.

[24]See Kiely, p. 27.

[25]Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological concerns were more with our expectation of than our confrontation with the horrible. As E.B. Murray has observed, "the psychology of anticipated rather than executed horrors is necessarily her forte" (p. 85).

[26]And which at least touches on the realm of the unconscious, in the Freudian sense of the word. At least one critic has cavalierly dismissed the notion that Mrs. Radcliffe

could have had any real understanding of the unconscious. Patrick Brantlinger quotes Lionel Stevenson's observation that "'Mrs. Radcliffe stumbled upon the whole realm of the unconscious,'" but Brantlinger adds scoffingly that "her discovery was no discovery at all because it was so entirely accidental" ("Romances, Novels, and Psychoanalysis," Criticism, 17, no. 1 [1975], 18). This remark, by its misleading use of "accidental," distorts the true nature of "discovery." Mrs. Radcliffe's discoveries were neither more nor less accidental than those of anyone else. And the meaningful consistency of depictions of the unconscious with their literary contexts shows that their author must have understood them. But neither Mrs. Radcliffe nor, for that matter, Freud discovered the unconscious, as the latter would have insisted. With their interest in mental analysis, Mrs. Radcliffe and her contemporaries simply contributed to the development of an idea which can be traced back hundreds of years and which came to full fruition--but was not "discovered"--in the twentieth century. See Lancelot Law Whyte, The Unconscious Before Freud (1960; rpt. London: Tavistock Publications, 1967).

Chapter II

ROMANCE AND MRS. RADCLIFFE

From Romance to Psychology

Mrs. Radcliffe's Work as "Psychological" Fiction

Viewing Ann Radcliffe's novels as psychological entails our focusing on certain of their specific characteristics. In fact, the adjective "psychological," like "realistic," has only occasionally been clearly defined in literary criticism. We need to be precise, then: In this study, psychological fiction is that which explores human behavior--often by means of testing it in extreme or unusual situations--from the inside. That is, it stresses the contents of the mind (with its physical concomitants) rather then outward action in the gross. For our purposes at least, a psychological narrative renders, often in minute detail, the life of the mind in its gradations and combinations of thought (both verbal and nonverbal, including the products of memory and imagination), feelings, emotions, volitions, and perceptions. We will see how the best of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels trace the relations of thought, feeling, and perception with one another and with outward behavior; how in doing so they give us a perspective that would not be available to us in real life, when we are too narrowly preoccupied with our situations to be fully aware of our inner reactions to them; and how they sometimes trace the development of states of mind over long periods of time.

The detail with which the mental explorations are made, together with their direct rendering of actual experience, easily recognizable and vicariously participated in by the reader (though this latter trait is the less specific of the two), justifies our calling at least certain of Mrs. Radcliffe's works not simply psychological but "realistic novels." The author herself, however, called them "romances"; and we will find that there are indeed ways in which we can meaningfully apply to them this term as well as the others without being self-contradictory. But we need to be precise here too. The terms "romance," "novel," and "realism" are labels to each of which a variety of meanings has been attached over the years, sometimes by the same writer. "Realism," for example, has sometimes meant simply what we mean here, but as often has been applied to a writer's focus on a particular stratum of <u>social</u> reality, or has been used honorifically to praise a moral view of life that the critic thinks more valid than others. The label "romance" analogously may be attached to any fiction that emphasizes love--or it may be restricted to stories of medieval heroism and chivalry. The term "novel" has been as diversely used.

If we are to apply these terms in any meaningful sense to Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction, we must fix upon a precise range of significance for each. Only then can we determine whether and how much each component of her work thus identified contributes to its psychological nature.

"Romance" vs. "Novel"

When Ann Radcliffe wrote, "realism" had not yet been defined as a characteristic of fiction; but there did exist a definition of "romance" as distinguished from the "novel." This, presented best by Clara Reeve in her scholarly The Progress of Romance (1785), is worth quoting in full because it helps explain how late eighteenth and early nineteenth-century novelists classified their fiction:

> The Romance is an heroic fable, which treats of fabulous persons and things.--The Novel is a picture of real life and manners, and of the times in which it is written. The Romance in lofty and elevated language, describes what never happened nor is likely to happen.--The Novel gives a familiar relation of such things, as pass every day before our eyes, such as may happen to our friend, or to ourselves; and the perfection of it, is to represent every scene, in so easy and natural a manner, and to make them appear so probable, as to deceive us into a persuasion (at least while we are reading) that all is real, until we are affected by the joys or distresses of the persons in the story, as if they were our own.[1]

According to this formulation, it would seem that Mrs. Radcliffe certainly did write romances. Her first book, The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne (1789; noncommittally subtitled A Highland Story), is obviously filled with the "heroic" conflict that even today we associate immediately with romance; all of her books are set in remote times and places, in a Scotland, France, or Italy of the author's imagination rather than her personal observation; and the language of her apparently "fabulous" characters is often more "lofty and elevated" than that current in the real life even of her own time.

Beyond this, however, Miss Reeve's definition perhaps creates more problems for us than it solves. For one thing, if the settings and characters in Mrs. Radcliffe's books are not such as ever existed precisely as they are depicted, nevertheless the values and "manners" of the characters (with the possible exception of those in the unpublished Gaston de Blondeville and the long narrative poem "St. Alban's Abbey") are obviously those of Mrs. Radcliffe's own milieu. This fact can be seen most clearly in The Mysteries of Udolpho (1794), where the fashionable entertainments of Madame Clairval, the social climbing of Madame Cheron, the cultivated benevolence and sensibility of the St. Auberts, and the literary and artistic interests of Emily, are all of eighteenth-century England, not sixteenth-century France. And Miss Reeve's last characteristic of the novel, its ability "to deceive us into a persuasion . . . that all is real, until we are affected by the joys or distresses of the persons in the story, as if they were our own" is a property of all good fiction, romance and novel alike, and has at least as much to do with being grounded in certain basic truths of human nature as with describing contemporary customs and events. This was made clear by Coleridge in his familiar account of his own poetic intentions, in the Biographia Literaria, where he explained how "supernatural" and "romantic" characters may be believed in by their embodying "a semblance of truth" from "our inward nature."[2] And thus Hawthorne, in his preface to The House of the Seven

Gables, firmly cautioned writers of romance against "swerv[ing] aside from the truth of the human heart," no matter what else they might do.[3] The presence of truths of human nature, then, is not in itself a criterion for determining whether a book is a romance or a novel.

But Hawthorne's preface may, in another way, give us a clue to the strategy of his English predecessor in prose "romance." For--although he bestowed his label of "romance" on the grounds of its freeing his book from the limitations of "the ordinary course of experience" and on the grounds of its portraying fictitious characters not only in the present but in their connection with "a bygone time"--in fact, no one could have written a book more minutely descriptive of at least a part of his own New England society and its environment. We may suspect that Hawthorne's romance-classification functioned rather as a disclaimer of responsibility for arousing unwelcome self-recognition in the breasts of his contemporaries than as an ingenuous act of literary definition. I think it not too farfetched to believe that Mrs. Radcliffe was making a similar kind of disclaimer when she called her books "romances"; however, in her case it is probable that she was also faced with the need to distance her writings from her own self-consciousness as well. We can detect the possibility that she might have needed to avoid examining her own characters and situations too closely when we see, as Pierre Arnaud has recently demonstrated,[4] how close they are to her private fantasies, and

how similar to actual persons and events of her own childhood. At any rate, this closeness of her best fiction to her private experience evidently contributed much to the psychological richness that we shall see in her best writing.

Patterns of Romance

With the perspective of the time that has elapsed since Clara Reeve wrote, we are now able to define "romance" in a more precise way. In contrast with two centuries of "realism," now usually associated with the "novel," a network of recurring identifiable elements in literature has been isolated as characteristic of "romance" by twentieth-century scholars. It is now possible to identify romance and novelistic elements in a story on more solid grounds than whether or not the characters and setting are recognizably contemporary with the author, or the like.

Another problem arises, however, in identifying romance in the new way: "romance," at least in its broadest sense, turns out to encompass, or in any case appear as a factor in, almost the whole of world literature. Many romance elements are virtually identical with the "archetypes" that Maud Bodkin and her successors have adapted to literary criticism from Jungian psychology and have linked with fundamental and universal patterns that inform the way we remember and express--perhaps even have--our experience. These patterns have imprinted themselves on products of myth, folktale, and fantasy, as well as on the "realistic" novel. To take one of the most universal examples: the pattern of "rebirth"--one's

awakening to a new sense of freedom and hope after having been plunged into a world of darkness, constraint, and emotional sterility--can be discovered equally in ancient, medieval, and modern epic, drama, and narrative, poetry and prose, written and oral literature. The same universality may be found in what Northrop Frye has identified as "themes of descent" and "themes of ascent" (what amounts to a division of the rebirth archetype into two components, seen in a metaphorically geographic way).[5]

Yet allowing for the diverse origins and manifestations of romance, modern scholars--evidently aided by the universality of the archetypes, as well as by their more obvious emphasis in the fiction of recent years--have managed to identify a large group of central romance features that together constitute a kind of narrative which may be meaningfully contrasted with the "realistic" novel of the last two and a half centuries. This kind of romance[6] became fixed into an enduring form in the third-century Greek romance, An Aethiopian History (or Aethiopica, or Theagenes and Chariclea) of Heliodorus. In this lengthy narrative may be found almost all the elements of Greek romance except the pastoral, and for that we need look no further than the familiar Daphnis and Chloe of Longus. Although the Greek romance is a highly derivative genre, amalgamating, among other elements, Homeric epic, New Comedy, and the pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil, the result of the combination was a new and enduring form of literature, of an appeal so

universal that the borrowing (conscious or unconscious) of its elements in their barest form over the centuries has in innumerable instances bestowed popularity on mere hackwork.

Although we will have to deal perfunctorily with a vast body of primary and secondary literature, our briefly summarizing here an "essence" of romance will help us isolate those aspects of Ann Radcliffe's writing that can be distinguished from the "realistic."[7]

Plot. Examining a highly general paradigm, we see that this type of romance narrates the breakup and, after a long course of hardships, the reunion of a family. The reunion occurs in a recognition scene--often highly elaborate--of a kind adapted to narrative from Greek and Roman comedy. In Heliodorus the adaptation is quite conscious: the narrator several times during the recognition scene that ends the romance makes the connection for the reader, as if to disarm in advance any criticism of the scene's artificiality.

A somewhat more specific model of romance includes two young lovers, almost always of high, even royal birth. They fall in love early in the story, are sometimes (at least in older romance) married fairly soon, and are in any case separated quickly and must overcome a succession of obstacles and endure the vicissitudes of numerous adventures before they are reunited. Only then are they married (or, if already married, their love is newly confirmed). Certain romances lack the complete ending of comedy; but even then the lovers may be united in death and some kind of union may

occur among the survivors (as in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, a play derived from traditional romance material).

Love, almost always occurring "at first sight," is an essential feature in this model of romance and is a principal source of its structure. Other standard plot-features regularly appear in various combinations to shape the adventures of the hero and heroine. Usually at one point or another their union is opposed by one or more of their parents or parent-surrogates, or, in some stories, by resistance in one of the pair. Then there is the long journey (essential in and derived from the "quest" romance), often to remote parts of the world, as a cause or consequence of which one or both of the lovers may be kidnapped by pirates or other outlaws. The journey is usually interrupted by at least one shipwreck or comparable disaster, and is filled with incidents of pursuit and escape.

Another standard feature is the testing of the lovers. This often involves the imprisonment, enslavement, and/or torture of one or both. Their fidelity to each other is tried, and, connected with this, usually their chastity as well, as they are separately assailed by a series of would-be lovers. Their lives are endangered, and usually one or both is believed to be dead. Where the heroic element is emphasized (as it is particularly in Arthurian romance), the hero is required to prove his strength and courage in some form of war or other contest. The active participation of the heroine varies greatly. Sometimes she is merely passively

resistant to assault; but, in the older romances especially, she often protects herself and makes her way by her ingenuity and sometimes, like Heliodorus's Chariclea, even participates in the fighting. One of the most recurrent stratagems of either protagonist is that of disguise--of a nobleman as a servant or beggar, a woman as a man, and so on. And when finally they must prove their identity, they are always equipped with secret signs--a scar is commonplace--or documents concealed on their person, and are able to produce witnesses, to make their proper recognition a certainty.

When the lovers are married (sometimes in a double or triple wedding, like those of comedy) or their marriage confirmed, and their identity established, not only are they united or reunited with an extended family, but they very frequently receive some property that they have been wrongfully denied, ranging in size from an estate to an empire. The dénouement of the story, to which we have already alluded, is usually an intricate one, frequently occurring in a trial-like scene replete with emotive and histrionic revelations of identity and the rapid sweeping away of obstacles to happiness.

The Two Worlds. The landscape of romance is often clearly divided into two kinds: that which Northrop Frye calls the "idyllic" world--"associated with happiness, security, and peace," a world of innocence, with "images . . . of spring and summer, flowers and sunshine"--and that which Frye calls the "demonic or night" world--"a

world of exciting adventures, but adventures which involve separation, loneliness, humiliation, pain, and the threat of more pain."[8]

The separation of the worlds is usually abrupt: one or both lovers may be forced out of the idyllic world by banishment, like Adam and Eve; or one leaves to search for the other, or simply to search for adventure and self-fulfillment--to join King Arthur's court, for example.

Just as these worlds are separated from each other, the entire action is distanced from the ordinary reality of the reader by being set in the remote past or a faraway land.

Characters; The Nature of Reality. All literature, in its imitation of "life," selects and arranges its material according to the viewpoint of the author. If we sometimes forget that even "naturalism" is strictly limited in this way, it is easier for us to be unfair with authors of older literature by forgetting or ignoring the extent to which they deliberately limited their productions by traditional perspectives--conventions of characterization, for example. If a basic Aristotelian formulation--that "Comedy aims at depicting men as worse, Tragedy as better than in actual life"[9]--could not always be strictly followed on the broader canvas of romance, yet the characterization in romance, like the landscape, is bipolar.

It is, for one thing, rigidly stratified according to social class. Heroes and heroines are always of high birth, even though they may at first appear otherwise. Very often

one of them is abandoned as an infant and supposed dead, but is actually, as we discover much later, raised by peasants as one of their own children, his identity unknown even to himself.

The characterization of all persons is usually simpler in romance than in realistic fiction; but that of persons of low birth is invariably so, usually stereotyped. One thinks of the rough, heartless buccaneer, or the bumpkinish but good-natured shepherd who is a stock feature of the pastoral setting that is so frequently incorporated into romance (as in Daphnis and Chloe).

The characterization according to morals and certain other attributes is equally polarized. Here romance can often hardly be distinguished from myth or fairy tale. The hero is inevitably the handsomest, bravest, and most virtuous young man in the world, the heroine the most beautiful and virtuous--and sometimes the wisest and cleverest--young woman. There is almost always at least one villain whose villainy is dark indeed, often a wicked stepparent. As in melodrama, the other characters are mostly good or bad, wise or foolish, strong or weak, brave or cowardly, pious or impious, loyal or disloyal, healthy or sick, rich or poor, beautiful or ugly, benevolent or cruel, in love or not in love. Any persons not characterized in these extremes are usually peripheral to the main action and even more thinly drawn than the others. Somewhat paradoxically, however, even the most fantastic characters are sometimes identified with historical figures.

The whole nature of reality in romance, especially the older forms of it, differs radically from that of "realistic" literature. Unlike the ordinary world of the latter, that of romance is one in which what we know as dream and waking reality are fused. It is a world in which magic is real, a world of love potions, enchantments, uncanny poisons and elixirs, magic rings and talismans. Witches and sorcerers appear regularly, as do dragons and other monsters.[10] It is a more symmetrical world than the one we know, here again like that of the fairy tale. Things appear in threes--daughters, wishes, knights, villages--or twos--the loyal older brother and rebellious younger one, or the good mother and wicked stepmother.

The setting, besides being polarized into idyllic and demonic worlds, has its own special features: magnificent castles, enchanted groves, gardens, and forests, endless and featureless wastes of desert and ocean, and remote oases and islands populated by strange peoples who are more than usually virtuous or vicious. The secret chamber and concealed underground passage, rather than being the sole property of the Gothic novel, actually come from ancient romance. In the Aethiopian History, for example, the heroine is hidden in a secret cave that extends into a lengthy underground passage connecting the settlement of a band of thieves with the shore of the Nile.

Narrative Perspective. Of essential importance in the milieu of the romance, distinguishing it radically, more than

any particular kind of event or character, from realistic fiction, is the perspective from which all events are viewed: the divine, or view from above. In Greek romance, as in the classical epic, all events are seen as the working out of the plan of a god, the gods, Fate, or Fortune. In medieval romance, God or His Providence is the divine agent. Even Chance is sometimes deified in romance, since there is no chance: all significant events are in some way predetermined. In this we may see the ubiquity of traditional ideas of order in the universe, ideas that formed the ground of Western thought for centuries, that only began to be altered in the Renaissance, and that persisted long afterwards in the romance and in all literature influenced by it.[11]

This idea of the importance of Fate (to collect all of the above terms under one term) has profound implications in our attempts to get at an "essence" of romance. Its most obvious manifestations, perhaps, are the frequent prophetic dreams that one or more characters have and that are fulfilled in the course of the story. But the implications reach down into the heart of romance form. Perhaps the most important for this study is that the role of Fate lends supreme importance to external events (told generally by an omniscient narrator) rather than experience as recorded internally, in individual minds (and told from the individual viewpoint).

There is relatively little exploration of minds in traditional romance and thus little of what would influence

the development of "psychological" fiction. What we get instead, as will be familiar to the reader from innumerable examples, is the frequent occurrence of improbable "coincidences"--in particular, the chance meeting, in the most remote places, of persons whose lives are intricately connected. Frequently--and this is the case as far back as Heliodorus--the narrative is structured by bringing together characters in this fashion and having each relate to another (and the reader) a narrative-within-a-narrative, a significant series of events in his life that contributes to the movement of the larger story. Thus also a certain kind of narrative suspense is created, in which the reader is given a limited and puzzling situation and sequence of events (as in the opening of the Aethiopian History), to be explained only gradually throughout the course of hundreds of pages, as each important character is by "coincidence" encountered in the course of the protagonists' wanderings and contributes his portion of the total story. Often the narrative is complicated further when one of these characters tells of his meeting with another important figure, who then relates his story, creating a "Chinese-box" effect of tales-within-tales-within-tales, and so on (in Heliodorus this proceeds at least to the point where the reader is more likely to be confused and irritated than in a pleasurable state of suspense).

Of course, such reliance on narration of external events has frequently been used by writers of popular thrillers for

the exploitation of suspense: successions of exciting events lead to difficult predicaments, which are resolved by means of improbable or artificial contrivances of plot. The deus ex machina may be employed in fictions of higher quality as well; it is sometimes plausibly explained, given the premises of the work, perhaps by connection with the designs of Fate or the gods (in Daphnis and Chloe, Pan intervenes directly at important junctures in the story); and it may have a particularly ironic significance (as in Euripidean tragedy). But of course this mode of writing has frequently made of romance narrative little more than a series of hastily told, loosely strung-together episodes, or has served the purposes of trite wish-fulfillment fantasy. No kind of narrative could be a poorer vehicle for the subtle exploration of minds than this.

When, in the middle ages, Christian values and modes of literary style were infused into romance, its structure and underlying sense underwent a special kind of development. Its metaphysical and theological dimensions were broadened to include more than the workings of Fate: now, more than ever, in the words of Henry Knight Miller, romance could find its "raison d'être--and, at the least, its rationale--in the illustration, demonstration, or celebration of a body of presumed and à priori truths, an emotionally charged as well as sense-making set of principles about the nature of the cosmos and of man." In this kind of romance, in particular, we are made aware of "a paradigmatic level of the universe in

which Providence and intellectual and moral certainty reign"; and the meaning of life is revealed in ways that are "often symbolic, typological, emblematic, even allegorical."[12]

It will perhaps become clearer that this aspect of romance, while it has led to the production of some of the greatest works of literature, is suited more to the relatively generalized presentation of truth than to the detailed literary psychology which, as I will try to show, Ann Radcliffe came to create. Although there exists, indeed, symbolism in the better kind of psychological novel, it is conveyed principally through minute details. The closest that allegorical romance came to being psychological was in its use of the "psychomachia" (more usually a feature of poetry and drama, however).[13]

For a narrative to be psychological in the sense I am trying to convey, it must have sufficient detail in its delineation of the finer threads of motivation and feeling, and it must be written in a style sufficiently unornamented by verbal play in order not to obscure these fine threads. It must have the relatively plain style that is a necessary medium for all formal realism. The style of romance has in the main been oriented in the opposite direction, being rhetorical, artificially structured, mannered, even euphuistic (especially in romances of the English Renaissance, like Sidney's Arcadia and, of course, Lyly's Euphues itself).

Romance style has above all been traditional, a style of commonplaces and formulaic ways of presenting characters in their environment. According to Ian Watt, the modern realistic novel is characterized "by the amount of attention it habitually accords both to the individualisation of its characters and to the detailed presentation of their environment."[14] Certainly, this detail sometimes appears in romance (though romance settings are on the whole sparse), but when detailed landscapes or descriptions of objects appear, they are invariably given in isolated passages set apart from the action; they are seen from the elevated viewpoint of the narrator, not the psychologically more appropriate viewpoint of one of the characters; and, more often than not, they are composed of commonplaces.[15] An example, taken from the opening of Book IV of Daphnis and Chloe, will serve to illustrate this point, so crucial for understanding the radically different perspective of psychological realism:

> And that garden indeed was a most beautiful and goodly thing, such as might become a prince [note the typical romance superlatives]. For it lay extended in length a whole furlong. It was situate on a high ground, and had to its breadth four acres. To a spacious field one would easily have likened it. Trees it had of all kinds, the apple, the pear, the myrtle, the pomegranate, the fig, and the olive. . . . Within were kept, as in a garrison, trees of lower growth that bore fruit. Without stood the barren trees, enfolding all . . . and these were encompassed with a spruce, thin hedge. By alleys and glades there was everywhere a just distermination of things from things, an orderly discretion of tree from tree. . . . The roses, hyacinths, and lilies were set and planted by hand; the violet, the daffodil, and anagall the earth gave up of her own good will.[16]

And so on, for several pages. Obviously, this is not a limited, sequential view at all, and could never have been seen from one vantage point. It tends toward the comprehensiveness typical of descriptive passages in romance, as though all had to be presented at once and then done with.[17] This is the prevailing mode of physical description in all romance, not just the ancient; it may be found even in Fielding's Tom Jones (for example, in the description of Squire Allworthy's estate) a book that Henry Knight Miller has shown to have more in it of traditional romance than of realistic novel.[18]

Especially in the older romances, descriptive passages are composed largely of commonplaces; almost inevitably, we find catalogues of flowers and trees, as in the above passage, or standardized talk of the singing of birds, the flowing of brooks, and the blowing of the breeze--elements of what Ernst Robert Curtius has defined as the topoi of "The Grove" and "The Pleasaunce," the latter of which "from the Empire to the sixteenth century . . . forms the principal motif of all nature description."[19]

Apart from these topoi, evocations of setting, even in romance with strong pastoral elements, were scanty indeed. Thomas Lodge's Rosalynde (1590) was written over a thousand years after Daphnis and Chloe, yet the farthest it goes in this direction is to depict, for example, characters sitting "upon a greene bank, shadowed with figge trees."[20] In the play that Shakespeare based on Lodge's romance, As You Like

It--to take just one example of a pastoral work that may have directly influenced Mrs. Radcliffe--we find, as we might have expected, a fuller elaboration of the setting. In the course of events are mentioned such natural features as "an oak, whose antique root peeps out/Upon the brook that brawls along this wood" (II.i) and "A sheepcote, fenced about with olive trees" (IV.iii). But even Shakespeare's "native woodnotes wild" are a far cry from the symphonies of color, sound, and fragrance through which Mrs. Radcliffe's characters move. My point is not, of course, that her books are "better" than Shakespeare's plays, only that she learned to exploit the descriptive possibilities of her lengthy, realistic narrative medium in ways that were unfeasible in the much more constrained form of even the greatest drama and that were entirely foreign to the medium of traditional romance.

Romance Psychology. The description of the contents of minds in romance is usually as brief and standardized as that of setting. There exist a few examples of early "interior monologues," which we will discuss below as faintly anticipating modern psychological narration. Otherwise, we get either an indirect and brief presentation of a character's deliberative reasoning between certain alternatives, or the very brief, general, and commonplace mention of simple (but often extreme) feelings and displays of emotion. A character, for example, will "swoon" when suddenly terrified, or, on an unexpected meeting with a

lover thought dead, will feel "such joy as no words can express." Characters driven to insanity will oscillate between lethargic "melancholy" and wild "frenzy." And speech is at its best rhetorically formal and at its worst (as Robert A. Day has shown for the early epistolary novel) "theatrical rant";[21] a character's extended complaint or lament over his cruel fate is typical from Heliodorus onward.

But descriptions of minds, as of the environment, were limited as a result of, or at least in connection with, perhaps the single most important difference between romance (and all traditional) narrative and realistic narrative: the treatment of time. Realism invariably expands and fills up time, slows it down (as is shown, in satiric exaggeration, in Sterne's Tristram Shandy); romance compresses time, and does so in an uneven way. It may, for instance, present a brief dialogue, and then, instead of gradually closing the scene, may briefly indicate that three years have passed and that one of the characters has gone to Spain, and then may commence another dialogue or account of, say, a battle. When a character is going to try to avoid paying his bill at an inn, we may be told his impressions of the landlord's character, if he is likely to meet resistance from that quarter; otherwise, we will learn little about the inn and perhaps nothing of the landlord. Conflicts in action, turns of plot, are given in detail; what happens in the interim, both outwardly and in the minds of characters, and whether the elapsed time has been five minutes or five years,

is invariably skipped or summarized with a standardized brevity that gives no sense of the time lived through.

In order to see how this traditional mode of narrative works (and, in doing so, to see some other traits of romance in context), let us examine some passages from a typical (very late) romance. I have selected one which, on the surface, might seem inappropriate: Eliza Haywood's "novel" Philidore and Placentia (1727); but I have chosen it for several reasons. For one thing, it is relatively modern, showing how persistent romance characteristics have been in fiction; for another, its lack of any special literary quality brings out in relief the romance commonplaces of which it is composed. True, it is called a "novel," not a "romance." But, we recall, what Clara Reeve called a novel was merely a story with a setting like that in which the contemporary reader lived, so that the latter could imagine himself participating in the action; and, in practice, Miss Reeve allowed much greater latitude than this, including as "novels," for example, the novellas of Boccaccio's Decameron. In Mrs. Haywood's time, even more than in Miss Reeve's, a novel was little other than a brief romance, with less of the marvelous, extravagant, and exotic than traditional romance, and, perhaps, with a few added details of local color likely to be recognized by the reader.

As a novel (or "novella") Philidore and Placentia, in the basic situation it portrays, does contain something new, as the name of the genre originally implied:[22] the excessively

"delicate" love of the hero and heroine for each other; so heedful are they of the niceties of their situation that, although each is deeply in love with the other, each in turn refuses to marry the other when their financial endowments are so unequal as to embarrass one of them with an excessive debt of gratitude commensurate with the larger anticipated monetary outlay of the other. Apart from this ironic and absurd display of unparalleled "virtue," however, the novel is a conventional romance: it has two highborn protagonists, in love with each other to the point that each goes nearly insane when prevented from being near the other. The disguise motif is present (Philidore disguises himself as a servant and finds employment in the house of the woman he secretly loves); the hero embarks on a journey of "fortune" to Persia in order to enable the woman he feels it wrong to marry to forget him (later, true to romance, she follows him); and the journey is interrupted by the usual kidnappings and intervals spent in captivity (in this instance, Turkish slavery). The novel includes a number of narratives-within-narratives; in the principal one, the identity of its teller is withheld until the end of the book. And of course all the principal characters encounter each other by "chance" hundreds of miles from home (there are frequent references to "Fortune"), meeting just in time for one to save the life of the other (the form that "heroic deeds" usually take in later romance).

The first and principal such meeting is followed by this

account (the "stranger," wounded, has been placed on a litter by a group of friendly Persians, and they set off):

> They travelled until about the close of evening, at which time they arrived at a magnificent castle, a pleasing sight to Philidore not only because he hoped now to taste that repose he had for a long time wanted and that his new friend would doubtless here receive the assistance he stood in need of, but also because he beheld there a French renegado who served as an interpreter to the owner of that palace.[23]

Radically unlike the lengthy and richly detailed journeys in Mrs. Radcliffe's Udolpho, occupying pages and pages, this journey, though it apparently occupies the better part of a day, is described in only one sentence. The castle, again so differently approached from that of Udolpho, is described in all of two words. And the reasons it so pleases Philidore, occupying a few clauses, are typical romance accounts of the contents of a character's mind--about as far as we ever penetrate.

After numerous episodes described by the characters (and narrator--the point of view even in the personal narratives approximates the omniscient, in any case) in which they are, separately, involved in illicit amours, imprisoned, tortured, in one instance even castrated, shipwrecked, kidnapped by pirates, threatened with rape, sold into slavery, and ransomed in the nick of time--always sustained by Love--Philidore, back in England, sets out on his final search for Placentia, who has run off for the last time. Again we see the narrative proceeding entirely out of synchronization with the time it indicates as having passed. Philidore

travels with the Baron Bellamont, Placentia's brother:

> Philidore thanked him as well as his despair would give him leave, but never man appeared so truly dejected and forlorn. All that he had suffered in captivity, in his wanderings in the deserts of Persia, or in his former grief for his voluntary banishment from Placentia was mean to what he now endured.
>
> But I will not detain the attention of my reader with a fruitless detail of particulars which 'tis easy for him to imagine. [A brazen evasion of realism!] After a long inquiry at every house where they could hope to find her, they at last had the good fortune to spy Emanthe [her woman] at a window. Philidore was the first who saw her and in a transport of joy cried out to the coachman to stop, which being done, the baron leaped out and desiring to speak with that maid, the person to whom he spoke denied he knew anything of her, on which they both affirmed they had seen her and would not depart until they had discoursed her. Bellamont exerted his authority in so forcible a manner tha[t] Emanthe came running down and entreated his pardon. . . .[24]

Obviously just enough detail is given to indicate the action; nothing is dramatized, and of the setting we see no more than a coach and a window of a house. We are told that "Emanthe came running down"; it is left for our imagination to supply the stairway--or whatever--that she runs down, even the doorway from which she must have emerged--and the building might equally be a palace or a hovel. Of the contents of minds we get almost as little. Philidore's "despair" is described in bombastic and hyperbolic terms, unrelieved by even one subtle detail; of his happiness we are told only of "a transport of joy," no more. It may be objected that this novel is hardly an example of quality literature; yet, while a number of poets and dramatists before the eighteenth century managed to convey certain nuances of mental functioning,

writers of prose narratives rarely if ever offered much more psychological detail than Mrs. Haywood does here (with the exception of certain kinds of detail of limited scope, which we will discuss shortly). The value of the better romances lay in areas other than that of psychological exploration.

To the extent that it existed at all, early literary psychology was usually the psychology of love; and it is in the descriptions of the thoughts and feelings of a person in love that we may discover the earliest examples of the literary representation of the inner life. Scholes and Kellogg, in The Nature of Narrative, have traced the origins of literary psychology to some passages in Homer; but, as they point out, the first detailed and lengthy early "interior monologue" (actually a kind of dialogue of the mind or "heart" with itself) is that of Medea in the Argonautica of Apollonius of Rhodes. They trace the appearance of these monologues through Virgil, Ovid, Xenophon of Ephesus, and Longus. Although these passages are of some interest in the history of literary psychology, we must keep in mind their highly stylized and rhetorical nature, which distinguishes them radically from the psychological realism that appeared rarely in literature before the eighteenth century. As Scholes and Kellogg indicate, these early interior monologues comprise the verbalized thoughts of women (less often, men) in love who are communing with themselves in a serious conflict between passion and reason, inclination and duty or what is "right." The

emphasis may vary somewhat, but these monologues, with their to-and-fro movement and lamenting tone, are all quite similar.[25]

From another perspective, Robert A. Day has shown that the presentation of the inner life occupied a relatively high proportion of space in early epistolary fiction, beginning with Ovid's Heroides. The presentation of thought, however, hardly differed from that of the early interior monologue: a woman in love would talk about her feelings in a rhetorical, often theatrical way. Occasionally, though, particularly from the sixteenth century on, pre-Richardsonian letter fiction did go beyond presenting the usual conflict between passion and reason, to offer a protorealistic, detailed description of a character's situation, feelings, and vicissitudes of thought at the moment of writing the letter.[26]

But psychology of this type was restricted by the limitations of the epistolary form, and to the extent that the letters were realistic as letters, they could offer only so much of the inner life as a person in crisis is able to perceive in himself and verbalize at the moment, plus, occasionally, a limited degree of verbal distortion that imposes itself unconsciously on the writing, showing the disorder of thought, and, in one or two instances, some proto-Freudian slips of the pen. As Day has shown, letters were not restricted to epistolary fiction but were used widely in romance and related traditional narratives whenever

"the authors felt it necessary to deal with the feelings of the characters";[27] but it was not until romance structure and motifs gave way to formal realism that literary psychology would be freed from the trammels of the rhetorical and artificially isolated interior monologue or letter.

As we have already indicated, early literary psychology was usually the psychology of love; and, despite the rhetoric, now and then some hints of profundity emerged with respect to this area of experience. The interior monologues in Daphnis and Chloe are the earliest examples I know in romance in which there is at least a faint suggestion of love that is unconscious in something like the Freudian sense (although the unconscious aspect of the emotion is unconscious largely because of the character's rustic naivete). Chloe feels strange sensations but does not understand that what is happening to her is the onset of love:

> "I am sick now, but of what disease? I know not, save that I feel pain and there is no wound. I mourn, though none of my sheep is dead. I burn, and here I sit in the deepest shade."[28]

This is nevertheless highly artificial, antithetical rhetoric. The lament that her speech turns into is an early example of what was to become a standard type of interior monologue in romance:

> "Would to God I might have been his [Daphnis's] pipe that his mouth might inspirit me, or a goat that he might be my keeper! Thou cruel water! thou hast made Daphnis beautiful, but I for all my washing am still the same. Alas! sweet Nymphs, I am undone, and you will not lift a hand to save your fosterling."[29]

We may also take note of the extent to which the narrator supports this monologue with his own description of Chloe's feelings and behavior (rare in romance):

> . . . her heart was vexed within her, her eyes, whether she would or no, wandered hither and thither, and her speaking was ever Daphnis this and Daphnis that. She could neither eat nor take her rest; she neglected her flock; now she would laugh and now weep, now would be sleeping and then again up and doing; and if her cheek was pale, in a twink it was flaming red. In sum, no heifer stung with a breese [gadfly] was so restless and changeable as the poor Chloe.[30]

We may well remember this passage, for it contains about as much psychological observation as one usually finds in romance, more than in most. And even here, the narrator describes most of what Chloe feels from a distance rather than from her point of view, and most of his observations are of external behavior rather than inner feeling (though modern psychological narrative often uses both complementarily).

The first significant interior monologues in medieval romance are to be found in Chrétien de Troyes's Cligès (1176).[31] They are notable for their extreme length; but, as usual, they consist of inner debates about love, with reflections on the impact love has had on the lovers' behavior and feelings, on the beauty of the other, on impediments to declaration or fulfillment, on appropriate behavior under the circumstances, and little else. In a narrative otherwise presented in terms of external action, we may see these monologues as outgrowths of the author's involvement in the medieval courtly love tradition and of

his immersion in the works of Ovid (which he had translated). His psychology is thus strictly limited; and the monologues themselves are, as usual, highly formal and rhetorical. Medieval writers, too, often used dreams as a narrative vehicle, but they were just that: they were another form of the narrative-within-a-narrative; they were prophetic or allegorical; but rarely did they reveal psychological complexities in the minds of the dreamers.

In some ways, even more artificial than the medieval romances were the seventeenth-century French romances. Although their concerns were those of the "heart," their sharing so many of the conventions of old romance and the restriction of the psychology to the traditional focus on love and to debates about matters of gallantry severely limit their importance as precursors of the psychological novel.[32] To find significant precursors of Mrs. Radcliffe, we will for the most part have to turn to the products of the realistic movement. But first let us assess as well as we can the place of her novels in the romance tradition. We are now in a better position to see how far we can allow to her works her own appellation of "romance."

The Radcliffean Romance

The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne: A Highland Story (1789). What confronts us immediately in Mrs. Radcliffe's first book is the very stuff of romance: in a remote part of the Scottish highlands and at a remote, vaguely medieval time, two families--those of the castles of the title--and their followers clash in protracted conflict. There are battle scenes and abductions. There are also, significantly, two young couples who fall in love in the course of the story, and who, after overcoming a series of obstacles, are married at the end, uniting the two warring families. The only lengthy journey (that of the Count de Santmorin) occurs peripherally, but there are more than enough abductions and imprisonments in the restricted territory of the story to recall traditional romance. The characters are generally either highly virtuous or vicious.

The fate of Philip, the true Baron Malcolm, is pure romance. Passed off as a foundling by his uncle, the usurping baron, who invents a story of his supposed death, he is raised under the name of Alleyn by peasants. At the end of the story, in a stock romance recognition scene, his identity is discovered by means of a "strawberry" birthmark on his arm, and the revelation of his noble rank frees him to marry one of the heroines. Even the description of emotions in this scene

is typical of romance: "The sensations of the mother and the son may be more easily conceived than described. . . ."[33] And the treatment of time is often that of romance, much of the action being recounted summarily.

Yet, even in this first novel, there are indications that we are not entirely in the world of traditional romance. There is at least one character of mixed motives: the Count de Santmorin, the first of a long line of problematical villains in Mrs. Radcliffe's work. Not ill-intentioned at first, he is led by passion to abduct one of the heroines, and then, frustrated and brought to an awareness of the nature of his crime, he is tormented by guilt and becomes a voluntary exile.

In a number of other ways, the stock properties of romance are conspicuously absent in this book, despite its medieval setting. There are no love potions, enchantments, or magicians; despite the conventionally pious ending, we are rarely if ever made aware of the predeterminations of Providence; and allegory is entirely absent.

We can detect a certain psychological interest that is foreign to romance, a tendency to discuss the characteristics of human nature far more frequently than was common in that genre--a tendency, however, that is in accord with a trend in the later eighteenth-century novel. The focus of the narrative in this novel is more often on what is passing in the minds of various characters than we usually see in romance. And there are several scenes that stand out not by virtue of

their rhetoric but because they contain very unromancelike descriptions of places as seen from the viewpoints of the characters, and these are given together with the characters' thoughts. Mental conflicts--of which there are an unusual number for a supposed romance--are far from being exclusively about love in the usual romance sense; and the Gothic settings that are present thus early in Mrs. Radcliffe's work serve to point up the mental conflicts of the characters who move about in them. There are in particular many lengthy explorations of the subjective experiences of characters who are imprisoned or attempt to escape from confinement--traits as manifestly Gothic and psychological as they are unromancelike.

A Sicilian Romance (1790). Contrary to what we might expect, Mrs. Radcliffe's second book, perhaps owing to its greater length, has even more of certain traditional romance elements than the preceding work. Of some, though relatively minor, significance is the introduction of interpolated verse, like that of some pastoral romances.

More important, certain plot elements are so improbable as to draw the work into the realm of the fairy tale. In particular there is the imprisonment of Louisa, the first wife of the villainous Marquis of Mazzini. This woman is concealed underground for nearly two decades, to the knowledge only of the Marquis, the Abate of the local monastery, and an old steward. The place of her concealment is discovered at an opportune moment, not by direct access through the rooms of the southern building of the castle, where

suspicious noises have been heard, but through an underground passage entered through a cave, the opening of which is encountered accidentally by the protagonists at a time and in a manner which suggest the most obvious and crude contrivance.

The book is filled with chases through underground passages of this sort. It is their profusion in A Sicilian Romance rather than their mere existence which is new, since concealed passages and rooms show up now and then in traditional romance. Even so, rather than being as carefully described as the castle corridors in Udolpho, which have a relatively fixed, objective existence and with which the minds of the characters enter into an interesting relation, these passages often seem to be created by the author extemporaneously whenever she needs a setting for terrified flight and pursuit--with which the book, in romance fashion, is filled.

The relations among the characters belong as much to the world of romance. Early in the story Julia, the heroine, falls in love with Count Hippolitus de Vereza at a ball. Their union is opposed by her father, the evil Marquis, who attempts to marry his daughter to the equally villainous Duke de Luovo, and by her jealous stepmother, who is her rival for the love of the young count. Fleeing, Julia takes refuge in a convent, but she does not get to marry Hippolitus until after a series of adventures that includes escape from the convent (where she was about to be forced to take the

veil), a shipwreck, and a kidnapping by a pack of banditti, who have also captured her lover.

Although there is a fairly consistent attempt in this book--far more than in traditional romance--to paint the settings, they are extremely sketchy compared to those of Udolpho. They are always rendered as from someone's point of view; yet that point of view is changed too frequently by the as-yet imperfectly skilled author. And although greater attention than is usual in romance is paid to the feelings of the characters and their reactions to outer events, the accounts of those reactions are, even in their vagueness, too often strained and grossly hyperbolic. The following passage will convey some idea of the melodrama and general character of the narrative:

> Ferdinand [Julia's brother] turned the key; the door unclosed, and, to their infinite joy, discovered to them the grey dawn. "Now, my love," said Hippolitus, "you are safe, and I am happy." --Immediately a loud voice from without exclaimed, "Take, villain, the reward of your perfidy!" At the same instant Hippolitus received a sword in his body, and uttering a deep sigh, fell to the ground. Julia shrieked and fainted; Ferdinand drawing his sword, advanced toward the assassin, upon whose countenance the light of his lamp then shone, and discovered to him his father! The sword fell from his grasp, and he started back in an agony of horror.[34]

The melodrama of Mrs. Radcliffe's later books is much mitigated by a careful attention to fine details of setting and the gradations of emotion, entirely lacking in this early work.

A Sicilian Romance also lives up to its designation of romance by its frequent chance meetings between characters who prove to be closely connected with each other and whose

retrospective tales fill much of the narrative. Yet, with these and with its overreliance on the pursuit and conflict of a thriller, this novel has some unromancelike aspects. Besides the consistent, though relatively generalized, rendering of setting and feeling, there is the sustained mystery of the supposedly haunted southern building of the castle. Mystery in traditional romance is typically that of human identity, or of the simple variety created by the disappearance of a character. Such were the mysteries in Mrs. Radcliffe's first novel. But here, though the mystery's solution associates it with the disappearance of a character, it manifests itself in strange appearances--flashing lights, unearthly groans--that recur in a nonliving entity, an old castle. The appearances, suggesting the hidden presence in this building of something human or supernatural, are not explained until the end of the story. That they are explained as natural rather than supernatural is less important here than the nature of the mystery itself; in this we have not traditional romance but something introduced into fiction with the Gothic. As I will attempt to show, this manifestation of mystery in <u>things</u> rather than simply in human identity or location will be turned increasingly by Mrs. Radcliffe to psychological uses, the real mysteries being increasingly found in the peculiar states of mind of the characters who experience these "supernatural" events.

<u>The Romance of the Forest: Interspersed with Some Pieces of Poetry (1791)</u>. The tumultuous <u>in medias res</u>

opening of this book, with its kidnapping in reverse, recalls the opening of Heliodorus's romance, An Aethiopian History. In both fictions, at least one major character, whose true identity is kept hidden through most of the story, is the center of a violent conflict, the consequences of which serve to generate much of the succeeding action. Yet evidence frequently indicates that Mrs. Radcliffe is attempting, more than in any of her earlier works, to break with romance conventions. The events that lead to the reverse kidnapping (in which strange men thrust Adeline, the heroine, by force upon the protection of the La Motte family) are given through the consciousnesses of the La Mottes (who are also characterized in relatively great detail) and their servant, Peter; and these events appear together with the characters' reactions to their situation and with enough of the setting to suggest that Mrs. Radcliffe is trying to fortify her "romance" with formally realistic underpinnings and even a psychological inwardness. For example, when the La Mottes, having left Paris in haste to escape from Pierre de La Motte's creditors, are lost at night in a sudden storm,

> a light was perceived at some distance, and after much doubt and hesitation, La Motte, in the hope of obtaining assistance, alighted and advanced toward it; he proceeded slowly, from the fear of unknown pits. The [l]ight issued from the window of a small and antient house, which stood alone on the heath, at the distance of half a mile.
>
> Having reached the door, he stopped for some moments, listening in apprehensive anxiety--no sound was heard but that of the wind, which swept in hollow gusts over the waste. . . .

He is admitted:

> The door was now opened by a tall figure with a light, who invited La Motte to enter. He followed the man through a passage into a room almost unfurnished, in one corner of which a bed was spread upon the floor. The forlorn and desolate aspect of this apartment made La Motte sink involuntarily, and he was turning to go out when the man suddenly pushed him back, and he heard the door locked upon him. . . .[35]

The complexity of La Motte's character is not at all typical of romance. Adeline, who is placed entirely in his power, is never quite certain how much to trust him. He has been involved, we are told, in a series of increasingly grave crimes, more through weakness, as the narrator puts it, than through innate viciousness. Yet when the wicked Marquis de Montalt attempts to blackmail him into murdering Adeline, he finally confronts the idea of a deed which is too horrible for him to commit, and contrives her escape instead. His inner conflict, just before he decides to release her, over whether to go through with the murder, is economically dramatized with a series of telling details that spotlight his underlying panic:

> La Motte remained in his chamber, till supper obliged him to descend. At table his wild and haggard countenance, which, in spite of all his endeavours, betrayed the disorder of his mind, and his long and frequent fits of abstraction, surprised as well as alarmed Madame La Motte. When Peter left the room she tenderly inquired what had disturbed him, and he, with a distorted smile, tried to be gay; but the effort was beyond his art, and he quickly relapsed into silence. . . .
>
> La Motte lay in a state of disturbed watchfulness for some time, and his frequent starts awoke madame . . . . [N]ear midnight . . . he stole silently from his bed . . . and . . . passed up the spiral staircase. As he went he frequently looked back, and

> often started and listened to the hollow sighings of the blast.
>
> His hand shook so violently, when he attempted to unlock the door of Adeline's chamber, that he was obliged to set the lamp on the ground, and apply both his hands.[36]

But Mrs. Radcliffe is unable to sustain the psychological focus of this passage, or even its formal realism. For one thing, she has not yet learned to maintain a restricted point-of-view narration. In Udolpho, we are placed for long periods of time within the mind of a single character --principally Emily St. Aubert--and are able to identify ourselves unconsciously with her and become involved in her experiences. In the Romance, we are hurried in and out of the minds of Adeline, La Motte, Madame La Motte, Peter, and even some less important characters. The intermixing of such different kinds of thoughts and reactions to different events in quick succession results in a dilution of the fictional experience. We do not even benefit by having the contrasting views of the same events and objects which the multiplicity of viewpoints might be expected to bring. What we get, rather, often seems merely irrelevant; for example, Louis de La Motte (son of Pierre), who plays a peripheral role in the story, follows his father into the woods, and now suddenly we see everything through the eyes of a minor character, who, moreover, is given a stilted little didactic speech that has nothing to do with anything else in the book:

> On advancing, he perceived the ruins of a small building, which, from the traces that remained, appeared to have been a tomb. As he gazed upon it, "Here," said he, "are probably deposited the

> ashes of some ancient monk, once an inhabitant of the abbey. . . . Peace be to his soul! But did he think a life of mere negative virtue deserved an eternal reward? Mistaken man! reason, had you trusted to his dictates, would have informed you, that the active virtues, the adherence to the golden rule, 'Do as you would be done unto,' could alone deserve the favour of a Deity, whose glory is benevolence."[37]

Udolpho is not without its half-irrelevant preaching, but that book's consistently richer detail of setting and mental activity makes the effect of its didacticism much less jarring. In the scene above, shortly after Louis has observed some vaguely depicted, strange occurrences at the tomb, we are thrown back into Madame La Motte's consciousness, and then, in the space of a paragraph, into Adeline's; both of the latter are concerned with a subject only remotely related to that which has perplexed Louis (that is, apart from his irrelevant censure of the dead monk). This kind of shift occurs throughout the book and seriously impairs the little psychological focus it comes near to creating.

The Romance's psychological intensity is considerably weaker than that of Udolpho and The Italian for another reason: more like the old romance than the new novel, the Romance fails to expand time with the rich details of setting, character, and thought that would convey to the reader a sense of the time supposed to be lived through.[38] Emily's anticipation of the arrival of Count Morano, to whom she expects to be married by force, at the castle of Udolpho is stretched out through days and is replete with Emily's detailed impressions and anxious reflections, as well as a

succession of events--inner and outer--that fill time analogously to the way they would in real life. By contrast, Adeline's expectation of the arrival at the abbey of St. Clair of the Marquis de Montalt, who stands in relation to her much as Morano does to Emily, is narrated in a mode close to that of traditional romance (though not quite so generalized), giving us little sense of the time lived through:

> A summons to breakfast hastened Adeline to the parlour, where she passed the morning in conversation with Madame La Motte, to whom she told all her apprehensions, and expressed all her sorrow. Pity and superficial consolation were all that Madame La Motte could offer, though apparently much affected by Adeline's discourse. Thus the hours passed heavily away, while the anxiety of Adeline continued to increase, and the moment of her fate seemed fast approaching. Dinner was scarcely over, when Adeline was surprised to see the Marquis arrive.[39]

If traditional romance would have condensed events even more than this passage does, nevertheless we are hurried from breakfast to dinner with little more of a sense of Adeline's feelings than can be conveyed by the vague words "apprehension," "sorrow," and "anxiety." As in A Sicilian Romance, what is chiefly lacking in this book is the persistent presence of things, of a detailed objective reality with which the protagonist's mind can interact and by which interaction (as we shall see later) the subtleties of her slowly evolving thoughts and feelings may be revealed to and participated in by the reader.

Much of The Romance of the Forest seems like a trial run for The Mysteries of Udolpho. Adeline's terrors in the

abbey of St. Clair prefigure those of Emily at Udolpho--but very faintly:

> The first night that Adeline retired hither, she slept little: the solitary air of the place affected her spirits. . . . She remembered the narrative of Peter, several circumstances of which [that a stranger had been mysteriously confined at the abbey, which was now deemed haunted] had impressed her imagination in spite of her reason, and she found it difficult wholly to subdue apprehension. At one time, terror so strongly seized her mind, that she even opened the door with the intention of calling Madame La Motte. . . .[40]

But no matter how strongly "terror seized her mind," without a profusion of concrete shapes to body it forth, such as we get in Udolpho, the reader cannot very well participate in Adeline's fears. This lack of specific detail, typical of romance, is even more noticeable in the frequent retrospective tales-within-tales (also, as we have seen, characteristic of romance). When Adeline narrates her recent life, her story includes a room with a door that cannot be locked on the inside,[41] like Emily's room at Udolpho. But the latter room, with its rich attendant detail, assumes a symbolic psychological significance that is absent in the former, where it is merely another element to increase the simple, event-oriented variety of suspense typical of romance. The retrospective tale of Adeline's father, which she reads in an old manuscript (one of the many "Gothic" elements in the book), suffers even more from a lack of concrete detail. Instead, like many a letter in the worst of the old epistolary novels, it is filled with (in the

words of Robert A. Day) "theatrical rant":

> O dire extremity! O state of living death! What dreadful stillness! All around me is dead; and do I really exist--or am I but a statue? Is this a vision? Are these things real? Alas, I am bewildered!--this death-like and perpetual silence--this dismal chamber--the dread of farther sufferings--have disturbed my fancy.[42]

"Fancy"--the term reminds us of how much in this novel is described in abstract terms, without the concrete detail to make it seem real. Simply attributing Adeline's fears to a triumph of "imagination" over "reason" cannot well re-create her terror in the reader's mind. Not only the reality of setting and character, but that of the inner workings of the mind, is successfully conveyed by the rich detail of Udolpho (as we shall see) in a way that is scarcely anticipated in the Romance, its immediate predecessor, no matter how superficially similar the novels may seem.

Mrs. Radcliffe experiments with, rather than fully achieving, psychological realism in this novel. The dreams Adeline has when sleeping in the abbey have a certain realistic particularity and suggest the structure of real dreams (the "stream of blood"[43] that overflows to cover the whole floor of the room is a fine detail); yet they are principally the dreams of romance. That is, they reveal to Adeline through, it is suggested, supernatural means what she could not possibly have known otherwise about events that occurred at that place long before she had arrived there. They are part of the means of divine justice that seems, in romance fashion, to govern the important actions of this book.

Such justice is not altogether absent from Mrs. Radcliffe's later novels, but here it is a much more obvious source of the plot-structure, as she makes expressly clear. We are told that the Marquis de Montalt (much closer to the typical romance villain than Montoni or Schedoni), who we find is really Adeline's uncle, murdered his half-brother, Adeline's father (an action, we might note, that is commonplace in romance), but failed to make away with his niece:

> Why he did not employ the same means to secure the child seems somewhat surprizing, unless we admit that a destiny hung over him on this occasion, and that she was suffered to live as an instrument to punish the murderer of her parent. When a retrospect is taken of the vicissitudes and dangers to which she had been exposed from her earliest infancy, it appears as if her preservation was the effect of something more than human policy, and affords a striking instance that Justice, however long delayed, will overtake the guilty.[44]

When divine justice appears not merely as an explanation auxiliary to an adequate psychological account of the motivation behind the novel's principal actions, but rather as a substitute for it, we may be certain that we are in the realm of the traditional romance rather than of the realistic novel. We may be even more certain of this when we consider the preponderance in the plot of contrived "chance" meetings at remote locations of people closely connected with one another. There is even one regression to a pure romance mode of physical description: that of La Luc's chateau and its environs[45] is artificially isolated from the narrative and is not given as it could have been seen from any one character's point of view. Despite her experiment with

formal realism in the Romance, Mrs. Radcliffe was not to create a successful formally realistic narrative--a prerequisite for psychological realism--until Udolpho, some two-and-a-half years later.

The Mysteries of Udolpho: A Romance, Interspersed with Some Pieces of Poetry (1794). As this book will eventually be the principal focus of our attention, a lengthier plot summary at this point will not only help us identify its romance elements, but will also serve as a reference outline for a complex and detailed narrative.

Emily St. Aubert and the Chevalier de la Valancourt, young people of distinguished families and characters, meet and fall in love in the course of a journey taken by Emily and her father. Emily's father dies and she, now an orphan, falls under the guardianship of her coarse and selfish aunt. Her aunt for a while encourages the love of Emily and Valancourt but then, after she herself marries Montoni, a gloomy and tyrannical Italian gentleman, when she believes that the union of the young people will no longer serve her interests, she forbids their marriage. The Montonis force Emily to accompany them to Italy, apparently separating her from Valancourt forever. In Italy she narrowly avoids being married against her wishes to a count of dubious character, is under continual threat of personal assault by the companions of Montoni, who, it turns out, is the leader of a banditti-like pack of soldiers ("condottieri"), and, after her aunt dies, is threatened by Montoni himself,

who holds her a virtual prisoner and tricks her into signing over her property to him. But she escapes from Montoni's castle in the Apennines and makes her way back to France, where, after a series of further adventures, she regains possession of her property and is reunited with Valancourt. At first a shadow cast over the character of the latter seems to destroy the possibility of their union; but Valancourt finally vindicates his behavior and the couple are married. They retire to live simply but happily at the small estate on which Emily was raised--the setting in which the story opened.

I have given only the most salient contours of a very long and detailed story, but many of the romance elements have in this way been thrown into relief: the love of a young couple, sustained through endless calamities; the journeys, imprisonments, threats to chastity and fidelity and to life and limb; the banditti, the villainous parent-surrogates who keep the couple separated; the conflicts over property.

Many of Udolpho's romance motifs do not appear in this summary: the frequent recurrence of threats--and one or two actual abductions--by banditti in different situations; a shipwreck; the "chance" arrival at and meeting with important people in remote but significant places; the "disguise" of Laurentini as a nun; the action-filled narrow escapes; the doubling of marriages (tripling if we include that of the servants) at the end; the trial-like testing of Valancourt;

the contrast of the "two worlds," the pastoral and the demonic; and the remoteness of time and place. Even with its intermixture of verse, Udolpho fits into a tradition that goes back at least to the middle ages (the best and best known example of prose-verse romance is perhaps Sidney's Arcadia).

Other romance elements appear as well, but are much transformed. Take, for instance, the "heroism": it is not Valancourt who rescues Emily from Udolpho at a crucial moment but rather Du Pont, the rival, unsuccessful lover--a problematic note for romance. In a way that belongs to the sentimental fiction fashionable in Mrs. Radcliffe's day rather than to traditional romance, the heroine's love is won not by conventional heroics nor by the hero's perfect looks, but by his charitable deeds, as well as his good taste and sensitivity.

As rare in Udolpho as astounding feats of bravery are those of villainy. Montoni, Laurentini, Orsino, and others are responsible for the deaths and maltreatment of others; but they possess no monstrous abilities to kill or otherwise harm others, and they suffer the consequences of their crimes as real people do. No magic powers protect them from their consciences or the law.

In other ways too these villains--with the other characters--belong more to the new realistic novel than to old romance. No romance, for example, would so thoroughly explore the motives of the Montonis--those otherwise

traditional blocking figures--in their interference with the happiness of the lovers, or, for that matter, in contracting their own ill-fated marriage. On close examination, we can see that a good many of the characters are much better individualized than they would be in romance. For example, Montoni and his subordinates are carefully distinguished from one another in manner and appearance; and Madame Montoni, as Walter Allen has astutely observed, is so well characterized as "a scheming vulgar snob," that she "might almost have stepped out of the pages of Fanny Burney."[46]

As with the characters, so with the point of view. The narrator is technically "omniscient," but for the most part the events and settings are given as experienced in the minds of the characters. The maintenance of a single viewpoint (Emily's) for the bulk of the novel is unique in Mrs. Radcliffe's work, and enables the author to conduct many of the psychological explorations that we will follow up later. Even when the viewpoint is shifted, we almost never get the "divine" view from above. Although the Radcliffean cosmos is ultimately seen as a rational one, the workings of Providence are obscure throughout most of the novel; and although there is a kind of poetic justice, there are no dei ex machina. True to the realistic mode, there is no allegory or symbolism except that which emerges out of the particulars of experience, experience which provides no immediately clear solutions to life's many mysteries.

With its consistent constriction in narrative point of view, Udolpho acquires a tone entirely different from that of traditional romance. Both suffering and joy are seen from the "inside," as they are experienced by the characters; and this experience, as we shall see, is described slowly and carefully. Thus, a kind of psychological novel is made possible by significantly modifying or eliminating many elements of romance.

Let us take one small example at this point: the "birth mystery." In traditional romance, as in Mrs. Radcliffe's own Athlin and Dunbayne, such a mystery is hardly a mystery at all--it scarcely concerns anyone until the hero's true identity is revealed, to precipitate an important turn of plot. But in Udolpho, it is the heroine herself who contemplates the mystery of her birth as it is made suspicious to her by a series of perplexing discoveries. In this case, the mystery is an occasion for the lengthy exploration of the heroine's thoughts and feelings as she makes the discoveries and ponders their possible meaning. And as her suspicions prove to be unfounded--another reversal of the romance commonplace--the significance of her long train of thoughts on the subject becomes, in one sense, entirely psychological.

In sum, although Udolpho shares many of the features of romance, it is in essence not very romancelike. Later, in examining its structure more closely, we shall discover in it the archetypal "rebirth" pattern; yet this appears in

a form entirely different from that of romance, the focus now being on how the rebirth experience feels to the principal character.

The Italian: A Romance (1797). Less needs to be said about this novel, for it maintains the balance of romance and formal realism that characterizes Mrs. Radcliffe's previous book, holding to the same--though, in my estimation, sometimes less profound--consistency of psychological focus. On the romance side, it is a traditional love story, with its obstacles, escapes, disguises, long journeys, and clashes with villains. It actually relies a bit more than Udolpho on the simple, plot-generated variety of suspense: Will Ellena be rescued from the convent? Will Vivaldi be retrieved from the dungeons of the Inquisition? Our interest is bound up with answering questions like these more often than with the psychological exploration of suspense, which is present in The Italian, but proportionately less than in Udolpho.

Characterization in The Italian is, as in Udolpho, far subtler and more detailed than that of romance, yet it still tends toward extremes of virtue and vice, and thus much of the action is pressed to melodramatic conflict. On the other hand, and atypically for Mrs. Radcliffe, we find a somewhat broader social realism in this book, at least in certain areas such as the description of convent life. The disparity in rank between Ellena and Vivaldi at first also seems to partake of this social realism; but this situation,

ironically, collapses into a conventional romance discovery of the heroine's noble birth, shortcircuiting any potentially profound psychological or sociological exploration along these lines. At least Mrs. Radcliffe avoids serious anachronisms; the action, for the first time in her fiction, takes place in the recent rather than the remote past.

More important, however: from the first we see that the descriptions of settings and of minds are well integrated into the narrative and that the story for the most part unfolds in the consciousnesses of the characters, all being seen from their point of view. And, most important of all, The Italian is distinguished even from Udolpho by one outstanding feature: its penetration of the minds of its criminal characters. Its persistent exploration of the motivation of villainy, of the obsessive hatred, the wounded pride and ambition, the protracted and studied vindictiveness, the perpetual anguish of a guilty conscience--this in itself distinguishes it radically from any romance.

Gaston de Blondeville, or The Court of Henry III Keeping Festival in Ardenne: A Romance (1802). Although it is in no way on a par with Udolpho or The Italian as a psychological novel, and therefore will receive little attention here, Gaston de Blondeville is interesting as a conscious attempt to imitate medieval romance and as an evocation of the medieval milieu. Besides the obviously remote setting, its principal feature that sets it apart from all the other works of Mrs. Radcliffe is the direct

and outward participation in the plot of magic and the supernatural. Of course this is an important trait of much Gothic fiction that is not very like romance. What distinguishes the ghosts and magically caused events of this book from those of more psychologically realistic Gothic fiction is their deliberate medieval quaintness, as well as their relatively greater objective existence, their relative independence from the emotions they induce in the minds that perceive them. They have as well an allegorical significance that is made only too obvious. When, to take one example, the strange black knight (the ghost of a murdered man) appears at the tournament, it is in broad daylight, he is seen by and astonishes everyone, yet not everyone feels the horror that Gaston de Blondeville (the principal villain) feels.

> Those on the field saw upon the knight's banner the image of a murder; they saw, too, upon his black helmet, a wing of fire, for a crest. . . . Some went so far as to say . . . he was the same who had appeared in the banquet hall; others thought not so, and eagerly denied it. . . . the stranger knight, advancing a few steps nearer to the King's pavilion, did make somewhat of an obeisance, and then held up, far as his arm could reach, before his Highness, a sword of strange shape, unknown in our tournays; which, as some nigh affirmed, bore on the scabbard, in characters of fire, the word "Justice!"[47]

But even with its deliberate use of magic and allegory, this "romance" could never have been written in the middle ages. Its skillful, consistent dramatization and detailed expansion of events in time, its adherence to a modern, psychologically oriented point-of-view technique, its

emphasis on experiences occurring in the endless dark passages and gloomy chambers of the Gothic castle, and its exploration of guilty consciences and the minds of those who are unjustly imprisoned and victimized--all these bring it into the realm of psychological realism.

Following this assessment of Mrs. Radcliffe's books as romances, insofar as we find it helpful to put them in categories, we are led back after all to Horace Walpole's preface to the second edition of The Castle of Otranto. For if the fiction of Mrs. Radcliffe's Gothic predecessor manages to "blend the two kinds of romance: the ancient and the modern," i.e., what we would call traditional romance and the realistic novel, Mrs. Radcliffe's later fiction is considerably more successful in effecting this fusion of old and new.

In the modern novel, according to Walpole, "nature is always intended to be, and sometimes has been copied with success." Of course, we could wish further explanation of what he means by "nature" and what by "cop[ying it] with success"; but if we, reasonably, take him to refer in part to something like what Ian Watt calls "formal realism," just evolving in the fiction of Walpole's day, then we may see Mrs. Radcliffe as working in this mode much more than Walpole.

To follow Walpole further: in the ordinary type of modern novel "the great resources of fancy have been dammed up, by a strict adherence to common life." But as he would "reconcile"

the novel with the old romance, Walpole--and much more Mrs. Radcliffe--gains the advantage "of leaving the powers of fancy at liberty to expatiate through the boundless realms of invention, and thence of creating more interesting situations." Realism combined with romance makes the characters "think, speak, and act, as it might be supposed mere men and women would do in extraordinary positions"; and if the realism thus adds "probability" to the extravagances of romance, the latter, in turn, brings in this new context the "interesting situations," the "extraordinary positions" that test the limits of human nature--clearing fertile ground for psychological realism.[48] It will become clearer in our study that both romance and realism contribute to literary psychology; if formal realism is a necessary condition for it, nevertheless certain elements of romance permit its broadening and deepening. Even that great realist, Samuel Richardson (whom I shall soon discuss as the first important psychological novelist in English), has recently been shown to have incorporated into his novels more of traditional romance than has been generally thought.[49] Just how successful Walpole was in adhering to his own formula (which, incidentally, anticipates that of Coleridge regarding the faithful rendering of human nature reacting to "supernatural" and "romantic" situations) has been the subject of some doubt. We will see here, in any case, that Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, far more consistently, keep to the formula: they often manage to explore, in fine detail, the subtler reactions of

human nature, of the "mind," to the broad variety of extreme--and thus more revelatory--situations capable of being represented in realistic fiction that has at the same time the latitude of romance.

Notes

[1]Clara Reeve, The Progress of Romance (Colchester, 1785), I, 111.

[2]Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Biographia Literaria, ed. J. Shawcross (1817; rpt. London: Oxford University Press, 1907), II, 6.

[3]Nathaniel Hawthorne, The House of the Seven Gables (Boston, 1883), p. 13.

[4]Pierre Arnaud, Ann Radcliffe et le fantastique (Paris: Aubier Montaigne, 1976).

[5]Northrop Frye, The Secular Scripture (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1976).

[6]Roughly equivalent to what Frye calls "sentimental" romance.

[7]The following summary draws heavily on these works in descending order of indebtedness: Henry Knight Miller, Henry Fielding's Tom Jones and the Romance Tradition, ELS Monograph Series, No. 6 (University of Victoria, B.C., 1976); Frye; and Carol Gesner, Shakespeare and the Greek Romance (Lexington: The University Press of Kentucky, 1970), pp. 1-40.

[8]Frye, p. 53.

[9]Aristotle, Poetics, II.4, trans. S.H. Butcher, 1895; in W.J. Bate, ed., Criticism: The Major Texts (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1952), p. 20.

[10]The familiar words of Sir Philip Sidney may serve to remind us of what the poet's license traditionally allowed him: "Only the poet . . . doth grow in effect another Nature, in making things either better than Nature bringeth forth, or, quite anew, forms such as never were in Nature, as the Heroes, Demi-gods, Cyclopes, Chimeras, Furies, and such like: so as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging only with the zodiac of his own wit." "An Apology for Poetry," in Bate, Criticism, p. 85.

[11]A valuable perspective on traditional ideas of order in literature through the eighteenth century may be found in Martin Price, To the Palace of Wisdom (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1964; rpt. Arcturus Books, 1970), pp. vii-28 et passim.

[12]Miller, pp. 72-73.

[13]See C.S. Lewis, The Allegory of Love (New York: Oxford University Press, 1936; rpt. Galaxy, 1958), p. 60. By way of qualification, it is worth remembering that a kind of irony brought to bear on the motivations of traditional romance characters by some few great writers --Chaucer and Cervantes, for example--has produced a few works that are exceptions in some ways to the normally unpsychological nature of romance.

[14]Ian Watt, The Rise of the Novel (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967), p. 18.

[15]Compare Watt: "there are many passages in later fiction [i.e., later than Homer], from The Golden Ass to Aucassin and Nicolette, from Chaucer to Bunyan, where the characters, their actions and their environment are presented with a particularity as authentic as that in any eighteenth-century novel. But there is an important difference: in Homer and in earlier prose fiction these passages are relatively rare, and tend to stand out from the surrounding narrative; the total literary structure was not consistently oriented in the direction of formal realism, and the plot especially, which was usually traditional and often highly improbable, was in direct conflict with its premises" (p. 33).

[16]Longus, Daphnis and Chloe, trans. George Thornley, rev. J.M. Edmonds (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1916), pp. 189, 191.

[17]See also Heliodorus of Emesa, An Aethiopian Historie, trans. Thomas Underdowne (1587; rpt. London, 1895), pp. 14-15. The account of the island of Egyptian thieves is somewhat better integrated into the narrative than many such descriptions, but otherwise is typical, expanding into a brief ethnography of the thieves' culture! Ellen Moody (citing Samuel Lee Wolff) has recently given Heliodorus as an example of a romance writer who has anticipated modern psychological point-of-view techniques. Such anticipations are a matter of degree. In my judgment, his sporadic and scarcely sustained glances over the shoulders of certain characters are very remotely, if at all, akin to the sustained management of point-of-view that we begin to see in the eighteenth century. See Ellen Moody, "Richardson, Romance, and Reverie," Diss. City University of New York 1979, p. 604.

[18]Miller, passim.

[19]Ernst Robert Curtius, European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages, trans. Willard R. Trask (1953; rpt. Harper and Row, 1963), pp. 194-200.

[20]Thomas Lodge, Rosalynde, in Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare, ed. Geoffrey Bullough (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1963), II, 207.

[21]Robert A. Day, Told in Letters (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1966), p. 199.

[22]See Reeve, p. 110.

[23]Eliza Haywood, Philidore and Placentia; or, L'Amour trop Delicat, in Four Before Richardson, ed. William H. McBurney (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1963), p. 190.

[24]Ibid., p. 229; emphasis mine.

[25]Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg, The Nature of Narrative (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1966), pp. 170-189.

[26]Day, passim.

[27]Ibid., p. 121 et passim.

[28]Longus, pp. 29, 31.

[29]Ibid., p. 31.

[30]Ibid., p. 29.

[31]Noted in Moody, p. 490.

[32]A detailed account of certain aspects of both sixteenth- and seventeenth-century romance may be found in Moody, pp. 351-787. Moody and I differ radically in our view of what constitutes "psychological" narration. I find her account of Sidney's Arcadia, showing how at this time romance was beginning to focus on the inner life, particularly interesting; but, in my judgment, Sidney's euphuistic style and erratic use of point-of-view narration, among other romance traits, interfere seriously enough with its inner focus to prevent it from being important as an early example of psychological fiction.

[33]Ann Radcliffe, The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne: A Highland Story: A New Edition (London, 1821; rpt. New York: Arno Press, 1972), p. 275.

[34]Ann Radcliffe, A Sicilian Romance (London, 1821; rpt. New York: Arno Press, 1972), I (Chapter 3), 156-157; emphasis mine.

[35]Ann Radcliffe, The Romance of the Forest (London, 1827; rpt. New York: Arno Press, 1974), I, 7, 8.

[36]Ibid., III, 13-14.

[37]Ibid., I, 162.

[38]See the interesting and informed commentary of Frederick Garber in his Foreword to Radcliffe, The Romance . . . ., I, viii-xi.

[39]Ibid., II, 24.

[40]Ibid., I, 72.

[41]Ibid., I, 93.

[42]Ibid., II, 51.

[43]Ibid., I, 242.

[44]Ibid., III, 256-257.

[45]Ibid., III, 52-54.

[46]Walter Allen, The English Novel (New York: Dutton, 1958), p. 101.

[47]Ann Radcliffe, Gaston de Blondeville, or The Court of Henry III Keeping Festival in Ardenne: A Romance (London, 1826; rpt. New York: Arno Press, 1972), II, 378-380.

[48]Horace Walpole, The Castle of Otrano, in Shorter Novels of the Eighteenth Century, ed. Philip Henderson (London: Dent, 1930), p. 102.

[49]Moody, passim.

Chapter III

THE EARLY PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL

The Panorama of Human Nature

A review of the well-known tendency of eighteenth-century British fiction to free itself from romance conventions reveals one prevailing interest that overrides vast differences in style and material: that in portraying the truths of human nature as they may be observed in our individual experience of self and others.

Fielding straddles the old and new. His cultivation of the Cervantean anti-romance retains much of the structure, style, subject matter, and even ideals of romance (as Miller has shown), yet its emphasis is strikingly new in at least one respect. In his preface to Joseph Andrews (1742) Fielding begins by justifying his writing on the basis of neoclassical theories of comedy but, with a particularly eighteenth-century emphasis, he goes on to identify the comic mode with that which is capable of being particularly faithful to the portrayal of human nature. Tragic writers may find it difficult "to meet with the Great and the Admirable," their proper subjects; but "a Comic Writer should of all others be the least excused for deviating from Nature, since . . . Life every where furnishes an accurate Observer with the Ridiculous."[1]

That the comic writer should be "an accurate Observer" of "Life" is a particularly fresh emphasis in an argument

that otherwise appeals to traditional theories of decorum in composition. Fielding not only assures us that "every thing is copied from the Book of Nature" but that "scarce a Character or Action [is] produced which I have not taken from my own Observations and Experience."[2] This claim reminds us that the shift in critical emphasis that was taking place at this time--from the "rules" to "general nature"--rather than being a simple reaffirmation of a classical ideal, was accompanied by a profound alteration in the view of the meaning of life. Truths about human nature were now seen to be found not by looking to communally held ideas about order in the universe, hierarchical chains of being, and so on, but rather by examining one's own private experience of self and others. In the words of Ian Watt,

> from the Renaissance onwards, there was a growing tendency for individual experience to replace collective tradition as the ultimate arbiter of reality; and this transition would seem to constitute an important part of the general cultural background of the rise of the novel.[3]

And, we may add, of the psychological novel: for without direct observation of human nature, there can be no psychology in the modern sense of the word.

As Watt has shown, the search for truth through private experience led to a thoroughgoing change in the structure and subject matter of fiction. Most important of these changes for the development of the psychological novel was the institution of the convention that Watt has defined as "formal realism": the detailed depiction of character and setting.[4]

We have already alluded to this convention, and we shall have considerably more to say about it, since "formal" realism is a necessary basis for "psychological" realism. At present, let us glance at a few eighteenth-century tendencies in fiction, not inevitably associated with formal realism (though perhaps arising out of the concurrent interest in "realism of assessment," fiction's attempt to vie with poetry and philosophy in providing a broad, profound, "wise assessment of life")[5] but associated, nevertheless, with the novelists' growing fascination with the origins and varied manifestations of human nature. For the tendencies that grew out of this fascination also contributed to the development of psychologically oriented fiction.

One such tendency was toward a practice that complemented formally realistic description, though it was also found in some narratives that retained most of the romance conventions. This practice consisted in the formulation of general observations about universal characteristics of human nature--or, more specifically, of "the mind"--observations which sometimes were protracted almost to the length of essays and which could support and round out descriptions of particular actions. An example of the briefer sort of such observations is that made by Fielding's narrator in Tom Jones (1749) on the "Diversity in the Operations of Grief" in "different Minds": "the same Apprehension [of an accident having befallen Captain Blifil] which depressed [Allworthy's]

Voice, elevated that of Mrs. Blifil." A bit later, the narrator points to the curious reversal of behavior in these characters when they discover that the captain is in fact dead: "as Mr. Allworthy had been before silent, from the same Cause which had made his Sister vociferous; so did the present Sight, which drew Tears from the Gentleman, put an entire Stop to those of the Lady; who first gave a violent Scream, and presently after fell into a Fit."[6] Barbed with irony as these comments are, they nevertheless exemplify the trend we are concerned with, in that they constitute a detached observation--illustrated by the narrated events--on certain characteristic reactions of different minds to a particular situation.

Dr. Johnson, in Rasselas (1759), goes about this same kind of observation in a more sober, philosophical way. "In the decline of life shame and grief are of short duration," the narrator remarks at one point, and proceeds systematically to attempt to discover the reason: "whether it be that we bear easily what we have born long, or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others; or, that we look with slight regard upon afflictions, to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end." A bit later, more briefly: "Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt." And: ". . . the mind, hurried by her own ardour to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her."[7]

Although Johnson's tale has many of the earmarks of

romance--the most notable difference being the absence of magic and the supernatural--it is distinguished from most traditional romances by its consistently philosophical tenor. Not only does the prince's way of handling his discontent demonstrate truths about human nature in an uncommonplace way, but his whole expedition--with his little band of companions, each of whom has his own reasons for traveling with him--is an attempt to discover truths about life, including, more specifically, those of typical human behavior. The contemporary Candide and other works of Voltaire, as has been often acknowledged, are romances with similar philosophical purposes. In England, philosophy of this sort was with increasing frequency incorporated into realistic novels; the result was such leisurely surveys of human nature as the novels of John Moore (which J.M.S. Tompkins calls the first "scientific" novels in the language)[8] and the more penetrating novels of William Godwin (particularly Caleb Williams). We shall have more to say about the contributions of both of these writers to psychological fiction.

Although it constitutes only a small part of what we are calling the psychology of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, we can see even in her first book an interest in the more universal human traits, which she expresses at times in a Johnsonian manner:

> When first we enter on the theatre of the world, and begin to notice the objects that surround us, young imagination heightens every scene, and the warm heart expands to all around it. The happy benevolence of our feelings prompts us to believe that every body is good, and excites our wonder why every body is not happy.[9]

The illusions that youth is prone to are frequently the object of comment in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels; later on, in Udolpho, she dramatizes them by attributing to a variety of characters the comment she had reserved for her narrators. But, whatever the mode and whatever the precise topic of comment, her interest in exploring and meditating on human nature, in a fresh and direct way, is present throughout her fiction. The following comments (also from Athlin and Dunbayne) are typical: "the sufferings of suspense are superior to those of the most terrible evils. . . ."; "We naturally recoil from painful sensations. . . ."; "There is a certain point of misery, beyond which the mind becomes callous, and acquires a sort of artificial calm. Excess of misery may be said to blast the vital powers of feeling, and by a natural consequence consumes its own principle."[10]

One particular kind of eighteenth-century commentary on human nature deserves special mention. There is evident among these novelists, years before Rousseau's Émile, an interest in the effects of education on character, and in determining the proportional influences of heredity and education on individual development. This interest--recognizable as an anticipation of one of the chief preoccupations of modern psychology--is ubiquitous in the eighteenth-century novel. To illustrate this point, we need merely to think of the resistance of Tom Jones's inherited traits to all that Thwackum and Square attempt to impose on him by "education"; of the effects of Pamela's strict moral education;

of the contrast of Clarissa's character with those of her family, and the way her traits seem to have developed in opposition to (yet at first with the apparent support of) many of theirs; of the background of Sir Charles Grandison, by which he acquires an interesting combination of his father's and his mother's traits; and of course of the origin and early life of Tristram Shandy, subject to bizarre accidents, educated by his eccentric father, and influenced by his equally eccentric uncle.

In Smollett's Ferdinand Count Fathom (1753), that crazy quilt of romance (or, more properly speaking, the picaresque) and formal realism, we may see a certain interest in the genesis of villainy. Smollett's younger colleague and biographer, Dr. John Moore, later treated the same subject with less brilliance, perhaps, but with greater unity of tone and consistency of focus on the mind of his villain-hero, Zeluco, in the novel of the same name (1789). Moore presents an interesting view of the effects of a misguided and ill-circumstanced upbringing on the already obstreperous character of the young Zeluco:

> A short time after the death of his father, Zeluco began to display strong symptoms of that violent and overbearing disposition to which he had always had a propensity, though he had hitherto been obliged to restrain it. Had that gentleman lived a few years longer, the violence of Zeluco's temper would, it is probable, have been weakened, or entirely annihilated, by the continued influence of this habit of restraint, and his future life might have exhibited a very different character; for he shewed sufficient command of himself as long as his father lived: but very soon after his death, he indulged, without control, every humour

> and caprice; and his mistaken mother applauding the blusterings of petulance and pride as indications of spirit, his temper became more and more ungovernable, and at length seemed as inflammable as gunpowder, bursting into flashes of rage at the slightest provocation.[11]

Charlotte Smith, a writer who had a considerable influence on Mrs. Radcliffe, also frequently shows an interest in the appearance in children of traits related to those of their parents. To take a very brief example from Celestina (1791), the author introduces Miss Fitz-Hayman by observing that "to the personal arrogance of her mother, she added the hereditary pride of her father. . . ."[12] The views and approaches of these authors are all different, but they all share at least one interest: that in the origins of human character.

When Mrs. Radcliffe attempts to account for the origins of her characters' traits, she is often too easily satisfied with undramatized portraits. Less frequently than with the best of her predecessors do we see character in the process of being molded through interactions with parents or parent-surrogates; nor is Mrs. Radcliffe ever clear about the respective influences of heredity and environment. Yet she was sufficiently interested in these contemporary concerns to include lengthy background sketches that account for character by parental origins. Since they constitute one element (though a minor one) of her psychological approach, let us take an example of such a sketch. In The Italian (1797), Vincentio di Vivaldi is described with reference to his noble origins; but we are given far more about his

personal traits than we would get in the superlative-filled characterizations of romance. And to the account of these traits are attached capsule lives of his parents that indicate the influence of their characters on his, summed up in the following manner:

> Vincentio inherited much of the character of his father, and very little of that of his mother. His pride was as noble and generous as that of the Marchese; but he had somewhat of the fiery passions of the Marchesa, without any of her craft, her duplicity, or vindictive thirst of revenge. Frank in his temper, ingenuous in his sentiments, quickly offended, but easily appeased; irritated by any appearance of disrespect, but melted by a concession, a high sense of honor rendered him no more jealous of offence, than a delicate humanity made him ready for reconciliation, and anxious to spare the feelings of others.[13]

The most interesting example in Mrs. Radcliffe of the influence of a parent's character on that of his child is depicted in the relationship, in Udolpho, of St. Aubert and his daughter Emily. But, as that fully detailed and dramatized interaction cannot be illustrated by a brief quotation, we shall discuss it at length later.

Exploring hereditary and educational influences on the formation of character was only one of many approaches to human nature that fascinated eighteenth-century novelists. The seemingly endless variety of forms that human nature could assume became in itself the subject of eager investigation and commentary. For example, in 1748, Smollett apologized for presenting the characters in Roderick Random in a "low estate," and offered the reader as recompense the opportunity thereby afforded of "viewing those parts of

life, where the humours and passions are undisguised by affectation, ceremony, or education; and the whimsical peculiarities of disposition appear as nature has implanted them."[14] And for all of Dr. Johnson's emphasis on the constancy of human nature in all times and places, he was also aware of the vast variety of forms it may assume. To discover this variety becomes the personal project of Imlac in Rasselas, who in Persia is "afforded . . . daily opportunities of remarking characters and manners, and of tracing human nature through all its variations";[15] and such is the interest of Dr. Moore throughout his Zeluco, which is appropriately subtitled Various Views of Human Nature, Taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic.[16]

Moore, in the tradition of Fielding, was interested in a wide view of the varieties of human nature rather than the minute analysis of motives and feelings. His criticism of Marivaux, who, according to Moore, "might be thought to dwell with too much refinement on the secret motives of conduct, and all the movements of the passions," places Moore somewhat apart from the psychological novelists proper, who, fully exploiting the mode of formal realism, made fiction more psychological by engaging in precisely the kind of analysis that Moore disliked.[17] But Moore's novels at least helped to prepare the way for true psychological realism by taking a more philosophically inquisitive and objective attitude toward human nature than had been customary in fiction (with a few major exceptions) and

consequently helping to eliminate from the novel many of the lingering artifices of romance.

We might add that Zeluco was the inspiration for many a character-portrait gallery in the decade following its publication. Helen Maria Williams cites it in her Julia (1790), whose succession of penetrating, sober character sketches is virtually an open declaration of her debt to Moore.[18] Mrs. Radcliffe, by the one or two touches in the sketch of Montoni she seems to have borrowed from Zeluco, and by her quoting Julia at one point (also in Udolpho), indicates that she read both of these books, thus giving us an idea of some immediate influences on her approach to the panorama of human nature.

For another aspect of the "panorama," a subdivision, as it were, we may look all the way back to Defoe. If Defoe is, according to Ian Watt, the first important English formal realist, we may also see in him the beginnings of a kind of psychological interest--an immensely influential one, in fact. For we can see in Defoe an interest in penetrating the secret lives of criminals and adventurers, in laying bare (if roughly and falteringly) the impulses that are the immediate cause of, to take the most obvious examples, Robinson Crusoe's wanderlust and Moll Flanders' larceny.

The focus on the mental life of exotics, outcasts, criminals, people living on the fringes of society or in extraordinary situations, the insane or near-insane, became gradually more prevalent in English fiction, especially in

the 1780s. William Godwin's Caleb Williams (1794) is a well-known example of a novel especially notable for probing the minds of several of these fringe types.[19]

Mrs. Radcliffe fits squarely into this movement. Earlier in the same year with Caleb Williams she had published Udolpho and three years later would publish The Italian--both showing a fascination with the exotic "Italian" character and its extreme, more criminal exemplars: people who are aloof, volatile, passionate, proud, ambitious, scheming, and secretive, and whose consciences are burdened with the knowledge of their evil deeds. To a lesser extent, her earlier novels are concerned with the same types, and even there, as we have already noted, these types are depicted in a new fashion, quite unlike that of romance.

Just as Mrs. Radcliffe's retention of certain themes and plot elements of romance gives her a latitude in the exploration of human nature that she could not have gained by clinging to the strict presentation of day-to-day social reality, her interests in the varieties of human nature, in the origins of character, in the universal tendencies of the mind, all contribute to what I have defined as her literary "psychology." But the central factor in her psychology, the basis on which all else rests, is her detailed unfolding of the contents of her characters' consciousnesses. This is equally true of the most psychologically oriented of her predecessors and contemporaries. Our next concern, therefore,

will be to place Mrs. Radcliffe in the context of these other practitioners of early forms of psychological novel-writing.

The Recesses of the Mind: Psychological Realism

The "Turn Inward": The Commonplace and the Exotic

The origin of the modern study of human nature has been traced--as we have already briefly noted--to the "growing tendency" (in the words of Ian Watt), beginning in the Renaissance, "for individual experience to replace collective tradition as the ultimate arbiter of reality." This "turn inward"--to use Erich Kahler's term--of the individual consciousness upon itself as a means of exploring reality, or "nature," provided an essential foundation for all modern philosophical, scientific, and literary psychology. We shall therefore devote considerable attention to it here, discussing Mrs. Radcliffe's predecessors among literary psychologists, and in a later context commenting on certain trends in philosophical psychology that influenced her writing.[20]

The practice of searching within the self for truth about life had, it is necessary to mention, begun in religious contexts long before the Renaissance. Soul-searching for the sake of spiritual self-improvement, as one is reminded by such documents as the Confessions of St. Augustine, was a fundamental part of early Christianity; the practice was continued most notably by the Puritans. Although certain underlying doctrinal assumptions prevented such writings from maintaining the consistent, relatively objective focus

on one's hidden thoughts and impulses--or at least on any but a few selected ones--that is necessary to construct an adequate psychology, it is likely that the Puritan practice of introspection helped pave the way for the less doctrinally biased self-exploration that began to be undertaken in the mid-eighteenth century.

Other factors, as Ian Watt has shown, caused people at this time to write more and more about themselves and the minute occurrences of their daily lives. For one thing, a general increase in personal privacy in English society in the course of the century gave people with the introspective impetus an opportunity to record their experiences not only in diaries but in volume after volume of correspondence (and in Richardson's hands, the familiar letter was made the basis of the psychological novel).

The value placed on this kind of introspective recording increased markedly as the philosophical viewpoints of Descartes, Locke, and their successors became more widespread. There may have been philosophical disagreement as to whether the individual consciousness is a repository of innate ideas or the passive receptor of sensations from without (to give only the most extreme positions); but all at least agreed that everything we know comes through the medium of consciousness, and that it is to the particular form of the contents of the individual consciousness that we must turn to know anything certain. Further, the mind began to be seen as contributing to the reality it perceives--

if not innate "ideas" then at least some of its own characteristics. Most simply, such mental powers as attention and judgment were noted to have a selective and interpretive influence over our perceptions; and, sparked by Platonistic and Berkeleyan idealism, some thought of the mind as more actively creating much or all of the form and content of its own perceptions. As a result, it seemed imperative to discover precisely what were the characteristics of an entity--the human mind--that is so extensively responsible for the shape of its own experiences. And since our experiences come not in general concepts but in fine detail, the philosophy, the science, and the literature that attempted to understand or represent life began to do so in equally fine detail. Consequently, in literature (and in the literary basis of other disciplines), the technique of formal realism had to be developed in order to convey the individualized, detailed qualities of experiences.

The "turn inward," the valuing of private experience as a vehicle of truth, is now so taken for granted as a necessary part of the apprehension of reality that we may easily overlook its revolutionary character. Let us briefly look ahead and observe the first full blossoming of this movement as it occurred in Mrs. Radcliffe's contemporaries, the Romantics. To many of them, the new method of turning to the recesses of one's own mind for the discovery of truth came as a force no less potent in its domain than the French revolution in the political realm. Poems like the Lyrical

Ballads, and all those poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge which recorded, to paraphrase a title the former once used, the moods of their own minds, moods reflected in daffodils, larks, peculiar cloud formations, children at play, a strange hue on the horizon or echo from the hills, were at first rejected as childish and trivial by even so capable (and psychologically oriented) a critic as Francis Jeffrey. It was only gradually that the self-exploratory approach took hold.

By the mid-eighteenth century a number of writers--Gray, Walpole, Richardson--had begun to record their immediate thoughts and impressions in voluminous correspondence. The notebooks of Boswell anticipated those of Coleridge, Byron, Dorothy Wordsworth, and Ann Radcliffe herself; and virtually all of the Romantics also produced a considerable body of correspondence, much of it probing the mysteries of self even as it recorded outer nature more accurately than before--for inner and outer, as with the German idealists, were increasingly seen as indissolubly bonded. And even in essays meant for the public, writers like Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt abandoned traditional forms and moods, and, experimenting also with the vehicle of words, recorded their fleeting impressions and whimsies, their irrational likes and dislikes, as though in them, and not in conventional ideas about the order of the universe (as we might find in Pope's Essay on Man, to take just one example) lay the truth about life.

I have already mentioned how late eighteenth-century novelists became increasingly interested in extreme and exotic characters. The concurrent turn inward compelled writers (sometimes the same ones) to scrutinize the extremes of their own mental functioning, their own exotic motives and responses in atypical, stressful, even life-threatening situations. Coleridge's records, in his notebooks, of his reactions to almost lethal doses of opium, and of the effects on him of his dizzying descent from a treacherous Lake-district precipice, exemplify an extreme of detached self-observation, and would have furnished him with ample material for far more fiction than the few poems he wrote, had he been inclined to make use of them.

Similarly, the interest of novelists in insane and near-insane characters was paralleled by (sometimes combined with, by the same writer) an interest in probing the diseased or distressed mind from within, an interest in the conditions, symptoms, and resolution of various types of mental disorder. The path for this kind of probing, we might add, was cleared in part by the age of reason's revaluation of madness--an example is Addison's redefinition of witches as insane old women rather than actual agents of the devil[21]--as well as by the ascendancy of a consciousness-oriented psychology over the old psychology of "humors."

This interest in scrutinizing the extremes of mental behavior, both from without and from within, appears fully developed in a pivotal novel that we have already cited and

shall have occasion to discuss further: Godwin's Caleb Williams, written in the same year with Udolpho (1794). Godwin's novel may be described (to oversimplify a complex book) as an account of the effects of prolonged persecution on the mind of an individual, recorded from his own perspective; and, to a lesser extent, an account of the tortured relationship of persecutor and victim, isolated from general society and social encounters and pressures, and of the operations of the minds of characters whom modern psychology would classify as paranoid.

Godwin's later (1832) statement of his intentions in writing Caleb Williams represents what many of his contemporaries were also attempting, if less self-consciously; one finds in it a clear account of the way many writers at this time were trying to explore reality by probing the minute particulars of the mind:

> . . . the thing in which my imagination revelled the most freely, was the analysis of the private and internal operations of the mind, employing my metaphysical dissecting knife in tracing and laying bare the involutions of motive, and recording the gradually accumulating impulses, which led the personages I had to describe primarily to adopt the particular way of proceeding in which they afterwards embarked.[22]

In tracing Ann Radcliffe's predecessors in psychological novel-writing it will be helpful to pause over some passages of what we might call "transitional" works. Dr. Johnson's Rasselas may again be cited; for, while its treatment of events unfolding in time is highly condensed and generalized, more like that of romance than of the realistic novel,

nevertheless Johnson shows a special interest in the deranged mind that is quite unromancelike and perhaps--characteristic of the period's interest in private experience--was derived from his own distresses. In Imlac's lengthy analysis of the astronomer's delusions of power, we can discern, in a literary context, eighteenth-century mental philosophy beginning to develop the terminology, mode of description, and general outlook that would eventually, with modifications, constitute the substructure of the most important nineteenth- and twentieth-century psychologies:

> "There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas [i.e., in the broad Lockean sense] will come and go at his command. . . . All power of fancy [in the pre-Coleridgean sense, synonymous with "imagination"] over reason is a degree of insanity; but while this power is such as we can controll and repress [in the pre-Freudian sense, synonymous with "suppress"], it is not visible to others, nor considered as any depravation of the mental faculties: it is not pronounced madness but when it becomes ungovernable, and apparently influences speech or action."[23]

The terms I have emphasized are such as later--with the general mode of description--became part of the narrative fabric of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. Imlac goes on to describe the mental activity of one who is often alone and "'delight[s] too much in silent speculation.'" Such a person indulges himself in boundless fantasy until finally

> "some particular train of ideas fixes the attention, all other intellectual gratifications are rejected, the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favourite conception, and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed; she grows first imperious, and

> in time despotick. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish."[24]

From a modern, psychoanalytically oriented viewpoint, this interesting analysis of the origin of delusions is of course insufficient; over a century of philosophy, literature, and experimental and clinical science was necessary before Imlac's variety of explanation could be refined into the kind of psychodynamic analysis that takes into account such factors as the unconscious, the persistence into adulthood of childhood conflicts, psychosexual and other "instinctual" forces, and so on. Yet the refinement of psychological analysis in certain ways occurred more quickly in literature than in science. For Imlac's sort of mental analysis, if it was not identical with psychoanalysis, was in other writers merged with the detailed--formally realistic--presentation of the contents of minds; and the more direct depiction by these writers of the intricacies of mental functioning lent a specificity and acuteness of observation to the general terms of philosophical psychology. William Godwin--who was both novelist and philosopher--is obviously one such writer. As we shall see, Ann Radcliffe, though far less often viewed as such, was another.

Imlac, acting as a self-appointed psychotherapist, eventually cures the astronomer. In the process, he unearths another cause of the sage's insanity:

> "No disease of the imagination . . . is so difficult of cure, as that which is complicated with the dread

> of guilt: fancy and conscience then act interchangeably upon us, and so often shift their places, that the illusions of one are not distinguished from the dictates of the other. If fancy presents images not moral or religious, the mind drives them away when they give it pain, but when melancholick notions take the form of duty, they lay hold on the faculties without opposition, because we are afraid to exclude or banish them. For this reason the superstitious are often melancholy, and the melancholy almost always superstitious."[25]

I have quoted this passage at length because it anticipates in general terms what Mrs. Radcliffe was later to trace in detail: the psychology of guilt. We see here in Imlac's discourse some connections that stand out in sharper relief in Udolpho and The Italian. There we can see much more clearly what Imlac here merely adumbrates: the links of guilt-feelings with fear and with obsessions, and, especially significant, the connection between "melancholy" and "superstitious" states of mind. Dr. Johnson's association of feelings of guilt with insanity is a profound observation (Freud was much later to discover the importance in neurosis of an "unconscious sense of guilt"); yet he merely sketches what Mrs. Radcliffe presents in rich detail in her best novels, where she explores, among other things, the interconnections of guilt-feelings, depression, fear, and even hallucinations.

The Psychology of Love: Mme de Lafayette

Although in English fiction the psychological novel seems virtually to have sprung to life fully grown in Richardson's novels, we may instructively find for ourselves

a link between this new kind of writing and traditional romance by looking to France, about seventy years earlier. La Princesse de Clèves (1678) of Marie-Madeleine, Comtesse de Lafayette is probably the first novel in which the contents of minds are consistently and systematically explored in a plain prose-style that has been freed from most of the artifices of romance. To be sure, we do not find in this short novel that formal realism has entirely supplanted romance conventions. There is little description of setting or character; and at the opening, at least, the beauty and accomplishments of everyone at the court of Henry II are described in the superlatives of romance. These extravagant descriptions, however, soon give way to a socially realistic look at the intrigue and corruption of the French court. And then, in a framework of a neat, tightly constructed and fully dramatized plot (apparently influenced by contemporary neoclassical drama), the focus shifts away from outward action to the inner lives of the three principal characters.

Still close to romance, the psychology in La Princesse de Clèves is almost entirely centered on love; yet, because of its immensely complex social context, this emotion (or "passion") itself becomes more complex than it had been in romance.[26] It is not only the characters' inner conflicts over the moral status of the illicit love of the Princess and the Duc de Nemours that are detailed, but also their reactions to the social exposure of their love, which

itself is a complex matter, causing the Prince and Princess to suspect each other of being the cause of the leakage of truth. After a lengthy and anguished conversation between the latter two, the narrator informs us of its results in their thoughts:

> L'aveu que Mme de Clèves avait fait à son mari était une si grande marque de sa sincérité et elle niait si fortement de s'être confiée à personne que M. de Clèves ne savait que penser . . . . elle était sue; ainsi il fallait que se fût par l'un des deux, mais ce qui lui causait une douleur violente était de savoir que ce secret était entre les mains de quelqu'un et qu'apparement il serait beintôt divulgué.
>
> Mme de Clèves pensait à peu près les mêmes choses. . . . Ce qu'avait dit M. de Nemours . . . la déterminait à croire que M. de Clèves avait abusé de la confiance qu'elle avait en lui. Ils étaient si occupés l'un et l'autre de leurs pensées qu'ils furent longtemps sans parler, et ils ne sortirent de ce silence que pour redire les mêmes choses qu'ils avaient déjà dites plusieurs fois, et demeurèrent le coeur et l'esprit plus éloignés et plus altérés qu'ils ne l'avaient encore eu.[27]

There are ways in which later novels, more fully realistic, would expand and detail thoughts like these to a much greater degree; but as the above passage shows (especially by contrast with typical romance narratives), Mme de Lafayette has already done much to expand and deepen the exploration of minds in fiction. Both characters' doubts, confusion, grief, and feelings of estrangement--and the atmosphere in which these thoughts and feelings occur--are presented sharply and clearly.

One--though not the only--measure of the depth and scope of a narrative's psychology is its approach to a representation of the unconscious mind in a modern way.

We have already briefly looked at the manifestations of unconscious love in Daphnis and Chloe. As may be expected --since love is one entity concerning which the idea of unconscious mental activity goes back to antiquity and since so much of the psychology of Mme de Lafayette's novel is that of love--the unconscious aspects of love also play a part in the psychology of La Princesse de Clèves, and in a subtler way. Here Madame de Clèves herself comes to terms with this unconscious love and its complicated internal consequences:

> L'on ne peut exprimer la douleur qu'elle sentit de connaître, par ce que lui venait de dire sa mère, l'intérêt qu'elle prenait à M. de Nemours: elle n'avait encore osé se l'avouer à elle-même. Elle vit alors que les sentiments qu'elle avait pour lui étaient ceux que M. de Clèves lui avait tant demandés; elle trouva combien il était honteux de les avoir pour un autre que pour un mari qui les méritait.[28]

And again, later on: "Quant elle fut en liberté de rêver, elle connut bien qu'elle s'était trompée lorsqu'elle avait cru n'avoir plus que l'indifférence pour M. de Nemours."[29] Another sign that we may observe of a profounder psychology is the insight we are given into motivation and all the interplay of thought and outward behavior. In the above instances, for example, the Princess's discoveries about herself and their consequences in her further thoughts also lead to decisions to act in certain ways that she had not earlier intended, and these actions in turn play significant parts in shaping the plot.

The Dignity of Mind: Marivaux

Although our principal concern is with the early English psychological novel, our interest in a well-rounded view of the growth of psychological approaches and techniques in fiction leads us to examine briefly one more French author: Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux. In his unfinished novel, La Vie de Marianne (1731-1741), psychological fiction takes a sizeable step toward maturity. As with Mme de Lafayette, and, for that matter, even Richardson, certain romance elements persist in what is otherwise a realistic narrative: in particular, there are the coincidences of relationship between Mme de Miran and Valville, and between them and M. de Climal, each of whom Marianne meets separately, in entirely disparate circumstances. But in its slow, detailed unfolding of events and in its detailed characterizations, Marivaux's novel is fully realistic.[30]

In his restriction of the narrative point of view to a single observing consciousness, Marivaux was anticipated by Defoe. But there is a difference: while Defoe's narrators show little insight into their own mental operations, the narrator of Marivaux's novel, supposedly the mature and experienced Marianne reviewing her own early life after many years, displays an insight into the workings of her own mind--and those of others--that is indistinguishable from that of the author--of an author, moreover, who has a particularly keen understanding of human nature and the

hidden workings of the mind.

This understanding is displayed on several levels of psychological insight. First, there is the complexity of Marianne's behavior, conveyed in exceptional clarity and detail by the narrator. We see, in dramatized situations, the contradictory traits of Marianne's character: her innocence as well as her intuitive shrewdness, her petty vanity as well as her true nobility of soul. Because they are unfolded in detail as they express themselves in action, these qualities can be seen as inextricably blended with one another, as they frequently are in real life. For example, when Marianne has reason to suspect the true motivation behind M. de Climal's lavishing expensive clothing on her, we see how her genuine indignation and disgust with his hypocritical behavior are mixed with a degree of petty selfishness that leads her to look for excuses that will justify her keeping his presents without declaring her real feelings (excuses that in retrospect she sees as artifices, rationalizations). But when Mme Dutour advises her to keep the presents and consciously deceive Climal, Marianne is forced to come face to face with the implications of her self-deceptive behavior and begins to have second thoughts about allowing the matter to drag on without expressing her true feelings to him.[31] And yet, she still allows herself to enjoy with a petty vanity the clothing Climal has given her. Finally she decides to return it--but even then it is not without regrets, and only after she has fallen in love

with Valville and when, therefore, returning Climal's gifts could work to her advantage.[32]

We must note, moreover, that all this vacillation is reported in detail and with a full account of Marianne's reflections and deliberations about the matter, both at the time and in a retrospective review of the events. We may define this microscopic view of Marianne's consciousness that Marivaux consistently presents to us as a second level of psychological understanding. At times we are admitted even to the stream of associative thought in her consciousness.[33] In one place she speaks of her thought as "passant insensiblement d'une idée à une autre."[34]

More significantly, Marivaux's close, incessant focus on consciousness leads to observations on what occurs at the fringes of consciousness, even in the unconscious, anticipating--as many of the better realistic novels do--modern psychological observations on unconscious thinking. In the traditional area of unconscious love, Marivaux's psychological realism possesses a scope and wealth of detail that we do not find in La Princesse de Clèves. See, for instance, what goes on inside Marianne's mind when she and Valville notice each other in church:

> Tout ce que sais, c'est que ses regards
> m'embarrassaient, que j'hésitais de les lui
> rendre, et que je les lui rendais toujours;
> que je ne voulais pas qu'il me vît y répondre,
> et que je n'étais pas fâchée qu'il l'eût vu.[35]

This clash of contradictory feelings, described very recognizably, is precisely the way (or at least one way) in which

unconscious motivation may be seen to exert a force contrary to that of conscious intention. Marivaux goes on to describe, with scrupulous precision, Marianne's thoughts, feelings, and actions on leaving the church:

> Enfin, on sortit de l'église; et je me souviens que j'en sortis lentement, que je retardais mes pas, que je regrettais la place que je quittais, et que je m'en allais avec un coeur à qui il manquait quelque chose, et qui ne savait pas ce que c'était. Je dis qu'il ne le savait pas, c'est peut-être trop dire; car, en m'en allant, je retournais souvent la tête pour revoir encore le jeune homme que je lassais derrière moi; mais je ne croyais pas me retourner pour lui.[36]

Here we see even more clearly how unconscious thought or volition is manifested in conscious feeling, feeling which Marianne has difficulty verbalizing perhaps partly because it represents a point at which conscious and unconscious forces intersect.[37] Marianne says she didn't know what the vacancy in her heart was; and yet, she is quick to suggest that, in a sense, she did know. And again, in retrospect, it is obvious why she so frequently turned around to look at Valville; but she is careful to specify that she didn't believe (i.e., consciously) that she was turning around for his sake. The outcome of this incident is a triumph of her unconscious volition: it draws her into a "rêverie," she becomes unaware of her surroundings, she is nearly run down by a carriage, is thrown off her guard, falls, and hurts her foot.[38] Her unconscious has contrived a perfect way to gain her the attention of Valville; and we are privileged to observe, more clearly than ever before in fiction, the means it has employed. Superficially, the scene is a purely

conventional love-at-first-sight-plus-chivalrous-rescue sequence of romance; but Marivaux's psychologically realistic view of the unconsciously determined "accident" revitalizes the commonplace.

Elsewhere, the workings of Marianne's unconscious mind are not, as hitherto in virtually all fiction, restricted to matters of love. In several instances--as in her unwillingness to part with Climal's clothing--her egotism directs her behavior from a point beyond her conscious awareness.[39] One's unconscious egotism is frequently the subject of yet a third kind of psychological observation in this book: the generalized, often aphoristic statements about human nature (such as became standard in the eighteenth-century English novel) that lend added significance to the intricate web of particular thoughts, feelings, and actions of which most of the narrative consists.[40] One lengthy example will have to stand for the profusion of such generalizations in the book. After Marianne believes she has conquered the effects of her disappointed love for Valville by fixing on a mode of conduct that would ennoble her, she finds that her resolution to be "fière, modeste, décente, digne," is dissipated overnight. She turns the experience into a general reflection on the behavior of the mind:

> Dans une situation comme la mienne, avec quelque industrie qu'on se secoure, on est sujette à de fréquentes rechutes, et tous ces petits repos qu'on se procure sont bien fragiles. L'âme n'en jouit qu'en passant, et sait bien qu'elle n'est

> tranquille que par un tour d'imagination qu'il faudrait qu'elle conservât, mais qui la gêne trop; de façon qu'elle en revient toujours a l'état qui lui est plus commode, qui est d'être agitée.[41]

One truly original aspect of Marivaux's novel is the way in which statements of this sort, derived from original observation to begin with, add depth to the web of mental circumstances that constitute most of the story. (The occasional generalizations about human nature that appeared in romance tended to be proverbial commonplaces, statements entirely different from what Marivaux--and the psychological novelists who followed him--were managing to write.) And when we consider the degree to which the entire plot of Marianne is determined by seemingly whimsical or perverse impulses in the heroine (impulses, as we have seen, actually originating in motivations of an unconscious or semiconscious nature, and yet seeming to arise naturally out of the given complex set of circumstances) we may have some idea of how far Marivaux advances psychological fiction.

Before we pass on to Richardson, there are two further aspects of Marivaux's psychology that we would do well to consider, for they look ahead to the psychology of Mrs. Radcliffe. The first is the occasional focus on the operations of the imagination. When Marianne is left alone in Paris by the death of her foster-mother, and when once it has been suggested to her that to stay in her present lodgings would be disastrous, her imagination spins out a monstrous vision to nourish her panic:

> . . . je n'y pouvais tenir; je voyais des épées, des poignards, des assassinats, des vols, des insultes: mon sang se glacait aux périls que me figurais: car quand une fois l'imagination est en train, malheur à l'esprit qu'elle gouverne.[42]

In the kind of tampering with one's view of reality that is effected by the imagination, we may see a brief anticipation of what is ubiquitous and richly elaborated in Mrs. Radcliffe's later novels.

And finally, in Marianne we may discern what may be the first true Bildungsroman. For Marivaux is the first to have refined the mode of psychological realism to the point where it is capable of depicting the slow education and development of a single mind over a period of time. Even in the fragmentary condition in which Marivaux left his story, we are able to see Marianne moving gradually from a state of relative innocence, ignorance of the "world," and lack of self-awareness, to a state of experience showing a marked increase in her self-assurance, self-knowledge, and knowledge of others. Below, I will try to show how Mrs. Radcliffe's Emily St. Aubert is, like Marianne, a heroine of a Bildungsroman. It must, however, be conceded from the outset that Emily's inner growth is much more limited than that of Marianne. There is, nevertheless, a certain dimension, many-flawed though it be, in which we may follow her acquisition of experience and observe, as a result, a certain shift in her perspective and understanding of the complex train of events she has suffered through.

The Psychological Novel Comes of Age: Richardson

With Samuel Richardson--especially with Clarissa (1747-1748)--we arrive at the mature psychological novel.[43] According to Dr. Johnson, whose judgment of Richardson was echoed by many contemporaries, he was unsurpassed at penetrating "the recesses of our mind" and Clarissa was "the first book in the world for the knowledge it displays of the human heart."[44] Richardson's transforming effect on all fiction written after his was so widespread that it is safe to assume an influence on Mrs. Radcliffe, even though technically there is little proof that she ever read him. (Adeline's abduction and imprisonment by her would-be seducer, the Marquis de Montalt, in The Romance of the Forest, strongly resembles certain situations in Richardson's novels, especially Clarissa; I am unaware of any stronger evidence of a direct influence than this.) But, whether Richardson's influence on Mrs. Radcliffe was direct or indirect or both, it is essential that we take into account Richardson's enormous contributions to literary psychology. Thorough commentary on Richardson's innovations in epistolary technique, on his achievement in the context of fiction generally, and on his accomplishment in treating life in its moral, social, and even, to a great extent, psychological aspects has already been written. In this study we will therefore pay scant attention to anything but certain of his innovations in the realm of psychological realism.

Some of Richardson's detailed probing of minds emerges out of his full exploitation of the method of writing a novel in letters. In his often-quoted preface to Clarissa he explains that "all the letters are written while the hearts of the writers must be supposed to be wholly engaged in their subjects (the events at the time generally dubious): so that they abound not only with critical situations, but with what may be called instantaneous descriptions and reflections. . . ." Clarissa herself claims that, but for her incessant writing, "many a good thought [would] evaporate . . . in thinking." And Lovelace too, in order to capture the immediacy of thought and feeling, purposely writes in a "lively present-tense manner."[45]

If Richardson has his characters apologize for the frequency or manner of their letter writing somewhat more often than is plausible, he is betraying, it seems to me, some lingering doubts about the absolute necessity of using letters to convey his characters' immediate thoughts and feelings. It is a fact that other novelists have managed to be as psychological as Richardson without using the epistolary mode; it is equally a fact that no writer ever made of the mode of letters the remarkable psychological vehicle that Richardson did. Yet, though one need not use letters to be psychological, they do have the special advantage of being able to represent, better than any other mode (except perhaps that of the internal monologue, which was not developed until much later), verbal thought: the

characters' speeches to themselves, as it were, as well as their reports of their own and others' speeches in dramatic situations. In employing letters, Richardson was able to make an immediate and absolute break with the rhetorical conventions of romance and all other traditional styles of narration. Writing now might be entirely colloquial where the speech it imitated was so; and all rules of syntax and diction might be broken in order to represent sudden minute occurrences and observations and to render halting or disordered speech or verbal thought. To take a few brief examples. First, Lovelace, observing himself in lustful excitement and anticipated triumph:

> All's right, as heart can wish! In spite of all objection--in spite of a reluctance next to fainting --in spite of all foresight, vigilance, suspicion-- once more is the charmer of my soul in her old lodgings!
> Now throbs away every pulse! Now thump, thump, thumps my bounding heart for something![46]

Notice how, with situation, thought, and feeling, Lovelace gives us also the physical manifestations of feeling.

Now he is speaking to the woman he has raped, and is cowed by her morally superior composure:

> My dear--my love--I--I--I never--no never--lips trembling, limbs quaking, voice inward, hesitating, broken--never surely did miscreant look so like a miscreant![47]

Clarissa, on a somewhat earlier occasion, still half-deranged by the rape and the effects of drugs, writes to her friend describing (and simultaneously demonstrating) how she is unable to express herself adequately:

> How good you have always been to me, mine own dear Anna Howe! But how I ramble!
>
> I sat down to say a great deal--my heart was full--I did not know what to say first--and thought, and grief, and confusion, and (O my poor head!)--I cannot tell what--and thought, and grief, and confusion, came crowding so thick upon me; one would be first, another would be first, all would be first; so I can write nothing at all.[48]

Neither Ann Radcliffe nor virtually anyone else ever managed scenes quite like these, where words are captured just on the border, half of expressing, and half of being suppressed by nonverbal thought and feeling. This is not to say that there aren't areas of experience, of mental behavior, that Mrs. Radcliffe doesn't explore even more thoroughly than Richardson; but neither do I wish to imply that she has anywhere near his scope. It may be helpful to clarify our present purpose. Our survey of the scope of Richardson's psychology is a means of gaining perspective on the kind of literary psychology achieved by Mrs. Radcliffe's major predecessor in the field; I do not mean to suggest that she or any of her contemporaries surpassed or even equalled him in total breadth or depth. Nevertheless, they did, while incorporating much of Richardson, make certain contributions of their own, as we shall see.

As Richardson's characters verbalize their thoughts and feelings, they also communicate, often in extremely minute detail, descriptions of the characters and settings in situations they have experienced. This marked advance in formal realism that Watt and other commentators have discussed makes possible--and Richardson fully exploits the opportunity--greater psychological realism. That is, we

are made aware, through events expanded in time and fully dramatized, of the impressions these situations make on their narrators, of the ways in which these narrators themselves behave, internally and externally, in participating in interchanges with others, and of the connections among their thought, feeling, and speech and other outward behavior. So much of Richardson's psychology emerges in long-run effects--in the long-term accumulation of impressions, judgments, motivations to action, in the contrast of views of the same situation by different individuals, in the gradual accretion of these views, ways of behaving, and manner of expression, all of which constitutes individual character in its slow development --that it is impossible to do it justice in this brief space. We must be content with quoting a few more representative passages (the first, I fear, at excessive length, though nowhere near long enough to convey the essential Richardson).

The following scene is notable for Clarissa's description of the attitudes, gestures, and appearances of the participants, including those of the grotesque and loathsome but not <u>wholly</u> inhuman Solmes, and for her own reactions, especially her gradual realization, with sinking heart, of the real distance and lack of sympathy between her mother and herself:

> I found my mother and sister together in my sister's parlour. My mother, I fear, by the glow in her fine face (and as the browner,

sullener glow in my sister's confirmed) had been expressing herself with warmth, against her unhappier child: perhaps giving such an account of what had passed, as should clear herself, and convince Bella, and through her, my brother and uncles, of the sincere pains she had taken with me.

I entered like a dejected criminal; and besought the favour of a private audience. My mother's return, both looks and words, gave but too much reason for my above surmise.

You have, said she (looking at me with a sternness that never sits well on her sweet features), rather a requesting than a conceding countenance, Clarissa Harlowe. . . .

My mother, thought I, might have withdrawn with me, as she knows that I have not a friend in my sister.

I come down, madam, said I, to beg of you to forgive me. . . .

Such aggravating looks; such lifting up of hands and eyes; such a furrowed forehead in my sister!

My mother was angry enough without all that; and asked me to what purpose I came down, if I were still so untractable?

She had hardly spoken the words when Shorey came in to tell her that Mr. Solmes was in the hall, and desired admittance.

Ugly creature! What, at the close of day, quite dark, brought him hither? But, on second thoughts, I believe it was contrived, that he should be here at supper, to know the result of the conference between my mother and me, and that my father, on his return, might find us together.

I was hurrying away; but my mother commanded me (since I had come down only, as she said, to mock her) not to stir; and at the same time see if I could behave so to Mr. Solmes, as might encourage her to make the favourable report to my father which I had besought her to make.

My sister triumped. I was vexed to be so caught, and to have such an angry and cutting rebuke given me, with an aspect more like the taunting sister than the indulgent mother, if I may presume to say so: for she herself seemed to enjoy the surprise upon me.

The man stalked in. His usual walk is by pauses, as if (from the same vacuity of thought which made Dryden's clown whistle) he was telling his steps: and first paid his clumsy respects to

> my mother; then to my sister; next to me, as if I were already his wife, and therefore to be last in his notice; and sitting down by me, told us in general what weather it was. Very cold he made it; but I was warm enough. Then addressing himself to me; and how do you find it, miss? was his question; and would have taken my hand.
>
> I withdrew it, I believe with disdain enough. My mother frowned. My sister bit her lip.
>
> I could not contain myself: I never was so bold in my life; for I went on with my plea as if Mr. Solmes had not been there.
>
> My mother coloured, and looked at him, at my sister, and at me. My sister's eyes were opener and bigger than ever I saw them before.
>
> The man understood me. He hemmed, and removed from one chair to another.[49]

Unfortunately, to give much more of this marvelous scene, with its wealth of nuance, would divert us from our purpose. It should be noted that we gain added perspective by having Clarissa's thoughts and feelings both at the time of the incident and as she reviews it in writing it down (her "second thoughts"). Thus we get even her reaction of surprise at her own daring and hitherto uncharacteristic behavior.

One feature lacking in the foregoing scene that was to become standard in the realistic novel (and in which Mrs. Radcliffe was one of the two principal innovators) is a more than barely adequate description of the setting. Even in this, however, Richardson at times anticipated his successors. When Belford visits Clarissa in her prison, he sends Lovelace a description of her new environment; he manages to convey not only its general squalor and the particularly hopeless tenor of existence there, but even some of the precise kinds of feelings--varieties of rage

and despair--that its former inhabitants must have had:

> A horrid hole of a house, in an alley they call a court; stairs wretchedly narrow, even to the first-floor rooms: and into a den they led me, with broken walls, which had been papered, as I saw by a multitude of tacks, and some torn bits held on by the rusty heads. . . .
>
> An old, tottering, worm-eaten table, that had more nails bestowed in mending it to make it stand than the table cost fifty years ago when new.
>
> On the mantelpiece was an iron shove-up candlestick, with a lighted candle in it, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, four of them, I suppose, for a penny.
>
> Near that, on the same shelf, was an old looking-glass, cracked through the middle, breaking out into a thousand points; the crack given it, perhaps, in a rage, by some poor creature to whom it gave the representation of his heart's woes in his face.[50]

Again, it is not the description alone, but also the impression the setting makes on the mind of its observer that gives the scene its power and significance. This, together with the supple adaptation of language to object, makes the account such as would scarcely appear again in English fiction before Dickens.

The immense inclusiveness and subtlety of Richardson's epistolary mode enabled him to be psychological in a number of other ways as well, ways that are particularly implied in the idea of psychological fiction. We may see, for one thing, how the sudden eruption of a train of pertinent and frightening memories and reflections combines with her grasp of present circumstances to lead Clarissa to react as she does in her direst hour:

> He sent [a letter] up to me. I read it: and then it was that I thought myself a lost creature; it

> being to put off her going to Hampstead that night, on account of violent fits which Miss Montague was pretended to be seized with; for then immediately came into my head his vile attempt on me in this house; the revenge that my flight might too probably inspire him with on that occasion, and because of the difficulty I made to forgive him, and to be reconciled to him; his very looks wild and dreadful to me; and the women of the house such as I had more reason than ever, even from the pretended Lady Betty's hint, to be afraid of: all these crowding together in my apprehensive mind, I fell into a kind of frenzy.[51]

If earlier literature had managed to convey hints of unconscious mental functioning (though in Marivaux, especially, there are more than hints), in Richardson we may discover far more pervasive and profound suggestions of it, in a number of ways. Before we discuss these, a few historical remarks might be helpful. Historians of psychology have shown, and it is commonly accepted (except perhaps in popular thought) that Freud was not the first to conceptualize and describe the idea of unconscious thinking. Often Leibniz is credited with being the first to have done so. But, as Lancelot Law Whyte has shown, the idea was implicit even in ancient thought. What brought the idea alive for modern thought was, ironically, the influence of Descartes and his followers, who equated thought with consciousness. This equation provoked other thinkers to make the counter-inference, on the basis of observation and reasoning, that there is such a thing as unconscious thinking. Only then did the idea begin to be clearly articulated and to gain increasing significance and wider recognition.[52] In England, we might add, it was Locke more than Descartes who provoked the reaction. And

it was such Platonistic thinkers as Cudworth and Shaftesbury who first reacted, and later, in the mid-eighteenth century (in occasional observations), Hume and Lord Kames.

In literature we have already seen something of the obstacles that the conventions of romance placed in the way of psychological exploration. Only with respect to being in or out of love was there something of a tradition that a kind of unconscious thinking was possible. With the breakdown of the old conventions, the development of formal realism, and the attribution of importance to introspection and private experience, it seems natural that the detailed narrative explorations by the most perspicacious writers would quickly shed light on the dark realms of mind we now call the "unconscious" or "subconscious." With this in mind, observation of the unconscious really comes as no surprise in Richardson; and we may take such spotlighting of the unconscious to indicate (as I have already suggested) the originality, depth, and scope of the author's psychology.

In Sir Charles Grandison (1753-1754) we find many clear references to the unconscious, especially with respect to unconscious love or aversion. In her rejection of Sir Hargrave, Harriet Byron implies that if she had been in doubt about whether she really disliked him, she would have had "to look into my own mind for the particular reasons."[53] By inference we may detect here the belief that, normally, behind a conscious feeling lie unconscious causes for that feeling which may be made conscious by introspection. This

idea of an unconscious, though it indicates a part of Richardson's psychological range, is in itself, however, not really novel or proto-Freudian; the same idea is implied in the Socratic dictum, "Know thyself."

But Richardson's characters go considerably further. On a later occasion, Mrs. Selby writes to Harriet, "Young women in a beginning love are always willing to conceal themselves from themselves,"[54] suggesting an intentional, yet in itself imperfectly conscious relegation of awareness to an unconscious state. Here we have an observation that indicates the operation of what we now would call "repression," a mental activity associated with what Freud termed the dynamic unconscious.[55]

In her speculation on the causes of the behavior of Sir Charles's ward, Emily, Lady G. achieves an exceptionally lucid psychodynamic analysis of one way in which unconscious love affects Emily's reactions while keeping itself hidden from her awareness: Emily, says Lady G.,

> believes what she says, that her sudden burst of tears was owing to her heart being affected by her mother's contrition: And I am also sure that she loves you above all the women in the world. Yet it is possible, that the subtle thief, ycleped Love, had got very near her heart; and just at the moment threw a dart into one angle of it, and made her find tears a relief.[56]

I know of no clearer depiction in literature of what psychoanalysts would now refer to as (unconscious) "displacement of affect." On a later occasion, a connection is also drawn between unconscious love and a psychosomatic disturbance. Harriet Byron feels truly ill until Sir Charles proposes to

her, at which time, to her conscious surprise, the illness suddenly vanishes without a trace.[57]

Other instances of the unconscious in Richardson have only indirectly to do with love, and, as often in Marivaux, point to unconscious egotism or the wounding of pride. When Sir Charles is rejected by Clementina he finds words rushing "involuntarily" into his mind that are critical of her in a way that is inconsistent with his outward personality. But he realizes that it is his unconsciously wounded pride that is speaking and, also, that this display of weakness is an unconsciously motivated way of, paradoxically, justifying to himself the genuineness of his intentions.[58]

In Clarissa, we may instance Clarissa's curious "caprice" of will resulting from her discovery that the secret letter she has left for Lovelace has disappeared (and is thus probably in his hands): "when I found it gone, I began to wish it had not: for no other reason, I believe, than because it was out of my power."[59] With its suggestion of some unconscious factor at play, Clarissa's observation typifies the growing tendency of eighteenth-century novelists to record as many of the strange, difficult-to-account-for characteristics of the human mind--hitherto unrecorded yet familiar to us all from personal experience --as they could observe.

One more small instance out of many in this realm must suffice: Belford's surprise at discovering his unconscious affection for his uncle: "I should never have known that I

had half the respect I really find I had for the old gentleman, had I not so closely, at his earnest desire, attended him, and been a witness of the tortures he underwent."[60]

In his thoroughness, Richardson extends his psychology into yet another, related realm of mental functioning: the world of dreams. Here, as in so many other areas, he blazed a new path for the realistic novel. It is easy for us to see, with Freud, that dreams are the royal road to unconscious thinking. But Richardson had as precedents only a few suggestive literary models, such as Eve's dream in Paradise Lost. The dreams depicted in his novels, however, go beyond any literary models I know of in the way they serve to unfold the hidden, un- or semiconscious, unverbalized thgouhts and feelings of his characters. Clarissa's dream in which she is stabbed and buried by Lovelace is in part a prophecy, and to that extent it is a traditional romance dream; but it also expresses, in dream symbolism of the kind that has been spotlighted by modern investigations, Clarissa's unconscious perception of the underlying nature of her relationship with Lovelace. It condenses, as Freud showed dreams do, the symbols of the sexual and the aggressive --the sado-masochistic--components of their relationship into one dramatized, visually depicted action; and the whole constitutes a significant expression of the state of Clarissa's mind, at a particular point in her life. Much the same may be said about Lovelace's dream, later in the novel, in which

Clarissa ascends to heaven and he is left to fall into a bottomless pit of hell. What would be conventional religious symbolism is transformed by the realistic highlighting of the connection between the kinetic imagery and the vividly depicted feelings in the dreamer that the imagery expresses. Lovelace, as he reports, "'awaked in a panic; and was as effectually disordered for half an hour, as if my dream had been a reality.'"[61] It might also be remarked that this tendency of our dreaming minds to symbolize certain fundamental thoughts and feelings in imagery of heights and depths, corresponding to the morally good and evil, has been discussed by some modern dream commentators in terms of what they call "anagogic" and "katagogic" symbolism.[62]

The accuracy with which Richardson has captured the vicissitudes of primary-proces thinking is to be observed in the smallest details of Lovelace's dream: the "azure robe (all stuck thick with stars of embossed silver)" of Clarissa's that Lovelace clutches in his dream is also obviously the sky and thus all that is heavenly and that Lovelace associates with Clarissa; but in this symbol much more is implied. It suggests how Lovelace has been trying sadistically to strip Clarissa of what he wants to prove as merely a <u>cloak</u> of virtue. That he is left with only an outer garment suggests that it is little of the <u>real</u> Clarissa/sky/ideally virtuous that Lovelace is able to pull down with him. This robe also shows Richardson's grasp of the structure of dream language in the latter's sometimes

crude way of patching bits and pieces of symbols together in a superficially coherent reproduction of the order of things in the waking world. There is a force in dreams which moves toward creating a unified world which can be accepted by the judgment as real in itself: thus the symbolism takes the form of a robe that is supposed to be worn by one person and pulled off by another. But this structuring force is often unbalanced by a contrary force that would symbolize thoughts that go beyond what may be coherently dramatized within the limits of a single event. Thus, absurdities are created such as are familiar to all of us, absurdities that can be accepted as really present only by the dreaming mind, like, in Lovelace's dream, Clarissa's Cousin Morden suddenly jumping in at "a window with his drawn sword."

In view of the placid surface relationships, the benevolence, the self-control displayed in Grandison, the dreams in that book are a contribution of psychological depth that is in stark contrast with much, particularly, in the later parts of the novel. Harriet Byron, who has the most important dreams, also grasps, in a modern way, how they are expressions of one's own feelings, that they "realize pain or pleasure to us, according to their hue or complexion, or rather according to our own."[63] The nightmare that has occasioned this comment is a comprehensive, richly complex dramatization of Harriet's fears and other darker emotions before she marries Sir Charles. It combines

characters and scenes from the past and present, including appearances by Sir Charles's English rivals and by the Italians. The kaleidoscope of changing scenes and situations, of appearing and vanishing characters, is a perfect dramatization of Harriet's chaos of feelings.

Afterwards, she meditates on the significance of dreams. The way she expresses her conception of our tendency to believe in their truth is especially suggestive for the present study. For, like Imlac in Johnson's Rasselas, she talks of the human tendency to "Superstition."[64] We see here, as later in Mrs. Radcliffe, that this term was for many writers the focal point of a good deal more than discussions of our tendency to believe in ghosts and supernatural occurrences. While Harriet's little discourse ends with a conventionally pious exhortation for us not to fall into either extreme of "Superstition" or "Scepticism," and although Sir Charles himself, Richardson's moral spokesman, later pooh-poohs the "prognostics" of dreams,[65] the very thoroughness with which Richardson presents them and the fact that he attributes to Harriet some insight into their significance show his perhaps half-unconscious acceptance of their value--value conditioned, of course, by contextual factors.

As with Milton, it has long been debated whether Richardson was of the devil's party without knowing it. We cannot enter into this controversy here; it will suffice to observe that modern depth psychology has provided an

escape route in the matter of the moralist-vs.-psychologist dilemma. For it may be allowed that, while Richardson was consciously very conventionally moralistic and pious, a powerful unconscious part of him could not relinquish the responsibility of doing justice to man's complex nature (which is not the same thing as saying that Richardson did not know what he was doing; what it really means is that he wisely, at least in the heat of composition, let his creative imagination have the upper hand). Thus he felt compelled to probe psychological realms that are unpleasant to acknowledge as constituting part of human nature (Lovelace's long spun-out fantasies of sexual power and murderous hatred are, for example, scrupulously detailed), the realms of "superstition" among them. What he found, as Ann Radcliffe would find in her own way, were psychological tendencies in the life of our imagination, in dreams and dream-like states, that are interesting in unexpected ways, apart from any religious significance one might attribute to them. It is in the context of this sort of discovery about the human mind that I believe we must examine the encounters by characters in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, in "superstitious" frames of mind, with apparently supernatural phenomena.

Further Developments: Inchbald, Smith, Godwin, Radcliffe

The restricted scope of a study focusing on Mrs. Radcliffe makes it impossible to recount the history of the early psychological novel with any completeness.[66] We will gain perspective, however, if we look at a few examples of

the way in which later eighteenth-century English fiction incorporated and modified, according to the inclinations of individual writers, elements of psychological realism. While we will not have grounds for determining with certainty specific influences of one writer upon another, we will at least acquire some idea of the fictional milieu in which Mrs. Radcliffe was working.

J.M.S. Tompkins has pointed to Elizabeth Inchbald's having benefited by her experience as a dramatist and actress when turning to fiction with her first novel, A Simple Story (1791).[67] We may sense the refinement of her ability to convey feelings through subtle renditions of expressions or gestures by noting that, at one point in the novel, a character observes another so closely that she can detect a smile appearing everywhere on his face except his lips.[68] A Simple Story incorporates a number of other traits of psychological realism as well. (The dramatization and expansion of events in time and other aspects of formal realism not specifically psychological we need not note separately.) Though they were scarcely accounted for in the philosophical psychology of the time, literary psychology by now accepted almost as commonplace the manifestations of unconscious love, no doubt largely owing to the recent influence of Richardson and certain French writers. Miss Milner is in love with her guardian Dorriforth (later Lord Elmwood); and although she "did not wishe to beguile [him] into the snares of love . . . . [yet]

without enquiring of herself what she proposed? she never saw him without previously endeavouring to look more attractive than she would have desired, in any other company."[69]

When Miss Milner goes without Dorriforth to Bath, Mrs. Inchbald proceeds to analyze the feelings, upon entering the town, of a young woman hopelessly in love: "When Miss Milner arrived at Bath, she thought it the most altered place she had ever seen--she was mistaken--it was she herself, who was changed."[70] This is a fine instance of a mental operation that has become important in psychoanalysis and other modern psychologies: "projection." Miss Milner attributes to her environment a quality in herself of which she is incompletely aware (a more standard object of projection would be another person). We shall see afterwards how projection came to play an increasingly significant role in the literary psychology of the time.

The author continues:

> The walks were melancholy, the company insipid, the ballroom fatiguing--in fine, she had left behind, all that could charm or please her.
>
> Though she found herself far less happy than when she was at Bath before, yet she felt she would not, to enjoy all that past happiness, be again reduced to the being she was at that time. Thus, does the lover consider the extinction of his passion, with the same horror as the libertine looks upon annihilation; the one would rather live hereafter (though in all the tortures with which his future state is described) than cease to exist; so there are no tortures a lover would not suffer, rather than cease to love.[71]

Here the analysis, typical of the psychological fiction of the century, has broadened into an elaborate generalization

about human nature; in this case it is one that aptly supports the detailed presentation of the welter of feeling, thought, and impulse inside Miss Milner. When the latter receives a letter from the man she secretly loves,

> she read slowly every line it contained to procrastinate the pleasing expectation she enjoyed, till she should arrive at the name of Dorriforth. At last her impatient eye, caught the word three lines beyond the place she was reading--irresistibly, she skipped over those lines, and fixed on the point to which she was attracted.[72]

We should not leave this book without noting some of the many instances in which, besides the relatively traditional presentation of unconscious love, there appear signs of other kinds of motivation, of knowledge, of volition, of feeling, that are unconscious. After an early conflict between Dorriforth and Miss Milner, we gain a subtler appreciation of the complex character of a spectator when we are informed that "Mrs. Horton secretly enjoyed this scene, although the real well meaning of her heart, and ease of her conscience, did not tell her so."[73] Lacking a generally established concept of the unconscious, psychological realists of this period often expressed the idea by speaking of one part of a character's mind "secretly" working contrary to his openly avowed beliefs or intentions, as when we are told, in a later incident, that Miss Milner's "understanding . . . secretly condemns her."[74]

Much afterward, when the story is carried into the next

generation, we are presented with instances of forgetting that is voluntary (an act that, we must realize, would have seemed more paradoxical then than it does now), having been motivated at least partly unconsciously:

> . . . So little is it in the power of those we dislike to do any thing to please us, that . . . . although Miss Woodley had the best of dispositions, and upon every occasion spoke the strictest truth, yet in relating this occurrence, she did not speak all the truth, for every circumstance that would have told to the young man's advantage, literally slipped her memory.[75]

And young Matilda, cast out of her father's affection: "Of her father she did not think--she durst not--one single time the thought intruded, but she hurried it away--it was too bitter."[76] Again we see how, by means of the Lockean method of carefully attending to what passes in one's own mind (for introspection obviously has much to do with--if it is not the sole source of--Mrs. Inchbald's insight), a psychological novelist is able to discover, and cast into fictional form, evidence of the existence of unconscious mental processes, even unconscious "ideas" in Locke's sense of the word, that could not be accounted for strictly on the basis of Locke's theories or those of most of his eighteenth-century successors.

It is generally accepted that the principal novelist before Mrs. Radcliffe whose stories are acted against the backdrop of elaborate settings is Charlotte Smith, whose Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle (1788) antedates Mrs. Radcliffe's first novel by a year. Actually, the metaphor of a "backdrop" is insufficient: we see the environment as

Mrs. Smith's characters perceive it, and they perceive it as part of a total experience which includes the people they meet and events that occur in it. For example:

> This part of the country is called Woodbury Forest; and the deep shade of the beech trees with which it is covered, is broken by wild and uncultivated glens; where, among the broom, hawthorn and birch of the waste, a few scattered cottages have been built upon sufferance by the poor for the convenience of fewel, so amply afforded by the surrounding woods. These humble and obscure cabbins are known only to the sportsman and the woodcutter; for no road whatever leads through the forest: and only such romantic wanderers as Mrs. Stafford and Emmeline, were conscious of the beautiful walks which might be found among these natural shrubberies and solitary shades. The two friends were enjoying the softness of a beautiful April morning in these woods, when, in passing near one of the cottages, they saw, at a low casement half obscured by the pendant trees, a person sitting, whose dress and air seemed very unlike those of the usual inhabitants of such a place. She was intent on a paper, over which she leaned in a melancholy posture; but on seeing the two ladies approach, she started up and immediately disappeared.

Their interest aroused, the two explorers return to the cottage the next morning:

> The man who inhabited it was already gone out to his work, and the woman to a neighbouring town to buy necessaries for her family. The door was open; and the ladies received this intelligence from three little children who were playing before it.
>
> They entered the low, smoky room, usually inhabited by the family. And Mrs. Stafford, with a beating heart, determining to be satisfied, opened a door which led from it, into that, at the window of which she knew the stranger had appeared; and which the people of the house dignified with the appellation of their parlour.
>
> In this room, on the brick floor, and surrounded by bare walls, stood a bed, which seemed to have been brought thither for the accommodation of some

> person who had not been accustomed to such an apartment.
>
> Mrs. Stafford saw, sleeping in it, a very young woman. . . .[77]

I have given this passage at considerable length because of the marks it bears of an important development in formal realism. Mrs. Smith's interests are psychological only in part; out of her broad interest in social values and objects she tells us a good deal about the setting of which the observers were not necessarily aware (e.g., that the inhabitants of the cottage called the "low, smoky room their parlour"). Many of the objects she describes, moreover, indicate the characters of those with whose lives they are associated (and Mrs. Smith was the first to make regular use of settings in this manner).[78] Yet the principal focus is on the experience of the characters, and the reader slowly penetrates to the interior of the forest and then of the cottage with them. The environment is given in fine detail that is entirely foreign to romance and unusual even for the realistic novel at this time (having been anticipated in a very few places--Belford's visit to Clarissa's prison, for example). The "broom, hawthorn and birch," the "April morning," the "low casement half obscured by the pendant trees," the "three little children who were playing before" the cottage, the "brick floor" and "bare walls" of the bedroom--all contribute to a unified, complex effect. And Mrs. Stafford's "beating heart" is an appropriate psychological reaction to her situation that combines with the other

details to evoke an intricate response in the reader's imagination, a response that draws upon similar experiences the reader may have had and places him in a position to increase his understanding (intuitively, rather than by conscious inference) of those experiences. This is the stuff of formal realism and a necessary foundation upon which more psychologically elaborate narratives may be built.

Mrs. Smith's first novel is both typical and exceptional. Like so much of the psychological fiction of the century, from Marivaux and Richardson onward, Emmeline is in part a sentimental romance in which an indigent orphan becomes heiress to a huge estate and becomes free to marry the man of her dreams. Yet in its focus on the web of thoughts and feelings of its principal characters it is able to tap consistently the psychological dimension of experience. Mrs. Smith--as Diana Bowstead, one of her most able critics, has shown--developed the "indirect interior monologue" into a supple technique for conveying the characters' thoughts and feelings with varying degrees of intimacy or distance as warranted by individual situations.[79] In Emmeline's painful reflections after the death of Mrs. Carey, the old housekeeper who had been her protectress, we may see a certain anticipatory resemblance to the similar thoughts of Emily St. Aubert at Udolpho after the death of her aunt:

> Painful indeed were the thoughts that now crouded on her mind; encreasing the anguish of her spirit for her recent misfortune. She considered herself as a being belonging to no body; as having no right to claim the protection of any one; no power to procure herself the necessaries of life.

She continues to muse over future possibilities and finally concludes that

> she had therefore no choice left but to remain at the castle till she heard from Lord Montreville: and she determined to acquaint his Lordship of the death of Mrs. Carey, and desire to receive his commands as to herself.

The presentation of these general reflections gives way to a closer focus on the flux of thought in the recesses of her consciousness:

> Fatigued and oppressed, she retired to bed, but not to sleep. The image of her expiring protectress was still before her eyes; and if exhausted nature forced her to give way to a momentary forgetfulness, she soon started from her imperfect slumber, and fancied she heard the voice of Mrs. Carey, calling on her for help; and her last groan still vibrated in her ears!--while the stillness of the night, interrupted only by the cries of the owls which haunted the ruins, added to the gloomy and mournful sensations.
>
> At length however the sun arose--the surrounding objects lost the horror that darkness and silence had lent them--and Emmeline fell into a short but refreshing repose.[80]

That an earlier painful object of concern--the death of a beloved protectress--should return to her mind at the point of mental relaxation that precedes sleep, is perfectly natural, and exemplifies the sensitive attention to a full range of mental processes that Charlotte Smith helped establish for the late eighteenth-century psychological novel. The concrete imagery--visual and auditory--of

Emmeline's thought at this time is a precise, perceptive rendering of "hynagogic" thinking that typically occurs at the threshold of sleep and is particularly appropriate to her harassed state of mind. The virtual identification of her feelings--her "gloomy and mournful sensations"--with "the stillness of the night" and "the cries of the owls which haunted the ruins" is a rendering of an imaginative process the technique for which Mrs. Smith was the first to develop (as Bowstead has shown and the significance of which we shall discuss further below).[81] The whole scene, with its intricate interweaving of perception, thought, and feeling, of reflections on the past, present, and future, of interaction between feeling and one's perception of the environment, is a near-perfect model of the kind of unfolding of the inner world of her characters that was to constitute the basis of Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological method.

This psychological mode facilitates--in Mrs. Smith as in the psychological realism of many of her contemporaries--the frequent observation of unconscious mental activity. Even if we limit ourselves to a sampling of brief passages from Emmeline, we may get some idea of the precedents available to Mrs. Radcliffe in this line of mental probing.

There is of course unconscious love:

> Unconscious, 'till then, how very indiscreetly he was in love, he was amazed at the pain he felt from this discovery [of a rival] . . . .[82]

An instance of shame leading to the repression of feelings:

> But of these feelings, meritorious as they were, he was ashamed, and dared not avow them even to himself. . . .[83]

In the following, as in the latter instance, we find the paradoxical situation of one's keeping oneself unconscious of a feeling (here, of self-condemnation) for a reason that presupposes consciousness of the feeling in some way:

> Godolphin . . . gave himself up to languor and despondence, afraid of examining his own heart, least [sic] his reason should condemn an inclination, which, however hopeless, he could not resolve to conquer.[84]

Here the unconscious is by self-analysis made conscious: Emmeline "tried to persuade herself" she wasn't in love:

> But accustomed to examine narrowly her own heart, she could not long impose upon herself. . . .[85]

An instance of unconscious hope fostered by love:

> A latent hope, however, almost unknown, at least unacknowledged, lingered in his heart.[86]

And, finally, an interesting instance of the way unconscious feeling is manifested in outward physical signs:

> Deep signs and convulsive catchings marked the extreme agitation of her spirits after she was no longer conscious of it herself.[87]

Many eighteenth-century psychological novelists showed a special interest in delirious states, caused by fever or psychosis, in which hallucination and delusional thinking are present. Besides his Clarissa and Lovelace, Richardson's Clementina della Porretta in Grandison is a richly elaborated example. Charlotte Smith also showed an interest in such mental states, as we see in the illness of Adelina (whose

illness as well as name suggests the direct influence of Richardson's Italian lady). In her delirious ramblings, some especially probing moments occur, particularly when her overwhelming sense of guilt prevents her from accepting the idea that she has seen her brother; part of her mind tries to imagine that she has been dreaming, that he is dead, that he is alive but still in Jamaica--even while another part of her acknowledges his presence.[88] It seems likely that the similar ramblings of Emily St. Aubert in Udolpho, when her mind temporarily gives way under an accumulation of shocks, is indebted to one or more of these earlier presentations of diseased mental functioning.

Godwin's Caleb Williams (1794), a novel I have already cited more than once, is in many respects a different sort of book, and has been regarded differently. Perhaps largely because of Godwin's own remarks about his intentions, it has been more readily classified as "psychological" (as well as a novel of social, political, and moral philosophy) than other fictions of its period. Even Charlotte Smith, who was also frequently given to social criticism, has been too readily relegated, along with Ann Radcliffe, to a category reserved for purveyors of ghosts and Gothic thrills, while Caleb Williams has appeared to be the only psychological novel of the decade. Yet, though it is indeed very different in a whole range of particulars from the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe and those of her psychologically oriented

contemporaries, close examination of its text reveals significant features held in common with all those narratives I have called psychologically realistic.

We can do little justice here to the ultimate symbolic meaning of the anguished conflict between Falkland and Williams, except to remark that, in the mythic dimensions to which it grows, it appears to stand for all the misguided wrestling in the arena of the world that has ever taken place between father and son, persecutor and persecuted, tyrant and rebel. The conflict, protracted to extremes, includes all the role reversals, all the paradoxical confounding of love and hatred, guilt and innocence which arise out of such conflicts in real life. Late in the story, a character who has been sheltered and protected from this kind of experience is able to state categorically: "'The good man and the bad are characters precisely opposite, not characters distinguished from each other by imperceptible shades.'"[89] It is against a simplified moral view like this that the entire thrust of the novel seems to argue.

In its narrative unfolding of the growth of a representative individual from a state of innocence to that of experience, through a conflict which involves his most basic human traits and those of his opponents and others who enter the story, Caleb Williams has profound psychological implications (which we would need to discuss more fully to understand properly). It is also psychological in its focus on characters--Falkland, Tyrrel, and, in a

special way, Williams himself--who are obsessively preoccupied with their personal power and self-worth, and to whom their power and self-esteem can be confirmed only by the domination, persecution, or destruction of others. In their carrying of these traits to extremes of insanity or near-insanity they become what modern psychology would call paranoid. Godwin is particularly interested in the genesis and development, the propagation from one character to another--in a sphere of existence isolated from that of ordinary social concerns --of such paranoid personality traits.

But it is the formally realistic character of Godwin's psychology that particularly interests us here. The experiences of persecutor and victim are communicated to the reader--in many if not all instances--by means of very particular descriptions of setting and character, by dramatic encounters in which the action proceeds through dialogue, and by the detailed unfolding, in expanded time, of the thoughts, feelings, and impulses to action of Caleb Williams, and to a lesser extent of certain other characters. Thus the particular terms in which Falkland couches his threats to Williams convey his pathological grandiosity much more powerfully than any paraphrase could:

> "Why do you trifle with me? You little expect the extent of my power. At this moment you are inclosed with the snares of my vengeance unseen by you, and, at the instant that you flatter yourself you are already beyond their reach, they will close upon you. You might as well think of escaping from the power of the omnipresent God, as from mine! If you could touch so much as my finger, you should expiate it in

> hours and months and years of torment, of which as yet you have not the remotest idea!"[90]

Speeches like this not only serve to sketch a vivid picture of Falkland, they also shape the core movements of the plot by influencing Caleb's view of Falkland: when Caleb discovers that much of his suffering has been due to the officiousness of Forester, the fact means little to him, for he has taken Falkland at his word and attributes all his misery to a solitary source in his former employer's godlike power. Then this belief leads him to retaliate by attempting to revive the charges of murder against Falkland, which only provokes the latter to further persecutions.

The filtering of the entire story through Caleb's consciousness also adds psychological depth. His self-analysis in terms of the "ruling passion" of curiosity is a conventional generality; but when we are given the full chain of his reflections about Falkland, together with the feelings that accompany them, we are furnished with the means to suspect how much more than mere "curiosity" is responsible for his behavior:

> . . . I recollected the virtues of my master, almost too sublime for human nature; I thought of his sufferings, so unexampled, so unmerited; and chid myself for the suspicion [that he had murdered Tyrrel]. The dying confession of Hawkins recurred to my mind; and I felt that there was no longer a possibility of doubting. And yet what was the meaning of all Mr. Falkland's agonies and terrors: In fine, the idea having once occurred to my mind, it was fixed there forever. My thoughts fluctuated from conjecture to conjecture, but this was the centre about which they revolved. I determined to place myself as a watch upon my patron.

> The instant I had chosen this employment for myself, I found a strange sort of pleasure in it. . . . I remembered the stern reprimand I had received, and his terrible looks; and the recollection gave a kind of tingling sensation, not altogether unallied to enjoyment. The further I advanced, the more the sensation was irresistible.[91]

Caleb's realistically detailed reflections offer us matter for speculation that a less specific narrative would lack. We may notice, especially, the contrast between Caleb's extreme adulation of Falkland and the pleasure he takes in risking the latter's reprimand. But his further account of the powerful sensation, the "strange sort of pleasure" that arises with his decision to investigate his master, adds an extremely significant dimension to the more purely intellectual thoughts that accompany it. The precise context of this strange pleasure, and the ways in which it arises again and again to energize Caleb's behavior, suggest that a good portion of Caleb's detective work is motivated by an unconscious wish that he does not understand. It is not simply our knowledge of Freud that suggests this to us; Godwin's psychologically realistic picture of Caleb's wayward emotions evokes in the reader memories of similar emotions (not necessarily, however, emotions acted upon as Caleb does). These may be largely unconscious, but they add very specific feelings to the reader's response to the text that afford him the basis for sensing that something unexplained underlies Caleb's motivation. The reader, depending on his inclination, may or may not choose to analyze the feelings; but Godwin's psychologically realistic mode--in a manner

impossible in older forms of narrative--assures, at least, that the feelings will be present in the reader's total apprehension of the text.

It is thus that psychological realism is able to present a broad spectrum of mental activity, from the consciously willed and fully understood act (to the extent that such acts exist) to the nebulous feeling marking the presence of unconscious forces. Let us look at one more example of the psychologically realistic texture of Godwin's novel, a view of Caleb's thoughts, feelings, and behavior as he returns from an assignment of his employer's. Notice how the environment, in common with settings in the novels of both Smith and Radcliffe, enters into the quality of its observer's thoughts and feelings:

> Occupied with these meditations, I rode many miles, before I perceived that I had totally deviated from the right path. At length I roused myself, and surveyed the horizon round me. . . . I was still as much at a loss as ever respecting the road I should pursue. The sun was hid from me by a grey and cloudy atmosphere; I was induced to continue along the skirts of the wood, and surmounted with some difficulty the hedges and other obstacles that from time to time presented themselves. My thoughts were gloomy and disconsolate; the dreariness of the day, and the solitude which surrounded me, seemed to communicate a sadness to my soul. I had proceeded a considerable way, and was overcome with hunger and fatigue, when I discovered a road and a little inn at no great distance. I made up to them, and upon enquiry found that, instead of pursuing the proper direction, I had taken one that led to Mr. Forester's rather than to my own habitation. . . .[92]

It is interesting to observe how Caleb's ignorance of the right road and his perception of the sun's being hidden by clouds fuse to form a unified but complex feeling. This is

a means that Mrs. Radcliffe (like Mrs. Smith) uses to enrich her psychology in ways that we shall later investigate in detail. At this point, it is perhaps worth adding to our comment on the above passage that it suggests unconscious motivation in a way that would be impossible in a more generalized, less detailed narrative. Caleb had just been thinking of escaping from his master's vigilance. If we were then immediately told that he arrived in Forester's neighborhood purely by chance, without the intervening detailed description of his divagation, the error would seem to be a mere contrivance of plot; as the text stands, we stray in sympathy with him, and sense through his feelings the force of an unconscious aversion to returning to his master's house (if not an unconscious pull in the actual direction of Forester's). We are thus led gradually to feel the presence of what amounts to unconscious volition, even if it does not occur to us to cite Freud's The Psychopathology of Everyday Life to explain Caleb's "accident."

The tendency in critical studies of Mrs. Radcliffe has been to focus almost exclusively on scenes in which "Gothic" stage properties or "picturesque" landscapes predominate (or are presumed to predominate). Reserving for later our full consideration of Udolpho (which, with that of The Italian, will show more similarities with the works of Mrs. Radcliffe's predecessors and contemporaries in psychological fiction than we can show here), let us at this point examine closely portions of a single scene (it actually straddles two

successive days) in which Emily St. Aubert returns to her deceased aunt's estate and reflects on the loss of the lover from whom she apparently has been separated forever. I have purposely chosen a quiet, unGothic, unpicturesque (though somewhat sentimental) scene in order to point up the full range of psychologically realistic features that this not untypical portion of Radcliffean narrative has in common with the psychologically oriented novels we have surveyed.

The similarities, even in incidental matters, are in many respects striking: the scene centers on the consciousness of a young woman who is more in love than she thinks (as in Mrs. Inchbald and Mrs. Smith; with changes in the narrative mode, it might be from Mme de Lafayette, Marivaux, or even Richardson); we are given a full range of her thoughts, verbal and nonverbal, and her feelings; there is at least a hint of unconscious thinking; and the setting, formally realistic to begin with, also (as in Mrs. Smith and, to a lesser extent, Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald) enters into a particular relation with the mind of the one who perceives it.

> In the room, where she now sat, she had breakfasted with her [aunt] on the morning of their departure for Italy; and the view of it brought most forcibly to her recollection all she had herself suffered, at that time, and the many gay expectations, which her aunt had formed, respecting the journey before her.

The reader will feel the bitter twist of irony in this allusion, made after he has suffered with Emily for hundreds

of pages and witnessed her tragically obstinate and self-deluded aunt find in Italy only suffering and death.

> While Emily's mind was thus engaged, her eyes wandered unconsciously to a large window, that looked upon the garden, and here new memorials of the past spoke to her heart, for she saw extended before her the very avenue, in which she had parted with Valancourt, on the eve of her journey. . . .

Though the reference to unconscious mental activity here is not an especially profound one, it does serve to widen the scope of our total picture of Emily's thought processes: while one part of her mind is occupied with the past, another part is, almost autonomously, absorbing the present setting, an aspect of which suddenly strikes the center of her consciousness and sparks another series of recollections. These, as the narrator explains, bring about a strong emotional reaction.

> Overcome by the recollections, which the view of this avenue occasioned, she turned abruptly from the window, and sunk into a chair beside it, where she sat, given up to grief, till the entrance of Annette, with coffee, aroused her.
>
> "Dear Madam, how melancholy this place looks now," said Annette, "to what it used to do! It is dismal coming home, when there is nobody to welcome one!"
>
> This was not the moment, in which Emily could bear the remark; her tears fell again, and, as soon as she had taken the coffee, she retired to her apartment, where she endeavoured to repose her fatigued spirits. But busy memory would still supply her with the visions of former times. . . .

We see at first Emily's abrupt physical reaction to her upwelling of emotion, then her further attempts to subdue the emotion. But we see more than these alone: the quietly persistent formally realistic underpinnings of the episode

--the "chair" beside the "window," the "coffee," the servant's entrance and interjection of comment (which becomes an additional factor in Emily's emotional reaction) --evoke in the reader's imagination a vivid sense of immediate reality, enabling him thereby to become more clearly aware (though he may not be fully conscious of his awareness) of the full range of Emily's mental and physical interaction with her environment. Consistently providing the reader's imagination with this kind of web of detailed, psychologically oriented stimuli constitutes the foundation of Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological approach, upon which all else is constructed.[93]

The next evening Emily visits the pavilion in which she last spoke with Valancourt. Here we may see in even richer detail how Mrs. Radcliffe presents Emily's reflections and emotions intricately interwoven with her perceptions of both her outdoor and indoor surroundings.

> The sun was now set, and, recalling her thoughts from their melancholy subject, she continued her walk; for the pensive shade of twilight was pleasing to her, and the nightingales from the surrounding groves began to answer each other in the long-drawn, plaintive note, which always touched her heart; while all the fragrance of the flowery thickets, that bounded the terrace, was awakened by the cool evening air, which floated so lightly among their leaves, that they scarcely trembled as it passed.
>
> Emily came, at length, to the steps of the pavilion, that terminated the terrace. . . . The door was now shut, and she trembled, while she hesitated whether to open it; but her wish to see again a place, which had been the chief scene of her former happiness, at length overcoming her reluctance to encounter the painful regret it would renew, she entered. The room was obscured by a melancholy shade; but through the open lattices, darkened by the hanging foliage of the vines, appeared the dusky landscape, the Garonne reflecting

> the evening light, and the west still glowing. A chair was placed near one of the balconies, as if some person had been sitting there, but the other furniture of the pavilion remained exactly as usual, and Emily thought it looked as if it had not once been moved since she set out for Italy. The silent and deserted air of the place added solemnity to her emotions, for she heard only the low whisper of the breeze, as it shook the leaves of the vines, and the very faint murmur of the Garonne.[94]

Especially notable here are the quietness, just barely stirring with signs of life, of the outdoors at sunset, and the quieter interior of the pavilion that yet stirs with a life imparted to it by Emily's memory, superimposing the emotions of the past on the perceived objects of the present. Further, the revived emotions combine with those of the present, just as the outdoor environment reappears fused with Emily's impression of the inside of the pavilion. Shortly we will have occasion to discuss those criticisms of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels which look at them as mixtures of the "sublime," the "sentimental," the "picturesque," the "Gothic," and so on. We may see merely from this scene that reducing her novels to these elements alone gives one no idea of their psychological complexity; for all is fused in Emily's mind and acquires meaning principally by reference to that focal point. The episode includes a description of an interior that raises slightly disturbing emotions--yet it is hardly "Gothic." It includes an outdoor setting which, with its strong appeal to the senses of hearing, smell, and even touch, is not at all "picturesque." All the descriptions of setting, together with the thoughts and feelings of the

person who experiences the environment, contribute to a unified, complex effect, the full meaning of which cannot be grasped except by considering it all together. We should note in particular that the outdoor setting is not presented all at once and forgotten but rather is repeated, refrain-like, with shifting emphases, as it impinges differently on Emily's imagination and enters into changing combinations with her other perceptions and feelings (perception and feeling are, in fact, almost a single entity here). Perhaps it is necessary to remind ourselves, too, that even the long passage that we have quoted is greatly weakened by being torn out of context; it will resonate with its full complexity of meaning only if considered against the background of all of Emily's earlier experiences in France and Italy, both those experiences that she does and those that she does not specifically recall.

One other important psychological element in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels I have not yet introduced: that which I will call the "projective" dimension. This needs fuller discussion than any single psychological element that we have so far mentioned. First it is necessary to consider the Radcliffean novel against the background of eighteenth-century psychological and aesthetic theories, and certain other current ways of conceiving human behavior and the nature of life and art.

The Finer Response: Cults and Theories

The Cult of Sensibility

Despite the strong realistic foundations of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, many commentators, following the example of the author herself, have classified them, without qualification, as "romances." Similarly, a good many twentieth-century critics, struck by the presence of certain characteristics which we shall enumerate below, have readily classed her books with the novels of "sentiment" and "sensibility."[95] As with the problem of romance, the question arises as to how far we are justified in retaining this classification. But a more important question--for the marks of sensibility are obviously present to some degree--is, can we discover a correlation, inverse or direct, between Mrs. Radcliffe's participation in the cult of sensibility and her literary psychology? It seems reasonable to suspect the presence of a link between the sensitivity to fine impressions--a key trait of the "sentimental" personality--and the psychological "turn inward" to the nuances of private experience that also characterized the age. On the other hand, it seems equally reasonable to suspect that the cult's lopsided view of human nature, together with its penchant for didacticism and self-complacency, might have imposed a distorting lens between many a sensitive observing

eye and the less agreeable facts of one's inner self. We will find, in our subsequent discussion, that in fact each of these suspicions is borne out to some degree. The subject, in any case, is of central importance and is worth investigating further.

In "sensibility" or the "sentimental" (I will use these terms almost interchangeably, for reasons that will become clear) we encounter not really one readily identifiable trait or even group of traits, but a broad cultural phenomenon. As J.M.S. Tompkins has shown for part (1770-1800) of the period in which sensibility flourished, it was associated with virtually all the values of the age, and, in the texts in which it has been preserved for modern readers, we can scarcely distinguish it from the didacticism and the idealization of certain human qualities with which it is almost inevitably bound up.[96] Tompkins cites three terms, often scarcely distinguishable in practice, that were used to convey different aspects of the phenomenon: "sentiment," "delicacy," and "sensibility." Although "sentiment" was occasionally used synonymously with "feeling," more frequently "a sentiment" denoted the expression of a thought (a well-disposed and benevolent one, most commonly) that was prompted by feeling.[97] Where "delicacy" was not used interchangeably with "sensibility," it, too, had a more restricted meaning, confined to morals and manners: it referred to one's refined sense for anticipating and avoiding the least word or situation that would shock or offend or even make another individual

uncomfortable in the most trifling way. The term "sensibility" was generally used in a more comprehensive sense than the other two and thus requires more elaboration here.[98]

"Sensibility," in its most central meaning, denoted one's acute, intuitive moral sense (of the sort postulated by Shaftesbury and Hutcheson), combined with a quickness to respond with sympathy and charitable actions to injustice and misery. One possessed of sensibility frequently held a belief in man's innate goodness and was quick to respond to the least sign of goodness in others with an intuitively quick extension of sympathetic feeling. (A human-like capacity for benevolent--or at least strong--feeling was sometimes attributed even to animals.) The individual of sensibility would also be provoked to feelings of indignation at encountering signs of evil; but his principal reaction would be one of sympathy for its victims. All of his reactions would in any case be permeated with feeling; for in the eighteenth century, feeling was increasingly seen as, if not a substitute for all intellectual judgment, then a necessary concomitant of it.[99] And one of the chief manifestations of sympathetic feeling--as we may see in countless sentimental novels--was the spontaneous overflow of tears. Also frequently included in the realm of sensibility were a sensitivity to nuances of beauty and ugliness in nature and art--one's aesthetic complementing one's moral sensibility--and a tendency to meditate on the moral and religious significances of things. A person of sensibility also often

meditated on and responded with feeling to the past, particularly to whatever was aroused in his memory by association with objects seen in the present. It might be added that one's acute sensibility was often manifested not merely by a readiness to weep but also by a persistent melancholy.

As I have already indicated, the boundaries between sensibility and other attitudes of the age are unclear. But, whether they may be properly included under "sensibility" or not, it will be helpful to mention some of these characteristics often seen in novels of the period. In particular an exceptionally high valuation was placed on the emotional ties of friendship and of family--the "affections"--and on the duties imposed by family relationships, especially that of filial obedience.[100] Emphasized with increasing frequency in the sentimental novel were the smallest, most transitory, often nonverbal signs of love or fellow feeling. Laurence Sterne was the first to cast into relief such microscopic manifestations of affection. One thinks, for example, of the strong yet subtle bond between Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim; but not all the emotional ties in Sterne's novels were as long lasting as this. In J.M.S. Tompkins's particularly apt words, "Sterne's great revelation to his age was the significance of the small and the fleeting, and he excels in capturing the evanescent colour of a momentarily perfect but unconfirmed intimacy, a fellowship built on a breath and dissolved with a breath, but nevertheless,

as he felt and persuaded his age to feel, of infinite value."[101] The age's growing valuation of sympathy and the "affections," combined with the new technique of formal realism, made it natural and easy for a host of subsequent novelists to respond eagerly to Sterne's discovery with imitations of Tristram Shandy and A Sentimental Journey.

After A Sentimental Journey, the prototypical sentimental novel, the one which helped most to create the cult and which includes at least traces of most features that characterize later sentimental fiction, is The Man of Feeling (1771) by Henry Mackenzie. Although its artful construction and consistently apt and poignant irony raise Mackenzie's book far above the level of mediocrity, the words of its supposed editor (who has rescued the fragments of which it is comprised from being utilized--as the missing segments of the manuscript already have been--as gun wadding!) summarize what was to be typical of sentimental fiction: "recitals of little adventures, in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, [have] room to unfold themselves." These incidents, as we are told, contain both "instruction" and "example" and tell of "a life undistinguished, except by some features of the heart."[102] As with many a novel of its time, its basis is a kind of picaresque narrative; yet, as with those of Smollett, we find in its individuality of characterizations and, less often, details of setting, a strong admixture of formal realism. And, also as with Smollett, our ultimate impression

is of having witnessed the unfolding of a panorama of human nature, in this case, however, most of it serving as a foil to the sensibility of Harley, Mackenzie's sentimental hero.

Although this influential little book doesn't quite encompass all the features of the cult of sensibility, it does, as Tompkins advises us, include most of them--enough, I believe, to warrant our using it for comparison with Ann Radcliffe's version of sensibility. Allowing for all their differences, we can discern a set of social values held in common by Harley, on the one hand, and, on the other, Emily, Valancourt, and certain other characters in Udolpho (which, among other things, also has more of the sentimental than Mrs. Radcliffe's other books). Certain characters in both narratives display, in particular, an extreme delicacy. Harley loses the possibility of marrying the woman he loves because he is too delicate to declare his love to her. Of course, Mackenzie renders the situation with conscious, humorous irony; in Udolpho the humor is less deliberate, but the situation verges on the ludicrous when the delicacy of the hero and heroine makes it impossible to discuss openly the erroneous charges against Valancourt's character (these charges are "such as Emily could not name to the Chevalier").[103] In this dilemma we encounter one of those ways--for which the author has been severely criticized, and not without reason--in which an excessive acceptance of the values of sensibility proves a hindrance to the plausible depiction of human nature. But before we discuss this issue further, let us take note of

an important way in which the author's focus on delicate situations and responses actually seems to foster a penetrating psychological approach.

Excessive delicacy, because of the complex circumstances in which it arises, causes an inhibition of speech and gross outward action; and the novelist who is himself at all sensitive will discover that the interest in delicate situations lies in the characters' fine inward impressions or in the equally subtle outward actions that point to intricate and conflicted mental activity. When Harley discovers that the woman he loves is about to be married to someone else, we are told that "he spilt the wine he was carrying to his mouth"; later he sees the engaged pair together: "He stopped of a sudden; his hand shook so much that he could hardly turn the key."[104]

In Udolpho, the temporary break between the lovers involves lengthy, painful conversations filled with expressions of reproach and self-reproach, together with their half-suppression of near-overwhelming emotions out of consideration of each for the other and for social appearances. The description of this delicacy has a certain psychological referentiality, as the complexity of their behavior seems to require a disclosure of its motivation. For example, during one agonizing session:

> He made no reply, but sat with his arms rested on the table and his face concealed by his hands; while Emily stood, silent and trembling, wretched for herself and dreading to leave him in this state of mind.

Afterwards, as if her problem with Valancourt weren't enough by itself, Emily must take into consideration the effect that visible signs of her emotions might have on those who have no direct concern with her problem:

> Emily withdrew to her room, that she might compose her spirits and remove the traces of her tears, which would encourage the censorious remarks of the Countess and her favourite, as well as excite the curiosity of the rest of the family.[105]

It is not the author's interest in the expressions or conditions of delicacy that interferes with psychological exploration; it is rather, as it seems to me, her excessive personal delicacy that interposes a barrier between the adequate probing of the responses of fine minds and some of the coarser material that in real life would necessarily enter even such minds, if only half-consciously. This problem was widespread, though it was, for obvious reasons, less of an impediment to male writers (like Sterne or Mackenzie himself, who introduces a prostitute in a low-life setting) than to the female ones (like Clara Reeve or Sophia Lee), who were effectively shut out from daring to depict whole regions of experience. Yet, if this fact has led some critics to group Mrs. Radcliffe with writers of "feminine sentimental romances," we should not, I think, acquiesce too readily in such a classification; on the contrary, we might well be surprised that, given her excessive personal delicacy (which has been corroborated in biographical documents) and social situation, she is able to display so much psychological acumen (if only, it is true, within a restricted area).

If we attribute her psychological ability chiefly to the sharpness of her intellect, responding imaginatively to the "turn inward" of her age, then we will be able to distinguish Mrs. Radcliffe's achievement from the far lesser one of, say, Sophia Lee, who seems to have possessed a similar personal delicacy. Once we make this distinction, we are enabled to see that, given the right turn of intellect and imagination, an author might even benefit from the possession of extreme personal delicacy, for he or she would be especially attuned to the sources, nuances, and pitfalls of delicate behavior. And where his characters exhibit such traits of delicacy, as they naturally would, a subtle psychological method would be welcomed and cultivated as a means of delineating behavior and exploring motivation (as we have already seen to a certain degree in Udolpho, above). This link between psychology and delicacy becomes clearer when we consider that the social manifestations of sensibility were depicted in Richardson--and, to a lesser extent, in Marivaux--long before the literary cult developed.[106] No one would deny the interdependence of sensibility and psychology in these authors. For instance, Clarissa's delicacy is an important part of her character: but without Richardson's full psychological exploration of her feelings, it would seem little more than an expression of overwrought prudery or squeamishness, and a crucial dimension of the story would be lost. Psychological exploration, then, becomes a necessary medium

of Richardson's moral ideas.[107] Ian Watt has demonstrated how increases in civilized modesty and restraint drew people into their private worlds in eighteenth-century society; from this phenomenon we may readily infer that the refinements of delicacy and of psychological self-exploration evolved side by side.[108] That delicacy should so permeate an author's own character as to limit her psychological range is unfortunate.

Yet, the muddling of excessive personal sensibility with one's interest in psychology is a phenomenon of the age that affected far more writers than Mrs. Radcliffe alone. Even Richardson's psychology is often at odds with--and must give place to--his moralizing, a practice so often found together with sensibility. A psychological approach and an excessively delicate one--or at least a didactic or similarly distorting one--might be effectively separated in writers of other times and countries, but not very well (perhaps ironically) at the time and in the country where the psychological novel achieved its first maturity. The presence of these distorting factors, however, should not blind us to the genuine contributions that many of these writers, including Mrs. Radcliffe, made to literary psychology; it is unfair to disparage or ignore their psychology, as so many have done even with Richardson, because they also shared many of the values of sensibility.

It is not surprising that a movement which encouraged one's responding sensitively to fine impressions should also

have, in some respects, merged with the growing cult that encouraged a sensitive response to picturesque landscapes. (The fine impressions made by human countenances and gestures also became objects of keen interest; the latter is evident in Valancourt's posture in the first passage I have chosen to illustrate delicacy, above.) The exact relation between the cults of sensibility and the picturesque is not in all respects clear; what is clear, however, is that picturesque landscapes quickly found their way into sentimental novels (an interest in the visual arrangement of human figures crops up in Tristram Shandy and even earlier). In Mackenzie's book there is a fine realistic scene of an old maimed soldier resting by the side of the road:

> The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post. . . . A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept.[109]

This is a conscious use of the picturesque (Tompkins quotes this passage as an example);[110] like Mrs. Radcliffe in a few places, Mackenzie compares the wildness of the scene to that of Salvator Rosa's landscapes. Moreover, the perspective emphasizes the likeness of the old man and the old tree stump. This kind of poetic, symbolic reinforcement of a narrative by means of picturesque scenery was to become part of the regular fabric of the novel; and it is a part of Ann Radcliffe's narratives--but a much smaller part than has generally been realized. By this I mean not that there is

less scenery in her novels than has been supposed, but rather that the profuse scenery which in fact is there has a deeper, subtler significance than has been recognized. Some of it is a manifestation of the picturesque; some of it, as has also been noticed, reflects the moods of the characters. Most of it, however, as I will later attempt to show, enters into a far more complicated relationship with the characters' minds than the mere reflection of their moods. The depiction of this relationship in a fairly full way may be found, among Mrs. Radcliffe's predecessors, only in Charlotte Smith, a writer who participated in the cult of sensibility in a much more limited way than most of her contemporaries. Mrs. Radcliffe, as we shall see, used her settings in ways that no mere sentimentalist ever managed; therefore it seems to me misleading to adduce her interest in landscape as further evidence that she wrote "sentimental novels."

Mrs. Radcliffe's portrayal of her good characters' positive traits almost exclusively in terms of charity and benevolence is a more conventional kind of participation in the cult of sensibility. Although Valancourt, for instance, is not altogether uninteresting, it is, however, true that we know little about him other than his beneficence (and a few other signs of sensibility, like delicacy and a sensitivity to fine scenery and art). Theresa, an old servant whom Valancourt has treated kindly, tells Emily that

> "Gabriel said, that he and all the other servants were in great trouble about M. Valancourt [his whereabouts are unknown], for that he was such a kind young gentleman, they all loved him, as well as if he had been their own brother. . . . For he used to be so courteous to them all, and, if any of them had been in fault, M. Valancourt was the first to persuade my lord to forgive them. And then, if any poor family was in distress, M. Valancourt was the first, too, to relieve them, though some folks, not a great way off, could have afforded that much better than he. And then . . . he was so gentle to every body, and, for all he had such a noble look with him, he never would command, and call about him, as some of your quality people do, and we never minded him the less for that."[111]

Valancourt's respect for his social inferiors is another sign of sensibility, or at least of a democratic tendency that was often associated with it. Although his imprudence leads to his imprisonment in Paris, his first act on being released is to pay for the release of a friend; and when this generosity makes its way to Emily's ears, it helps to redeem him in her heart.

Valancourt's sensibility is also evident in his nostalgic, melancholy indulgence in memories of happy times with Emily, which he revives in contemplating their setting:

> "Why, when you was away, mademoiselle [relates Theresa to Emily], he used to come to the chateau and walk about it, so disconsolate! He would go into every room in the lower part of the house, and, sometimes, he would sit himself down in a chair, with his arms across, and his eyes on the floor, and there he would sit, and think, and think, for the hour together. He used to be very fond of the south parlor, because I told him it was yours; and there he would stay, looking at the pictures, which I said you drew, and playing upon your lute, that hung up by the window, and reading in your books, till sunset. . . .[112]

When, much earlier in the book, St. Aubert, shocked at his brother-in-law's plans to cut down a noble old chestnut tree,

realizes the latter's lack of comprehension of his sentimental attachment to the tree, he exclaims, "'. . . but pardon me . . . I am talking of times and feelings as old-fashioned as the taste that would spare that venerable tree.'"[113] But here he is mistaken; for, if a certain attachment to the objects of one's childhood might be natural in any age, not only was the extreme cultivation of such an attachment not old-fashioned in 1584, when St. Aubert is supposed to have made his comment, it was not even old-fashioned when the novel appeared, over two hundred years later; it was, on the contrary, part of the still-current cult of sensibility. Harley expresses similar "sentiments" in The Man of Feeling:

> "That was the very school where I boarded when you were at South-hill; 'tis but a twelve-month since I saw it standing, and its benches filled with little cherubs: that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plough."[114]

If these words appeared in 1771, such sentiments were nevertheless still fashionable when Udolpho appeared twenty-three years later (nor have they ever completely gone out of fashion, as the existence of landmark-preservation societies attests).

Another aspect of sensibility, related to the sentimental attachment to the past, was that to "nature" and the simple rural life. This appears frequently in Mrs. Radcliffe, not only in Udolpho, but most notably in the interval Adeline spends with the vicar in the country in

The Romance of the Forest. Yet, this episode is particularly reminiscent of Wordsworth's The Excursion (1814), which should remind us of how many aspects of sensibility were incorporated into literature that transcends the cult--another reason for us to be cautious about failing to consider the context in which marks of sensibility appear in Mrs. Radcliffe.

Along with the cult of sensibility came the cult of the pathetic; we frequently see, for example, innocent young women led astray, in distressful situations, ill and helpless, and so on, in even the greater fiction of the age.[115] The situations of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines often suggest that she participated in this cult (yet so did most of the writers of the century, writers as diverse in quality as Mrs. Haywood and Richardson). Here, too, we must pay attention to the context and the degree of the participation. Udolpho presents many different characters in distress, yet none so entirely helpless, none so prone to excite excessive, self-indulgent, possibly prurient feelings in the reader as the heroines of countless genuinely sentimental novels.

We should consider, however, that Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines more adequately fit the description of another variety of sentimental protagonist: the ideally virtuous and steadfast young woman, who, staggering all probability, lectures her persecutor into penitence just before he would rape or murder her. While Emily fails to stir the consciences of her tormentors, her replies to Count Morano's declarations

of love (for example), after he has terrified her in the middle of the night and is about to carry her off, evince rather more self-possession and command of her faculties than is plausible under the circumstances.[116] Yet, while we must acknowledge this behavior as a flaw in Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological integrity and a sign of the tendency to idealize the heroine that we may find in many a sentimental novel, it would be unfair, once again, to use this flaw as a reason to categorize Udolpho, simply, as "sentimental."[117]

Too-easy categorizing leads us to miss subtleties we might otherwise have detected. Quick to class Emily with the unbending heroines of sentimental and didactic novels, few if any such readers have noticed that she is finally terrified by Montoni enough to be swayed in favor of signing over her property to him, despite her initial steadfast refusals.[118] And, in The Italian, after Ellena has expressed to Vivaldi her excessively delicate and, considering her situation, unrealistic scruples about marrying him in private, she does relent, and we see her in a more sympathetic light (the ceremony is interrupted, but that is another matter).[119]

We might add that the theme of filial obedience is also frequently found in Mrs. Radcliffe's works; and yet in this kind of situation too she introduces psychological subtleties nowhere to be found in most sentimental novels. (More about this in our analysis of Udolpho.)

If Mrs. Radcliffe's novels exhibit the defects of their author's excessive delicacy, and if they tend in some ways to idealize and otherwise paint unconvincing pictures of their characters, they nevertheless avoid the really serious excesses of the cult of sensibility. Tompkins has described these well--the stereotyped, extravagant embraces and other gestures, and, above all, the indulgence in showers of tears. The typical hard-core sentimental novel was--literally, if the reader responded sympathetically--drenched in tears. Tompkins, quoting a minor author of the period, notes that all of the true sentimental novelists "allowed 'a sufficient Quantity of Slobbering, and Blessing, and White Handkerchief Work.' One peculiarly horrible manifestation of this cult," she continues, "may be called tear-tracking. Tears of gratitude fall upon the hand of the charitable, verge slowly towards the finger that extracted the alms, and are suffered to dry there. Tears of sensibility are kissed off, rediscovered, and kissed off by a third person."[120] In the light of the absurd lachrymosity of the true sentimental novel, it will be clear to any reader that Mrs. Radcliffe has avoided such ridiculous excesses. Certainly her characters weep, perhaps more readily than one would do today; but then her contemporaries also shed tears more readily than we do. And even given the fact of its having been the fashion, Mrs. Radcliffe's characters weep almost always in appropriately extreme situations. One thinks, in this regard, of Emily when she believes she has lost Valancourt forever,

or after her father has died. And it will be noticed that Theresa's account of Valancourt's generosity draws not a single tear; only gradually, under genuinely affecting circumstances, in which we get a rounded psychological view of the characters, do Theresa and Emily break into tears. Moreover, sometimes the tears do not come as expected. At her aunt's funeral, for example, we see Emily's "countenance fixed in grief so solemn as admitted not of tears."[121]

It is too simple, then, to place Mrs. Radcliffe's novels in the tradition of sensibility without considerable qualification. Some of the sentimental traits that we find may be seen as records of actual characteristics in the life of Mrs. Radcliffe's time; others are genuine defects, but should not blind us to her preponderance of unsentimental writing. And, as I have indicated, the kind of psychology that is an aid in the portrayal of delicacy and that evolved partly out of the identical social conditions that fostered the valuing of delicacy, rarely appears so obscured by delicacy or other sentimental traits as to be unworthy of independent critical investigation. This fact has been adequately demonstrated with respect to the fiction of Richardson, and I shall attempt to show in greater detail that it is so in that of Mrs. Radcliffe.

The Psychological Philosophers

Although we have explored at some length the "turn inward" of eighteenth-century fiction, we have paid scant attention to the many philosophers of the period who were

also keenly interested in probing the "recesses of the mind." It is now necessary--and should be enlightening--to devote a considerable portion of our study to certain of these psychologically oriented thinkers, for they are known to have exerted considerable influence on their literary contemporaries and successors.[122] Their influence on Mrs. Radcliffe was undeniably strong, as twentieth-century critics have rightly pointed out. Unfortunately, evidence of the powerful impact that a number of these philosophers, particularly Edmund Burke, had on her novels has given rise to some persistent misconceptions, and consequently to a good many unfair and unbalanced critical evaluations of Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction. In the light of these, it is especially necessary that we subject the nature and extent of the influence on her of the psychological philosophers to a fresh investigation. In the course of this investigation, we will, I hope, also shed further light on the foundations of Mrs. Radcliffe's literary psychology.

Modern psychology may be said to have begun with the empiricist philosophy of John Locke. In certain ways, of course, the study of the mind (or "soul" or "spirit") had always been a part of philosophy. The philosophy of Locke's Essay, however, though its ultimate aim was epistemological, was also psychological, and in a significant and extremely influential new way (even if Hobbes and Descartes must be credited with having anticipated Locke in certain important respects): it attempted to examine the entire universe only

insofar as it is apprehended by the individual mind. For it was Locke's contention that we can have knowledge only to the extent that we have thoughts--"ideas"--of whatever exists without or within ourselves. Further, he traced the origins of these "ideas" to individually experienced "sensations" and "reflections"; thus, the contents of individual minds--ultimately, one's own--became an indisputably valuable subject of study if one would thoroughly understand the foundations of the totality of one's knowledge.[123] No matter if certain technical aspects of Locke's psychology gradually came under heavy critical fire: it was his method of making the individual consciousness centrally important that proved most fertile and sparked so much of the eighteenth-century interest in the workings of the mind.

After Locke, such thinkers as Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, Berkeley, Hume, Hartley, and Reid amplified, criticized, and amended Locke's thought; they wrote on ethics, metaphysics, politics, aesthetics--psychology had not yet emerged as a distinct discipline--but, increasingly, they founded their investigations on the study of the mind, or, more broadly, of human nature.

In 1739 David Hume, in setting forth the principles on which he grounded his study of human nature, spoke for many of his contemporaries and successors as well. Like Locke, he cautiously kept his investigations within the bounds of experience, fairly narrowly defined. In addition, he claimed a particularly scientific basis for his thinking: the subtitle

of A Treatise of Human Nature (1739-40) announces his "Attempt to Introduce the Experimental Method of Reasoning into Moral Subjects." His method was broader than that of Locke. More often than the latter, he reasoned on the basis not only of introspection but of "a cautious observation of human life [as seen] . . . in the common course of the world, by men's behaviour in company, in affairs, and in their pleasures."[124] And he extended the scope of his psychological investigation from "the understanding" to include "the passions" as well. It is on this foundation that much of twentieth-century psychology still rests.[125]

We may better comprehend the enthusiasm shown by so many eighteenth-century philosophers in their search for the principles of human thought and behavior when we read Hume's justification for this kind of study as set forth in his Treatise:

> It is evident, that all the sciences have a relation, greater or less, to human nature; and that, however wide any of them may seem to run from it, they still return back by one passage or another. . . . There is no question of importance, whose decision is not comprised in the science of man; and there is none, which can be decided with any certainty, before we become acquainted with that science. In pretending, therefore, to explain the principles of human nature, we in effect propose a complete system of the sciences, built on a foundation almost entirely new, and the only one upon which they can stand with any security.[126]

A fresh search for the foundations and characteristic manifestations of human thought and action, hampered as little as possible by old prejudices, thus became the order of the day. Psychology was increasingly made the basis for the revitalization of a wide variety of traditional disciplines;

and one of the fields that received a considerable share of attention from this new perspective was aesthetics, including practical criticism.

It is beyond the scope of our present purpose to examine these studies at any length;[127] for an example, however, we may say something about one of the most systematic, complete, and influential of them, Lord Kames's Elements of Criticism (1762, 1763). This lengthy treatise was regarded as extremely important in its day and continued to be used as a textbook of literary criticism for over a century.[128] Significantly, its basis is almost entirely in psychology: the new "science of human nature." Referring to himself in the third person, Kames states:

> though criticism is . . . his only declared aim, he will not disown, that all along it has been his view, to explain the nature of man, considered as a sensitive being capable of pleasure and pain: and though he flatters himself with having made some progress in that important science, he is however too sensible of its extent and difficulty, to undertake it professedly, or to avow it as the chief purpose of the present work.[129]

Despite the disclaimer, Kames's Elements is approximately one third pure psychology and is almost everywhere psychologically oriented. Like the Treatise of Kames's cousin Hume, it covers, in lengthy chapters, the association of ideas--"Perception and Ideas in a Train"--the "passions," and other elements and functions of human nature. Far from restricting himself to established theory, Kames does not hesitate to make new distinctions and expound principles of his own. To provide a solid foundation for his theories,

he carefully and systematically defines such terms as "perception," "sensation," "feeling," "sentiment," and "affection." In particular, he makes an important distinction between an "emotion" and a "passion," the two being identical, except that the latter includes "desire."[130] It is interesting to observe that Kames illustrates his theories about human nature with liberal quotations from literature, adopting a practice that was to reappear in Freud and other influential modern psychologists, if not to so great an extent. We are reminded that literature and psychology, as long as the latter has existed, have always drawn upon each other for insight into human nature. The best-known example of the converse of Kames's practice --a work of eighteenth-century literature making use of psychological theory--is Sterne's humorous incorporation of Locke's concept of the irrational association of ideas into Tristram Shandy. (It is important for our purposes to observe, however, that Sterne does far more than simply illustrate Locke's theory; it might rather be said that what Sterne does is dramatically test the theory as part of a broader presentation of human nature.)[131]

Before we attempt to evaluate the extent of the influence of Kames and other psychological critics on Mrs. Radcliffe, it might be helpful to get some idea of the kind of insight into human nature that Kames's psychology provides, by looking at an example from his text, which it seems likely that Mrs. Radcliffe read:

> one passion is often productive of another. . . . I begin with self-love, and the power it hath to generate love to children. . . . To demonstrate the truth of this theory, I urge the following argument. Remorse for betraying a friend, or murdering an enemy in cold blood, makes a man even hate himself: in that state, he is not conscious of affection to his children, but rather of disgust or ill-will. What cause can be assigned for that change, other than the hatred he has to himself, which is expanded upon his children? And if so, may we not with equal reason derive from self-love, some part at least of the affection a man generally has to them?[132]

That the presence or absence of self-esteem is a powerful influence on our love or hatred of others has become a psychological commonplace; it is therefore of particular interest to observe Lord Kames expound the idea over two hundred years ago, when it was evidently a new insight, at least in systematic psychology.

In spite of certain claims (which we shall examine further) that were advanced not long ago, to the effect that Mrs. Radcliffe's novels are almost entirely founded in the theoretical psychology of the day, we can rarely discover precise correspondences between eighteenth-century psychological theories and the theoretically oriented generalizations in her novels; nor is the behavior of her characters often clearly derivable from any specific theories. But, to take one example, it does seem likely that, if Mrs. Radcliffe read the Elements of Criticism, the theory we have just quoted had at least some influence on Emily's explanation, in Udolpho, of her uncle "Montoni's readiness to suspect his wife," unjustly and unreasonably,

of having attempted to poison him, on the basis of "his own consciousness of cruelty towards her." But even here, though Montoni's self-hatred may be seen to account for his inability to love others and his readiness to suspect them, Emily's explanation also implies, or at least does not exclude, certain other possibilities: that Montoni might justly have concluded that one whom he has ill-treated would hate him for it; and that he might have thought, judging automatically by a sense of how he would have reacted, that such hatred would lead his wife to make an attempt on his life. (The latter idea--and, for that matter, Kames's theory as well--comes close to the modern psychoanalytic concept of "projection," the attribution to others of traits of one's own, especially those that one is unwilling to acknowledge or accept in oneself. Projection, in several varieties, constitutes an important part of Mrs. Radcliffe's psychology, as we shall see.) In any case, it is not clear precisely how eighteenth-century psychological theory influenced particular actions of characters in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels or, in most cases, even the more theoretical explanations of these actions.[133]

And yet claims have been advanced, in lengthy arguments, that her novels consist almost entirely of illustrations of certain theories. The most influential of these claims are those that have been made for the impact on Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction of Edmund Burke's A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful (1757, 1759).

It is now necessary to address ourselves to these claims.

The Sublime: Mrs. Racliffe and Burke's Enquiry. In recent criticism, it has become almost commonplace to accept as a demonstrated fact that, along with the fashions of the Gothic, the sentimental, and the picturesque, Edmund Burke's theory of the sublime left, at the least, a sharp imprint on Mrs. Radcliffe's novels.[134] Actual demonstrations of such an influence, however, or attempts to measure its depth and extent, are much rarer than bare claims for its existence. If we search the critical literature, we discover two substantial, influential sources of the belief in this influence: a lengthy essay published as a book in 1963 by Malcolm Ware;[135] and (the impetus behind Ware's investigation) several passages in Samuel Holt Monk's important study The Sublime (1935).

Speaking at first in general terms of the "sublime," without referring to Burke, Monk asserts that "Mrs. Radcliffe . . . wrote novels almost entirely composed of material that at one time or another had been considered sublime." Afterward, he more specifically states,

> Mrs. Radcliffe, one is sure, was working on [from?] a definite theory of sublimity. . . . If her scenes often aim at the sublime, no less do her novels as a whole. She had read Burke and in common with her age she was convinced that intense terror can produce sublime emotion.

And finally, with even more conviction, "If the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe are in general expressions of Burkean sublimity, they are certainly so in detail, particularly in their scenery."[136]

Malcolm Ware, struck by Monk's confident assertions, and conscious, as he states, of their relatively inadequate substantiation, makes the attempt to support these claims with considerably fuller analysis of Mrs. Radcliffe's texts. After doing so, he arrives at a conclusion that is in some respects far more extreme than Monk's, in which he makes a series of sweeping generalizations about Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction:

> In the final analysis it can be said with certainty that only those readers and critics with a very cloudy knowledge of her works can pronounce Ann Radcliffe a radical innovator in the art of fiction. Quite to the contrary, she is the direct descendant of the novelists of sensibility and sentimentality and simply adapted to the novel a new curiosity, certainly a timeless characteristic, and a contemporary taste for the Gothic and sublime. The only really distinguishing characteristic of her novels is her use of the extended descriptive passages which have concerned us here. These passages have always annoyed many of her readers. All that remains to be said of these passages is that they are firmly rooted in an aesthetic theory in which she believed completely.[137]

We may immediately dismiss Ware's conclusions about sensibility and the Gothic, for there is absolutely nothing in his study before this final statement that is in the least concerned with these topics, much less substantiates his conclusions. Though it is not entirely about Burke's influence, I have quoted Ware's final paragraph in full as an example of the way misconceptions about Mrs. Radcliffe are passed on from critic to critic (Monk makes similar assertions)[138] with scarcely anyone taking the slightest pains to assess their truth.[139] I have already attempted to show how necessary it is to qualify strictly any application

of the term "sentimental" to Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. Of the Gothic and the picturesque we shall say more later.

Here we shall address ourselves to Ware's contention that the descriptive passages in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels (their "only really distinguishing characteristic") "are firmly rooted in an aesthetic theory [i.e., Burke's] in which she believed completely." Ware here echoes, and seems to confirm, Monk's belief that she "was working [from] a definite theory of sublimity."

We must first stop to ask ourselves, What do these statements really mean? For, despite their mode of absolute assertion, they by no means indicate clearly the precise relationship that is supposed to exist between Burke and Radcliffe. In conjunction with other statements they would seem to suggest that the only important parts of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels are those scenes or situations that illustrate the sublime or evoke in the reader emotions of a sublime nature, strictly according to Burke's theory. That this conveys an entirely false idea of her novels will, I hope, gradually emerge from several points in our present discussion.

That Mrs. Radcliffe "believed completely" in Burke's theory is a point more immediately susceptible to refutation; Ware largely concerns himself with indicating, in passages by Mrs. Radcliffe, a number of major components of the sublime which he abstracts from Burke's Enquiry, such as "obscurity," "vastness," and "infinity." A large

portion of what in Ware's discussion is really little more than the identification of these terms in her texts is devoted to her Journey . . . Through Holland . . . (1795). This fact should immediately give us pause, since the Journey is a book of travels, not a novel, and therefore proves nothing about her novels. It is true, however, that we can observe in it something of her general relation to Burke. She there cites Burke, making it reasonable to suppose that she had read him; however, where she theorizes, she by no means evinces anything like complete agreement with him. Let us compare, for example, Burke's and Radcliffe's comments on the sublime with respect to "vastness" in objects. According to Burke, "greatness of dimension" is by itself "a powerful cause of the sublime."[140] Mrs. Radcliffe, however, makes a careful distinction between the vast, or the "grand," and the sublime. "Sublime" is with her, as with Burke, a term of the highest praise in the realm of aesthetic appreciation; but what is "grand" is to her not necessarily "sublime," as it would be to Burke. Immense, unvaried objects (mountains, for example) by themselves are merely "grand"; when objects of the same kind are obscured so as to stimulate the imagination (here she agrees with Burke), then they are indeed "sublime." On her approach to some mountains in Germany, she observes that they become more grand and less sublime when their obscurity is diminished by closeness.[141]

Further, in her conception of "magnificence," Mrs.

Radcliffe differs entirely from Burke. To Burke, magnificence consists in "a great profusion of things which are splendid or valuable in themselves." These things must be arrayed in "apparent disorder" and must appear to be of infinite number. As an example, he gives "the starry heaven." We can see from Burke's terminology, moreover, that he makes no sharp distinction among certain of his terms: for "the starry heaven," he observes, "never fails to excite an idea of grandeur"; "magnificence," furthermore, "is . . . a source of the sublime."[142] So here we can see three terms, "the sublime," "grandeur," and "magnificence," merging into one another, the last simply being the most specific, and the latter two being included in the first.

Mrs. Radcliffe, on the other hand, precisely distinguishes each term from the others, and uses them, particularly the latter two, quite differently from the way Burke does. She begins, in the following passage, by following Burke: "Sublimity can scarcely exist, without simplicity. . . ." This apparently states in other words what Burke does when he stipulates that "the character of infinity" (productive of a sublime response) requires "Uniformity; because if the figures of the parts should be changed, the imagination at every change finds a check. . . ."[143] But Mrs. Radcliffe continues: ". . . and even grandeur loses much of its elevating effect, when united with a considerable portion of beauty; then descending to become magnificence."[144] Here Mrs. Radcliffe departs completely from Burke: for she

carefully ranks the three terms, allowing for no overlap among them. We should also note that, while Burke divides all objects capable of producing aesthetic pleasure into the "sublime" and the "beautiful," absolutely opposing the two qualities and allowing for no intermediate term, Mrs. Radcliffe, on the other hand, defines the "grand" in such a way as to exclude both the "sublime" and the "beautiful," and she defines yet another category as produced by a combination of the "grand" and the "beautiful."[145] We may see, therefore, even on this limited basis, that while she obviously read Burke, shared his aesthetic approach to nature in a very general way, and adopted some of his ideas and much of his vocabulary, she was by no means content to follow him slavishly. Like, for example, Hume in his adaptation and modification of Locke's concepts and approach to the mind, Mrs. Radcliffe was evidently glad to have Burke's thoughts, terminology, and general orientation as a groundwork for her own thinking on aesthetics, but she did not hesitate to go her own way when her observations suggested the need to do so. (Nor is it by any means clear that Burke was the only philosopher to have exerted an influence on her, as we have already seen with respect to Lord Kames.)

To resolve this issue more clearly, we need to remind ourselves that unlike Burke Mrs. Radcliffe, even in her Journey, was not primarily a theorist, and did not trouble herself to justify or support all her observations with

theories. It is true that Burkean terminology appears quite frequently in the Journey (if we may linger a bit longer over this interesting book), sometimes approximating Burke's meanings, sometimes entirely altered. In speaking, for instance, of a boat ride on the Rhine, she concludes that the "circumstances [were] of the true sublime, inspiring terror in some and admiration in a high degree."[146] "Terror" and "admiration" are, indeed, components of the Burkean sublime, considered as an emotional response.[147] But she is also fully aware of the inadequacy of such terminology and even of descriptive language in general:

> It is difficult to spread varied pictures of such scenes before the imagination. A repetition of the same images of rock, wood and water, and the same epithets of grand, vast and sublime, which necessarily occur, must appear tautologous, on paper, though their archetypes in nature, ever varying in outline, or arrangement, exhibit new visions to the eye, and produce new shades of effect on the mind.[148]

Even within the limitations imposed by language, Mrs. Radcliffe was, in other places, able to "produce new shades of effect on the mind" by dropping the vague aesthetic terminology and keeping her attention sharply focused on the object and its effects on her thoughts and feelings. For example:

> The effect of a stormy evening upon the scenery was solemn. Clouds smoked along the fells, veiling them for a moment, and passing on to other summits; or sometimes they involved the lower steeps, leaving the tops unobscured and resembling islands in a distant ocean. The lake was dark and tempestuous, dashing the rocks with a strong foam.[149]

(This passage, by the way, at least faintly anticipates a memory recorded in Book VIII of Wordsworth's Prelude, where the poet recalls having seen a shepherd and his dog on a hilltop "island" surrounded by an ocean of mist. We should add that both Radcliffe and Wordsworth were anticipated by a passage in Beattie's The Minstrel.)

The Journey is studded with these acute observations, conveyed in precise, poetic language, which, though they are evidence of the psychological, self-observant approach to nature that Mrs. Radcliffe shared with Burke (and many other contemporaries), nevertheless owe nothing specifically to Burke. For example, on arriving at the mountaintop terminus of a long leg of her journey, she observes that "the air seemed to become thinner." At the end of a superb account of a sunrise over the ocean (too long for us to quote in full), with sea-fowls, sailors, silence, and a gradual progression of colors in the sky and sea, the fiery tip of the sun finally appears, and "as he seemed to touch the water, a distant vessel passed over his disk, like a dark speck."[150] She could hardly have found a better way to convey a very particular kind of sublimity without muddying the passage by relying on the abstract term itself. Burke, we should remind ourselves, was ultimately concerned with demonstrating his abstract concepts, not with finding instances that defy expression in abstract terms.

Attempting to prove the absolute dependence of Radcliffe on Burke, Ware bolsters his argument by quoting extensively

from the Journey (as we have already remarked). But the very passages he quotes often work implicitly against his argument--for example:

> These streams are sublime from the length and precipitancy of their course, which, hurrying the sight with them into the abyss, act, as it were, in sympathy upon the nerves, and, to save ourselves from following, we recoil from the view with involuntary horror.[151]

Now, Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological explanation of this sublime effect is in the Burkean mode, though it is at the same time quite original and embodies acute self-perception. Bur Ware notices none of this; his only comment is that in the above circumstance, "horror produces nothing partaking of the sublime"--flatly contradicting the passage he has just quoted, which clearly links, at least in this instance, horror and the sublime.

Ware's purpose in dissociating "horror" from the "sublime" in Mrs. Radcliffe is to support his contention that, in opposing these terms to each other, she is strictly following Burke, who, Ware believes, makes the same distinction. But what are the facts? In a posthumously published dialogue, largely an appreciation of Shakespeare's plays with reference to their psychological effects on their readers or auditors, Mrs. Radcliffe has one of the speakers make what has become an often-cited distinction between "terror" and "horror," part of which Ware quotes:

> They must be men of very cold imaginations with whom certainty is more terrible than surmise. Terror and horror are so far opposite, that the first expands the soul, and awakens the faculties

> to a high degree of life; the other contracts, freezes, and nearly annihilates them. I apprehend that neither Shakespeare nor Milton by their fictions, nor Mr. Burke by his reasoning, anywhere looked to positive horror as a source of the sublime, though they all agree that terror is a very high one. . . .[152]

This dramatic antithesis, though striking, is really far from lucid; even in its original context, how Mrs. Radcliffe intended her distinction to be applied is less than perfectly clear. Bonamy Dobrée, in his Introduction to Udolpho, where he quotes the same passage, follows the OED in supposing that horror is the same as terror, but with the addition of "loathing" and "repugnance." This is a fine distinction, but that this is what Mrs. Radcliffe had in mind is by no means certain.[153]

It is possible, however, for us to ascertain Mrs. Radcliffe's meaning more positively by referring to the text from which the passage was drawn; but first we need to consider a relevant matter. One flaw in the thinking of certain eighteenth-century aestheticians, Burke included, is that they failed to distinguish clearly among four types of response: one's emotional response to an aesthetically pleasing or other object in real life; the representation of such a response occurring in a literary character; the reader's response to a similar object as represented in literature; and the reader's response to the literary character's response to the represented object. Now, from the brief excerpt Ware quotes from Mrs. Radcliffe's dialogue, it is impossible to determine whether terror/horror is/is not

a source of the sublime in real life, in literature, or in both; nor does Ware concern himself with the issue.

The context of the passage, however, helps us a good deal. For one thing, the dialogue is almost entirely about the responses that literature awakens in its readers. And it gives examples of terror and horror and contrasts them in context (though, to my mind, not altogether adequately). The scene in Hamlet preparatory to and including the appearance of the ghost of old Hamlet is "sublime" and awakens in the reader (and presumably the characters) a kind of "terror" by means of a union of "grandeur," "obscurity," and "uncertainty" with respect to possible evil. On the other hand, the sudden appearance of the ghost of Banquo at the banquet in Macbeth is not sublime: it merely communicates "the thrill of horror and surprise . . . rather than the deep and solemn feelings excited under more accordant circumstances and left long upon the mind," which pertain to sublime terror.

Mrs. Radcliffe's speaker makes a further distinction: in certain instances the representation of horror in literature is indirectly productive of a sublime effect. The example is given of Milton's line, "On his brow sat horror plumed." Here the horror is distanced from the reader by being barely alluded to, and the total effect of the image in its context is one of sublimity; that is, it induces the requisite degree of terror in the reader in a way that stimulates his imagination.

As I have already indicated, it seems to me that this

whole line of reasoning is inadequate and even confused, suggesting that we not give this disquisition the weight that Ware accords it. What, we may ask, could the speaker mean by asserting that Shakespeare and Milton agree, or make any kind of statement, that terror is a source of the sublime? If, as Mrs. Radcliffe obviously believes, there exist in at least a part of these poets' works passages productive of horror in the reader (she cites at least one), how could she suppose that the poets did not also intend these to produce in the reader emotions which they might have defined as sublime?

But a much more important reason than this minor absurdity cautions us about accepting the argument of this dialogue (apart from the obvious fact that it is a dialogue, and Mrs. Radcliffe makes no personal claim to its argument). With all its seeming care to distinguish between "terror" and "horror," the meaning of these terms is in at least one crucial instance entirely reversed. For, if at one point we are advised that the scene containing Hamlet's ghost arouses "a gloomy and sublime kind of terror," yet at another point we are told that Hamlet's ghost calls forth "a strange mixture of horror, pity, and indignation" (emphasis mine). If a distinction is intended between the ghost and the scene in which it appears, this is nowhere made explicit; and if the distinction is intended, it seems to me that one could make a similar one between Banquo's ghost and the scene in which it appears. In any case, one certainly longs

for more examples of "horror." And it may be that Mrs. Radcliffe had intended to provide them or even make extensive revisions in this dialogue, or that she was dissatisfied with it altogether; we must remember that she did not publish it herself. Finally, we should recall that her usage of "horror" here seems to contradict that in the passage, quoted above, from the Journey. It is not clear in either case, moreover, whether the "sublime" must always involve "obscurity."

Enough, however, is clear to enable us to test Ware's claim that Mrs. Radcliffe's dialogue and Burke's Enquiry are saying the same thing about the relation of "terror" and "horror" to the "sublime." According to Mrs. Radcliffe, at least in this place, "terror" evoked in the reader of literature implies "obscurity," which awakens the reader's imagination "to a high degree of life" and is "sublime"; "horror" evoked in the reader implies "certainty," "freezes" his faculties, and is not "sublime," although the tenor of the passage makes it clear that horror may sometimes produce a kind of limited aesthetic pleasure (as does the scene with Banquo's ghost).

Now let us turn to Burke:

> Whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain, and danger, that is to say, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion which the mind is capable of feeling.[154]

Superficially, this passage seems to support Ware's argument. But we then notice that the "sublime" for Burke is produced

by "whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain, and danger," and that pain and danger are equated with the terrible. Further, it should be clear to any reader of Burke that he uses "terror" and "horror" interchangeably (and thus the "terrible" is also equated with the "horrible"). To take just one example, in another place he says that a "sort of delightful horror . . . is the most genuine effect, and truest test of the sublime."[155]

We must, however, allow for the possibility that, without agreeing in their distinction of terms, Burke and Mrs. Radcliffe agree in their distinction of concepts. Burke goes on to qualify his idea of sublimity:

> When danger or pain press too nearly, they are incapable of giving any delight, and are simply terrible [i.e., without being sublime]; but at certain distances, and with certain modifications, they may be, and they are delightful, as we every day experience.[156]

Although it is far from clear from the above precisely what kind of situation would involve "pain [which he gives the broadest meaning] press[ing] too nearly," in another place he is somewhat more precise about the same matter: a sublime emotion is produced "if the pain and terror are so modified as not to be actually noxious; if the pain is not carried to violence, and the terror is not conversant about the present destruction of the person."[157] The possible significance of even this statement, however, is obscured by the fact that Burke only rarely makes a clear distinction between the pain that is caused by any given thing in life and that specific version of pain which is represented in literature and is

induced in the reader by "sympathy" (a term he does use). But when he does make the distinction, he suggests that his view of the matter is not at all that of Mrs. Radcliffe. For he remarks, "It is a common observation, that objects which in the reality would shock, are in tragical, and such like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure."[158] Since he nowhere excludes what Mrs. Radcliffe defines as objects producing "horror" from those "which in the reality would shock" but in literature produce "a very high species of pleasure," we must infer that he would lump together both Mrs. Radcliffe's "terror" and "horror," even when actually produced in the reader, as literary sources of sublimity. For we have no reason to believe that he (or anyone else) considered any literary evocation of "pain" so powerful as ever to be "carried to violence" or threaten "the present destruction of the person."[159]

Another difference between the two writers emerges when we consider that, as we have already observed, Burke allows for nothing that is not either "sublime" or "beautiful" to be productive of aesthetic pleasure, while Mrs. Radcliffe, analogously to what she had done in her Journey, defines a species of literary "horror" which is neither sublime nor beautiful but which at times may produce a limited kind of aesthetic pleasure.

Yet another complication in one's attempt to assess Burke's influence in his own inconsistency. At one point he speculates, "To make any thing very terrible, obscurity

seems in general to be necessary."[160] This is one respect in which there is entire agreement between Burke's idea and the definition of terror in Mrs. Radcliffe's dialogue. But Burke took no trouble to reconcile this idea with others in the Enquiry, and Mrs. Radcliffe, evidently struck with the idea, drew upon it, amplified it, opposed it to her concept of "horror" (with which she ventured to assume Burke would have agreed), yet, like Burke himself, had no interest in reconciling it with the rest of the Enquiry.

We might add that, to Burke, "astonishment," which is the most powerful effect of the sublime, consists "in that state of the soul, in which all its motions are suspended . . . . In this case the mind is so entirely filled with its object, that it cannot entertain any other, nor by any consequence reason on that object which employs it."[161] This is clearly contrary to Mrs. Radcliffe's idea of the sublime (at least in the above dialogue), which "awakens the faculties to a high degree of life." And so, if at times the extent of their agreement or disagreement is unclear, and if they do sometimes agree, at other times it is perfectly clear that their disagreement is absolute. It should be evident by now that the notion that Mrs. Radcliffe "believed completely" in Burke's theory is altogether untenable.

But Ware is not always so extreme in his assertions. At an earlier point in his study, he merely considers "the fact established that Mrs. Radcliffe knew well and used

extensively Burke's theory of the sublime."[162] But even this more moderate assertion is by no means justified. She had read the theory, but, as we have seen, she sometimes modified it, sometimes entirely disagreed with it (if not openly, then at least implicitly). It would be more accurate to say that, remaining individual in her approach, she extensively used Burke's orientation to the sublime, without adhering to the whole of his theory (if that were even possible); but that general orientation was one which they both shared with all their contemporaries who were interested in the psychology of aesthetic response.[163]

We may at last turn to the passages from the novels that Ware uses to attempt to establish his points. (Neither the Journey, as I have already indicated, nor the dialogue by themselves prove anything about the novels, although they may suggest the author's cast of thought around the time they were written.) First, to prove that, in one passage, "terror turns into a species of horror" (still attempting to support his "terror" vs. "horror" argument), he quotes from The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne:

> No vestige of a human being was to be seen; and the dreadful silence of the place was interrupted only by the roar of distant torrents, and by the screams of birds which flew over his head. He shouted, and his voice was answered only by deep echoes from the mountains. He remained for some time in a silent dread not wholly unpleasing, but which was soon heightened to a degree of terror not to be endured. . . .[164]

Again, this passage contradicts the specific conclusion Ware draws from it; for the "degree of terror not to be endured"

could not be the equivalent of any species of horror (in the sense Ware is trying to prove) because horror, according to Mrs. Radcliffe's dialogue, on which he bases his reasoning, is the result of a certainty of evil. In the passage quoted above, however, there is no such certainty. Alleyn, the character who feels the terror, at first experiences what we may indeed recognize as a kind of Burkean sublime, and it is described in Burkean terms: "a silent dread not wholly unpleasing." But, instead of his encountering some awful certainty of evil, his terror simply increases, by virtue, we must assume, of some obscure motion in his own mind.

We see here too that Mrs. Radcliffe's own representation of terror cannot be neatly accounted for on the basis of her later theorizing. In its extreme form terror is akin neither to terror nor horror as she later describes them. For while it is not based on certainty of evil, neither does it expand Alleyn's soul or enliven his faculties, as it seems to have done at first, in its weaker form. Nor does it quite square with Burke's concept of sublime terror, which, so long as there is no real violence or immediate threat to life, should never be unendurable. But if Mrs. Radcliffe read Burke, she was wise enough not to require that her characters do so. Alleyn certainly was no Burkean aesthetician and was incapable of sustaining his enjoyment of his terror.

The conclusion to which all this leads us is not a surprising one, though it contradicts Ware: Mrs. Radcliffe

was better as a novelist than as a disciple of Burke or as a theorist in her own right; she did not hesitate to describe in her characters emotions for which she could provide no theoretical support and for which she had no specifically Burkean terminology. Her psychology was primarily literary, and only secondarily Burkean or otherwise theoretical.

This is an appropriate place for us to observe how in her novels Mrs. Radcliffe gradually abandons Burkean terminology in favor of less abstract and more precise and poetic language.[165] Ware claims that "the scenery in her five romances is identical";[166] yet the very passages he quotes contradict him. We have already examined one of his selections from The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne. The next book, A Sicilian Romance, is, if anything, a step backwards, its sketchy scenic descriptions relying too heavily on the word "sublime" and related terminology. For example, "Mount Etna, crowned with eternal snows, and shooting from among the clouds, formed a grand and sublime picture in the back-ground of the scene"[167] ("picture" suggests the "picturesque," Mrs. Radcliffe's relation to which we shall have more to say about below).

In The Romance of the Forest, Mrs. Radcliffe is more attentive to her characters' responses to the environment, but her descriptions are still weighted with abstract, Burkean terms:

> The partial gleams thrown across the fabric seemed to make its desolation more solemn, while the obscurity of the greater part of the pile heightened its sublimity, and led fancy on to scenes of horror. Adeline, who had hitherto remained silent, now uttered an exclamation of mingled admiration and fear. A kind of pleasing dread thrilled her bosom, and filled all her soul. Tears started into her eyes:--she wished, yet feared to go on.[168]

While, as I have suggested, this novel marks a considerable advance into the realm of formal realism, many of the subtleties of the later books are absent here precisely because of the preponderance of such weak scenes as this. Adeline's response is almost ludicrous: if we trouble ourselves to guess at the specifics of her "exclamation," we can scarcely escape thinking of a melodramatic "How frightful!" or "How admirable!" It would have been more reasonable to expect that she would feel these things without being compelled to utter a Burkean exclamation. But Mrs. Radcliffe is still apparently struggling with the tools of her novelistic art and only later, perhaps, would she become aware of her earlier absurdities. Moreover, "pleasing dread" is not strictly a Burkean oxymoron but had by Burke's time already become a cliché for a kind of sublime experience.[169]

Emily's approach to the castle of Udolpho represents an immense advance over that of Adeline to the abbey in The Romance of the Forest. The Burkean terms appear, but they are subordinated to the intricate and suggestive details of the scene and of Emily's response. In the earlier book we are told merely that "the obscurity of the greater part of the pile heightened its sublimity"; the later book implies

the same, but now we see how, when abstract and vague terms no longer bear the burden of the narrative, we are enabled to apprehend the experience of a particular kind of obscurity:

> As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper, as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From these too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all, who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze, till its clustering towers were alone seen, rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.[170]

Here we have no crude exclamations, no talk of "pleasing dread," no "thrilled . . . bosom." If Mrs. Radcliffe had been at all concerned with illustrating an aesthetic philosophy in her earlier books, now that concern has given place to one of poetic and psychological precision.

But I have scarcely conveyed the richness of the entire scene in Udolpho from which this passage has been extracted. In the Romance, we learn merely that Adeline's "fancy" was "led . . . on to scenes of horror"; but in Udolpho:

> As the carriage-wheels rolled heavily under the portcullis, Emily's heart sunk, and she seemed, as if she was going into her prison; the gloomy court, into which she passed, seemed to confirm the idea, and her imagination, ever awake to circumstance, suggested even more terrors, than her reason could justify. Another gate delivered them into the second court, grass-grown, and more wild than the first, where, as she surveyed through the twilight its desolation [There is "desolation" at the abbey in the Romance; but how different is the effect of each passage!]--its lofty walls,

> overtopt with briony, moss and nightshade, and the embattled towers that rose above,--long suffering and murder came to her thoughts.[171]

The literary techniques of psychological realism, increasingly refined, are the means that enable Mrs. Radcliffe to make this scene work, not her knowledge of Burke's aesthetic theories. Although she is of course intent on pleasing her readers by inducing in them feelings that she, along with most of her contemporaries, would have called sublime, she has become less interested in subjecting her characters to sublimity. They still often encounter scenes that are sublime or beautiful (though the latter not in Burke's sense of the word) to which they respond accordingly (yet even there with less reliance on Burke's terms); but as often we find them pleased, amused, apprehensive, shocked, affectionate, terrified (but without the sublimity), or experiencing any of a broad range of emotions that do not at all partake of the sublime. Notice in the above passage how the "carriage-wheels," the "grass," the "embattled towers," and other realistic details--of thought as well as setting--suggest a particularity, not merely of scene, but of feeling, of unique experience--experience that is extraordinarily difficult to explain even in modern psychological terms, let alone Burke's. We have here--to reiterate--what is essentially a literary psychology, not a theoretical one.

Peculiarly, Samuel Holt Monk was one of the first to recognize the importance of the relation in Mrs. Radcliffe's

books between "the scene" and "the individual who beholds it, telling exactly what passions it stirs in his sensitive heart."[172] We will see more fully in our analysis of Udolpho how these "passions" are actually subtly depicted feelings which rely on the smallest details of setting for their accurate rendition and which cannot be fully explained by any theory, certainly not such a crude one as Burke's. And yet, in a way that completely eclipses his pale glimmering of insight into Mrs. Radcliffe's true achievement, Monk insists that even the details of her scenes are "expressions of Burkean sublimity."[173]

We may also recall that he makes the much more general statement, as well, that her novels are "almost entirely composed of material that at one time or another had been considered sublime."[174] In a sense this statement is at least partly true, if we limit its application to her natural settings. But what material, we may ask, was considered sublime by Burke and his contemporaries? Monk provides a partial list, taken from Hugh Blair's Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian (1763): "Spirits and Ghosts," for one thing. Yet there are no ghosts in Mrs. Radcliffe's outdoor settings, and only the suspicion of their existence indoors. But the list includes much more: "the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars, Clouds and Meteors, Lightning and Thunder, Seas and Whales, Rivers, Torrents, Winds, Rain, Snow, Dews, Mists. . . ."[175] We may stop here. If the mere presence in it of the sun, stars, rain, mists,

and so on, classifies a literary work as one that specializes in the sublime, then to depict the sublime is merely to depict much of life as we know it. But if Monk means to suggest that Mrs. Radcliffe's novels are restricted to this material (which, incredibly, is what he does seem to suggest), then we wonder how he can account for "the dingy green velvet of the chairs and couches, fringed with tarnished gold" at Chateau-le-Blanc (in Udolpho) or "the heterogeneous voices of the vendors of ice, maccaroni, sherbet, and diavolini" at a country fair (in The Italian)[176] or any of the other frequent realistic details that place her novels in a category altogether different from that of the Ossianic poems (which she admired but fortunately did not copy!).

"Thoughts in a Train": Associationism and Other Theories. The year 1963 seems to have been somehow favorable to the formulation of extremist positions on Mrs. Radcliffe's work. For in the same year with Ware's monograph, there appeared a doctoral dissertation by Edward Fox Pound--"The Influence of Burke and the Psychological Critics on the Novels of Ann Radcliffe"[177]--which, though broader in scope than Ware's study, is no less dogmatic and condemnatory. This is unfortunate, because many of Mrs. Radcliffe's remarks on (and dramatizations of) mental activity and human behavior were influenced by her philosophical predecessors and contemporaries; Pound himself gives a number of examples which help convince us that there was indeed such an influence, though not, as he would have it, an exclusive and restrictive one.

Like Ware, Pound finds little of interest in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, except, to a very limited degree, that which is derived from theory: the novels "are not in themselves prepossessing," he remarks; "the reactions of all of Radcliffe's characters to life in general, as well as to art and nature . . . comes [sic] from psychological theory"; Mrs. Radcliffe "writ[es] fiction to exemplify aesthetic doctrines"; her "characters not only talk theory exclusively but are extremely repetitive about it"; and she adheres "to the tenets of a contemporary psychology, at the cost of realism and of artistic value."[178]

That none of these claims is accurate or fair is best demonstrated by a thoroughgoing analysis of her best novels; in that which I shall attempt for Udolpho, I hope it will be seen that the "realism" and "artistic value" of her best fiction were enriched, or, at the very least, not seriously interfered with by her knowledge of contemporary psychological theory. With respect to our criticizing Pound's general viewpoint, much of what we have already said about Ware's similar extremist position might be brought in against Pound as well. But this would be needlessly repetitive; let us, therefore, simply address ourselves to his explications of certain scenes from Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. We will thus be better able to judge for ourselves what role theory plays in her fiction.

Pound first devotes attention to St. Aubert's advice to his daughter in Udolpho. His caution to her not to

overindulge in grief (the occasion is the death of his wife)--that it "enervates the mind, and almost incapacitates it for again partaking of those various innocent enjoyments which a benevolent God designed to be the sun-shine of our lives"[179]--is attributed by Pound to a whole series of philosophers and poets: Kames, Blair, Alison, Addison, Akenside, and others. Even at the outset it seems to me that we are able to see beyond Pound's claims: for the very generality of the ideas implied in the statement (Pound points to no precise correspondence between the reasoning or style of Mrs. Radcliffe's passage and that of any predecessor) makes it extremely unlikely that Mrs. Radcliffe was deliberately following a single, restricted theory or group of theories. Surely she cannot be faulted for attributing to one of her characters thoughts that were widely held to be true by her contemporaries. After all, St. Aubert is speaking, and not the author herself. With the distance of time, it is true, we can see that Mrs. Radcliffe restricted St. Aubert's character too much: he is presented, not only as the "man of taste" Pound says he is, but as one version of the man of sensibility, as we have already seen. We might also observe, however, that this characterization is far from being unrealistic (to talk now of social, not formal realism); it is a portrait--though a limited one, to be sure--of a character that was all too prevalent in the late eighteenth century,

if not in 1584, when the story is supposed to have taken place.

But more may be inferred from the contrast of Pound's comments on St. Aubert with the actual function of this character in Udolpho. For Emily's father is far from being a mere mouthpiece for theory or, as Pound also claims, simply a "vehicle . . . for emotion, living a series of sublime and pathetic moments."[180] His actions with respect to Emily, for one thing--his concealment from her of the fate of his deceased sister, his command that she burn certain mysterious papers, his approval of Valancourt as her suitor--serve important functions in the plot. Nor is St. Aubert altogether passive (Pound claims that all of Mrs. Radcliffe's people of taste are passive),[181] as these actions themselves show; he even shoots Valancourt in a panicky attempt to protect Emily and himself from a presumed robber.

In St. Aubert's later exhortation to Emily, from his deathbed, he makes a distinction which even Pound concedes to be an exception to his own rule that all Mrs. Radcliffe's theory is derivative:[182] St. Aubert distinguishes, according to Pound, between "the gracefulness of sensibility" and "the strength of sensibility"[183] (the distinction St. Aubert actually makes is between "the gracefulness of sensibility" and "the strength of fortitude").[184] For this "dichotomy" Pound can find "no precedent in earlier theory";[185] he considers it a curious isolated instance, and goes on to

make another point. If St. Aubert's dichotomy had such little importance, we might well forget about it too: but, in fact, in this distinction he expresses one of the principal ideas of the novel. That overrefined, unchecked sensibility can lead one to excessive pain and suffering is an idea that is tested in Emily's own experience after her father dies; although the plot is not reducible to it, this idea is a general way of summing up what much of the action of the novel expresses in fine detail. Emily must learn her father's lesson the hard way, through painful experience of the terrors her overactive imagination at least partly creates for her. A further point: St. Aubert's speech, I repeat, is that of a dramatic character; and it is by no means clear that Mrs. Radcliffe intended it to be taken uncritically. Though Emily dare not criticize her father, the reader is free to notice that St. Aubert himself undergoes no little suffering as a result of his sensibility: to take one instance, his grief for his long-deceased sister virtually overwhelms him whenever some reminder of her existence comes to his attention. This ironic disparity between what a character says and what he does has more to do with literary dramatization of character in action than with the exemplification of any theory.

One of the psychological "theories" Pound detects in St. Aubert's first lecture to Emily (to which we have already alluded) is that the imagination must be "free,"

one must be in a state of "tranquillity," in order to be able to appreciate art or the "sublime" or "beautiful" in nature.[186] Nothing in St. Aubert's admonition, as I see it, could be construed as particularly exemplifying this theory; the idea is implied only indirectly in his cautions about excess of grief.

But let us keep it in mind as we examine another scene with Pound. According to him, the chapter in Udolpho in which Emily is horrified by what is behind the black veil is another conglomeration of theories.[187] To take a significant example, when, on awakening, she is troubled by thoughts of Count Morano, who she fears will attempt to wed her by force, she manages to keep her mind from dwelling anxiously on a "train of anticipated evils" by absorbing herself in the scenery that she can now see by daylight.[188] This "therapy" is supposed to exemplify the "associationist" theory that "the sublimity of nature [is] always good cure . . . for worldly woes."[189] If, however, we recall the doctrine, invoked by Pound earlier, that in order to enjoy this natural sublimity one must be tranquil to begin with, some question may arise in our minds concerning the method by which Pound discovers these "doctrines" in Mrs. Radcliffe's narratives. He either fails to notice this inconsistency in her application of doctrines or would claim (in line with much of his reasoning) that it is precisely because there are such inconsistencies that her writing is weak and "unrealistic." But is Pound putting the cart before the horse? That one

can observe in the actions of a fictional character a rough dramatization of that which can also be described in the general terms of a theory is, it seems to me, scarcely a sufficient basis for concluding that the fictional version implies no more than the theory states and is simply an exemplification of a doctrine. Neither of the theories in question here accounts for those additional factors that would determine whether one is susceptible to the curative power of nature or is too disturbed to respond to it. But Mrs. Radcliffe does account for these factors and for the most part does so, in my judgment at least, in a convincing manner. (We will see below what some of these factors are, especially in our analysis of Udolpho.)

Pound's further comment on this chapter makes it clearer that his attempt to reduce a highly particularized narrative to a collection of general theories is a crude one. When Emily has been horrified by what she thinks she has seen under the veil, she is entirely overwhelmed by panic; she recovers slightly only when she sees people pass outside on the terrace and hears their voices.[190] It seems to me that Mrs. Radcliffe deserves credit for having insightfully captured here, in realistic detail, the elements of a real-life situation (one which we all might perhaps recall from our childhood) in which one who has been horrified is somewhat calmed by the presence of other people and signs of familiar activity. But all that Pound has to say about the scene is that it exemplifies the same

theory dramatized at the beginning of the chapter, i.e., that "sublimity" is a "cure . . . for worldly woes."[191] Yet there is nothing of the sublime in the "trifling" (Mrs. Radcliffe's word) occurrences that revive Emily; they are, rather, psychologically appropriate details that cannot be explained adequately by any of the theories that Pound claims Mrs. Radcliffe is following. Moreover, as we shall see later, implicated in this instance of Emily's horror is a cluster of psychological facts about her, particular facts which are revealed to the reader earlier in the story (actually, some of them are revealed later, and enrich a second reading, as we shall see), and the sum total of which neither expresses nor can be expressed by any theory (even if they may be illuminated by theory, which is not at all the same thing). We might also observe that, if Pound had carried his reasoning a bit further, he could with equal justice have "proved" that Emily's revival through contact with other people is merely an exemplification of Aristotle's doctrine that man is a social animal.

It cannot be denied that Mrs. Radcliffe often uses terminology derived from the psychological philosophers. At the beginning of the chapter we have been discussing, she describes Emily's thoughts as moving in a "train"; this term and way of speaking Pound explains as exemplifying "associationist" doctrines. Everywhere, in fact, he is quick to categorize Mrs. Radcliffe as "associationistic." What does he mean by this? Nowhere is he able to discover

any correspondences between Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological statements and the elaborate associationist theories that some of her philosophical predecessors (Hartley, for example) worked out in fine detail. Yet, undaunted, he maintains firmly that "it is still clear that [her] characters are thinking by associations."[192] We may stop here to wonder if he knows any other way they might think. Surely, human thoughts were linked by "association" long before there were philosophers to describe the phenomenon or apply the term. In her particular actualization of the potentials of a psychologically realistic medium, Mrs. Radcliffe might naturally make use of the psychological terms and approaches available to her without being subject to the criticism that she slavishly adheres to doctrine.

In this matter of "associationism," more than anywhere else, Pound stretches or ignores the facts to make his claims. To take one final instance, he makes the blanket assertion that, in their appreciation of nature, "what seems important to the characters is less nature itself than what can be made of it" by means of associations.[193] But this is so far from being the case that we need not offer quotations from the novels to remind any reasonably observant reader that very few of the frequent scenic descriptions are followed by accounts of associative mental activity of such a nature as to diminish seriously the importance of the immediate scene; a good many of them arouse in the minds of their spectators no conscious associations at all. Here

it is especially obvious that Pound has been carried away by his own theory.

How far, then, may we judge Ann Radcliffe to have been influenced by the psychological philosophers? It is clear that her writing was influenced--to some extent--not only by Burke, but by an undefined number of other theorists. It is equally clear that no one has yet gathered sufficient evidence to demonstrate an exclusive or even excessive reliance on any one philosopher or group of philosophers. We also need to bear in mind that, if Mrs. Radcliffe was at all successful as a literary artist--psychological or otherwise--to that extent she must be considered to have transcended the limits of any theory or theories; for, as I remarked earlier with respect to Burke, the aims and methods of literature and philosophy are radically opposed in certain respects. If we leave aside the most obvious difference--that literature purports to evoke a certain aesthetic pleasure in its readers, a pleasure that may be but is not necessarily attendant upon the reading of philosophy--we should not forget that philosophy, no matter how specific the evidence in which it is grounded, ultimately generalizes, whereas literature ultimately subordinates its generalities to specific instances (images or narrated situations).

That philosophy and literature may work together in certain respects is, on the other hand, not to be denied.

Much of Mrs. Radcliffe's terminology (including much of what Pound has observed) is obviously adapted from the philosophers: her speaking of thoughts in "trains," of "ideas" in the Lockean sense, of "external objects," of the operations of "fancy," and so on, is a sign of the extent to which the philosophers gave her words to express her observations about the mind.

Occasionally, too, we can detect her philosophic reading in some of her more generalized, undramatized explanations of the causes of the behavior of certain characters. Part of what we are told about Montoni, for example, includes an explanation of the origin of his "passion" for "gaming":[194]

> He delighted in the energies of the passions. . . . Without some object of strong interest, life was to him little more than a sleep; and, when pursuits of real interest failed, he substituted artificial ones, till habit changed their nature, and they ceased to be unreal. Of this kind was the habit of gaming. . . .[195]

In this ascription of a passion at least in part to "habit," and in the use of the specific instance of "gaming," we may find one case of a reasonably clear influence of a philosopher on Mrs. Radcliffe. Lord Kames, discussing the power of "custom" or "habit," says:

> Play or gaming, at first barely amusing by the occupation it affords, becomes in time extremely agreeable; and is frequently prosecuted with avidity, as if it were the chief business of life.[196]

Even here, however, Mrs. Radcliffe combines Kames's idea with her own view of gaming, which she sees as one of life's

"artificial" pursuits; and this distinction between "real" and "unreal" pursuits, however vague, is nevertheless not to be found--at least explicitly--in Kames's view of gaming.

What we often find in passages like this in Mrs. Radcliffe are the signs of her agreement with certain philosophers and the incorporation of their ideas into the body of her own thinking. And, lest we take only a small part of her fiction for the whole, we must again remind ourselves that the generalized portion of her thinking occupies far less space in her novels than the psychologically realistic descriptions and dramatizations.

One or more of the eighteenth-century aestheticians probably also influenced Mrs. Radcliffe's increasing adherence to a psychologically realistic style (it is, however, understandably difficult if not impossible to separate this influence from that of her forerunners among the novelists, particularly Charlotte Smith). Many of these theorists (like many novelists in their theorizing) emphasized the importance of the poet's or novelist's turning to the particulars of his or her private experience for subject matter and of describing these particulars in clear, precise language, so that the reader will be drawn into the action depicted, with his emotions sympathetically aroused, and even, in Lord Kames's words, "forgetting that he is reading, so that he conceives every incident as passing in his presence, precisely as if he were an eye-witness."[197] The kind of "waking dream" that Kames considered necessary to be

induced in the reader's mind for his aesthetic enjoyment of the best literature, if it is not an experience exclusively restricted to the reading of psychologically or even merely formally realistic literature, is at least an essential foundation for the detailed exploration of the intellectual and--especially--emotional life that constitutes psychological realism. To the extent that they led her in the direction of psychological realism, the philosophers indeed exerted a powerful influence on Mrs. Radcliffe--an influence that in no way detracts from her originality. As for other kinds of theoretical influence, I hope I have adequately shown that Mrs. Radcliffe followed no one philosopher--not even Burke--or combination of philosophers to the point of abandoning or compromising her independent, essentially literary approach to her subject matter.

"The Spreading Scene": The Cult of the Picturesque

As we have seen, Mrs. Radcliffe has for many years been a favorite target of reductionist critics. They have at various times (or at once, in various combinations) claimed that her works are merely sentimental novels; that they are no more than exemplifications of Burke's theory of the sublime; and that they are merely illustrations of the ideas of the eighteenth-century associationist philosophers. Even J.M.S. Tompkins, we may recall, concluded that the raison d'être of her novels is simply to create "a mood."[198]

But we have not yet mentioned the earliest of the major reductionist criticisms: the claim, made by Christopher

Hussey in 1927, that the primary component of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels is the "picturesque." With the precedent of Elizabeth Manwaring's 1925 study of the influence of the Italian landscape painters on English art and literature,[199] Hussey ventures to assert that all things in Mrs. Radcliffe's books, even their "horrors," are presented "with an eye to their picturesque effect." Grouping her with Mrs. Smith, he claims that she "visualized every scene as if it had been painted, exhibiting her figures through a picture frame."[200]

Like the other extremist positions we have discussed, Hussey's is founded on a grain of truth; and, like them, it ignores most of the substance of Mrs. Radcliffe's writing. To demonstrate in full how this is so would necessitate the monotonous repetition of the same kinds of arguments made in answer to Ware, Pound, and the others. But, because Hussey (and in certain respects Manwaring) has influenced so many commentators to think of Mrs. Radcliffe's landscapes as little more than exercises in the verbal imitation of painting,[201] we should devote at least some space to a consideration of how her scenery is, and how it is not, picturesque.

What does it mean for a novelist to be "picturesque"? The principal definition of the word that concerns us here --because nowadays it implies the severest censure of literary art--is that which Hussey seems to have had in mind, and that which was shakily established in the eighteenth century, amid a welter of imprecise and groping definitions,

by William Gilpin, connoisseur par excellence of the subject: the picturesque is simply "that kind of beauty which would look well in a picture."[202] A verbal sketch of a landscape, then, might suggest a painting, perhaps a canvas of Claude Lorrain or Salvator Rosa. Writers, Manwaring reminds us, often had in mind and even alluded openly to these influential Italian landscapists.[203] But one infers that allusion to well-known paintings was not an essential requirement: any scene--and any verbal account of that scene--that appealed chiefly and pleasingly to the eye qualified as "picturesque."

While we can do no more here than touch upon this vast subject, we might at least add that theorists of the picturesque readily incorporated into their categories of judgment Burke's sublime and beautiful, insofar as they could be applied to visual composition. Later in the century, Uvedale Price attempted to establish the term as exclusive of Burke's categories, setting it up as a third aesthetic term which would complement the others.[204] The picturesque was also considered (as by Archibald Alison, for example) in terms of the associations of ideas that a given scene would provoke.

How far is the picturesque really compatible with Mrs. Radcliffe's scenery? Let us look at a scene from Udolpho that Hussey selects to illustrate his position. Emily St. Aubert, her father, and her prospective lover, Valancourt, are traveling together through the Pyrenees in the early morning mist:

> The dawn, which softened the scenery with its peculiar grey tint, now dispersed, and Emily watched the progress of the day, first trembling on the tops of the highest cliffs, then touching them with splendid light, while their sides and the vale below were still wrapt in dewy mist. Meanwhile, the sullen grey of the eastern clouds began to blush, then to redden, and then to glow with a thousand colors, till the golden light darted over all the air, touched the lower points of the mountain's brow, and glanced in long sloping beams upon the valley and its stream. All nature seemed to have awakened from death into life; the spirit of St. Aubert was renovated. His heart was full; he wept, and his thoughts ascended to the Great Creator.[205]

There is, it seems to me, very little in this description that could properly be translated into painting--no more than the colors and broad outlines of mountain, valley, and stream, striped with the sloping rays of the sun. Many such scenes, of course, have been painted, though necessarily in greater detail than is given here; and insofar as Mrs. Radcliffe and the painter have chosen the same kind of scene, we may call her description picturesque. But only this far; a close reading of this description discloses much that one could not possibly capture on a static, two-dimensional canvas. In view of Hussey's (and Manwaring's similar) claims, one hardly belabors the obvious by remarking that the whole scene unfolds in time. Hussey and Manwaring have apparently forgotten their Lessing when they equate such scenes with picturesque painting; and on this basis they imply that her novels are therefore curiosities rather than serious examples of the art of fiction. Yet Mrs. Radcliffe depicts the scene in the terms most appropriate for the novelist or poet. The

St. Auberts witness, not a static, neatly framed picture, but rather the gradual "awaken[ing]" of "nature . . . from death into life" as the grey mist gives way to red skies and golden light. The simile of "awaken[ing]" (a near personification) suggests what painting never could: how the event impressed the minds of those who are supposed to have experienced it.

Hussey, moreover, by taking this scene out of context, makes it easy to slight its nonvisual components, which Mrs. Radcliffe is careful to include. Immediately preceding the passage we (and Hussey) have quoted, we may read of that which could never be captured on canvas:

> St. Aubert had set out thus early, not only that he might enjoy the first appearance of sunrise, but that he might inhale the first pure breath of morning, which above all things is refreshing to the spirits of the invalid. In these regions it was particularly so, where an abundance of wild flowers and aromatic herbs breathed forth their essence on the air. [Emphasis mine.]

I might interject another point here: For over fifty years, it has been a commonplace of Radcliffe criticism to decry the artificiality of her scenery (through Udolpho, at least) on the grounds that, since she had not been out of England when she wrote her first four novels, she must have derived her Scottish, French, and Italian scenes solely from paintings and travel books.[206] Nothing could be less fair, it seems to me, than this sort of a priori criticism. Her depictions of nature must be judged on their own merits. To a great extent, this means that the reader must respond to the associations evoked in his own mind by the text, and

therefore, of course, we must allow for a whole range of personal differences of response (to me, I will venture to add, most of Mrs. Radcliffe's scenery is perfectly convincing and often richly evocative). But the reader must read fairly and closely; we do not dismiss Milton's version of Eden because we know the poet had never been there.

Hussey further implies a lack of originality in Mrs. Radcliffe when he claims that the sunrise witnessed by the St. Auberts (quoted above) is "a close transcription" of the following passage from The Seasons of James Thomson (a poet who in fact made a considerable impression on Mrs. Radcliffe):

> But yonder comes the powerful king of day
> Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
> The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
> Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
> Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
> Aslant the dew-bright earth and coloured air,
> He looks in boundless majesty abroad. . . .[207]

That there was indeed a certain influence seems likely: both writers speak of "the mountain's brow," of the dew, of the colors in the sky, of light that is golden. But it should be apparent that the differences between the passages far outweigh the similarities. The diction, the tropes of each writer are highly individualized; Mrs. Radcliffe speaks of "sullen grey," Thomson of "fluid gold," Mrs. Radcliffe of clouds that "blush," Thomson of "kindling azure." More important still, Thomson's whole description is centered on the arrival of the sun, personified as the "king of day"; not only is Mrs. Radcliffe's sunrise less personified (and

more detailed, as is perhaps to be expected in a prose narrative), it does not even once mention the sun itself. And the most important difference is not easily apparent in the quotations: each sunrise acquires a very different meaning by virtue of the different context in which it appears. Thomson's becomes part of a series of reflections and further descriptions made by the narrator of his poem; Mrs. Radcliffe's enters into the lives of her characters. That St. Aubert is moved to tears may strike some readers as overly sentimental; yet it holds true, in any case, that the meaning of the sunrise is modified in large part by what it means to St. Aubert and the other characters. Scenery in Mrs. Radcliffe is productive of feelings, responses, actions in her characters (that it also reflects their feelings has been a commonplace of Radcliffe criticism that has oddly coexisted with claims that discount all but the picturesque in her novels). We might add that Thomson's descriptions, no less than Mrs. Radcliffe's, evoke feelings in the reader; and we may sense how the narrator, Thomson's persona--if no other character--is affected by what he sees.[208] Thomson, like Mrs. Radcliffe, was for a long time considered to be altogether a poet of the picturesque. Yet it is doubtful that any great poetry can rely entirely on visual appeal, abstracted from that of the other senses and from the impact of perception on feeling (or of feeling on perception, a relation important in Mrs. Radcliffe, which we shall discuss further).

On the other hand, as J.R. Watson has shown, most of the great Romantic poets were interested in the picturesque (and, like Mrs. Radcliffe, sometimes alluded to Claude and Salvator). But if they began with that interest, or at some point incorporated it into their writing, they gradually moved away from emphasis on the visual, and became concerned more with a full range of sense impressions and with the subtle interactions of perception, thought, and feeling in one's experience of the environment. For an example of this change, we may compare, following Watson, two passages from Wordsworth's poems. The first is from his youthful "An Evening Walk" (written 1787-1789). Although, in its reliance on sound as well as sight (in a segment I have omitted) and in its figurative language, it reminds us how inconsistently picturesque the poetic picturesque usually is, nevertheless it evokes a relatively superficial involvement of feeling, merely presenting a series of pleasing impressions based primarily on objects of sight:

> Far from my dearest friend, 'tis mine to rove
> Thro' bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove . . .
> Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
> To willowy hedgerows, and to emerald meads;
> Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottag'd grounds,
> Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds. . . .[209]

We may constrast with this a passage from The Prelude, recording the poet's memory of his impressions of a spot in the Lake district on revisiting it during a college vacation. The time is early morning:

> in front,
> The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
> The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
> Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
> And in the meadows and the lower grounds
> Was all the sweetness of a common dawn--
> Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
> And labourers going forth to till the fields.[210]

This passage, as Watson points out, has a strong element of the picturesque; but the emphasis has altogether shifted, being now more on the particular "feeling and mood" that the landscape evokes in one who encounters it at precisely such a time, rather than on a succession or cluster of discrete objects placed in an interesting arrangement.

I have purposely selected this morning view out of many passages given by Watson, because of its suitability for comparison with the view that we discussed earlier of the Pyrenees at sunrise as seen by the St. Auberts. No one, of course, will deny the superiority of Wordsworth's passage. Its aptness of observation and expression--"sweetness of a common dawn" is merely one superb phrase--and its marvelous selection of metaphorical adjectives--"Grain-tinctured" mountains, "empyrean" light--make it considerably more effective in its way than anything of the kind that Mrs. Radcliffe ever wrote. And yet the passages are alike in at least one significant respect: they both subordinate the picturesque to the conveying of a unified impression grounded in a strong feeling. The "sweetness of a common dawn" in Wordsworth signifies the way the observer's imagination apprehends--even transforms--the landscape, just as the "awaken[ing] from death into life" of "all nature" sums up

the particular way the St. Auberts perceive their morning landscape (though the exact feelings conveyed in each case can be described fully only by the passages taken entire, and taken within their contexts).

Commentators on the picturesque (including Samuel Holt Monk, who speaks of it in relation to the sublime)[211] have often implied that the treatment of landscape in literature before Wordsworth and Coleridge scarcely ever transcended the picturesque in the most superficial sense; Mrs. Radcliffe has been included, implicitly or explicitly, in this judgment. But, as we have seen (at least in part), she actually subordinated the picturesque, like the sublime and the sentimental, to broad psychological purposes. Watson notes that Gray was one of the few to have anticipated the Romantics in his relationship with picturesque landscape (particularly in his letters written from the Alps). One of the ways in which he anticipates them is his "pre-Wordsworthian sense of the power of a landscape over the individual mind."[212] Watson nowhere mentions Mrs. Radcliffe, but he might have spoken of her, too, as "pre-Wordsworthian," for The Mysteries of Udolpho is in large part about "the power of . . . landscape over the individual mind."

Christopher Hussey at one point compares Mrs. Radcliffe unfavorably to one of her successors among Romantic novelists, Charles Robert Maturin; the latter is a better writer, claims Hussey, because "the state of mind of his protagonists is what interests him, not their appearance in a succession of

landscapes."[213] Yet, Mrs. Radcliffe is very much interested in her protagonists' states of mind; and her protagonists do not appear in the landscapes so much as the landscapes appear in relation to their minds. (Although, as I have mentioned, this relationship has been frequently observed, the observation has not at all been integrated into the general criticism of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels.)

It must also be noted that most of the descriptions of landscape--like those of interiors--in Mrs. Radcliffe's later fiction are neither artificially set apart from the action of the novel nor, at least in most cases, framed as picturesque compositions. In the following example, a coach window does act as a kind of frame, yet what is seen through it is more important in the feelings it stirs in and reflects to its observer than for its picturesque qualities; it is a scene that perfectly fuses description, feeling, and action:

> [Emily] turned to the window to conceal her tears. The sun now threw a last yellow gleam on the waves of the Mediterranean, and the gloom of twilight spread fast over the scene, till only a melancholy ray appeared on the western horizon, marking the point where the sun had set amid the vapours of an autumnal evening. A cool breeze now came from the shore, and Emily let down the glass. . . .[214]

One trait which the connoisseurs of the picturesque have been particularly taken to task for is their criticism of nature according to the rules of artistic composition, their transference of the "rules of mimic art," in Wordsworth's often-quoted phrase, "To things above all art."[215] Many of these connoisseurs believed, with Gilpin, that

"Nature is always great in design; but unequal in composition. She . . . is seldom so correct in composition, as to produce an harmonious whole."[216] Mrs. Radcliffe, however, very rarely indulges in such superficial criticism. She comes closest to it in the sort of remark she makes, in Udolpho, on the Apennines, comparing them unfavorably to the Alps with respect to the way they evoke sublime emotions in Emily.[217] But even this comparison in no way prevents Mrs. Radcliffe from doing full justice to the "grandeur" of the Apennines in their place; and the emphasis, as always, is on the characters' responses. (The "criticism of nature" does occur more frequently--but also more appropriately--in the Journey.) And nowhere in Mrs. Radcliffe, we might add, do we find the quaint technical vocabulary of the connoisseurs (Gilpin in particular), who wallowed in talk of "perspectives," "areas," "side-screens," "second-distances," and so on.[218]

We may conclude, therefore, that while Mrs. Radcliffe was influenced to some degree by the critics of the visual arts and, evidently, by certain painters themselves, any application to her novels of the term "picturesque"--like that of the terms "sublime" and "sentimental"--must be strictly qualified, for her use of the picturesque was more like that of her Romantic contemporaries and successors than that of the connoisseurs.

Before we leave this subject, we should take note of the fact that now and then Mrs. Radcliffe's use of the

picturesque does indeed seem artificial, at variance with the prevailing tone of the narrative. One of the principal instances of this is the scene, in Udolpho, of Madame Montoni's burial (Tompkins quotes it in an appendix of examples of the picturesque in eighteenth-century fiction). "At the moment," Mrs. Radcliffe observes, "in which they let down the body into the earth, the scene was such as only the dark pencil of a Domenichino, perhaps, could have done justice to."[219] Then she describes a tableau of condottieri and other figures bending over the grave, among whom is "Emily . . . her face half averted, and shaded by a thin veil, that fell over her figure; and her mild and beautiful countenance fixed in grief. . . ."[220] What is so jarring in this scene is not its detailed visual appeal or even its attention to composition, so much as its being marked by an abrupt change in point of view. Before this, all is seen through Emily's eyes: "lifting her eyes from the ground, she saw the venerable figure of the friar," etc. But now, suddenly, the reader is thrust outside of Emily, and the narrator, momentarily like a guide in an art gallery, describes for him Emily's "softer form" and shaded face along with the design and composition of the other figures in the picture. In all fairness to Mrs. Radcliffe, however, we should note that the over-frequent quotation by critics of the few scenes of this kind has obscured the fact of their rarity. Even in this scene, the narrator-author quickly drops the role of connoisseur

to resume her account of Emily's thoughts, feelings, and situation.

The Projective Dimension

Projection in Theoretical and Literary Psychology

In The Italian, at the beginning of the scene in which Ellena and Vivaldi unsuccessfully attempt to be married, we read the following:

> As the appointed hour drew near, her spirits sunk, and she watched with melancholy foreboding, the sun retiring amidst stormy clouds, and his rays fading from the highest points of the mountains, till the gloom of twilight prevailed over the scene. She then . . . quitted the convent. Immediately without the gate she was met by Vivaldi. . . . They walked in silence towards the chapel of San Sebastian. The scene appeared to sympathize with the spirits of Ellena. It was a gloomy evening, and the lake, which broke in dark waves upon the shore, mingled its hollow sounds with those of the wind, that bowed the lofty pines, and swept in gusts among the rocks.[221]

J.M.S. Tompkins cites this scene as an example of how settings in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels reflect the emotions of the characters who perceive them.[222] This is a particularly apt illustration, not only because Mrs. Radcliffe in this instance explicitly points to the sympathetic appearance of the scene but because her descriptive language--with its talk of "the gloom of twilight" and the "hollow sounds" of the waves--in itself suggests that the twilight that Ellena perceives embodies her own feeling of gloom and that the waves likewise sound "hollow" to her because they embody her sense of loneliness and insecurity.

I have already remarked that the observation that there exists a relationship between Mrs. Radcliffe's landscapes and the moods of the characters who perceive them has become a commonplace of Radcliffe criticism.[223] This feature of her novels was in fact noted in 1827 by William Hazlitt, who pointed to descriptions of "evening skies that paint their sentiments for them better than the lovers can do for themselves."[224] Subsequent commentators, however, have scarcely added anything to Hazlitt's observation and have been satisified merely to add their notice of the phenomenon to their discussions of the picturesque, the Gothic, and so on. Yet the relationship between landscapes and the mind or emotions is only one manifestation of a larger phenomenon that is of first importance in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction: that of "projection," a mental operation studied extensively by modern psychologists and of which Mrs. Radcliffe evidences a fuller understanding than has been realized. Since this understanding is, as I believe, the source of her single most important contribution to literary psychology, and since projection is a central feature of her writing, drawing together many other elements, we will devote considerable attention to it here.

In psychoanalysis, "projection" generally has a very specific meaning, referring to the process of attributing to others attitudes, feelings, thoughts, even whole segments of character, that one refuses to recognize in oneself. In this sense projection has pathological connotations (except

that it is, of course, universal in its milder manifestations) and was in fact at first associated with paranoid disorders, and then with phobias, in Freud's work. Freud later, however, extended the conept to include phenomena found more frequently in normal functioning, such as certain kinds of jealousy and the belief in the supernatural. (Thus we can see that, though psychoanalysis has generally treated projection as an interpersonal phenomenon, it has also, from the beginning, treated it in the context of a relationship between an individual and his nonhuman environment.)[225] This last variety of projection calls to mind the frequent occasions on which Mrs. Radcliffe's characters, in "superstitious" states of mind, confront the possibility of supernatural manifestations in their immediate experience. It is not the mere presence of supernatural events and beings, we should note, that qualifies a work of literature as a psychological treatment of projection--for the supernatural has always had its place in literature--but the particular way in which "supernatural" manifestations are related to the minds that perceive them. This psychological treatment of the supernatural is to be found especially in Udolpho, where, as we shall see, Mrs. Radcliffe realistically details a network of causal factors in the production of "superstitious" mental states. There we shall discover many instances in which projection plays a part in creating (in particular) Emily St. Aubert's erroneous and terror-producing--and simultaneously terror-provoked--interpretations of ambiguous

phenomena around her. We shall also discuss certain instances in Udolpho and The Italian of more severely pathological projection, akin to the paranoid variety. For the sake of convenience, in our further discussion we shall sometimes group both the "superstitious" and the paranoid varieties of projection (together with closely related phenomena) under "pathological" projection, although most of the projection found in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction falls within the range of normal--if not everyday--experience.

A second general category of projection depicted in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction might best be termed "aesthetic" projection: our attribution to the objects of perception certain qualities derived from our moods and our responses to those objects. One of the many examples of aesthetic projection in Mrs. Radcliffe is St. Aubert's view of sunrise in the Pyrenees: the change that occurs in the landscape represents to him an awakening of nature from death to life, whereas it is he himself who experiences an emotional re-awakening. This kind of projection was of key importance to the Romantics and was increasingly recognized in the eighteenth century by those who paid attention to the activity and powers of the imagination. Aesthetic projection, in fact, has always played an important role in poetic language and is the basis of all personification, all attribution of human qualities to representations of lower forms of life and nonliving objects.[226] Among the

Romantics, however, it began to assume more of a psychological significance in that the relationship between the objects that were the receptacles of feelings, and the minds that perceived these objects and projected the feelings onto them, was often clearly indicated and even explored. One example of such an exploration is Coleridge's Dejection: An Ode, where the power of the imagination to project aesthetic feelings onto landscape is assessed by studying the effects of its loss.

We should note that aesthetic projection cannot altogether be separated from the pathological variety; their principal difference is that in the latter the subject more frequently disavows or is entirely unaware, at least on a conscious level, that the projected qualities belong to himself. Yet in both kinds the activity of the "imagination" is obviously involved, and in particular instances we will often sense the operation of both without being able to trace a boundary separating them. The present discussion provisionally separates the two, partly, as I have said, for the sake of convenience, but also because in the eighteenth century their recognition evolved somewhat separately. Pathological projection was occasionally hinted at in discussions of disturbed mental states;[227] but aesthetic projection received much more attention, particularly in the many aesthetic treatises (though without use of the word projection) where the projective processes of the imagination were investigated, almost always with

reference to the pleasure that could thus be derived from the contemplation of art and nature. We must not forget, however, that, while our distinction is founded on the way in which recognition of projection evolved, we will ultimately have to abandon it, in view of the many instances in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction that do not clearly fit into either category. One such instance is the passage cited by Tompkins from The Italian and quoted above: there is nothing pathological about Ellena's projecting her mood onto the landscape; nor does she derive any aesthetic pleasure (at least in an open, conscious way) from contemplating the landscape, for she is too deeply anxious to enjoy her situation. This is another instance, we are reminded, of Mrs. Radcliffe's use of landscape that cannot be neatly pigeon-holed as "sublime" or "picturesque."

A third general category of projection in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction is a fundamental process presupposed by the other forms of projection and encompassing them all. We shall call it "apperceptive" projection, "apperception" being the term current among nineteenth-century cognitive psychologists to denote the way we process raw sense-data, synthesizing it, unconsciously interpreting it against the background of what we already know, and "projecting" the processed object or objects outside of the perceiving subject so as to appear to be impinging upon us altogether from the outside. Mrs. Radcliffe, as we shall see, occasionally shows us the workings of the more basic aspects

of this process, particularly in Emily as she gropes around the castle of Udolpho and tries to make sense of what she sees by glimpses and in half-lights (though only the unconscious and seemingly automatic part of her interpretive efforts could properly be called apperceptive). But wherever we are shown any kind of projection, an apperceptive process is implied: for we can see how Mrs. Radcliffe's characters project onto the world they perceive, in the words of William James, their "entire . . . nature and stock of ideas, or, in other words, [their] character, habits, memory, education, previous experience, and momentary mood."[228]

The idea that the mind at least "half create[s]" the world it perceives--to allude to Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey"--developed gradually in eighteenth-century literature and philosophy (it had been anticipated to a degree by Platonic and Neo-Platonic thought). M.H. Abrams discusses this development at length in The Mirror and the Lamp, a valuable account on which we shall draw, adding a few relevant points of our own.[229] To Locke, as earlier to Hobbes, the objects that exist outside of us possess, independent of our perceiving them, much the same qualities that we perceive them to have (except that some qualities undergo a certain automatic transformation in the process). Locke regarded the mind as almost entirely passive in its reception of ready-formed "ideas" from without. And yet this sensationist psychology included the means by which it was itself to be modified. His well-known distinction

between the "primary" and "secondary" qualities of objects places the latter--colors, tastes, smells, etc.--in the mind rather than in the object. Although even here the mind, according to Locke, remains passive--being affected by the "powers" that objects have "to produce various sensations in us by their primary qualities, i.e., by the bulk, figure, texture, and motion of their insensible parts"[230]--yet philosophers and poets soon came to consider the mind as participating actively in the creation of at least the secondary qualities and, according to some, much of what Locke would have considered primary qualities.

As early as 1709, barely five years after Locke's death, Berkeley, in his Essay Towards a New Theory of Vision, without as yet taking his extreme idealist position, demonstrated that the objects we perceive outside of us are in large part constructs of our minds made automatically on the basis of experience. He was primarily interested in showing how we do not directly perceive qualities of distance and magnitude by means of vision, but rather by an act of mind that coordinates the sense-data of sight with those previously acquired by touch and associated with the visual data. He also points out, however, that such complex perceptions as "shame or anger in the looks of a man" are not perceived directly: we see only "colours and alterations of countenance," but the mind brings past experience to bear on these sensations and interprets them as the emotions that we commonly think we see directly.[231]

Thus Berkeley's theory, in stressing the interpretive acts of mind that underlie all of what we commonly feel to be passive perception, provided the basis for subsequent theories of apperception and all views which stress the contributions we make to what we perceive.

Perhaps because Berkeley wrote exclusively about the cognitive aspects of constructive perception, the emotional aspects of projection had to be discovered gradually, in other contexts. For whatever reason, the viewpoint of Locke (though he too wrote primarily about the "understanding" rather than the "passions" or "emotions")--that perception is almost entirely passive--continued to exert a powerful influence on philosophy and literature. Writing shortly after Berkeley, Joseph Addison, in his influential Spectator essays on "the pleasures of the imagination," considered even this faculty, in what he called the "primary" pleasures it bestows (that is, those that arise from the direct perception of the external world rather than from art), largely passive. "It is but opening the Eye," he wrote, "and the Scene enters. The Colours paint themselves on the Fancy [Addison related imagination only to objects of sight], with very little Attention of Thought or Application of Mind in the Beholder."[232]

As the century progressed, both theorists and poets gradually approached the concept of projection as they focused their attention more on our aesthetic responses than on the types of objects that were presumed to arouse

these responses.[233] By 1744, Mark Akenside, in his poem, The Pleasures of Imagination (the title significantly alluding to Addison's essays, but with the philosophy somewhat altered), could assert that "Mind, mind alone . . . The living fountains in itself contains / Of beauteous and sublime."[234] And, in the same year, Edward Young alluded to Locke's idea of the mind's contribution of the "secondary" qualities to its perception, but, as M.H. Abrams has pointed out, with a new emphasis: Young saw the mind as now actively creating these qualities. And thus, he concluded, the mind creates all qualities that produce what we feel as aesthetic pleasure: "Man makes the matchless image, man admires."[235] In 1751, David Hume showed a fuller awareness of the emotional aspects of our projections, although again strictly limited to an aesthetic context: "Taste," he wrote, "has a productive faculty, and gilding or staining all natural objects with the colours, borrowed from internal sentiment, raises, in a manner, a new creation."[236]

In Edmund Burke's treatment of the sublime (1757, 1759), we can detect a certain ambivalence about the activity of the mind in perception. Though Burke catalogues the "sublime" qualities in objects, he also places great emphasis on our emotional response to these qualities, as the principal source of our attribution of sublimity to objects. The latter is especially emphasized in his treatment of "obscurity." Here it is the absence of any definite

objects of perception that allows for the sublime experience. Where conditions are right, the imagination projects onto an ambiguous perceptual field its half-formed conjectures of what might be there. This element of Burke's theory made an impact on Mrs. Radcliffe much greater, it would appear from evidence we have already examined, than all the rest of the Enquiry together.[237]

In 1762, in what would seem like a retreat from psychological enlightenment, we find the influential Lord Kames insisting that perception is an altogether passive act;[238] yet the process of empathy interested Kames very much, and this process implies a kind of mental activity, as we shall soon see.

The ambivalence of the aetheticians, however, reminds us that clear evidence of an awareness of the mind's activity in perception is to be found much more in fiction than in theory, at least until very late in the century. In Sterne's Tristram Shandy--the most obvious early example--with its exploration of the peculiar consequences of the irrational association of ideas, one finds such characters as Uncle Toby, who perceives everything in the light of military science, and of whom one is never quite sure whether he inhabits the same world other people do. But virtually all of the characters in Sterne's novel project their eccentric selves into the world they perceive, and are, conversely, characterized by the way they arrange and interpret their perceptions.

Sterne is usually praised for what he does with associationist theory; but associationism and the understanding of projection are closely related. As the implications of associationist psychology began to affect thinkers' analyses of perception, they began to recognize the extent to which the perceiving mind is an active mind. Later theorists, like James Beattie (1783) and Archibald Alison (1790), approach an awareness of projection--without quite conceptualizing it as such--in their investigations of the activity of the imagination interacting with the external world. For example, our memories of the past, operating in the present through association, often determine the feeling-qualities we attribute to objects immediately perceived. According to Beattie,

> That which in itself would be indifferent becomes agreeable, or the contrary, according to the nature of the affections, or ideas, to which it may have given rise on a former occasion. An insignificant tune, if we have once heard it in an agreeable place, or sung by an agreeable person, or when we were happy, will give us pleasure when heard again, by recalling those ideas of delight that accompanied the first performance.[239]

If here Beattie at least faintly suggests the operation of aesthetic projection, in another place he anticipates, in a general, simplified way, Mrs. Radcliffe's probing of the workings of <u>pathological</u> projection when one is in a "superstitious" frame of mind:

> . . . when the senses have nothing to employ them, the mind is left (if I may so speak) a prey to its own thoughts; the Imagination becomes unmanageable; the nerves lose their wonted vigour; and now, the

> smallest sound is found alarming, and the most common object appears to the eye distorted and disproportioned; nay we fancy that we see, and that we hear, what exists only in our own Imagination. When the human frame is thus prepared for the reception of extravagant ideas, the senses are easily imposed on, as when one raves in a fever: and then, if we be inclined to superstition, and in circumstances that favour it, who can tell what may follow![240]

The difference between Beattie's formulations and the situations in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels is, however, profounder than one might suspect on the basis of Edward Pound's claims:[241] in Beattie, the imagination employs its projective powers once "the senses have nothing to employ them"; but in Mrs. Radcliffe, we are given several factors, in addition to mere lack of employment for the senses, that contribute to heightened projective activity; and we are shown a detailed series of conditions in the lives of the characters (involving, in different instances, self-satisfaction, isolation, threats of punishment, etc.) which suggest to the reader not only how the projective activity is increased but also how some of the <u>contents</u> of the projections are determined.

Alison was a more thoroughgoing associationist than any of the other purely aesthetic theorists. In him, as in Beattie, we find a certain emphasis on the activity of the mind, if not in all perception, at least in <u>aesthetic</u> perception. For us to experience sublimity or beauty in nature or art, the imagination must contribute its activity, consisting of the creation of a series of associations, each of which must be charged with emotion; and these emotions must be connected by "an uniform principle."[242] Alison's way of

analyzing reader, spectator, or listener response in his investigation of the causes of our aesthetic appreciation is really not very far removed, in its general approach, from that of Maud Bodkin in Archetypal Patterns in Poetry (a book on which we shall draw in our next chapter), since our attribution of emotional meanings to a poem--or by extension, other fictions--as Bodkin and other modern psychological critics have shown, is largely dependent on the richness of the associations that the poem is able to elicit in us. Yet, obviously, none of the early associationists has proved as useful in criticism as the best of the moderns. The reasons for this are, I believe, as follows: that none of the early critics had available to them a coherent, workable theory that would allow for unconscious association; and, further, that they did not allow for associative connections with dream material, thus leaving out of consideration a major area of functioning of what otherwise so fascinated them--the imagination. Because of his neglect of the unconscious, Alison was, for example, able to maintain:

> When any object, either of sublimity or beauty, is presented to the mind, I believe every man is conscious of a train of thought being immediately awakened in his imagination, analogous to the character or expression of the original object.[243]

The weak point of this foundation of Alison's theory is the claim that we are "conscious of a train of thought" in our minds. The fact, as later psychologists have shown, is that the train of thought arises unconsciously, and is active in

constituting the object-plus-feeling that we imaginatively construct and perceive as existing outside of us. But, properly speaking, we are conscious only of the object, together with a very particular feeling that we attribute to that object, even when we are deriving the most complex possible aesthetic pleasure from our experience.[244] Something analogous might be said of our non-aesthetic perceptions as well.[245]

I have to all appearances digressed somewhat, because I believe that, in order to understand Mrs. Radcliffe's treatment of the projective activity of the imagination, it is useful to contrast with it the philosophers' treatment of the same subject. These, contrary to Pound's assertions, differ in certain essentials from what we find portrayed in Mrs. Radcliffe, where, abandoning theory where it does not seem to apply, she often depicts projective operations as occurring without any conscious associations--that is, more nearly the way we actually experience projection. And further, as we shall see, the abundant details we are given of the characters' perceptions enable us to infer from them much of the unconscious contents of their minds. To a great degree, therefore, the literary psychology of the late eighteenth century could be subtler than the contemporary theoretical psychology, and must not be viewed as being merely derivative from it.

For some additional perspective on projection, before turning to the works of Mrs. Radcliffe, let us glance at the

phenomenon as it was presented by some of her immediate Romantic successors, who were much clearer about the projective aspects of imaginative activity than the associationist critics were. In Suspiria de Profundis, Thomas De Quincey suggests to his readers:

> Perhaps you are aware of that power in the eye of many children by which in darkness they project a vast theater of phantasmagorical figures moving forwards or backwards between their bed curtains and their chamber walls. . . . Now, there is in the dark places of the human spirit--in grief, in fear, in vindictive wrath--a power of self-projection not unlike to this.

He goes on to detail a pathological instance in which a murderer, at the height of his furious attack, "perceived distinctly a dark figure on his right hand, keeping pace with himself."[246] This figure turned out to have been a hallucinatory projection.

Many years earlier, James Beattie had written of projections more like the common childhood instances that De Quincey first adduces than like his pathological example:

> Once I remember to have been alarmed at seeing, by the faint light of the dawn, a coffin laid out between my bed and the window. I started up; and recollecting, that I had heard of such things having been seen by others, I set myself to examine it, and found, that it was only a stream of yellowish light, falling in a particular manner upon the floor, from between the window-curtains. And so lively was the appearance, that, after I was thoroughly satisfied of the cause, it continued to impose on my sight as before, till the increasing light of the morning dispelled it.[247]

But Beattie seems less fully aware than De Quincey of the projective aspects of this kind of imaginative activity:

he is, rather, concerned to suggest a "cure" for this supposed "disease" of imagination (the application of "fortitude" and "reason") than to investigate the principles by which the mind often thus interacts with the environment. De Quincey, on the contrary, generalizes from his examples to comment on the "creative agencies in every part of human nature, of which the thousandth part could never be revealed in one life."[248]

Coleridge's remarks on projection, as might have been expected, are more complete and profound than any of his contemporaries', showing an explicit awareness of what we often find implicit in Mrs. Radcliffe's narratives. For example, he explains (in The Friend, 1809, 1812, 1818) Martin Luther's legendary bout with the devil on the basis of the projective operation of Luther's half-dreaming mind. Especially interesting and novel is Coleridge's focus on the dream functions of the imagination, rather than merely its associative power. Before Luther hurled his inkstand at the demonic apparition, Coleridge speculates,[249] he entered

> without perceiving it, into a trance of slumber: during which his brain retains its waking energies, excepting that what would have been mere thoughts before, now (the action and counter-weight of his senses and of their impressions being withdrawn) shape and condense themselves into things, into realities.

But Luther does not simply dream; he is half awake, and "the objects which really surround him form the place and scenery of his dream."[250] Coleridge thus analytically discriminates

the conditions necessary for the more extreme instances of projection: a basis of outer objects as a kind of screen onto which the dream-function of the imagination projects the mind's own contents, which we then perceive as impinging upon us from outside together with the actual outer objects. A missing element in earlier theories of the imagination, which Coleridge supplies, is the imagination's ability to give the contents of the mind the quality of "outness" and to combine these internal images with those of "objects really impressed on the outward senses."[251] Coleridge goes on to apply his explanation of Luther's hallucination to some of the most familiar (and, properly speaking, unpathological) phenomena in which projection plays a part, undertaking a precise analysis of many experiences of a kind that we may also see depicted in detail in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction. His analysis is particularly applicable to those instances in which the mind does not project its images wholesale but builds its projections on some ambiguous or confused perceptions of objects or events that actually exist outside of us, transforming, on the basis of what we expect to see, "a likeness in part" into "a likeness of the whole." Coleridge explains:

> In aid of the present case, I will only remark, that it would appear incredible to persons not accustomed to these subtle notices of self observation, what small and remote resemblances, what mere hints of likeness from some real external object, especially if the shape be aided by colour, will suffice to make a vivid thought consubstantiate with the real object, and derive from it outward perceptibility.

> Even when we are broad awake, if we are in anxious expectation, how often will not the most confused sounds of nature be heard by us as articulate sounds? For instance, the babbling of a brook will appear for a moment the voice of a Friend for whom we are waiting, calling out our own names, &c.[252]

Although what I have quoted from De Quincey and Coleridge should suffice to give us an idea of the completeness with which Mrs. Radcliffe's immediate successors understood the projective process, we might add that many other Romantics showed an interest in and understanding of this phenomenon. Wordsworth, for example, perhaps influenced by Coleridge, held "That from thyself it is that thou must give, / Else never canst receive," and often depicted the imaginative "interchange" that occurs between "the object seen, and eye that sees."[253] And projection--to greater or lesser degrees--was the keystone in the philosophic edifice of Kant and his Idealist successors. Mrs. Radcliffe's interest in projection, perhaps more than any other aspect of her writings, signals her full participation in the Romantic movement.

The Psychology of Projection: Udolpho

Since examples of every kind of projection to be discovered in Mrs. Radcliffe's work may be found in the pages of The Mysteries of Udolpho, we shall restrict ourselves here to that novel; consequently this section will constitute an introduction to our lengthier analysis of Mrs. Radcliffe's masterpiece in the next chapter.

Aesthetic Projection: Feelings and the Environment. The first examples that we shall cite are in passages that have

already received critical attention elsewhere, in most cases because they may be easily related to eighteenth-century aesthetic theory. The "consciousness of having done a beneficent action," remarks the narrator, speaking of St. Aubert, "disposes [the mind] to receive pleasure from every surrounding object." In the state of "sweet calm" consequent upon having performed such an action, tending even to "'that high enthusiasm, which wakes the poet's dream,'" St. Aubert says that he "'can linger, with solemn steps, under the deep shades, send forward a transforming eye into the distant obscurity, and listen with thrilling delight to the mystic murmuring of the woods.'"[254] The active powers of the perceiving mind, at least in a self-conscious aesthetic context, are thus explicitly recognized early in Udolpho.

Later on, in entirely different circumstances, we are told that Emily's "emotion of melancholy awe awakened all [the] powers" of her "imagination," which projects a peculiar, exciting quality onto her surroundings in the castle of Udolpho "as she walked through rooms, obscure and desolate, where no footsteps had passed probably for many years." Her associations of thought in this situation convert her emotion into "a faint degree of terror [which], as it occupies and expands the mind, and elevates it to high expectation, is purely sublime, and leads us, by a kind of fascination, to seek even the object from which we appear to shrink"(248). This is a clear application of her theory of the sublime, which we discussed earlier (and in which the influence of

Burke is evident). The projective power of Emily's mind is linked with its associative power and with the imagination (all aspects of one power of mind, of course), and imparts a strong aesthetic pleasure to her experience.

The impediments to one's experiencing such projective aesthetic pleasures are also indicated clearly in Udolpho. Emily's father has just died:

> Emily, had she been less unhappy, would have admired the extensive sea view, that appeared from the green slope, in front of the edifice, and the rich shores, hung with woods and pastures, that extended on either hand. But her thoughts were now occupied by one sad idea, and the features of nature were to her colourless and without form. [84; emphasis mine]

That in this situation nature is not merely "colourless" but "without form" implies that the mind in its normal functioning actively participates in its perception of even the Lockean primary qualities. As I have argued, however, a good deal more than received theory enters into Mrs. Radcliffe's psychology: for even in her grief (the "one sad idea"), Emily experiences a kind of unself-conscious melancholy pleasure projected onto the nighttime landscape that she sees outside her window, transforming into awesome objects "the massy darkness of the woods," an "effulgent planet" setting over them, and a strain of solemn music of "mournful sweetness" that she hears (83, 84). Grief or other powerful emotions, then, do not necessarily destroy the projective power. Objects that are in harmony with one's emotions will still be susceptible of projection, and will, in fact, reflect to the beholder his state of mind.

This kind of projection--the projection of feeling--is of central importance in Mrs. Radcliffe's writing, and appears in many different mental contexts. Not only does she fail to connect it always with aesthetic theory, she often explicitly dissociates it from aesthetic pleasure. We may see, by way of contrast, both aesthetic and non-aesthetic instances of projection occurring in one episode: Emily is approaching Udolpho through the surrounding forest for the second time:

> The melancholy sighing of the wind among the pines, that waved high over the steeps, and the distant thunder of a torrent assisted her musings, and conspired with the wild scenery around, to diffuse over her mind emotions solemn, yet not unpleasing . . . . [401; emphasis mine]

A bit later, after some anxiety-provoking experiences:

> To the low and sullen murmur of the breeze, passing among the woods, she no longer listened with any degree of pleasure, for it conspired with the wildness of the scene and the evening hour, to depress her spirits. [403; emphasis mine]

Although the breeze is described as "depress[ing] her spirits," the narrator's language, to an equal degree, implies the reverse: it is because her spirits are depressed that the breeze sounds "sullen," just as it at first sounded like a "melancholy sigh . . ." partly because her "emotions" were "solemn." In both instances, pleasurable and unpleasurable, projection is therefore at work.

Despite the philosophical implications of many theories of projection, we have no reason to ascribe to Mrs. Radcliffe an extreme idealist philosophy. "Things in themselves" (the Kantian "ding-an-sich") evidently do exist in some form, and

we are able to perceive their qualities, but this function of perception requires the active, projective participation of mind. And this activity involves a harmony between mind and environment. In a mood of "tranquil melancholy," Emily looks out over the Mediterranean one evening:

> The moon was now rising out of the sea. She watched its gradual progress, the extending line of radiance it threw upon the waters, the sparkling oars, the sail faintly silvered, and the wood-tops and the battlements of the watch-tower, at whose foot she was sitting, just tinted with the rays. Emily's spirits were in harmony with this scene. [540, 541; emphasis mine]

It is not merely that the scene reflects her mood of "tranquil melancholy": the harmony that exists between her thoughts and feelings, and the things she perceives (which partly reflect to her those thoughts and feelings) enables the perceived environment to embody her precise state of mind. It is a kind of momentary record of her self, including her feelings and nonverbal thoughts. In this sense, the setting has the power of symbolic signification that psychologists since Freud (especially) have discovered in the landscapes of our dreams. Although there are few dreams of importance in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction, we shall see at greater length that settings in her novels assume some of the same functions of self-representation that we have seen dreams assume in the novels of Richardson (see above, pp. 119-122). Herein we may discover the true value of landscapes and other settings in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction: for, rather than being mere picturesque backdrops, they are often a means of representing nonverbal thoughts and feelings that could not

otherwise be adequately expressed. Radcliffe criticism has never acknowledged more than a relationship between settings and general "moods," "emotions," or "passions." Yet a connection between the perceived environment and one's particular feelings was drawn as early as Lord Kames:

> That the same quality of pleasure should be so differently modified in different passions, will not be surprising, when we reflect on the boundless variety of agreeable sounds, tastes, and smells, daily perceived.[255]

Although Kames was not convinced of the active participation of mind in perception, he makes some relevant comments on the close connection between perception and emotion (the latter also being closely linked with thought). In particular, he observes the way in which the things which are the occasion of feelings impart their particular qualities to those feelings:

> That many emotions have some resemblance to their causes, is a truth that can be made clear by induction; tho', as far as I know, the observation has not been made by any writer. Motion, in its different circumstances, is productive of feelings that resemble it: sluggish motion, for example, causeth a languid unpleasant feeling; slow uniform motion, a feeling calm and pleasant; and brisk motion, a lively feeling that rouses the spirits and promotes activity. A fall of water through rocks, raises in the mind a tumultuous confused agitation, extremely similar to its cause.[256]

And so on. If in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction things perceived are the result of a projective interchange between mind and object, it is also true that the contents of mind--feeling and thought--assume, as Kames has indicated, the qualities of the things perceived (whether these qualities are "really" in the mind, in the things, or in both). Therefore, when she

tells us that "the distant thunder of a torrent assisted [Emily's] musings," it is suggested that Emily's perception of that thundering torrent actually constitutes a part of her musings; it is a kind of nonverbal thought that combines with her verbalized reflections to form a meaningful Gestalt in her mind.

Although no one to my knowledge has observed this psychological function of Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions of setting, certain writers who had a strong influence on Mrs. Radcliffe have recently been observed to use their settings in something like this manner. James Thomson, according to Martin Price, described landscape in a new way: his settings are based on "close observation" of the environment. Highly particularized, they call forth in the reader correspondingly particular feelings of "tension and movement." While we cannot attach "determinate psychological" meanings to these feelings, they precisely "articulate patterns of tension that underlie or are embedded in much of our experience." Thomson's minutely elaborated landscapes are not merely "picturesque"; they are a medium into which he can "project feelings that might otherwise have no mode of expression and . . . order them in ways that a moral system might not admit." Price credits Thomson with "the discovery of a vehicle that opens up a range of feelings otherwise without expression and shapes them into a subtle unity which eludes any received canons of art." As he more briefly puts it, "Thomson explores modes of feeling by projecting emotion

into landscape."[257] Precisely the same thing may be said of Mrs. Radcliffe, who learned much from Thomson (some idea of whose influence on Udolpho may be acquired when we consider how frequently Mrs. Radcliffe quotes him in the epigraphs that head its chapters). And we may add that her novels attribute these projected feelings to individualized characters and unfold them in a narrative context which endows them with further significance. What Diana Bowstead has observed of the psychological function of setting in the fiction of Charlotte Smith (who anticipated Mrs. Radcliffe in this respect) may be applied with equal accuracy to the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe:

> Because she shows the evolution of feeling within a setting, she gives the process a texture borrowed from the physical space within which it is located, and a dynamic borrowed from the duration and pace of the temporal sequence within which it arises.[258]

Mrs. Radcliffe, then, makes extensive use of a radically innovative mode of psychological narration, by which physical description can be made to represent nonverbal (often evanescent or barely conscious) thoughts and feelings.

Let us look at some further examples of this projective narrative mode. When Lady Blanche De Villefort (a younger and more innocent Emily St. Aubert), in Udolpho, leaves the convent in which she has resided, and rejoins her family, the countryside she sees for the first time in years seems a vast garden of delight; and Mrs. Radcliffe's description of what she sees from the coach window is a far more effective indicator of her thoughts and feelings on this

occasion than any abstract account could be:

> Inattentive to a conversation, which was passing between the Countess and a Mademoiselle Bearn, her friend, Blanche sat, lost in pleasing reverie, as she watched the clouds floating silently along the blue expanse, now veiling the sun and stretching their shadows along the distant scene, and then disclosing all his brightness. [467]

More of Blanche's unstated thoughts are implied in this little view than might immediately be evident. That "the clouds" are "floating silently" is one telling detail into which are telescoped two components of feeling: the "floating" suggests her feeling of freedom on leaving the convent; and "silently" suggests the sense of peace her mind is able to bring in counterbalance to the noisy conversation going on in the coach. Even the "blue expanse" serves to convey Blanche's feeling of release from confinement. In the sentence immediately prior to the one I have quoted, the reader is told that Blanche's current situation "dissipated the shade, which tender regret [at leaving friends in the convent] had thrown upon her spirits." This metaphorical shade, together with its dissipation, reappears literally in the next sentence, in the "shadows" cast by "the clouds . . . veiling the sun," which give way to the sun's full "brightness." Further, the motion of the clouds represents something of Blanche's excitement; and I do not think we are reading too much into this passage if we see the patchwork of sun and shadow as a kind of synecdoche for all "the variety of objects. . . . [the] new scenes of nature [that] were every instant opening to [Blanche's] view" (467).

Let us take another example of the way settings can embody the complex feelings of the characters who perceive them. The Count De Villefort has been troubled by, among other things, peculiar sounds heard at night emanating from some mysterious corner of his old chateau, the cause of which he has thus far labored in vain to discover. After passing a virtually sleepless night he rises early to walk on his grounds. The surroundings offer him some relief from the troubles that have oppressed him:

> It was a gray autumnal morning. The sun, rising over Provence, gave only a feeble light, as his rays struggled through the vapours that ascended from the sea, and floated heavily over the wood-tops, which were now varied with many a mellow tint of autumn. The storm was passed, but the waves were yet violently agitated, and their course was traced by long lines of foam, while not a breeze fluttered in the sails of the vessels, near the shore, that were weighing anchor to depart. The still gloom of the hour was pleasing to the Count, and he pursued his way through the woods, sunk deep in thought. [557-558]

This scene is a precise, realistic rendering of a misty morning along the sea-coast, after a storm has passed out to sea. The waves that remain agitated after the wind has subsided are a particularly fine detail, and we might well enjoy the entire description for its own sake. But it also conveys to us the Count's precise state of mind at this time: that the sun can give "only a feeble light" suggests how incompletely alleviated are the Count's distresses; the agitation of the waves, indicating the action of the now-distant storm, suggests that the Count can now distance himself from his own mental agitation, the sources of which

are still present at some deep level of consciousness; the absence of wind reflects the measure of calm he is able to achieve; and that he "pursued his way through the woods" is a physical adumbration of his sensation of making his way through a maze of perplexing thoughts.[259]

Emily's different perspective of the same morning scene is equally able to suggest her unverbalized thoughts. She is troubled by painful reminiscences of a parting with Valancourt in espcially unpleasant circumstances:

> and some accidental associations now recalling these circumstances to her fancy, with peculiar energy, she shed bitter tears to the recollection.
>
> Having reached the watch-tower, she seated herself on the broken steps, and, in melancholy dejection, watched the waves, half-hid in vapour, as they came rolling towards the shore, and threw up their light spray round the rocks below. Their hollow murmur and the obscuring mists, that came in wreaths up the cliffs, gave a solemnity to the scene, which was in harmony with the temper of her mind. [558]

Even the smallest details in this scene are telling. Whereas the Count, attempting to solve a mystery, winds his way among the trees, Emily seats herself on "broken steps"--her relationship with Valancourt is broken--under a "watch-tower"--she is secretly hoping for and will soon actually expect his arrival--and contemplates the waves vigorously dashing against the rocks--a perfect embodiment of the "peculiar energy" with which her agitated memories recur to her. Even the "hollow murmur and the obscuring mists" are significant: her life seems hollow without Valancourt, and her future is now especially obscure to her. We see, then, that while the Count and Emily wander through the same realistically depicted

general setting at the same time, they independently seek out and selectively perceive those of its details that best reflect to them their respective preverbal thoughts and feelings. Not only does Mrs. Radcliffe make skillful use of a new technique for describing nonverbal mental contents; in so doing, she conveys a psychological truth about the way our feelings interact with our perceptions of our environment by means of selective attention and projection.

At times in Udolpho different perspectives of the same objective setting can convey, not merely differences between the moods of different characters or of the same character at different times, but differences in character itself. The dreary avenue of trees leading to Chateau-le-Blanc is one such setting which is seen from different viewpoints. Emily first approaches the chateau when her father has suddenly been taken ill, after she has heard superstitious rumors about the place, and as evening is setting in. Consequently, the approach to the chateau looks to Emily "gloomy and desolate," and its quiet is to her a "lonely silence." Her fears are embodied in the "darkness, . . . the unevenness of the ground, and the frequent roots of old trees, that shot up above the soil" (63). This latter detail, especially, reflects the sense of danger that Emily feels in her precarious situation.

When the De Villeforts approach Chateau-le-Blanc on a later occasion, Mrs. Radcliffe describes the same setting through which Emily had groped, yet with slight shifts of emphasis that signal a vast difference in the way the De

Villeforts perceive it. As before, it is evening, and the "spreading chestnuts" exclude most of the remaining light; as before, the road is "overgrown with luxuriant vegetation." But now we are told that the road "wound for near half a mile among the woods, before it reached the chateau" (469). This bit of information reflects the certainty, the sense of determined boundaries and fixed goals with which the De Villeforts approach the chateau. The reader is given another perspective in the particular reaction of the Countess, who exclaims, "'What a dismal place is this!'"--projecting onto it the ennui of one who feels at home only in fashionable Paris salons. Yet no matter how dismal the scene is, it lacks the threatening aspect that Emily's mind earlier projected onto it.

What is perhaps Mrs. Radcliffe's favorite type of the projection onto setting of feelings determined by character is that emanating from the character of youth. We have seen how the innocent Blanche De Villefort finds particular delight in her surroundings when they are new to her. Her brother Henri shares with their stepmother some regrets on leaving the city, yet his youth enables him, too, to see "the charm of novelty" in their new surroundings (468). At the opening of the novel, we are told that to the youthful St. Aubert, "the distant plains . . . seemed boundless as his early hopes" (2)--a brief but fine instance of a setting reflecting to its observer the latter's character. A different kind of character-projection may be seen at work in Valancourt: "Of

the world he seemed to know nothing; for he believed well of all mankind, and this opinion gave him the reflected image of his own heart" (49; emphasis mine). In this instance, what is projected is belief rather than feeling, though here they are hardly distinguishable, inasmuch as belief arises directly out of feeling in the youthful Valancourt's mind. As we shall see, the projection of antecedent belief onto the environment, like that of mood, plays an important role in Udolpho (and, for that matter, in The Italian).

Pathological Projection: The Specters of the Mind. Belief is involved in the next category of projection we shall examine--not one's pre-existing belief in character traits, motivation of actions, or the occurrence of events not present (all of which we shall consider afterward) but the kind and degree of belief that enters into one's interpretation of ambiguous sense-data in the immediate environment. An apperceptive process is involved here, but this kind of projection may be distinguished from pure apperception by the fact that, in this case, the projecting mind constructs an erroneous object or objects of perception by projecting its own expectations, wishes, or fears onto the ambiguous sense-data. The mind, here, is especially prone to turn (in Coleridge's apt phraseology) "a likeness in part" into "a likeness of the whole." Coleridge's example of "the babbling of a brook" that "appear[s] for a moment the voice of a Friend for whom we are waiting, calling out

our names" is a perfect example of this kind of projection. But its manifestations come in a broad spectrum, beginning with a type that is not only not pathological, but often occurs with one's full conscious awareness and voluntary participation. It is really a kind of aesthetic projection and we would have included it in that category, except that it involves projection of images in addition to feelings. "To a warm imagination," writes Mrs. Radcliffe in a frequently quoted passage, "the dubious forms, that float, half veiled in darkness, afford a higher delight, than the most distinct scenery, that the sun can shew. While the fancy thus wanders over landscapes partly of its own creation, a sweet complacency steals upon the mind. . . ." (598-599; emphasis mine).

At the other end of the spectrum are projections that are truly pathological: hallucinations--the wholesale projection of imaginary objects onto the perceptual field (as described by Coleridge in his account of Luther and the devil). Udolpho has a few examples of even this extreme form of projection. Most obvious are the delirious visions of Laurentini (575, 644). But a much more interesting case, which we shall examine in context, is the hallucination that Emily has when she returns home after her father's death and sees him sitting in his armchair (102-103).

Most of the projections of visual or auditory objects in Udolpho are of an intermediate type. Emily is surrounded by partial darkness, from which ambiguous sense-data emanate

(Burkean obscurity); the mental power that De Quincey observed in children--that of projecting figures in the dark--is active in her; and she is in a "superstitious" state of mind (so-called, though Mrs. Radcliffe seems interested more in the psychological conditions of this state than in any links it might provide with supernatural beings). And in this state Emily on several occasions encounters the projected embodiments of her fears:

> She . . . pass[ed] on with quicker steps to the grave of St. Aubert, when in the moonlight, that fell athwart a remote part of the aisle, she thought she saw a shadow gliding between the pillars. [91]
>
> She now retired to her bed, leaving the lamp burning on the table; but its gloomy light, instead of dispelling her fear, assisted it; for, by its uncertain rays, she almost fancied she saw shapes flit past her curtains and glide into the remote obscurity of her chamber. [241]
>
> Emily, deceived by the long shadows of the pillars and by the catching lights between, often stopped, imagining she saw some person, moving in the distant obscurity of the perspective. . . . [343]
>
> . . . Emily, in the partial gleam, which the lamp threw into [the saloon], thought she saw something glide along into the obscurer part of the room. [535]

Here it is an embodiment of a particular feared object that she projects:

> . . . several persons entered the hall by an opposite door. She saw them at the extremities of the arcades, and immediately retreated; but the agitation of her spirits, and the extent and duskiness of the hall, had prevented her from distinguishing the persons of the strangers. Her fears, however, had but one object, and they had called up that object to her fancy; she believed that she had seen Count Morano. [245; emphasis mine]

The auditory counterparts to these visual projections arise

in similar situations, often creating what has become a Gothic commonplace, the "it was only the wind" effect:

> "But, as I was saying [Annette is telling Emily the story of Laurentini], she was very melancholy and unhappy, and all that, for a long while, and ----Holy Virgin! what noise is that? did you not hear a sound, ma'amselle?"
> "It was only the wind," said Emily. . . . [237]

Later, in a moment of rising panic,

> At length, worn out with anxiety, [Emily] determined to call loudly for assistance from her casement, and was advancing to it, when, whether the terror of her mind gave her ideal [i.e., imaginary] sounds, or that real ones did come, she thought footsteps were ascending the private stair-case. . . . [300]

As we may see, one's recognition that the object of one's fears may be an imaginary creation does not always allay those fears; for what one perceives is the projection of an ambivalent state of mind, of a mental conflict that cannot be resolved merely by resolving the ambiguity in the perceptual field. Mrs. Radcliffe seems to be consciously aware of this, and at one point suggests that if Emily should encounter a ghost that she knows to be her own creation, its effect on her would be no less severe than if it were real:

> . . . when, entering the corridor, she recollected the incident of the preceding night, a dread seized her, lest a subject of alarm, similar to that, which had befallen Annette, should occur to her, and which, whether real, or ideal, would, she felt, have an almost equal effect upon her weakened spirits. [308-309]

A conclusion to which this leads us is that, in certain circumstances, Emily is not afraid of ghosts so much as she is afraid to face the (unconscious) contents of her own mind.

We shall follow up this suggestion in our analysis of Udolpho.

That Emily's projections are often the shaping and condensing into things of thoughts (in Coleridge's formulation) that are ambivalent, that constitute an intense mental conflict, is clear in the following scene in which projection plays a significant role. We must recall the scene we examined in an earlier section (pp. 140-145), in which Emily sits in the pavilion at Toulouse (which Mrs. Radcliffe usually spells "Tholouse"), in the evening, and reminisces about Valancourt. She is nostalgically going over the happy times she spent with him at that spot, although she is now consciously determined to cast him out of her life because of his alleged misconduct.

> These recollections becoming too painful to be endured, she abruptly left the pavilion. . . . As she passed along the terrace, she perceived a person, walking, with a slow step, and a dejected air, under the trees, at some distance. The twilight, which was now deep, would not allow her to distinguish who it was, and she imagined it to be one of the servants, till, the sound of her steps seeming to reach him, he turned half round, and she thought she saw Valancourt!
>
> Whoever it was, he . . . disappeared, while Emily, her eyes fixed on the place, whence he had vanished, and her frame trembling so excessively, that she could scarcely support herself, remained, for some moments, unable to quit the spot, and scarcely conscious of existence. . . . [S]he hurried toward the house . . . and she sat down alone, endeavouring to recollect the figure, air and features of the person she had just seen. Her view of him, however, had been so transient, and the gloom had rendered it so imperfect, that she could remember nothing with exactness; yet the general appearance of his figure, and his abrupt departure, made her still believe, that this person was Valancourt. Sometimes, indeed, she thought, that her fancy, which had been occupied by the idea of him, had suggested this image to her uncertain sight. . . . [586; emphasis mine]

It becomes clear that in this instance projection is a means by which Emily's unconscious mind brings to consciousness a long-standing conflict that she has tried to avoid facing; for her love for Valancourt has obviously persisted in spite of her conscious belief to the contrary (based on the idea that it would no longer be proper):

> a thousand inconsistent emotions assailed her, whenever she fancied that Valancourt might be near her; now, she dreaded it to be true, and now she feared it to be false; and, while she constantly tried to persuade herself, that she wished the person, whom she had seen, might not be Valancourt, her heart as constantly contradicted her reason. [586; emphasis mine]

Pathological Projection: Imagination and Interpretation. One night during her captivity at Udolpho, Emily hears "the notes of sweet music" in the air, just at the moment when she has been thinking of the music she heard in Languedoc at the time of her father's death.

> A superstitious dread stole over her; she . . . endeavoured to . . . reason herself into composure; but human reason cannot establish her laws on subjects, lost in the obscurity of imagination, any more than the eye can ascertain the form of objects, that only glimmer through the dimness of night. [330]

The subjects "lost in the obscurity of imagination" that Mrs. Radcliffe is concerned with here are analogous to, though not identical with, those projected onto "objects, that . . . glimmer through the dimness of night." In this kind of projection (or range of projections), the mind imposes on the external world its interpretations of events, situations, characters, intentions, motivations, and so on, the existence of which is indicated by perceptual signs

(including verbal reports). Again, an apperceptive process is at work (like that in our perceiving "shame or anger in the looks of a man," in Berkeley's example, above), but the mind, because it has insufficient data to work with, or because of the internal pressure of imaginative fantasies, makes an erroneous judgment, or at least one that cannot be proven. In the instance cited above, Emily feels half-convinced that the music is a message from "her dead father . . . to inspire her with comfort and confidence" (330).

Within this realm of interpretive pathological projection, we encounter many types identified by Freud. The most common type comprises the frequent attributions of supernatural causation and purpose to occurrences the natural sources of which are unknown. La Voisin reports the local superstitious beliefs regarding the mysterious guitar playing heard by the St. Auberts in Languedoc:

> "That guitar is often heard at night, when all is still, but nobody knows who touches it, and it is sometimes accompanied by a voice so sweet, and so sad, one would almost think the woods were haunted. . . . They say it often comes to warn people of their death. . . ."
>
> Emily, though she smiled at the mention of this ridiculous supersitition, could not, in the present tone of her spirits, wholly resist its contagion. [68]

Freud would have agreed with Mrs. Radcliffe that this is, indeed, "ridiculous superstition"; and Mrs. Radcliffe, like Freud, saw, moreover, that one need not have been raised in a superstitious climate to project, under certain conditions, one's unconscious fantasies upon the external world in the form of "superstitious" belief. (We shall have to postpone

our exploration of these conditions and fantasies until our analysis of Udolpho.)

Interpretive projection is often at play in a less complex manner: we may see it operating in the tendency of imagination to anticipate reason by projecting onto ambiguous perceptual signs our unwarranted conviction that our fears have been realized. Emily's imagination operates thus several times when she fears that her aunt is dead. She has been searching for her in a remote tower at Udolpho:

> she, at length, . . . called on Madame Montoni; but only a chilling silence ensued.
>
> "She is dead!" she cried,--"murdered!--her blood is on the stairs!" [324; emphasis mine]

In a later incident, the basis for projection consists not of ambiguous signs in the environment but of ambiguous words. Sleep has restored Emily from a state of delirium that followed an attempt to kidnap her, and she suddenly recalls her fear about her aunt:

> "Good God!" she added, suddenly starting--"surely it was nothing more than a dream!"
>
> She fixed a terrified look upon Annette, who, intending to quiet her, said, "Yes, ma'amselle, it was more than a dream, but it is all over now."
>
> "She is murdered, then!" said Emily in an inward voice, and shuddering instantaneously. [352]

Annette, of course, was referring to the kidnapping attempt. The projective misapprehension is amusingly compounded when Annette takes Emily's exclamation as confirmation that she has become insane:

> Annette screamed; for, being ignorant of the circumstance to which Emily referred, she attributed her manner to a disordered fancy. . . . [352]

Projection is responsible for similar errors of judgment when Annette fears the death of Ludovico (328), and Emily, of Valancourt (620).

The last kind of interpretive projection we shall take note of is pathological indeed, or very nearly so. It consists in the erroneous attribution to other persons of attitudes, intentions, motivations, etc., that one consciously disavows or refuses to recognize in oneself. This is the kind of projection that has been of central importance in psychoanalytic theory and is the most significant feature of the paranoid personality. We observed an instance of it earlier, in Montoni's suspicion that his wife has attempted to murder him (315). The Montonis are a well-matched couple, for some of the other flagrant instances of paranoid projection in Udolpho are Madame Montoni's. When Emily's aunt (then Madame Cheron) discovers that Valancourt has been writing to her niece, she assails Emily with a denunciation of his character:

> "How happened it that you encouraged him to trouble me with this letter?--A young man that nobody knows; --an utter stranger in the place,--a young adventurer, no doubt, who is looking out for a good fortune." [125]

It is not merely that these accusations are false: as we soon discover, it is Madame Cheron herself who is an adventuress, "looking out for a good fortune." She has projected a character trait which she dares not acknowledge in herself onto one who is entirely innocent of such an intention but who has presented behavioral signs just ambiguous enough to allow of misconstruction by a paranoid imagination.

Similarly, after Madame Montoni has suffered cruel treatment from her husband, Emily's offer of comforting words is rebuffed:

> "Unfeeling, cruel girl!" said she, "and so you would persuade me, that I have no reason to complain. . . . Is it the way to console me, to endeavour to persuade me out of my senses and my feelings, because you happen to have no feelings yourself? I thought I was opening my heart to a person, who could sympathize in my distress, but I find, that your people of sensibility can feel for nobody but themselves!" [283]

Madame Montoni's projection is only too obvious here. We shall see later how this paranoid type of projection also plays a key role in The Italian.

Apperception: Integrating Memory and Sensation. If Udolpho contains no example of apperception that breaks this process down to its most basic components--the construction and integration of raw sense-data into perceptions--it does offer at least one instance that comes close, a scene in which a complex perception is slowly constructed out of a cluster of simpler ones. The scene is worth examining at length, for it places apperception at the core of a whole range of projective operations synthesizing sensation, feeling, imagination, intellect, and volition. Emily St. Aubert has been occupied in searching the gloomy passages of Udolpho for her aunt, whom, as we may recall, she believes to have been murdered. Now, having been led astray by a deceitful porter, and locked into a dismal chamber, she stumbles upon some unpleasant objects:

> . . . she held up the lamp to examine, if the chamber afforded a possibility of escape. It was a spacious room, whose walls, wainscoted with rough oak, showed no casement but the grated one, which Emily had left, and no other door than that, by which she had entered. The feeble rays of the lamp, however, did not allow her to see at once its full extent; she perceived no furniture, except, indeed, an iron chair, fastened in the centre of the chamber, immediately over which, depending on a chain from the ceiling, hung an iron ring. Having gazed upon these, for some time, with wonder and horror, she next observed iron bars below, made for the purpose of confining the feet, and on the arms of the chair were rings of the same metal. As she continued to survey them, she concluded, that they were instruments of torture, and it struck her, that some poor wretch had once been fastened in this chair, and had there been starved to death. She was chilled by the thought; but, what was her agony, when, in the next moment, it occurred to her, that her aunt might have been one of these victims, and that she herself might be the next! [347-348]

Emily, who has been preoccupied with the mystery of her aunt's disappearance, gazes into this room with an attitude of apprehensive inquisitiveness. The spacious but locked, dark, dreary, and almost empty room that she surveys by the lamp's "feeble rays" reflects to her the quality of her slowly unfolding thoughts and feelings as she searchingly shifts her gaze (aesthetic projection). From among the proliferation of realistic details emerges a cluster of "iron" objects, the unyielding hardness of which symbolizes the harsh nature of the reality that Emily has encountered at Udolpho. Her attempts to penetrate this reality are now concentrated in a single act of intense thought, in which she unconsciously brings memory to bear on the perceptual fragments before her and thereby synthesizes them into a whole of more complex

significance, which she automatically perceives before her as such (apperception). That is, the process of apperceptive projection now enables her to see a torture device as a torture device.

But the thought process does not stop there. Now that she has constructed this complex perception, this new unit of meaning in her environment, her inquisitive intellect builds associatively on the datum; and then it strikes her that someone must have been not only confined, but starved to death in the chair. Her next association links this thought with her present circumstances, and her apprehension about her aunt leads her to join the idea of someone being victimized by this device to that of the fate of her presumably murdered relative. Taking this virtually as a fait accompli, her imagination continues to zero in on her personal situation, and to her horror she pictures herself in the same situation. But in between her apperceptive construction of the torture chair and her horror at picturing herself in it, Emily's imagination has led her astray. Failing to consider seriously the possibility that the object before her might have no connection with her personal fate, she has projected onto it the imaginative product of her fears (interpretive pathological projection).

But Emily's now-frantic mind does not stop its projective activity there. The results so far of the interaction between mind and environment lead Emily to acquire further perceptions in an attempt to confirm her findings. In the continuation of

the above passage, she discovers a strange curtain along one side of the room; when she lifts the curtain, she confronts a ghastly corpse, in which she sees (as we are later told, though we are led to suspect it immediately) the body of her aunt. But once again projection has led her astray: turning "a likeness in part" into "a likeness of the whole," she projects her expectations onto an ambiguous perceptual field (pathological projection of imagined objects) and confronts as reality the embodiment of her terrified thinking. Although Mrs. Radcliffe properly depicts the range of projections as the combination of differing proportions and kinds of mental functions operating as an integrated activity, analysis has enabled us to discover no fewer than four types of projection at work in Emily's interaction with her environment. We may thus enlarge our comprehension of the scope of Mrs. Radcliffe's psychology as we see her elaborate for us not merely Emily's progressive apprehension of her world, but the ways in which her all-too-human psychological propensities help create the very world she encounters and, consequently, contribute to her own suffering.

Mrs. Radcliffe and Projective Gothicism

I have intentionally commented little thus far about The Mysteries of Udolpho or any of Mrs. Radcliffe's works as Gothic novels. There is an important reason for my delay. Critics have hitherto viewed Mrs. Radcliffe as a legatee of a collection of Gothic stage properties, the use of which

she refined but did not fundamentally alter. Our present investigation, however, suggests that there is a more important way to explore Mrs. Radcliffe's relation to Gothicism. The centrality of a psychological narrative mode in her fiction (which we have already probed to some extent) with its special focus on projection, leads us to examine her Gothic predecessors to discover the influence they may have had on her mode of exploring her characters' minds, especially the minds of those subjected to terrifying experiences (the proper territory of Gothicism). If we take this approach, we shall find that, if we do not always discover proof of direct influence, the relative importance of the writers usually viewed as Radcliffean precursors is considerably altered.

To proceed in chronological order: A work that gains marked significance when viewed from our present vantage point is Tobias Smollett's Ferdinand Count Fathom (1753), generally acknowledged as the earliest (relatively) realistic English novel to contain sustained passages with a Gothic tenor. If we examine closely the most important of these passages, the one in which Fathom, having been lost at night in a forest, narrowly escapes being murdered by a gang of thieves, we shall find more than superficial resemblances to some parts of Udolpho. Damian Grant ascribes the success of Smollett's psychological treatment of terror in this episode to his treating terror seriously as terror, and not subjecting it, as Fielding had done, to

comic deflation.[260] But this accounts only in part for his success; we may note several other contributory factors. First of all, Smollett momentarily abandons his particular brand of picaresque narrative (in which the protagonist must share the stage with--often altogether relinquish it to--a witty, voluble, omniscient narrator); for some pages, the point of view is narrowed to that of a single character, and the reader is given a fairly detailed account, expanded in time, of what that character (Fathom himself) sees, thinks, and feels. Further, we are given several factors contributing to Fathom's terror, and we see them accumulate to assume gradually increasing influence over his state of mind. For the first time in his villainous career, Fathom has himself been successfully duped by a treacherous criminal colleague; and his having been irremediably robbed of his ill-gotten fortune leaves him feeling anxiously exposed to further loss. (His sense of vulnerability here is not altogether unlike that of Emily in Udolpho--notwithstanding their vast differences of character--who arrives at Udolpho deprived of her parents, her lover, and virtually all hope.) Fathom then finds himself lost in strange, threatening surroundings,

> benighted in the midst of a forest far from the habitations of men; the darkness of the night, the silence and solitude of the place, the indistinct images of the trees that appeared on every side, "stretching their extravagant arms athwart the gloom," conspired with the dejection of spirits occasioned by his loss to disturb his fancy, and raise strange phantoms in his imagination. Although he was not naturally superstitious, his mind began

> to be invaded with an awful horror, that gradually prevailed over all the consolations of reason and philosophy; nor was his heart free from the terrors of assassination.[261]

Like Fathom, Emily St. Aubert is not naturally superstitious, yet her state of mind in similar circumstances is several times described as a "superstitious" one, in which "the consolations of reason and philosophy" are unable to prevail. And like Emily on certain occasions, Fathom is here "entertained" by his guide "with the history of divers travellers, who had been robbed and murdered by ruffians, whose retreat was in the recesses of that very wood."[262] Then we are given a realistic account of how he perceives his environment when he discovers that his guide has deserted him:

> the sound of the other horse's feet, by degrees, grew more and more faint, and at last, altogether died away. Alarmed at this circumstance, Fathom halted in the middle of the road, and listened with the most fearful attention; but his sense of hearing was saluted with nought but the dismal sighings of the trees, that seemed to foretell an approaching storm. . . .[263]

We can detect an element of aesthetic projection here, inasmuch as Fathom's feelings are conveyed largely through an account of what he perceives.

This projective account of the gradual development of his fear is resumed when, after having been admitted as a lodger by an old woman in a remote cottage, he once again begins to discover reasons to fear for his life. After he notices that she has locked him into his chamber, he "began to be seized with strange fancies, when he observed that there was no bolt on the inside of the door, by which he

might secure himself from intrusion."[264] (Compare Emily's situation in her room at Udolpho, where she too discovers a door that can be bolted only from the outside [235].) "In consequence of these suggestions," the passage continues,

> he proposed to take an accurate survey of every object in the apartment, and in the course of the inquiry, had the mortification to find the dead body of a man, still warm, who had been lately stabbed, and concealed beneath several bundles of straw.[265]

We may recall the passage from Udolpho that we recently examined (see above, pp. 261-263), in which Emily takes a more detailed but similar survey of a room into which she has been locked, and, like Fathom, discovers a corpse. And, as with Emily when she beholds the torture device in that room, Fathom's imagination interpretively projects its fantasies onto what he perceives, and "he concluded that he himself would undergo the same fate before morning."[266] Yet further, his perceptions and emotions impel him to action, by which he acquires further perceptions: "In the first transports of his dread, he ran to the window with a view to escape by that outlet, and found his flight effectually obstructed by divers strong bars of iron."[267] As frequently with Emily in similar situations, this discovery is followed by a detailed description of his consequent feelings (including physical sensations) and thoughts:

> Then his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up, and his knees to totter; his thoughts teemed with presages of death and destruction; his conscience rose up in judgment against him, and he underwent a severe paroxysm of dismay and distraction.[268]

Even Fathom's uprising of conscience anticipates Udolpho, for, as we shall see, Emily's fears involve a certain sense of guilt. Finally, after he has narrowly escaped murder and forced the old woman at gunpoint to lead him to safety through the woods,

> as reflection began to recur, he was haunted by the most intolerable apprehensions. Every whisper of the wind through the thickets, was swelled into the hoarse menaces of murder, the shaking of the boughs was construed into the brandishing of poignards, and every shadow of a tree, became the apparition of a ruffian eager for blood.[269]

Though less subtle and savoring more of melodrama than many similar passages in Mrs. Radcliffe's work, this episode is notable for its display of yet another mode of projection, the projection of imaginary objects onto an ambiguous perceptual field.

The many psychologically realistic elements in this episode, then, are combined in a manner strikingly like that of Ann Radcliffe in Udolpho, including even the depiction of several kinds of projective mental activity. It is true that Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological probing is subtler, has a broader range than Smollett's, and extends to emotions other than fear. And of course Smollett's is contained in a few relatively brief passages which do not allow for the slow development of feeling and thought over an extended time. Yet it is an anticipation of Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological method notable especially for its emphasis on the projections of one who is in a terrified and "superstitious" frame of mind.[270]

By contrast, The Castle of Otranto (1764), a novel much more frequently cited as a precursor of Udolpho, includes few examples of projective mental activity, or, for that matter, any of the features of psychological realism. Avowedly modeled after Shakespeare, Walpole's novel advances its action largely by means of dialogue, interspersed with passages of narration containing descriptions of setting with a certain realistic specificity. And occasionally the point of view is narrowed and the reader is admitted some distance into a character's consciousness. We might note, however, that the supernatural events scarcely enter into what little subjective narration there is. For example, when Manfred sees the portrait of his grandfather "quit its panel, and descend on the floor with a grave and melancholy air," we learn, concerning Manfred's reaction, only that it filled him with "anxiety and horror";[271] but the principal function of this specter is not to reflect or trigger Manfred's feelings, but to distract him from pursuing Isabella, thus acting--romance fashion--as an instrument of Providence.

When Isabella, however, in her flight from Manfred, descends into "a subterraneous passage," we are given a relatively lengthy precursor of Mrs. Radcliffe's projective Gothicism. First we are presented with the verbal "thoughts [that] passed rapidly through her mind" as she debates within herself what course to pursue. Then, as she enters the "lower part of the castle" with its "several intricate cloisters," the description we receive of it to some degree reflects the

contents of her confused and terrified mind:

> An awful silence reigned throughout these subterraneous regions, except now and then some blasts of wind that shook the doors she had passed, and which, grating on the rusty hinges, were re-echoed through that long labyrinth of darkness. Every murmur struck her with new terror; [Briefly, perception and feeling--murmurs and terrors--are fused.]--yet more she dreaded to hear the wrathful voice of Manfred urging his domestics to pursue her. She trod as softly as impatience would give her leave,--yet frequently stopped, and listened to hear if she was followed. In one of those moments she thought she heard a sigh. She shuddered, and recoiled a few paces. In a moment she thought she heard the step of some person. Her blood curdled: she concluded it was Manfred.[272]

It proves not to have been Manfred; and in Isabella's error we can detect the work of her imagination projecting the object of her fear into her obscure surroundings. Her mind reacts with a similar projection to a shadowy figure half-perceived in the darkness. And then, "a sudden gust of wind, that met her at the door, extinguished her lamp, and left her in total darkness"[273]--and, simultaneously, total panic. This psychological interlude is soon terminated as she is rescued by Theodore; but we can see in it the anticipation of Mrs. Radcliffe's similar and much more elaborate accounts of a number of characters' flights through dark passages that reflect to them their fears.

Mrs. Radcliffe's first novel, The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne (1789), contains a few such flights, one of which particularly recalls that of Isabella, and, in view of certain close similarities, suggests the direct influence of Otranto. Alleyn, the hero, is attempting to escape from his prison in the castle of Dunbayne:

> Edric [his guide, a defector from the enemy's ranks] having returned to fasten the door of the dungeon, to delay pursuit, and given Alleyn a sword which he had brought for him, led the way through the vaults. The profound silence of the place was interrupted only by the echoes of their footsteps, which running through the dreary chasms in confused whisperings, filled their imaginations with terror.[274]

Here it is the "whisperings" of the "echoes of their footsteps," rather than the "murmur[s]" of the wind, that fill them with terror, but the similarity is obvious. What follows signals not only the influence of Walpole, but the beginning of Mrs. Radcliffe's interest in one's self-deceptive projections into the dark of feared objects:

> In traversing these gloomy and desolate recesses, they often paused to listen, and often did their fears give them the distant sounds of pursuit.[275]

There follows the branching of "several passages into the rock," like the "several intricate cloisters" of Otranto. And then:

> they entered, and closing the door, began to descend, when the lamp which Edric carried in his hand was blown out by the current of the wind, and they were left in total darkness.[276]

Again, compare Otranto. When the fugitives finally encounter their rescuers, they mistake them for the Baron's henchmen (just as Isabella believes she has encountered Manfred or one of his servants), and we can see in this error, however faintly, the operation of pathological projection.

The subterranean episode in Athlin and Dunbayne is a fairly lengthy one; it fails, however, to improve on that in Otranto in any significant way. (Mrs. Radcliffe introduces two gratuitous corpses which, unlike many of the

corpses in Udolpho, constitute no basis for the subtle interplay of feeling and perception. Here her psychology is limited to the melodramatic comment: "Every nerve thrilled with horror at the touch, and he started back in an agony of terror.")[277] We can, however, identify in these similarities a link between Mrs. Radcliffe's first novel and a Gothic source, a link which is much more significant (because it is based on projective Gothicism) for the development of her fiction than any which has to do with supernatural or other conventional Gothic trappings. The mere existence of underground passages in both novels is less significant than the way the characters' minds react to what they perceive in those passages.

Another novel frequently cited as a Gothic precursor of Mrs. Radcliffe's is Clara Reeve's The Old English Baron (1777). When we measure it, however, by our projection-based standard, its importance dwindles considerably. Miss Reeve's tale, attempting to improve on Walpole's formula, is a blend of the ancient romance and the modern novel. It is a very well crafted example of later eighteenth-century medievalism with a standard romance plot in which the rightful heir to the title and property of the deceased Baron Lovel recovers what is properly his, including his identity (he has been raised as a servant), displacing his murderous, usurping kinsman, and marrying the woman he loves. Although the romance plot is counterbalanced at times by formally realistic descriptions of setting (much rarer,

nevertheless, than those in Udolpho), there is scarcely any psychological realism: as in Otranto, the action progresses chiefly in dialogue and objective narration of events, and we are almost never given more than the barest summary of any character's thoughts, nor any indication at all of the interaction between his mind and the environment.

There are, however, some signs of a direct influence of this novel on those of Mrs. Radcliffe. The idea of one's spending the night in an old, abandoned suite of rooms to discover whether they are haunted may well have been borrowed for Udolpho, consciously or unconsciously, from The Old English Baron. And the description of the furniture in one of these supposedly haunted rooms in the latter novel is similar to, and even more detailed than that of the furniture in an abandoned chamber in the castle of Udolpho (and somewhat less like that of some furniture in Chateau-le-Blanc). The Old English Baron:

> He then took a survey of his chamber; the furniture, by long neglect, was decayed and dropping to pieces; the bed was devoured by the moths, and occupied by the rats, who had built their nests there with impunity for many generations. The bedding was very damp, for the rain had forced its way through the ceiling. . . .[278]

The Mysteries of Udolpho:

> [The room] opened into a suite of spacious and ancient apartments, some of which were hung with tapestry, and others wainscoted with cedar and black larch-wood. What furniture there was, seemed to be almost as old as the rooms, and retained an appearance of grandeur, though covered with dust, and dropping to pieces with the damps, and with age. [232; emphasis mine]

Those characters who spend the night in the haunted wing of Baron Lovel's castle (quite unlike Ludovico in Chateau-le-Blanc in Udolpho) experience genuine supernatural events, either prophetic dreams or the appearance of a real ghost, as in the following:

> As they [two of Baron Fitz-Owen's mischievous kinsmen, who have now quarreled] stood with their fists clenched, on a sudden they were alarmed with a dismal groan from the room underneath. They stood like statues petrified by fear, yet listening with trembling expectation. A second groan increased their consternation; and, soon after, a third completed it. They staggered to a seat and sunk down upon it, ready to faint; presently, all the doors flew open, a pale shimmering light appeared at the door, from the staircase, and a man in complete armor entered the room. He stood, with one hand extended, pointing to the outward door; they took the hint, and crawled away as fast as fear would let them. . . .[279]

Critics of Gothic fiction have tended to judge scenes like this as superior to those in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction with "ghosts," the appearances of which are afterwards explained on a non-supernatural basis. Yet focusing on the question of whether a ghost is real or apparent entirely misses the psychological value of the scenes which depict the interaction of a character's thoughts and feelings with what he thinks he sees; whether the apparition is supernatural or founded in ordinary objects is less important than what its perceiver projects onto it. Now, Miss Reeve's armored ghost, unlike the strange apparitions in Mrs. Radcliffe's better fiction, enters into no complex relation with the minds of those who perceive it. Before the ghost's first groan, we are given nothing of these characters' perceptions

of their environment. The groans, the flying open of doors, and "the pale shimmering light" are all conventional manifestations of the supernatural, and the Baron's kinsmen react with conventionally petrific terror. And the ghost is, after all, an instrument of the divine justice that eventually corrects a relatively brief criminal upsetting of the strict order that pervades this romance-universe.

Although Sophia Lee's The Recess (1783-1785) is often cited as a Gothic predecessor of Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction, we will give it slight notice here, for there is little of the Gothic in it, and much less of psychological realism. It is, rather, a historically based (but thinly detailed) romance with some shrewd general observations on human nature and a few landscapes and interiors that probably influenced those in Mrs. Radcliffe's early novels. Even these descriptions of setting, however, serve little psychological purpose. They are filled with the same kind of vague, "aesthetic" terminology that weakens the landscapes in Mrs. Radcliffe's first three works. Take, for example, this conventionally composed picturesque scene:

> through what a beautiful variety did they lead us! . . . A magnificent lake presented itself, in whose clear bosom the trees were reflected, and round which the sheep and deer grazed on rich pasture: swans and water-fowls innumerable play'd on its surface, and an aight [islet] in the center was made highly picturesque by several half-seen cottages, and emblems of agriculture. . . . Several gilded boats, and little vessels, danced on the bosom of the lake, and added, by the various streamers which played upon the surface, to the gaiety and richness of the prospect.[280]

Miss Lee rarely achieves even this degree of detail, and the few scenes of this kind enter into a very slight relationship with the minds that perceive them.

When the contents of minds are given at any length, it is in the melodramatic generalities typical of traditional romance. One example must again suffice. When Ellinor, one of the ill-fated daughters of Mary, Queen of Scots, is suddenly faced with the loss of her retired, idyllic mode of life and with possible death, she (the book is comprised of a series of first-person narratives) laments as follows:

> A thunder-bolt falls on my brain: avenging heaven, why does it not wholly split it? Tried--sentenced --condemned--while I, entombed in a now detested solitude, gaily dreamt of endless happiness.--Oh! let me once more rush madly into the world, overwhelm my agonized senses with the shouts of armies --the groans of the dying--fountains of blood-- rivers of tears--find if possible a terror in nature may counteract that now raging in my soul. . . .[281]

This kind of bombast is more appropriate to third-rate Elizabethan drama (which perhaps Miss Lee tried to adapt to give her romance a period flavor) than to eighteenth-century "historical" fiction; Adeline's father's manuscript in The Romance of the Forest contains the last example of such rant in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels.

For an important precursor of the projective Gothicism of Udolpho we must turn next not to a novel usually labeled "Gothic," but, once again, to Charlotte Smith's Emmeline (1788), as well as to her The Old Manor House (1793). It has been generally acknowledged that the latter novel

influenced Udolpho with its account of the supposed haunting of the manor house that is later revealed to have been the contrivance of a gang of smugglers to frighten others away from their illicit activities. Indeed, the supposed haunting of Chateau-le-Blanc is explained in a similar manner. But, more important than this similarity of plot, we can discover in Mrs. Smith's novels a number of scenes in which the projective mental activity of characters in a "superstitious" frame of mind simultaneously expresses and increases their fears. That this often occurs in nearly identical kinds of situations in the two authors, and that some of their language is nearly identical, constitutes strong evidence of a direct influence of Mrs. Smith on Mrs. Radcliffe.

Emmeline, alone in her room at Mowbray Castle, is packing some of her belongings, including "miniatures of her father and mother," into a box. (Emily, alone in her room at Udolpho, contemplates a "miniature picture" that, we are told, was "taken out of a little box . . . some hours before"[259].) It has grown late:

> A total silence had long reigned in the castle, and her almost extinguished candle told her it was time to take some repose, when, as she was preparing to do so, she thought she heard a rustling, and indistinct footsteps in the passage near her room.

This situation is clearly similar to several in Udolpho, where Emily, alone in her room at night, hears strange noises at her door. The scene in Emmeline continues:

> She started--listened--but all was again profoundly silent; and she supposed it had been

> only one of those unaccountable noises which she had been used to hear along the dreary avenues of the castle. She began anew to unpin her hair, when a second time the same noise in the passage alarmed her. She listened again; and while she continued attentive, the great clock struck two.

Emmeline's thoughts, like Emily's, are presented together with her perceptions of her surroundings, which combine to form a complete account, realistically expanded in time, of the interaction of Emmeline's mind with her environment. Then:

> Amazed to find it so late, her terror increased; yet she endeavoured to reason herself out of it, and to believe that it was the effect of fancy. . . .

Again like Emily, Emmeline attempts to explain her perception as a projection of her frightened imagination. As in Udolpho the reader is kept, with the character, in a twilight state in which threatening sense-data are too ambiguous to be correctly apperceived and thus cause a condition of paralyzing suspense as the mind's normal process for alerting one to danger breaks down. Emmeline, now in this state, is about to force herself to overcome her emotional paralysis in an attempt to confirm the limited evidence of her senses:

> . . . she heard [the noise] no more; and had almost determined to go out into the passage to satisfy herself that her fears were groundless, when just as she approached the door, the whispers were renewed; she saw the lock move, and heard a violent push against it.

Soon Mr. Delamere bursts in, and the uncertain source of terror materializes into a definite one. (Compare Count Morano's late-night entry into Emily's room in Udolpho [261]. Also compare a later scene where Emily is alone in her room

and hears "a strange and loud knocking at her chamber door," which is followed by "a chilling silence," then by her frantic attempt to figure out what is going on and to determine a means of escape--I am condensing a complex scene--then by the sound of "faint breathing" outside the door, and finally by her opening the door, to discover her maid, who had fainted, lying there unconscious [see 299-300].) Mrs. Smith controls the rhythm of her narrative much as Mrs. Radcliffe would learn to control hers: just as Emmeline is on the verge of mastering her fear, a more definite disturbance in the environment redoubles it, and we are told that

> Emmeline was infinitely too much terrified to speak: nor could her trembling limbs support her. She sat down;--the colour forsook her cheeks;--and she was not sensible that Delamere had thrown himself at her feet, and was pouring forth the most vehement and incoherent expressions that frantic passion could dictate.[282]

(Again, compare Count Morano at Emily's feet in a similar situation in Udolpho [261].) This is the only scene of its kind in Emmeline; and it is far less elaborate than similar scenes in Udolpho, where many more factors complicate Emily's states of terror. Yet its psychologically realistic mode of narration, with its emphasis on projective mental activity, is very close to Mrs. Radcliffe's mode; and since Emmeline antedates all of Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction (though its effect thereon is not evident before Udolpho), we may regard the scene as a very important inspiration for her psychological mode of writing, far more important than most--if not all--

of the Gothic fiction commonly cited as having influenced her.

A few parts of The Old Manor House, too, may be noted here as probable inspirations for Mrs. Radcliffe's projective Gothicism. For example, Orlando and Monimia meet in the middle of the night to attempt to verify whether the house is haunted:

> "And yet you are not glad to see me, Monimia, when at last I am come?"
> "Indeed I am glad, Orlando; but hush! hark, surely I heard a noise. . . ."
> "It is nothing," said Orlando, after a pause, "it is nothing, upon my soul, but the wind that rushes up the narrow stair-case to the top of the tower."[283]

In Udolpho, as Annette is relating a frightening story to Emily:

> "'here, take the lamp,' says he, 'and mind, as you go up the great stair-case, that the wind, through the roof does not blow it out.' So, with that, Caterina took the lamp----Hush! ma'amselle, I surely heard a noise!"
> [239; emphasis mine]

We may suspect that in writing Udolpho Mrs. Radcliffe unconsciously recalled from The Old Manor House the elements I have emphasized, and introduced them into her story in reverse order and slightly altered. The passage in Udolpho includes further evidence that she was then thinking, consciously or unconsciously, of The Old Manor House. For in the latter novel Monimia recounts an episode in which her aunt coerced her into descending at night into a dark vault to fetch "half a dozen bottles" of wine and in which she beheld what she believed to be a ghost.[284] In Udolpho, Annette has been

relating stories to Emily to prove why the servants believe the castle is haunted, and she tells of a situation similar to Monimia's, in which Caterina one night was sent, not to a vault to fetch wine, but to the "'"store-room, at the end of the north-gallery"'" to fetch "'"figs to roast"'" (239). While there are few parts of The Old Manor House that could be considered Gothic (and only a few passages strikingly similar to any in Udolpho), its psychologically realistic mode of depicting terror (in which the imagination projectively contributes to what it fears)--and other emotions--makes it, with Emmeline, more significant than any Gothic novel as an influence on Mrs. Radcliffe's style.[285]

As we have seen, then, a psychologically oriented survey of Mrs. Radcliffe's Gothic predecessors significantly alters our view of where the important influences on her Gothicism lie. While we have discovered a broad passageway running from the castle of Otranto to those of Athlin and Dunbayne, the castle of Udolpho, on the other hand, communicates much more directly with Mowbray Castle and (if we value striking anticipations as well as obviously direct influences) with the peasants' hut where Fathom nearly meets his end,[286] than it does with Walpole's ill-fated pile. Just as we must be guarded when we place Mrs. Radcliffe among the sentimental novelists or the disciples of Burke, so we must take care how we place her in the line of "Gothic" novelists.

Notes

[1]Henry Fielding, Joseph Andrews, ed. Martin C. Battestin (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1967), pp. 4-5.

[2]Ibid., p. 10; emphasis mine.

[3]Ian Watt, The Rise of the Novel (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1957), p. 14; on criticism's shift in emphasis from the "rules" of composition to "general nature," see Walter Jackson Bate, From Classic to Romantic (1946; rpt. New York: Harper and Row, 1961).

[4]Watt, pp. 30-34.

[5]On which see Watt, p. 288.

[6]Henry Fielding, The History of Tom Jones, introd. Martin C. Battestin, ed. Fredson Bowers (Wesleyan University Press, 1975), I, 110, 111.

[7]Samuel Johnson, The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia, ed. Geoffrey Tillotson and Brian Jenkins (London: Oxford University Press, 1971), pp. 9, 11, 12.

[8]J.M.S. Tompkins, The Popular Novel in England, 1770-1800 (London: Constable, 1932), p. 179.

[9]Ann Radcliffe, The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne (London, 1821; rpt. New York: Arno, 1972), p. 4.

[10]Ibid., pp. 37, 59, 241.

[11]John Moore, Zeluco: Various Views of Human Nature (London, 1789), I, 3-4.

[12]Charlotte Smith, Celestina, 2nd ed. (London, 1791), I, 85.

[13]Ann Radcliffe, The Italian, ed. Frederick Garber (London: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. 8.

[14]Tobias Smollett, The Adventures of Roderick Random (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1925), I, x; emphasis mine.

[15]Johnson, p. 26; emphasis mine.

[16]For commentary on this and the similar subtitles of Moore's other novels, see Tompkins, pp. 177-179.

[17]John Moore, A View of the Commencement and Progress of Romance, quoted in W.L. Renwick, Introd., Mordaunt, by John Moore (London: Oxford University Press, 1965), p. xi.

[18]Helen Maria Williams, Julia (1790), I, 214.

[19]On the "new interest in character" evident at this time, see Tompkins, pp. 177-180.

[20]For a full social and philosophical background, see Watt, pp. 174-207 et passim; see also Erich Kahler, The Inward Turn of Narrative, trans. Richard and Clara Winston (Princeton University Press, 1973). I have drawn on both of these sources below.

[21]See The Spectator, No. 117 (July 14, 1711).

[22]William Godwin, Caleb Williams, ed. George Sherburn (San Francisco: Rinehart, 1960), p. xxviii; emphasis mine.

[23]Johnson, p. 114; emphasis mine.

[24]Ibid., pp. 114-115.

[25]Ibid., p. 124.

[26]See Kahler, pp. 22-34.

[27]Marie-Madeleine, Comtesse de Lafayette, La Princesse de Clèves, in Romans et Nouvelles (Paris: Editions Garnier Frères, 1961), p. 350. In English (my translation):

> Mme de Clèves's confession to her husband was so strong a proof of her sincerity, and she so vehemently denied having confided in anyone that M. de Clèves did not know what to think. . . . it was known; hence it must have become known through one of them; but what caused him the worst suffering was his awareness that this secret was in someone's hands and apparently would soon be known everywhere.
>
> Mme de Clèves's thoughts were practically the same. . . . What M. de Nemours had said . . . made her believe that M. de Clèves must have abused her confidence in him. They were both so absorbed in their thoughts that they went a long time without speaking, breaking the silence only to repeat what they had already said many times, and they felt themselves to be farther apart in heart and mind than they had ever been.

[28]Ibid., p. 275; emphasis mine. In English:

> It is impossible to express the grief she felt when what her mother had said revealed to her the interest she took in M. de Nemours: she had never dared to acknowledge it to herself. Then she saw that the feelings she had for him were what M. de Clèves had so ardently desired from her; she found out how shameful it was to have them for someone other than a husband who deserved them.

[29]Ibid., pp. 294-295. In English: "As soon as she was able to think it over, she realized that she had been mistaken when she believed that she felt nothing but indifference for M. de Nemours."

[30]Erich Kahler discusses, with a purpose similar to our own, Marivaux's characterizations of Mme de Miran and Mme Dorsin, giving lengthy examples from the text, so we need not dwell on them here. See Kahler, pp. 136-140.

[31]Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux, La Vie de Marianne, in Romans, Récits, Contes et Nouvelles, ed. Marcel Arland (Paris: Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1949), pp. 109, 117. The best English version (1742) may be found in The Virtuous Orphan; or, The Life of Marianne . . . , trans. Mrs. Mary Mitchell Collyer, ed. William Harlin McBurney and Michael Francis Shugrue (Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1965), pp. 38, 46.

[32]Marivaux, pp. 177-184; Collyer, pp. 96-102. Kahler quotes at length from this part of the narrative; see Kahler, pp. 147-149.

[33]As Kahler has pointed out, Marivaux at times gives "a first hint . . . of stream of consciousness" (p. 147). It is only a hint, however, since the thoughts are really reported indirectly and summarily. Nevertheless, it seems to me that Marivaux's psychological method is not necessarily inferior to more recent, stream-of-consciousness modes of narration; it is one of a number of ways of conveying mental activity in fiction, each of which necessarily has its own perspective and must, of course, leave something out.

[34]Marivaux, p. 181; Collyer, p. 99: "passing insensibly from one idea to another." Mrs. Collyer is occasionally more psychological than her original. The following passage (p. 35), without a parallel in Marivaux, is clearly observant of the streamlike nature of thought:

> . . . our reflections naturally flow from the incidents that excite them at first. They arrive

> in our minds in a manner spontaneous, and almost without our perceiving them, and run on like a constant stream, whose course we are not able to stop.

[35]Marivaux, p. 125; Collyer, p. 51:

> . . . all that I know of it is that his looks embarrassed me and that I was afraid to return them, yet could not help doing it every moment; and though I was loath he should meet my glances, yet was not sorry that he had done it.

[36]Marivaux, ibid.; Collyer, ibid. (amended):

> The service being ended, I went out of the church; I remember that I slowed my pace, regretting the place I had just left. I felt a vacancy in my breast; my heart seemed to want something, but not to know what it was. I say, it did not know what it was, but that perhaps is saying too much, for I was incessantly turning my head to see once more the young gentleman I had left behind, yet could not believe it was for him I was doing it.

[37]Marianne herself expresses a similar idea elsewhere in the course of her self-analysis:

> il me semble que mon âme, en mille occasions, en sait plus qu'elle n'en peut dire, et qu'elle a un esprit à part, qui est bien supérieur à celui que j'ai d'ordinaire [Marivaux, p. 209].
>
> It seems to me that my soul, on a vast variety of occasions, knows more than it can express and that it has sensations of its own very different from its common ideas [Collyer, p. 128].

This is a perfectly clear conceptualization of unconscious knowledge; later on Marianne points to an instance in which such knowledge is acquired by means of unconscious perception (though of course perception and knowledge of this kind can scarcely be distinguished):

> Vraiment mon coeur, tout troublé, tout effrayé qu'il avait eté d'abord, avait bien recueilli ces petits traits-là. . . . [Marivaux, p. 218].
>
> My heart, though full of trouble, had, amidst its various perturbations, taken notice of these minute particulars [Collyer, p. 135].

Marivaux did not have available to him the scientific term for the "inconscient"; but we see how he makes do with "âme" and "coeur" very nicely. The concept emerges quite clearly from the context.

[38]Marivaux, pp. 125-126; Collyer, p. 53.

[39]Kahler (p. 147) cites an important instance of this kind, in which Marianne weeps, so she thinks, for the loss of her parents, and only long afterwards realizes that it was for the clothes she would have to return rather than for her parents that she was weeping. See Marivaux, p. 181; Collyer, p. 99.

[40]Marivaux's emphasis on selfishness, at least in these generalized statements, leads us to suspect the influence of the cynical aphorist, La Rochefoucauld.

[41]Marivaux, p. 395; Collyer, p. 286:

> However industriously we endeavour to encourage ourselves in a situation like mine, we are continually liable to relapses, and that little repose we procure is too uncertain to be of long continuance. The soul only enjoys itself for a moment and is insensible that its tranquility depends upon a flight of imagination, which it would willingly preserve, but it constrains it too much. It is forced to retract itself into that condition which is most natural to it--that is, a state of agitation. This was my case.

[42]Marivaux, p. 96; this is another instance in which Mrs. Collyer embroiders on her original (p. 25):

> The most terrible ideas crowded into my mind, and I could not think of staying, without thinking too of swords, daggers, assassinations, robberies, being pursued and insulted by villains, whilst my blood froze at the dangers which my fancy painted to me. For whenever we set our imagination to work on such gloomy scenes, our own ideas readily furnish us with a variety of horrors, and all that is dreadful immediately appears in its most formidable, most frightful terrors.

This translation, with its psychological machinery of "imagination" producing "ideas" that furnish "horrors," suggests the influence of Locke.

[43]In the words of Mark Kinkead-Weekes, "Richardson is certainly the beginning of the 'psychological' novel, at least in English. He is primarily interested in consciousness,

he probes deeper into the recesses of the mind than any other eighteenth-century writer, and this leads to the first really honest and revealing exposure of the 'unconscious' since Shakespeare." Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1973), p. 484; see also the discussion on pp. 484-486.

[44]Quoted in Ellen Moody, "Richardson, Romance, and Reverie," Diss. City University of New York 1979, p. 55, and Watt, p. 219. Bishop Warburton, in a passage that Richardson considered making his own by working it into his revised preface to Clarissa, defends Richardson's special epistolary method on the grounds that the author is enabled to represent "those lively and delicate Impressions, which Things Present are known to make upon the Minds of those affected by them. And he apprehends, that in the Study of human Nature, the knowledge of those Apprehensions leads us farther into the Recesses of the human Mind, than the colder and more general reflections suited to a continued and more contracted Narrative." Quoted in Kinkead-Weekes, p. 401. Although Richardson tied his mental probing to the epistolary mode of writing, a tie that would be broken by others less detrimentally than he would have thought, we may at least see from this comment the degree to which he acknowledged a kind of literary psychology to be part of his overall purpose in writing. And he is certainly right in requiring such psychological writing to be more detailed than any fiction had been previously.

[45]Samuel Richardson, Clarissa, introd. John Butt (London: Dent, 1932, 1962), I, xiv; II, 128; III, 195.

[46]Ibid., III, 188.

[47]Ibid., III, 220.

[48]Ibid., III, 205.

[49]Ibid., I, 104-105.

[50]Ibid., III, 444-445.

[51]Ibid., III, 370.

[52]Lancelot Law Whyte, The Unconscious Before Freud (1960; rpt. London: Tavistock Publications, 1967), pp. 26-27.

[53]Samuel Richardson, Sir Charles Grandison, ed. Jocelyn Harris (London: Oxford University Press, 1972), I, 86.

[54]Ibid., I, 212.

[55]See, for example, Sigmund Freud, "The Unconscious" (1914), The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works, ed. James Strachey et al. (London: Hogarth Press, 1957), XIV, 173.

[56]Grandison, III, 24.

[57]Ibid., III, 80.

[58]Ibid., II, 592.

[59]Clarissa, I, 446.

[60]Ibid., III, 198.

[61]Ibid., I, 433; IV, 136.

[62]The terminology is particular to the school of Wilhelm Stekel, though not the ideas, which, moreover, are not restricted to being expressed in imagery of heights and depths. See, for example, Emil A. Gutheil, The Handbook of Dream Analysis (1951; rpt. New York: Washington Square Press, 1966), p. 31.

[63]Grandison, III, 148.

[64]Ibid., III, 149.

[65]Ibid., III, 242.

[66]I will nevertheless mention Fanny Burney's Cecilia (1782), which, more than her Evelina (1778), must be regarded as an important--if little noticed--link between the novels of Richardson and those of the writers discussed below. No one has ever demonstrated the precise extent of Fanny Burney's influence on Ann Radcliffe. External evidence shows, at least, that Mrs. Radcliffe probably read her predecessor's work: her name is on the list of subscribers to Miss Burney's Camilla (1796). (See Ellen Moers, Literary Women [Garden City, New York: Anchor/Doubleday, 1977], p. 182.)

A psychologically realistic Bildungsroman (with a particular emphasis on "the panorama of human nature"), Cecilia shows signs of having been strongly influenced by Richardson and probably by Marivaux. It is notable too in that, unlike the works of these predecessors and unlike her own Evelina, it is narrated in the third person, with the point of view restricted (for the most part) to that of the heroine, and in this respect as well is an important prototype of The Mysteries of Udolpho (as well as much other later eighteenth-century fiction).

[67]Tompkins, pp. 349-352; see also her introduction to Elizabeth Inchbald, A Simple Story, ed. J.M.S. Tompkins (London: Oxford University Press, 1967), pp. vii-viii.

[68]Inchbald, p. 243.

[69]Ibid., pp. 81-82; emphasis mine.

[70]Ibid., p. 94.

[71]Ibid.

[72]Ibid., pp. 94-95.

[73]Ibid., p. 29.

[74]Ibid., p. 50.

[75]Ibid., pp. 234, 235; emphasis is the author's.

[76]Ibid., p. 328.

[77]Charlotte Smith, Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle, ed. Anne Henry Ehrenpreis (London: Oxford University Press, 1971), pp. 202, 203.

[78]See Diana Bowstead, "Convention and Innovation in Charlotte Smith's Novels," Diss. City University of New York 1978, p. 204.

[79]Ibid., p. 109. Because Mrs. Smith's narrator--at least in this book--does not usually present her characters' "mental language" (except by direct quotation), a more accurate term than "indirect interior monologue" to represent her technique would be Dorrit Cohn's "psycho-narration." This technique can be highly flexible in its "ironic or lyric, reductive or expansive, sub- or superverbal functions"; because it is not tied to mental language, "it can order and explain a character's conscious thoughts better than the character himself [and] . . . can also effectively articulate a psychic life that remains unverbalized, penumbral, or obscure." See Dorrit Cohn, Transparent Minds (Princeton University Press, 1978), pp. 12, 46 ff.

[80]Smith, pp. 6-7.

[81]Bowstead, p. 139.

[82]Smith, p. 94.

[83]Ibid., p. 106.

[84]Ibid., p. 287.

[85]Ibid., p. 292.

[86]Ibid., p. 335.

[87]Ibid., p. 486.

[88]Ibid., pp. 264-280; see also pp. 482-483.

[89]Godwin, p. 347.

[90]Ibid., pp. 166-167.

[91]Ibid., pp. 124-125.

[92]Ibid., p. 169.

[93]Ann Radcliffe, The Mysteries of Udolpho, ed. Bonamy Dobrée (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), p. 582. Interestingly, this scene also contains one of Mrs. Radcliffe's occasional slips (which, however, has probably passed unnoticed by most readers). Although we are informed that Emily "sunk into a chair beside" the window, we have not been given any indication that she ever arose from the chair in which we saw her first sitting when her eyes wandered to the objects that initiated these agitated reflections.

[94]Ibid., pp. 584-585.

[95]More precisely, they have generally claimed that her novels may be categorized at once as of "sentiment," of "horror," of the "picturesque," etc. This combining of categories, however, has been the only way in which most critics have qualified their application of the term "sentimental" to her works. See, for example, Ernest Bernbaum, Guide Through the Romantic Movement, 2nd ed. (New York: Ronald Press, 1949), p. 33; Bonamy Dobrée, Introduction to The Mysteries of Udolpho, by Ann Radcliffe (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), p. vii; R.F. Brissenden, Virtue in Distress (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1974), p. 92; Pierre Arnaud, Ann Radcliffe et le fantastique (Paris: Aubier Montaigne, 1976), p. 324. Although E.B. Murray acknowledges from time to time the psychological dimension of Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction, he too, in my estimation, overemphasizes the "sentimental," as well as the "picturesque" and the "sublime." See his Ann Radcliffe (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1972), passim.

[96]For a complementary account of the premises of the eighteenth-century cult of sensibility, see Brissenden, pp. 3-139.

[97]See, for example, Henry Home, Lord Kames, Elements of Criticism, 6th ed. (Edinburgh, 1785 [first published

1762; revised 1763]), II, 527-528: "The term sentiment is appropriated to such thoughts as are prompted by passion."

[98]See Tompkins, pp. 92-111, on which I have drawn for much of the following.

[99]See Walter Jackson Bate, From Classic to Romantic (1946; rpt. New York: Harper and Row, 1961), pp. 129-159. On "sympathy," see also Brissenden, pp. 30-31. The following statement succinctly characterizes the whole movement: "In the eighteenth century ideals and ideas such as these--notions of man's innate benevolence, of his 'humanity', of his capacity to sympathize, of his ability and his right to exercise his own judgment, to formulate alone and unaided his own moral sentiments--functioned not only as powerful fantasies but also as complex and sometimes precisely defined concepts which were developed and instigated in the work of philosophers, scientists, and imaginative writers" (p. 33).

[100]Tompkins, pp. 84-85.

[101]Ibid., p. 52.

[102]Henry Mackenzie, The Man of Feeling, in Three Sentimental Novels, ed. Albert J. Kuhn (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1970), p. 220.

[103]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 653.

[104]Mackenzie, pp. 208, 209.

[105]Radcliffe, Udolpho, pp. 516, 517.

[106]In Richardson's novels (and to a lesser extent in La Vie de Marianne) there are long scenes that are typically sentimental; the characters in these scenes are engaged in outdoing one another in the display of charitable and benevolent feelings, including forgiveness for real or supposed wrongs; and they even display the tearfulness that was to become part of the cult.

Marivaux's English translator, Mrs. Collyer, adds several sentimental scenes and a sentimental ending (that is, one that overidealizes human nature and smooths the rough edges of life) to an otherwise generally faithful rendering. Even in the original, however, there is a certain sentimentality expressed in the persistent and triumphant (though not unmixed) virtue of the heroine, and in her being accepted not only as a foster-child but as a prospective daughter-in-law by Mme de Miran, which is accompanied by a number of tearful, emotional scenes.

Mrs. Collyer may have been influenced by Pamela (1740),

whose author prepared the way for the cult of sensibility even more in Sir Charles Grandison (1753-1754). The whole of Richardson's latter novel centers on Sir Charles's strict virtue and benevolence. Also characteristic are its idealization of the affections expressed in family relationships, and its focus on the cultivation of delicacy in social situations, on the hero's piety, and on what was to become the basis of the cult, the tearful expression of emotion by all parties to a charitable action. Lady G., with her affected cynicism, at one point writes to her sister that "The French only are proud of sentiments at this day; the English cannot bear them" (Samuel Richardson, Sir Charles Grandison, III, 228). But sentiments are of course almost as much a part of Grandison as they would be part of any sentimental novel ten or twenty years later.

And, to a lesser degree, so is tearfulness. The reconciliation between Sir Charles's ward, Emily Jervois, and her mother is one of the more lachrymose scenes, and includes all the usual condescending benevolence and grateful self-prostration:

> Down on my knees dropt I [relates Emily to Harriet Byron] . . . . And my mother raised me . . . And she kissed me too, and wept on my neck. . . .
>
> My mother wept--O Sir! said she to my guardian: And dropping down in a chair by the window, not a word more could she speak.
>
> I ran to her, and clasped my arms about her. She wept the more.

Sir Charles then announces a surprise monetary gift to be bestowed on the O'Haras by himself and his ward. The major is shamed by receiving such beneficent treatment from those he has wronged:

> Good God! Sir! said the Major!--What a wretch was I, the last time I was here!--There is no bearing of this!
>
> He got up, and went to the window [probably to hide his tears, a move that was to become conventional in the sentimental novel]: and the Captain said, Blessed Jesu! and something else, which I could not mind; for I was weeping like a baby.
>
> What, Sir, said my mother, 400 l. a year! Do you mean so?--I do madam--And, Sir, to be so generously paid me my 100 l. of it, as if I received it not from my child, but from my husband! --Good God! How you overpower me, Sir! What shame, what remorse, do you strike into my heart!
>
> And my poor mother's tears ran down as fast as mine. [II, 309, 310]

Scenes like this are evidence that Richardson was a more

complete sentimental novelist than Ann Radcliffe, just as he was a more complete psychological novelist. We are reminded thereby that there is not necessarily an inverse ratio of sentimentality to psychology in fiction; the first great psychological novelist in the language was also the first great sentimentalist.

[107]Compare Kinkead-Weekes, p. 484: "The concern with 'delicacy' and 'punctilio' demands that we become sensitive to every implication of speech and behaviour, so that the smallest points may become psychologically as well as morally significant."

[108]Watt, pp. 184-189.

[109]Mackenzie, p. 186.

[110]Tompkins, pp. 378-379.

[111]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 621.

[112]Ibid., pp. 593-594.

[113]Ibid., p. 13.

[114]Mackenzie, p. 194.

[115]On this theme, see Brissenden, pp. 65-95.

[116]Brissenden rightly criticizes Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines for their excessive self-possession, self-righteousness, and "self-complacence"; but he unfairly overstresses Mrs. Radcliffe's excessive idealization of her heroines and neglects most of the many features of her novels that are valuable quite apart from this sentimental hypertrophy of virtue. See pp. 92-94.

[117]As many critics have done even with the greater works of Richardson. William Axton, for instance, in the course of tracing the sources of the Gothic novel, has tossed the latter's books aside in a phrase: "sentimentally prurient." See Axton's Introduction to Melmoth the Wanderer, by Charles Robert Maturin (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1961), p. ix.

[118]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 436.

[119]Radcliffe, The Italian, pp. 180-182.

[120]Tompkins, p. 108.

[121]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 378.

[122]See Samuel Holt Monk, The Sublime (New York: Modern Language Association, 1935); Gordon McKenzie, Critical Responsiveness (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1949). I will include under the label of "philosophers" a few thinkers--practical critics, for example--who do not strictly speaking belong there.

[123]John Locke, An Essay Concerning Human Understanding, ed. John W. Yolton, 5th ed. (1706; rpt. London: Dent, 1965), I, 89.

[124]David Hume, A Treatise of Human Nature (Garden City, N.Y.: Dolphin, 1961), pp. xv-xvi.

[125]This can be seen, for example, in the psychological writings of William James, still considered to be useful in certain areas of psychology; if more often than not James recalls the theories of his eighteenth-century forbears to criticize them, he still obviously shares their general aims, using their ideas as valuable stepping-stones to more subtle and sophisticated theories. See, for example, the material referenced by the entries "Hume" and "Locke" in the index to his Principles of Psychology (Holt, 1890).

[126]Hume, pp. xii, xiii.

[127]For a full discussion of the "psychological critics," see McKenzie.

[128]Ibid., p. 53.

[129]Kames, I, 14.

[130]Ibid., I, 40-41.

[131]See John Traugott, Tristram Shandy's World (1954; rpt. New York: Russell and Russell, 1970), pp. 3-75.

[132]Kames, I, 71-72.

[133]Gordon McKenzie, author of the most complete study of the "psychological critics," believes that "it is not possible to demonstrate a direct cause and effect influence" of these critics' analyses of human nature on the creative literature of the century (p. 83).

[134]This much is taken for granted in Frederick Garber, Introd., The Italian, by Ann Radcliffe (London: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. viii; Murray, pp. 20-21, 51-54, 174; and Arnaud, p. 362, to name only three recent, major critics.

[135]Malcolm Ware, Sublimity in the Novels of Ann Radcliffe (Upsala: English Institute, 1963). Since Garber includes this book in the brief bibliography in his edition of The Italian, it is probable that it was a major source of his belief in Burke's influence. It must be acknowledged in all fairness to Garber, however, that, unlike Ware, he is careful not to put too much weight on the Burkean influence.

E.B. Murray also cautions against overemphasizing Burke; yet he uncritically adopts one or two of Ware's conclusions that are, as I will show, unfounded.

[136]Monk, pp. 128, 218, 219.

[137]Ware, p. 62.

[138]Monk, p. 214.

[139]And with these misconceptions often comes the suggestion, as above, that Mrs. Radcliffe lacked true originality. Without going quite this far, Garber--otherwise one of her most sensitive and responsible critics--seems at times to convey the belief that she composed her novels according to a recipe, distinguished from those of her contemporaries only by a greater profusion of ingredients. Start with a pinch of sentiment, add a touch of "graveyard melancholy," fold in a cup of Gothic horror: "Here one has Gray or Young and Walpole all at once with, of course, strong doses of the picturesque and of the lovers separated by fate." One gets the impression that if she was an "imaginative" cook, she was a cook all the same. See Garber, p. viii.

Why Mrs. Radcliffe's novels are singled out for this sort of criticism I cannot tell. One could do the same for any writer whose "sources" are known; from this viewpoint, Hamlet is, after all, a compound of Danish folklore, Senecan revenge tragedy, Renaissance philosophies, Elizabethan rhetoric, old English proverbs, etc. I am, of course, arguing from the most extreme position; yet, granting Mrs. Radcliffe's far slighter literary achievement, it is but justice to allow that her novels are quite other than the mere sum of their discernible antecedents.

[140]Edmund Burke, A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful (1757, 1759), ed. J.T. Boulton (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1958), p. 72.

[141]Ann Radcliffe, A Journey Made in the Summer of 1794, Through Holland and the Western Frontier of Germany . . . (London, 1796), I, 239.

[142]Burke, p. 78.

[143]Ibid., p. 74.

[144]Radcliffe, Journey, II, 324-325.

[145]Burke, pp. 124-125; Radcliffe, Journey, II, 324-325.

[146]Radcliffe, Journey, II, 38.

[147]Burke, p. 57.

[148]Radcliffe, Journey, II, 265.

[149]Ibid., II, 271.

[150]Ibid., II, 219, 172.

[151]Ibid., II, 332; Ware, p. 17.

[152]Ann Radcliffe, "On the Supernatural in Poetry. By the Late Mrs. Radcliffe [editor's title]," The New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal, 16 (1826), 145-152.

[153]Bonamy Dobrée, Introd., The Mysteries of Udolpho, by Ann Radcliffe (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), p. xi.

[154]Burke, p. 39.

[155]Ibid., p. 73.

[156]Ibid., p. 40.

[157]Ibid., p. 136.

[158]Ibid., p. 44.

[159]E.B. Murray, evidently following Ware, believes that "'delightful horror' is his [i.e., Burke's] version of the distinction between terror and horror which Ann Radcliffe later makes" (Murray, p. 52). But we see that Mrs. Radcliffe's distinction is far from lucid, and that Burke makes none at all. (Nor is it clear what Murray means when he calls "delightful horror" a "version" of a "distinction.") As Alan Dugald McKillop observed nearly half a century ago, "her sharp separation between the two terms is unknown to Burke." See "Mrs. Radcliffe on the Supernatural in Poetry," Journal of English and Germanic Philology, 31 (1932), 357.

[160]Burke, p. 58.

[161]Ibid., p. 57; emphasis mine.

[162]Ware, p. 19.

[163]Before we leave Mrs. Radcliffe's passage on "terror" versus "horror," we might also make a further suggestion: that the tenor, if not the precise idea, of this passage could well have been suggested to her (consciously or unconsciously) not by Burke or her interpretation of him, but by John Baillie, an earlier theorist on the sublime, who makes a distinction between the "sublime" and "fear" similar to Mrs. Radcliffe's between "terror" and "horror," and uses similar vocabulary: "The Sublime dilates and elevates the Soul, Fear sinks and contracts it" (Essay on the Sublime, p. 32; quoted in J.T. Boulton's introduction to his edition of Burke, p. liv). But that the theoretical parts of Mrs. Radcliffe's writing are indebted to more than Burke has been recognized, as we shall soon consider.

[164]Radcliffe, Athlin and Dunbayne, p. 9; Ware, p. 18 (Ware quotes from the slightly--but not substantially--different 1811 text).

[165]Her later poetic descriptions of scenery assume psychological significance of a more subtle and intricate nature than what we have observed in her Journey, as we shall see in our examination of Udolpho (which was actually written before the Journey--but such is the difference between a travel guide and work of narrative art).

[166]Ware, p. 31.

[167]Ann Radcliffe, A Sicilian Romance (London, 1821; rpt. New York: Arno Press, 1972), I, 12; Ware, p. 37 (using the 1809 edition).

[168]Ann Radcliffe, The Romance of the Forest (London, 1827; rpt. New York: Arno Press, 1974), I, 38-39; emphasis mine. Ware, p. 39 (using the substantially identical 1792 edition).

[169]For example, see Monk (p. 58) on Addison.

[170]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 227. Ware, without indicating his omission, drops out part of this passage, dovetailing it with an earlier sentence which also includes the word "sublime" (see pp. 43-45).

[171]Radcliffe, Udolpho, pp. 227-228.

[172]Monk, pp. 217-218.

[173]Ibid., p. 219.

[174]Ibid., p. 128.

[175]P. 53; quoted in Monk, p. 128.

[176]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 470; Italian, p. 273.

[177]Edward Fox Pound, "The Influence of Burke and the Psychological Critics on the Novels of Ann Radcliffe," Diss. University of Washington 1963.

[178]Ibid., pp. vii, v, 50, 63, vii.

[179]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 20.

[180]Pound, p. 3.

[181]Ibid., p. 45.

[182]Pound actually makes a second exception; forgetting about the first, he claims that it, too, is a unique departure from strict adherence to derived theory. See p. 61.

[183]Pound, p. 38.

[184]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 80. Pound's reading is based on a typographical error (he uses the Everyman's Library edition [London: Dent, 1931]) which I have also discovered in Mrs. Barbauld's 1820 edition of Udolpho (The British Novelists, vols. 45-47). The error was created by dropping of the following sentence the words I have placed in brackets: "Always remember how much more valuable is the strength [of fortitude, than the grace] of sensibility" (Everyman's, I, 82; Barbauld's, XLV, 117-118). The first edition (London: Robinson, 1794) and that of Dobrée, based on the first, contain the bracketed words.

[185]Pound, p. 38.

[186]Pound (p. 3) quotes from Archibald Alison's Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste (first pub. 1790; London, 1870), p. 21: "If the mind is in such a state as to prevent . . . freedom of the imagination, the emotion, whether of sublimity or beauty, is unperceived."

[187]Pound, p. 58. He calls the chapter an example of Mrs. Radcliffe's "making fiction out of associationist doctrines, aesthetic and psychological."

[188]Radcliffe, Udolpho, pp. 241-242.

[189]Pound, p. 58.

[190]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 249.

[191]Pound, pp. 63-64.

[192]Ibid., p. 57.

[193]Ibid., p. 113.

[194]See also the example I gave earlier (p. 170), of his suspicion of his wife's murderous intentions.

[195]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 182.

[196]Kames, I, 403-404.

[197]Ibid., I, 93; see also McKenzie, pp. 207-214, 234, 267, 302, 303.

[198]Tompkins, p. 255.

[199]Elizabeth Wheeler Manwaring, Italian Landscape in Eighteenth-Century England (New York: Oxford University Press, 1925).

[200]Christopher Hussey, The Picturesque (1927; rpt. London: Cass, 1967), pp. 237, 231.

[201]Maurice Lévy, for example, accepts Hussey's position without qualification, makes "le pittoresque" the center of his reading of Mrs. Radcliffe, and maintains that it is the key to the understanding of her work. Le Roman "gothique" anglais, 1764-1824 (Toulouse: Association des Publications de la Faculté des Lettres et Sciences Humaines, [1968]), pp. 8, 221, 294.

E.B. Murray draws directly on Manwaring and accepts the conventional view of the artificiality of Mrs. Radcliffe's landscapes, seeing the most resplendent of them as no more than "picture galler[ies]." Ann Radcliffe, pp. 54-60, 150, 173.

[202]Quoted in Manwaring, p. 168.

[203]Manwaring, passim.

[204]Hussey, pp. 13, 14.

[205]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 36. See also Hussey, pp. 233-234.

[206]See, for example, Manwaring, p. 213, and, more recently, Ellen Moers, Literary Women (Garden City, N.Y.: Anchor/Doubleday, 1977), p. 194.

[207]James Thomson, "Summer" (ll. 81-87), Poetical Works, ed. J. Logie Robertson (London: Oxford University Press, 1908), p. 56; Hussey, pp. 233-234.

[208]As Martin Price has pointed out (To the Palace of Wisdom [Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1964; rpt. Arcturus Books, 1970], pp. 153-161).

[209]Text of 1793, lines 1-2, 9-12; quoted in J.R. Watson, Picturesque Landscape and English Romantic Poetry (London: Hutchinson Educational, 1970), p. 66.

[210]Text of 1850, iv. 325-332; quoted in Watson, p. 96.

[211]Samuel Holt Monk, The Sublime (New York: Modern Language Association, 1935), pp. 203-204.

[212]Watson, p. 59.

[213]Hussey, p. 237.

[214]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 61.

[215]The Prelude (1850), xii, 111-112.

[216]Quoted in Watson, p. 43.

[217]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 226.

[218]Mrs. Radcliffe's practice is altogether contrary to J.M.S. Tompkins's insistence that she filled her scenes with such terms as "back-scenes and side-screens . . . high-lights and relief . . . heightening, finishing, tints and varnishes" (p. 358). Hussey is not primarily a student of literature and may be more easily forgiven his misinterpretations and flights of fancy; we expect Tompkins to have known better than to embroider thus on the facts. Her embroidery has unfortunately been woven into more than forty years of Radcliffe criticism!

[219]As a reminder that an interest in states of mind could coexist--however uneasily--with that in the picturesque in Maturin's fiction, as well as in Mrs. Radcliffe's, we may recall a scene (one of many such) in Melmoth the Wanderer (1820), the narrator of which steps back from his account of the most horrible and debasing cruelty, to reflect: "I turned, and saw a groupe worthy of Murillo. A more perfect human form never existed than that of this unfortunate youth . . . ." ([Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1961], p. 83).

[220]Radcliffe, Udolpho, pp. 377-378.

[221]Radcliffe, The Italian, p. 183; emphasis mine.

[222]Tompkins, p. 263.

[223]See, for example, Walter Allen, The English Novel (New York: Dutton, 1958), p. 100.

[224]William Hazlitt, "Why Heroes of Romances are Insipid," Complete Works, ed. P.P. Howe ([London]: Dent, 1933), XVII, 253.

[225]For a brief account of the meaning of "projection" in psychoanalysis and other schools of modern psychology, see "Projection," in J. Laplanche and J.-B. Pontalis, The Language of Psycho-Analysis, trans. Donald Nicholson-Smith (New York: Norton, 1973), pp. 349-356.

[226]See Thomas McFarland, "Poetry and the Poem: The Structure of Poetic Content," Literary Theory and Structure, ed. Frank Brady, John Palmer, and Martin Price (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1973), pp. 98-100.

[227]As far as I have been able to determine, eighteenth-century philosophy, unlike some of its literature, gives scanty notice to pathological projection.

[228]James, II, 167.

[229]M.H. Abrams, The Mirror and the Lamp (New York: Norton, 1958), pp. 57-69.

[230]Locke, I, 104-105.

[231]George Berkeley, Essay Towards a New Theory of Vision, in Works, ed. A.A. Luce and T.E. Jessop (London: Nelson, 1948), I, 195 et passim (pp. 141-239).

[232]The Spectator, ed. Donald F. Bond (Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1965), III, 538 (No. 411, Sat., June 21, 1712).

[233]See Monk, pp. 73-74.

[234]Quoted in Abrams, p. 64.

[235]Night Thoughts (1744); quoted in Abrams, p. 62.

[236]An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals; quoted in Abrams, p. 64.

[237]Burke, pp. 58-64; see also above, pp. 179-186.

[238]Kames, II, 506.

[239]James Beattie, "Of Imagination," Dissertations Moral and Critical (London, 1783), pp. 103-104.

[240]Ibid., p. 92.

[241]See Pound, pp. 67-68.

[242]Archibald Alison, Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste (Dublin, 1790), p. 99.

[243]Ibid., p. 2; emphasis mine.

[244]Compare Maud Bodkin, Archetypal Patterns in Poetry (London: Oxford University Press, 1934), p. 38:

> My own experience in regard to Coleridge's poem is that at the moment of completest appreciation no imagery, other than the words, is present. I am in some manner aware of a whole of far-reaching significance, concentrated like a force behind any particular stanza or line. It is as the tension of the apprehensive act slackens that I become aware of images, or references to particular past experiences. . . . [Yet, this] tissue of inter-related personal and literary reminiscence . . . ha[s] contributed something to the preceding unified experience of meaning . . . ha[s] operated in the manner of a "fused" association.

For a full modern psychoanalytically oriented account of our imaginative response to literature--which attempts to take into consideration those aspects of response which our unconscious mind deliberately keeps hidden from consciousness --see Simon O. Lesser, Fiction and the Unconscious (New York: Vintage, 1962 [1957]), pp. 188-211 et passim.

[245]The associationists, like many other psychological philosophers, were beginning to show an awareness of unconscious thinking. The basis of this awareness seems to have been the notion that association may proceed according to its own laws without the addition of consciousness. In his Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare (1794), Walter Whiter explains an apparent pun in Hamlet on the basis of an association made in the poet's mind without forming part of his conscious intention; cited in McKenzie, pp. 73-74.

And William Godwin (1793) applies the notion of unconscious associations to what amounts to a theory of apperception (one which, unlike that of Berkeley, accounts for the distorting power of emotional projection). First he takes clear account of aesthetic projection (with "pathological" implications), commenting that "we find that the very same ideas presented to a sick man take a peculiar tinge which renders them exceedingly different from what they are in the mind of a man in health." Then, maintaining that a myriad of associations may be concealed behind what we consciously experience, he explains that "not only every perception is complicated by a variety of simultaneous impressions, but every idea that now offers itself to the mind is modified by all the ideas that ever existed in it. It is this circumstance that constitutes the insensible empire of prejudice; and causes every object which is exhibited to a number of individuals to assume as many different forms in their mind as there are individuals who view it." Enquiry Concerning Political Justice, ed. Isaac Kramnick (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1976), pp. 371-372.

[246]Thomas De Quincey, Suspiria de Profundis, in Confessions of an English Opium Eater and Other Writings, ed. Aileen Ward (New York: New American Library, 1966), pp. 187-188; emphasis mine.

[247]Beattie, pp. 93-94.

[248]De Quincey, p. 189.

[249]Coleridge's account is, according to Barbara Rooke, based on that of his German contemporary, Jonas Ludwig von Hess. See Samuel Taylor Coleridge, The Friend, ed. Barbara E. Rooke, Collected Works, 4 (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1969), I, 136.

[250]Ibid., I, 142.

[251]Ibid., I, 140; Coleridge capitalizes and italicizes the word "outness."

[252]Ibid., I, 145-146; emphasis mine (except for the word "hints").

[253]William Wordsworth, The Prelude, ed. Ernest de Selincourt, rev. Helen Darbishire, 2nd ed. (Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1959), pp. 448, 476 (1805-6: XI, 333-334; XII, 376, 379).

[254]Radcliffe, Udolpho, p. 15; emphasis mine. Subsequent citations will be in parentheses in the text.

[255]Kames, I, 111.

[256]Ibid., I, 178.

[257]Price, pp. 358, 357, 360, 376; emphasis mine.

[258]Bowstead, p. 170.

[259]The "long lines of foam" are a detail to which we can assign, perhaps, no "determinate psychological" meaning (Price); it does, in any case, lend realistic specificity to the scene, assisting the reader's mind in associatively bringing unconscious memories of similar experiences to bear on his apprehension of the passage.

[260]See Damian Grant, Introd., The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom, by Tobias Smollett (London: Oxford University Press, 1971), p. xviii.

[261]Smollett, p. 83; emphasis mine.

[262]Ibid. Properly speaking, it is the De Villeforts who are thus "entertained" (Udolpho, p. 600). But Emily several times in situations like Fathom's finds other reasons to fear sudden encounters with banditti (see Udolpho, pp. 54, 63, 402).

[263]Smollett, p. 84.

[264]Ibid., p. 85; emphasis mine.

[265]Ibid., pp. 85-86.

[266]Ibid., p. 86.

[267]Ibid.

[268]Ibid. This account of Fathom's emotions contains at least one jarring detail, arising from a clash of narrative viewpoints. That "his hair . . . bristle[d] up" is a phenomenon that would be noticed only by an outside observer, even if Fathom might have felt some internal concomitant of it. But, as Albrecht Strauss tells us, virtually all of Smollett's descriptions of emotions employ stereotyped physical gestures and reactions similar to these. If Mrs. Radcliffe was influenced by parts of Fathom, she had no place in her psychology for Smollett's crude emotional stereotyping. See Albrecht Strauss, "On Smollett's Language: A Paragraph in Ferdinand Count Fathom," Style in Prose Fiction, ed. Harold C. Martin, English Institute Essays, 1958 (New York: Columbia University Press, 1959), pp. 25-54.

[269]Ibid., p. 88.

[270]For the sake of comparison, we might also recall the much briefer depiction of projection that we found in La Vie de Marianne (see above, p. 106).

[271]Horace Walpole, The Castle of Otranto, in Shorter Novels of the Eighteenth Century, ed. Philip Henderson (London: Dent, 1930), pp. 116-117.

[272]Ibid., p. 117-118.

[273]Ibid., p. 118.

[274]Radcliffe, Athlin and Dunbayne, pp. 62-63.

[275]Ibid., p. 63; emphasis mine.

[276]Ibid.

[277]Ibid., p. 64. Mrs. Barbauld's story-fragment, "Sir Bertrand" (1773), similarly mingles subtle projective narration--or at least the beginnings of it--with appearances of corpses and gross manifestations of the supernatural. This fascinating fragment, slight as it is, seems to have left a few traces in Mrs. Radcliffe's work: the "dim, twinkling light" seen from the "heath" reappears, it would seem, in a castle window in A Sicilian Romance; Sir Bertrand's "dread . . . of moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs" reappears, along with a dim, distant light, in The Romance of the Forest, in La Motte's "fear of unknown pits" on the "heath" where he is stranded; and the mansion that Sir Bertrand discovers, with its "roof . . . fallen in, . . . battlements . . . half demolished, and . . . windows broken and dismantled" is not altogether unlike the abbey in the Romance, whose "battlements" are also "half demolished," and roof and windows similarly decayed. See J. and A.L. Aikin, Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose, 2nd ed. (London, 1775), pp. 127-129; Radcliffe, A Sicilian Romance, pp. 17, 20; Radcliffe, The Romance of the Forest, I, 6-7, 32-35.

[278]Clara Reeve, The Old English Baron, in Seven Masterpieces of Gothic Horror, ed. Robert Donald Spector (New York: Bantam, 1963), p. 137; emphasis mine.

[279]Ibid., p. 170.

[280]Sophia Lee, The Recess (New York: Arno Press, 1972), I, 173; emphasis mine.

[281]Ibid., III, 151-152.

[282]Smith, Emmeline, pp. 31-32.

[283]Charlotte Smith, The Old Manor House, ed. Anne Henry Ehrenpreis (London: Oxford University Press, 1969), p. 40; emphasis mine.

[284]Ibid., pp. 46-47.

[285]For further discussion of some passages in The Old Manor House in which characters project "superstitious"--and other--mental states into their environment, see Bowstead, pp. 170-173. At one point, for example, "Orlando comes to understand that a maudlin conviction of doom he had formerly extracted from a gloomy forest actually originated in the effect on his own mind of his own fears" (Bowstead, p. 170).

[286]Smollett's influence on Mrs. Radcliffe may have been direct after all. If, as seems probable, she read the Aikins' Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose, she no doubt read their comparison, in that volume, of Walpole's Otranto with

Smollett's Fathom (the former furnishing examples of "fanciful" horror, the latter of "natural" horror); had she not already read Smollett's book, the Aikins thus might have led her to it. See Aikin, p. 126.

Chapter IV

ANN RADCLIFFE AS A LITERARY PSYCHOLOGIST

The Scope of Mrs. Radcliffe's Psychology

We have thus far viewed Mrs. Radcliffe's novels in the perspective of traditional romance and of realistic fiction, and in that of the interest of her contemporaries--theorists and literary artists--in human nature and the operations of the mind. We have also identified certain key elements of her literary psychology that are less fully capable of being correlated with the elements of her contemporaries' work--the psychology that is more particularly her own (centering on her exploration of the varieties of projection). Before we proceed to analyze these elements in context and study her major works--principally Udolpho--as integrated wholes, it will be helpful to review, in summary form, the components of Mrs. Radcliffe's literary psychology that we have thus far identified in her narratives, and to recall, as well, how these elements are grounded in the structural conventions that she inherited, as it were, from the fiction that preceded hers.

Foundations

As we have seen, most features of romance (e.g., non-synchronization of narrative time and real time, rhetorical or cliché-ridden language) are inimical to psychological realism. But certain romance features complement that aspect of realism.

Because romance may depart from strict historical and geographical veracity, journeys may be arranged, for example, or landscapes and building-interiors described, so that they symbolize mental states or alterations. Moreover, the imparting to waking experience of certain qualities that in real life are found only in dreams allows the writer to present unconscious or partly conscious thoughts and feelings. The corridors, towers, and vaults of Udolpho, for example, are arranged to reflect various qualities of thought/feeling in the minds that perceive them. Further, an admission of certain improbable events --chance meetings at remote places of characters closely connected, or coincidental returns to the same location (like Emily's to Chateau-le-Blanc)--allows for the ready spotlighting of the characters' self-revealing reactions or of changes in such reactions.

These traits of romance, however, necessarily exist in a context of formal realism. Settings, characters, events, and thoughts/feelings are presented in detail, conveyed in a relatively plain style, and expanded in time. Dramatization of significant events prevails over brief summary. Events and settings are experienced from a restricted point of view, allowing an emphasis on the subjective aspects of all experience. We have already amply illustrated the nature of this formally realistic medium.

Elements

Let us now review the elements of the literary psychology founded on this narrative medium. We will proceed, as far as possible, from general and outward traits to individual and inward ones.

General Characteristics of Human Nature. These are general observations about universal traits, made by the narrator or one of the characters.

> "You may have observed [remarks St. Aubert] persons who delight so much in [the] sort of sensibility to sentiment, which excludes that to the calls of any practical virtue, that they turn from the distressed, and, because their sufferings are painful to be contemplated, do not endeavour to relieve them."[1]

Summary Characterizations of Individuals.

> Bertolini. . . . was a man of gay temper, strong passions, dissipated, and of unbounded extravagance, but generous, brave, and unsuspicious. [183]

Specific Actions and Physical Traits Revelatory of Individual Character.

> Montoni, . . . a man of about forty, [was] of an uncommonly handsome person, with features manly and expressive, but whose countenance exhibited, upon the whole, more of the haughtiness of command, and the quickness of discernment, than of any other character. [23]

> Madame Montoni . . . during the day, had observed a sullen silence towards her husband. . . . [187]

> With Orsino, Montoni was frequently closeted for hours together, and, whatever might be the business, upon which they consulted, it appeared to be of consequence, since Montoni often sacrificed to it his favourite passion for play, and remained at home the whole night. [191]

Verbalizations. This element, like the previous ones, is present in nonpsychological as well as psychological

fiction; but of course speech can be especially revelatory of character, and in this sense it may be considered to contribute to literary psychology. A humorous example, with a defense of verbalization itself:

> "Why, yes, ma'amselle [babbles Annette]; what can one do in such a place as this, if one must not talk? If I was in a dungeon, if they would let me talk--it would be some comfort; nay, I would talk, if it was only to the walls." [277]

Verbalized Thought. Verbalization, of a strictly formal, rhetorical kind, was the principal mode of representing thought in traditional romance. Mrs. Radcliffe far more frequently gives third-person reports of her characters' thinking than directly quotes it. When she does quote thought, it is more colloquial than the quoted thinking in traditional romance, though far from entirely so.

> Emily, as she observed [Montoni] in silence, saw, that his countenance was darker and sterner than usual. "O could I know," said she to herself, "what passes in that mind; could I know the thoughts, that are known there, I should no longer be condemned to this torturing suspense!" [243]

The bulk of Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological narration reports nonverbal thoughts and feelings.

Theoretically Based Descriptions of Mental Contents. We have seen that Mrs. Radcliffe sometimes uses the terminology, and occasionally the ideas, of eighteenth-century psychological theorists:

> These melancholy illusions at length began to disperse, and she retired to her bed, not to sleep, for that was scarcely possible, but to try, at least, to quiet her disturbed fancy. . . . [221; emphasis mine]

Nonverbal Thoughts. These include reports of volitions, intentions, judgments, associative thinking, and the like, insofar as these are not verbalized. In practice, thought rarely appears distinct from feeling in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction. Occasionally, however, the operations of intellect may be seen to dominate a character's mind for a time:

> To her own misfortunes [Emily] saw no period, inclosed as she was, in a remote castle, beyond the reach of any friends, had she possessed such, and beyond the pity even of strangers; while she knew herself to be in the power of a man capable of any action, which his interest, or his ambition, might suggest. [367]

Feelings/Emotions. The passage from which we have just quoted quickly reverts to emphasizing feelings:

> Her spirits were more than usually depressed . . . . Occupied by melancholy reflections and by anticipations as sad, she did not retire immediately to rest, but leaned thoughtfully on her open casement. The scene before her of woods and mountains, reposing in the moonlight, formed a regretted contrast with the state of her mind; but the lonely murmur of these woods [reflecting her projected feeling], and the view of this sleeping landscape, gradually soothed her emotions and softened her to tears. [367; emphasis mine]

Physical Signs of Feeling. We are also given physical and behavioral manifestations of feeling. The effectiveness of this psychological element may perhaps be most evident if we compare the accounts of Emily's fainting, or near-fainting, with those of heroines in traditional romance and sentimental fiction. These latter heroines (including those of Mrs. Radcliffe's early fiction) when frightened simply swoon outright. But Emily exhibits physical signs of her reaction

to fright that are more like those one might observe in real life. When she believes her aunt to have been murdered:

> Emily grew very faint; could support herself no longer, and had scarcely presence of mind to set down the lamp, and place herself on a step. [324]

And when she realizes that she may never again see Valancourt:

> "Speak, my dear Emily!" said Valancourt eagerly, "let me hear your voice, let me hear you confirm my fate." She spoke not; her cheek was cold, and her senses seemed to fail her, but she did not faint. [154-155; emphasis mine]

Memory. Prominent among Emily's thoughts and feelings are the products of memory. Here memory is obviously tied to the activity of the imagination (or perhaps rather what Coleridge would call the fancy):

> When she was alone, unable to sleep, the landscapes of her native home, with Valancourt, and the circumstances of her departure, haunted her fancy; she drew pictures of social happiness amidst the grand simplicity of nature, such as she feared she had bade farewell to forever. . . . [169]

Imagination. Sometimes the products of imagination predominate over those of memory. Emily, at Udolpho, having discovered a door in her room that leads to a dark staircase,

> began to apprehend, such was the aptitude of her fears, that this stair-case had some private communication with the apartment [where she had seen the dreadful image behind the black veil], which she shuddered even to remember. [261]

Perception. As we have already observed on numerous occasions, the perceptions of Emily and other characters in Udolpho are inseparably fused with their thoughts and emotions. Sometimes, however, mere registering of outward objects predominates.

> The Arcadian air of the girls next attracted her attention. Their dress was a very short full petticoat of light green, with a boddice of white silk; the sleeves loose, and tied up at the shoulders with ribbons and bunches of flowers. Their hair, falling in ringlets on their necks, was also ornamented with flowers, and with a small straw hat, which, set rather backward and on one side of the head, gave an expression of gaiety and smartness to the whole figure. [421]

The Unconscious; Projection; Twilight States. As we have indicated, Mrs. Radcliffe's psychology sometimes penetrates to the borders of consciousness to convey feelings incapable of verbalization, often associated with semi- or even wholly unconscious mental operations. We shall have more to say about these later; meanwhile, these brief examples will do. Madame Montoni, we are told, so

> delighted in contradiction [and] Long habit had so entirely confirmed this propensity, that she was not conscious of possessing it. [310; emphasis mine]

When Emily prepares to burn some papers according to her father's orders, she begins to read them,

> unconscious, that she was transgressing her father's strict injunction. . . . [103; emphasis mine]

Often, as we have seen, the projective power of the imagination participates in the characters' perceptions and interpretations of their surroundings to such an extent that they are no longer certain how much of what they perceive is really there, and how much is their own creation. Such is the case when Emily is in a "superstitious" frame of mind one night:

> When night returned, Emily recollected the mysterious strains of music. . . . The influence of superstition now gained on the weakness of her long-harassed mind;

> she looked, with enthusiastic expectation, to the guardian spirit of her father. . . . she went often to the casement to listen for a sound. Once, she thought she heard a voice, but then, every thing without the casement remaining still, she concluded, that her fancy had deceived her. [355]

When Ludovico watches for ghosts in the middle of the night in a remote chamber at Chateau-le-Blanc, he eventually passes into a twilight state in which dream and waking reality are so entwined that he can no longer distinguish between them:

> In his dream he still beheld the chamber where he really was, and, once or twice, started from imperfect slumbers, imagining he saw a man's face, looking over the high back of his arm-chair. This idea had so strongly impressed him, that, when he raised his eyes, he almost expected to meet other eyes, fixed upon his own, and he quitted his seat and looked behind the chair, before he felt perfectly convinced that no person was there. [557]

If we are to summarize the orientation of Mrs. Radcliffe's psychology as a whole, we may divide her interests into two areas: the investigation of motivation (or the relation between thought and action); and the relations among thought, feeling, and perception. There is a degree of motive-probing in Udolpho; Emily, for example, gradually discovers the reasons for the behavior of the Montonis. But it is in The Italian that the exploration of hidden and even exotic motives predominates, as we are gradually led into the minds of Schedoni and other criminal figures.

In Udolpho, the bulk of the psychological attention is devoted to probing the relations of various operations within

the mind (rather than the relation of thought and external behavior). And, as we have seen, projection is at the heart of the mental operations that are probed. Emily's feelings lead her to certain judgments, and vice versa; both feelings and judgments affect the way she perceives things; and these perceptions reflexively influence her thoughts and feelings.

In discriminating among the various elements of Mrs. Racliffe's psychology, we have not yet explored the significance of the slow unfolding and changing over long periods of time, of various patterns of thought, feeling, perception, and action. The exploration of such psychological configurations that we may find in Udolpho will now be our task; and we shall discover, with the additional perspective of certain modern psychological theories, far more of interest in this complex novel than has been supposed by those who see in it no more than a series of verbal landscape paintings, or a contrived attempt to send chills down the reader's spine.

The Mysteries of Udolpho as a Psychological Novel

Udolpho: Psychological Configurations

As I have suggested, The Mysteries of Udolpho has a special place among Mrs. Radcliffe's works. In her earlier books, she had begun to develop a method of exploring minds in the act of processing experience. Eventually she arrived at what I have called her "projective" method, which, by focusing on the mental phenomenon of projection, enabled her to build significantly on the kind of psychological narrative she inherited from earlier novelists like Marivaux and Richardson. In Udolpho we find the culmination of her literary psychology: she achieves her most subtle effects, and her exploration of minds becomes, in the broad pattern traced by its particulars, symbolic of universal experience. Simply stated, the kind of pattern to which I refer is this: Udolpho as a whole is a sort of Bildungsroman, a story of emotional maturation in which a young woman suffers the loss of the security and affection of her childhood, experiences all the harshness of interacting with a puzzling, frightening, and hostile world, and, eventually coming to terms with her loss, learns to re-establish herself in the world on new terms.

In her seminal psychological analysis of just such universal themes as this, Maud Bodkin has investigated

certain patterns of feelings (feelings of which we may be imperfectly conscious) evoked by literature through patterns of imagery or narration of events associated with such feelings. I would suggest that in the structure of Udolpho we may find at least two of Bodkin's archetypal patterns: that of "Heaven and Hell" (or "Paradise and Hades"), and that of "rebirth."

Bodkin's description of these archetypes is arrived at after an extensive survey of their appearance in a whole range of works of classical and modern literature--writings as diverse as those of Homer, the Bible, Plato, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Coleridge, William Morris, and Emile Verhaeren. We shall be able to give here only a brief summary of the features of these archetypes as Bodkin has defined them. First, "Heaven and Hell." The two basic elements of this archetype are images of (1) the mountain height and/or the watered garden; and (2) the cavern depth. It may be seen even in summary that the typical emotions evoked by these image patterns correspond to those evoked by episodes in Udolpho which contain Radcliffean versions of these archetypes (which we shall consider at greater length below). Bodkin observes:

> the image of the watered garden and the mountain height show some persistent affinity with the desire and imaginative enjoyment of supreme well-being, or divine bliss, while the cavern depth appears as the objectification of an imaginative fear--an experience of fascination it may be, in which the pain of fear is lost in the relief of expression; in other instances the horror of loss and frustration, symbolized by depth, darkness,

> and enclosing walls sounds its intrinsic note of pain even through the opposing gain and triumph that poetic expression achieves.[2]

As with the archetype of "Heaven and Hell," we will find in Udolpho sequences of images expressive of the archetype of "rebirth," which Bodkin characterizes briefly as follows:

> the pattern appears of a movement, downward, or inward toward the earth's centre, or a cessation of movement--a physical change which, as we urge metaphor closer to the impalpable forces of life and soul, appears also as a transition toward severed relation with the outer world, and, as it may be, toward disintegration and death. This element in the pattern is balanced by a movement upward and outward--an expansion or outburst of activity, a transition toward redintegration and life-renewal.[3]

As Bodkin explains, there is a close relation between these two archetypes, and, as we shall see in Udolpho, they often appear as two aspects of the same sequence of images and events. The "Heaven and Hell" archetype appears spatially, in the features of the setting; and the "rebirth" archetype appears in the temporal aspect of the narrative, insofar as it tells of "a passage in time, from life to desolate death, and beyond, to life renewed."[4] Both archetypes being involved in the same events, they are often indistinguishable, inasmuch as depiction of the environment so often represents what is passing in the characters' inner life in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. In any case, whether the spatial or the temporal aspect appears uppermost at any given time, the structure of events may be seen to have universal significance, to call forth in us patterns of

feelings that arise out of our deepest memories, our most meaningful experiences. Its contact with universal experience accounts, as we shall see, for much of the power of Udolpho and links it with literary works which, for other reasons, are of greater ultimate significance.

I must reiterate at this point that I have merely summarized what are actually highly complex archetypal patterns. We will explore their particular embodiment in Udolpho to discover, not merely variants of these archetypes, but also the special way in which they appear, in fine detail, in Mrs. Radcliffe's particular kind of psychological narrative.

The Watered Garden. Emily St. Aubert spends her childhood in a pastoral environment (at once realistically particular and symbolic of universal experience) described at the opening of Udolpho. In addition to the traditional setting of "pastures and woods . . . flocks, and herds, and simple cottages" (1), there is a modern addition: "a greenhouse, stored with scarce and beautiful plants" (3), and we accompany Emily's family on an excursion into the mountains, where

> they would seek one of those green recesses, which so beautifully adorn the bosom of these mountains, where, under the shade of the lofty larch, or cedar, they enjoyed their simple repast, made sweeter by the waters of the cool stream, that crept along the turf, and by the breath of wild flowers and aromatic plants, that fringed the rocks, and inlaid the grass. [3]

From Emily's room, we look upon a lawn where "the eye [is] led between groves of almond, palm-trees, flowering ash, and

myrtle, to the distant landscape, where the Garonne wandered" (3). "On a lofty terrace, formed by the swelling bank of the river, rose a plantation of orange, lemon and palm-trees, whose fruit, in the coolness of evening, breathed delicious fragrance" (4).

The expanses of green turf, fragrant flowers and fruit trees, and rippling water that we find described in their ideal forms in these early pages are embodiments of the "watered garden" sub-archetype, and convey, in Bodkin's words, "the enjoyment of supreme well-being" that Emily experiences until her parents die. These garden landscapes --"beautiful" rather than "sublime" in Burkean terms--appear intermittently in the first third of the book, although they increasingly give way to the sublime vistas of mountains and the panoramas seen from their peaks. In what is roughly the middle third of the book, when Emily is trapped at Udolpho and fighting for her life and sanity, the pastoral landscapes are appropriately absent. Watered-garden imagery, significantly, reappears when she is taken away from the castle by Bertrand and Ugo, and spends an interlude at the peasants' cottage in the woods. Consistently with the emotional tenor of the imagery, Emily has by then become hopeful of somehow ultimately escaping from Montoni, and can be more relaxed.

The Mountain Height. The counterpart of the "watered garden," the "mountain height," appears still more frequently in Udolpho. Even before she reaches the castle of Udolpho,

Emily takes several mountain journeys, three of which are extensively detailed. Despite some individual differences, the imagery conveying the breathtaking vistas in the journey through the Alps may here stand for that of all the mountain journeys:

> On the edge of tremendous precipices, and within the hollow of the cliffs, below which the clouds often floated, were seen villages, spires, and convent towers; while green pastures and vineyards spread their hues at the feet of perpendicular rocks of marble, or of granite, whose points, tufted with alpine shrubs, or exhibiting only massy crags, rose above each other, till they terminated in the snow-topt mountain, whence the torrent fell, that thundered along the valley. [164]

These images of the sublime (notice that Mrs. Radcliffe doesn't force the word on us here), like the beautiful ones of watered gardens, call forth in us, in Emily, and in other characters feelings of "supreme well-being," although these emotions are more extreme than the former, involving a reaction or counterbalance to fear:

> Madame Montoni only shuddered as she looked down precipices near whose edge the chairmen trotted lightly and swiftly, almost, as the chamois bounded, and from which Emily too recoiled; but with her fears were mingled <u>such various emotions of delight, such admiration, astonishment, and awe</u>, as she had never before experienced. [166; emphasis mine]

The far more frequent occurrence of mountain-height imagery as compared to pastoral imagery in <u>Udolpho</u> is a sign of the high proportion of extreme emotions evoked in the characters and the reader throughout the story.

<u>The Cavern Depth</u>. Just as garden and especially mountain imagery predominate in the first third of <u>Udolpho</u>,

the middle third--roughly, that in which Emily is trapped at Udolpho--is filled with images of depths. They are not so much of vertical depths as of inner depths. To put it another way, if the opening third of the book is filled with descriptions of expansive external spaces, in the second third, descriptions of internal spaces, of interiors predominate: castles or mansions, or other buildings, with their corridors and secret passageways, chambers large and small, and other enclosed spaces, as well as actual depths --underground passages and, ultimately, the dark burial vaults, described in all their oppressiveness:

> From the steps, they proceeded through a passage, adjoining the vaults, the walls of which were dropping with unwholesome dews, and the vapours, that crept along the ground, made the torch burn so dimly, that Emily expected every moment to see it extinguished, and Barnardine could scarcely find his way. [345]

These caverns are evocative, in Bodkin's words, of various degrees of fear, of "the horror of loss and frustration, symbolized by depth, darkness, and enclosing walls." It is scarcely necessary to mention that, in these surroundings, "Emily was so overwhelmed with terror, that, for a moment, she was unable to determine what conduct to pursue" (345), so suggestive of fear is the bare description of the place itself.

Rebirth. The stifling and terrifying description of the burial vaults under Udolpho constitutes the structural center of the "rebirth" pattern, taken as a whole. With its overwhelming trappings of death and decay, it is the

image in Udolpho of the terminus of what Bodkin describes as the "movement, downward, or inward," the place where "a cessation of movement occurs," the ultimate symbol of Emily's "transition toward severed relation with the outer world, and . . . toward disintegration and death" (if it is Madame Montoni who actually dies, Emily undergoes a kind of emotional death).

In the second half and especially the final third of Udolpho, Emily gradually, in a to-and-fro movement of alternate gain and loss, experiences "a transition toward redintegration and life renewal." She not only escapes from Udolpho and the oppression of Montoni, but she regains her property, her lover, and her peace of mind.

The rebirth archetype appears in the whole structure of Udolpho, in Emily's emotional journey from childhood bliss through loss and pain to recovery of her past--really, of her self--in a new form. A detailed account of the appearance of the successive stages in this archetype is best seen, not in isolation, but in conjunction with an analysis of the entire psychological movement of the novel. There we will see how Mrs. Radcliffe presents the "Heaven and Hell" and "rebirth" archetypes in a new, particularly psychological way. Certainly, the archetypes are in one sense psychological wherever they appear in literature: they evoke archetypal mental responses in the reader. But Mrs. Radcliffe, in a unique way, presents a detailed unfolding of archetypal emotional responses in the minds

of her characters as well. This unfolding constitutes a major psychological dimension in the narrative, a far more thoroughly detailed (though not always more profound) exploration of minds than can be found in most earlier literature.

Udolpho: The Nonhuman Environment; The Psychology of Joy

As we noted at the outset, Mrs. Radcliffe explores Emily's consciousness not only in her experiences of terror, but also in her joyous appreciation of the beauties and sublimities of nature. This kind of experience predominates in what we might call the opening phase of the rebirth archetype; and so, before we examine Mrs. Radcliffe's psychology of fear, let us analyze her psychology of joy as it appears in Udolpho (and therefore principally in the mind of Emily St. Aubert).

With Emily growing up, as we have noted, in a paradisaical environment, it comes as no surprise to find that "It was one of Emily's earliest pleasures to ramble among the scenes of nature" (6). It remains one of her most deeply felt pleasures to the end of the book. Her relationship to her parents and, later, to Valancourt notwithstanding, she seems most alive and is most interesting to the reader when she is experiencing her nonhuman environment. My choice of the term "nonhuman environment"--in which I am following the contemporary psychoanalyst Harold F. Searles--rather than the more common term "nature," is deliberate.

For Emily's mind is most interesting to the reader not only as she lingers on "wild wood-walks" and penetrates the solitudes of remote mountain wildernesses; it absorbs our interest equally well as she gropes her way, fascinated as well as frightened, through the dark mazes of passageways, galleries, and successions of chambers in the Gothic castles (and other structures) she visits. And the places in which Emily finds herself, or which she seeks, are, as we have seen, not merely picturesque backdrops. It is through a careful, detailed description of these places that Mrs. Radcliffe conveys Emily's inner experiences (which include reflections of her projected thoughts/feelings); without these realistic accounts of her nonhuman environment, we would be less acutely aware of the precise nature of these experiences, less aware of how Emily selectively focuses upon objects that reflect her states of mind, and how these objects draw forth further thoughts--how, in a sense, the environment becomes <u>part</u> of her thoughts.

In examining Emily's projective interchanges with nonhuman, particularly nonliving, objects, we can discern certain links with her <u>human</u> relations, and, ultimately, her self-development as she passes from childhood innocence to adult experience. It is probably safe to say that <u>The Mysteries of Udolpho</u> is the first novel to present this kind of self-development through a character's slowly unfolding relationship with his nonhuman environment.

Let us examine this development in the context of the

early phases of the "Heaven" and "rebirth" archetypes. The early scenes in Udolpho where Emily enjoys nature in the company of her parents, particularly her father, are not so interesting as most of the later scenes that present Emily's reactions to nature, but they establish certain significant facts about the emotional climate in which she is raised. The love that exists between her parents, and between them and her, seems perfect. And her parents seem perfect models for her character. The values of the few others who intrude on their secluded existence at La Vallée, where they differ from those of her parents, as do those of the worldly, sophisticated Quesnels, seem incomprehensible to her. Yet such values do not yet appear--as they will later--threatening. For example, when Madame Quesnel describes "the splendour of the balls, banquets, and processions which had just been given by the court. . . . Emily's vivid fancy, as she listened with the ardent curiosity of youth, heightened the scenes she heard of" (12). Emily's life at this time is simple and harmonious; we also get a sense of its pleasures when St. Aubert recounts nostalgically the joys of his own childhood, experienced, significantly, in the same environment. When his favorite chestnut tree is threatened with destruction, he launches into a recollection of his youth: "How often . . . have I climbed among its broad branches, and sat embowered amidst a world of leaves, while the heavy shower has pattered above, and not a rain drop reached me!" (13). This kind of realistically detailed

nostalgic recollection of childhood experiences in nature, which, in briefer form, had already become standard in the literature of sentiment of the previous thirty-or-so years (see, for example, Gray's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College"), very effectively conveys to us the value of these experiences.

We may, I believe, understand more completely the relation between Emily's mind and its childhood environment if we bring in at this point the psychoanalytic observations of Harold F. Searles. Dr. Searles has explored for psychological science the importance of a child's relationship with his nonhuman environment and of his carrying this relationship through to his adult years. If the mental tie between self and nonhuman objects is disturbed, especially in infancy, not only will one's subsequent ability to appreciate the nonhuman world suffer, but severe mental illness--in which the distinction between the human and nonhuman is blurred--may result. Part of the reason for this lies in the biological and chemical ties with nature (in the broadest sense) that are already present in us by virtue of our mere existence. The conscious activity of relating with our nonhuman environment, therefore, is actually a means of self-integration and self-understanding. "Whether in surroundings that are largely natural or largely man-made," writes Dr. Searles, "I have found that moments of deeply felt kinship with one's nonhuman environment are to be counted among those moments when one has drunk deepest of

the whole of life's meaning."[5]

If we apply his findings to Mrs. Radcliffe's novels (another obvious application is to the poetry of Wordsworth), all their descriptions of nature and interiors acquire a significance undetected by those who see such passages as outgrowths merely of an eighteenth-century taste for landscapes and architecture. Dr. Searles states "that this nonhuman environment apparently provides, in the life of the normal infant and child, a significant contribution to his emotional security, his sense of stability and continuity of experience, and his developing sense of personal identity."[6] As we study Udolpho we will be able to trace within Emily precisely this kind of relationship with her nonhuman environment.

Although certain mysteries very early pique Emily's curiosity, the first really serious disturbances in her ideal world come when her parents die. The implications of this loss are many and affect the entire story. Yet, from the beginning of her loss, we can see the importance of the stable relationship with her nonhuman environment in helping her close the emotional gap that her grief has made in her relation with the world.[7]

After her mother dies, Emily and her father embark on a journey through the Pyrenees. Here we have the first really full, fine nature descriptions in the story, as Emily is restored to herself by contact with nature. She and her father

> continued sunk in musing silence for some leagues, from which melancholy reverie Emily first awoke, and her young fancy, struck with the grandeur of the objects around, gradually yielded to delightful impressions. The road now descended into glens, confined by stupendous walls of rock, grey and barren, except where shrubs fringed their recesses, in which the wild goat was frequently browsing. And now, the way led to the lofty cliffs, from whence the landscape was seen extending in all its magnificence. [27-28; emphasis mine]

Characteristically, while Emily, still untouched by deep suffering, yields eagerly "to delightful impressions," her father projects a different state of mind onto the scene and thus perceives it differently: "the enjoyment of St. Aubert was touched with that pensive melancholy, which gives to every object a mellower tint, and breathes a sacred charm over all around" (28).

It is significant that they both appreciate nature with a heightened sense after their prolonged grief. Bodkin explains this response, part of her elaboration of her heaven archetype, on the basis of Freud's "pleasure principle."[8] The pleasure we feel after an experience of prolonged painful tension is heightened by the release of energy that was bound up during the unpleasant state; if beautiful or sublime scenery is not available to us in reality, we tend to conjure up substitutes in dream or waking fantasy. Of course, Mrs. Radcliffe is able to make her characters pass through such scenery in actuality (that is, the fictional actuality). The scenery that Emily and her father experience, besides helping to indicate the differences between their mental states, conveys to the reader a precise picture of

the universally based feelings they share on the occasion of their recovery from their mourning for their lost relative. Much of it is austere--with its "stupendous walls of rock, grey and barren"--giving us their feelings of desolation in contact with death, the swallowing up of life by larger, nonhuman forces. At the same time we see how their grief is converted into aesthetic pleasure by a projective interchange with the sublime environment they perceive around them. This is one early instance of the psychological use Mrs. Radcliffe makes of the environments she describes. She thus gives us a sense of the complexity of the characters' feelings. We not only see the components of grief in these feelings but observe, in the subtle changes of the terrain and atmosphere, and the travelers' various reactions to these changes, a complex progression of thoughts and feelings. On this occasion, we see how St. Aubert uses the landscape for nostalgic purposes:

> The scene before them bore some resemblance . . . to a favourite one of the late Madame St. Aubert. . . . St. Aubert remembered the last time of his visiting that spot in company, and also the mournfully presaging thoughts which had then arisen in his mind. . . . [29]

To Emily, it is an occasion for scientific learning:

> Seated in the shade of the palms, St. Aubert pointed out to her observation the course of the rivers, the situation of great towns, and the boundaries of provinces, which science, rather than the eye, enabled him to describe. [29]

According to Harold Searles, relatedness with the nonhuman environment "alleviates [man's] fear of death. It helps

him, also, to find a sense of peace, a sense of stability, of continuity, and of certainty."[9] We may add that the detailed literary presentation of this relatedness enables Mrs. Radcliffe to convey the precise mental states of her characters as they mourn their loss and attempt to re-establish contact with their world and themselves.

Another of Dr. Searles's remarks, which we quoted above, to the effect that in our relating with the nonhuman environment we are learning the meaning of life, bears significantly on Emily's response to her environment throughout the book. This, however, is a point difficult to explain. So much of what Emily learns is not verbalized--is perhaps incapable of precise verbalization--that, in my attempt to convey here what I believe to be the nature of that learning experience, I run the risk of merely repeating, to excess, the descriptions that Mrs. Radcliffe gives of the scenery Emily responds to. Moreover, to accept this kind of experience as learning at all requires the reader to take sides in a philosophically debatable issue about whether in such nonverbal, feeling-based experiences we can be said really to learn anything in a significant way. I will have to ask the reader, consequently, to accept as a given that this kind of experience involves some sort of learning. We can, with this assumption, and without repeating all the details of all the experiences, make some observations about the kind of learning Emily acquires.

She learns, most importantly, about herself. When she

gives herself up in an actively inquiring way to the nonhuman environment, part of what she perceives is a projection of her self, as we have seen--of elements of her feelings that otherwise would have remained unconscious or at least indistinct in her mind.[10] The role that nature plays in helping us to clarify our thoughts is actually the subject of a discussion in Udolpho. Affected by a particular scene--a moonlit valley spread before them--Valancourt, having recently joined Emily and her father, speaks of the "'best and purest feelings'" awakened by such scenes; to which St. Aubert adds, "'I have always fancied, that I thought with more clearness, and precision, at such an hour'" (46; emphasis mine). There are other scenes, too, in which Emily's "musing" is aided by her surroundings (see p. 241, above).

Experience of the nonhuman environment also involves learning in other, related ways. We have just discussed the reflections that Emily and, especially, St. Aubert indulge in among the mountains after Madame St. Aubert has died, in which the scenery initiates in them a train of associations. We should also mention the ways in which contact with the nonhuman environment leads to learning about that environment itself. If this is an obvious kind of learning (it becomes formal learning when St. Aubert teaches his daughter the geography of southern France), it at least needs to be mentioned, though it plays a subordinate role in Udolpho. Another, less obvious

aspect of learning about the environment is more important here: we learn about ourselves through the nonhuman environment, not only by means of projection onto it of our feelings, but as a consequence of the fact that part of our created selves is nonhuman. Thus, some of what we learn about the environment in itself is at the same time learning about us in ourselves. On some level, more or less remote from consciousness in different individuals, we possess traits that are animal, vegetable, and even mineral.

It is worth observing here, though a bit away from our main point, that only a small portion of the nonhuman environment depicted in Mrs. Radcliffe's works is animal (the major exception is St. Aubert's dog, Manchon). Her characters commune with trees, rocks, man-made edifices--but very rarely with animals. This gap in the depiction of nature is perhaps referable in part to the proto-Victorian values that infuse her works. To depict animals vividly or in detail would be to approach too closely our own repressed, partly sexual, animal nature. There are, however, a few instances in which animals play a role in Emily's learning about herself (and our learning about her). To take one example, when, on their Pyrenean journey, Emily perceives "the izard [a kind of antelope] . . . bound[ing] along the brow of the cliffs," she feels in herself an animal pleasure of her own in wanting "to trip along the turf . . . and to taste the full delight of that liberty, which the izard seemed to enjoy" (36). She does this at least in imagination,

and thereby becomes more aware of her own animal nature.

Another aspect of Mrs. Radcliffe's characters' learning through contact with their nonhuman environment is the way it enables them to integrate their experiences. As we have seen, St. Aubert and Emily come to terms with their recent encounter with death by journeying through the mountains; they thereby at once make contact with their feelings of desolation and loss--the part of themselves that has died--and with their aliveness, those emotions that were suppressed during their mourning. The two kinds of emotions are fused (without losing their distinctness) in an aesthetic and healing experience. This kind of integration of experience constitutes a part of the learning about herself and the world that occurs within Emily throughout the novel.

After her father dies, although the nonhuman environment continues to function for Emily in all the ways we have seen, and although she periodically recovers her feelings of rapture and joy among countryside scenes, on two later journeys through mountain ranges, and in her shared experiences with Valancourt, nevertheless grief, loneliness, and fear begin to dominate her mind; she begins to lose her inner sense of peace as the outer world becomes more mysterious, threatening, and imprisoning, and her sense of what the world should be is violated by what she discovers it really is. Her inner harmony is for a time destroyed as she moves into a phase of emotional sickness. Archetypal images of death and hell prevail. (We will give these full

consideration in their place.)

It is just before her father's death that we receive the fullest picture of one particular range of Emily's emotions, moving as it were on a scale from joy to an awed religious meditative rapture. And these emotions are revealed by means of a projective interchange with the environment. On their journey through the Pyrenees, her father has shown signs of illness. It is night and they have found lodgings in a convent; Emily is in her room. "A train of gloomy ideas haunted her mind, till she fell asleep" (47). She is awakened by the sounds of the midnight mass. At first confused and alarmed for her father, she regains her orientation but remains in a dream-like state, not of dull drowsiness, but of acute imaginative awareness. When she opens the casement of her room and looks out upon the moonlit country, she is simultaneously penetrating into her own mind. A particular sense of sharp penetration while she is yet in a trance-like state is conveyed by the precise, evocative details: the moonlight, the atmospheric clarity--"the sky was unobscured by any cloud"--the unearthly stillness--"scarce a leaf of the woods beneath trembled in the air"--and the soft sounds of human beings, alone under the vast heaven, chanting a devotional air:

> As she listened, the mid-night hymn of the monks rose softly from a chapel, that stood on one of the lower cliffs, an holy strain, that seemed to ascend through the silence of night to heaven, and her thoughts ascended with it. [47; emphasis mine]

When we read that Emily's "mind arose to the adoration of the

Deity," we need not accept any particular religious doctrine to know what she feels; we are given, not dogma, but the psychological conditions for religious belief and awe.

During a later part of the journey, when Emily's father has become more gravely ill and they are once again sequestered for the night, Emily, alone in her room in the peasants' cottage, has a similar experience. This time, the perceptual and associative contents of her mind are unfolded in even greater detail, evoking in us, as Bodkin would explain it, buried memories of similar experiences.

> She leaned pensively on the little open casement, and in deep thought fixed her eyes on the heaven, whose blue unclouded concave was studded thick with stars, the worlds, perhaps, of spirits, unsphered of mortal mould. [72]

Fused with her meditation, projected onto her view of the star-studded sky, are her musings about the possibility of a future life, a continuation of a topic of conversation earlier in the evening. "As her eyes wandered along the boundless aether, her thoughts rose, as before, towards the sublimity of the Deity, and to the contemplation of futurity." Even more than in her earlier meditation, we are given not religion abstracted or artificially isolated from experience, but rather a psychologically precise picture of devotion evolving out of particular secular experiences. Although "no busy note of this world interrupted the course of her mind," we are given her memories of daytime activity, contrasting its business with the present: "the merry dance had ceased, and every cottager

had retired to his home." Slowly, in a progression of poetic and precise images, we see Emily's mind simultaneously recede into itself and rise out into the heavens, as the lingering faint signs of life in the daytime world fade away:

> The still air seemed scarcely to breathe upon the woods, and, now and then, the distant sound of a solitary sheep-bell, or of a closing casement, was all that broke on silence.11 At length, even this hint of human being was heard no more. [72]

The strong feeling she then displays is convincing in this context and in its relation to the depiction--again, precise --of the natural progression of night:

> Elevated and enwrapt, while her eyes were often wet with tears of sublime devotion and solemn awe, she continued at the casement, till the gloom of mid-night hung over the earth, and the planet, which La Voisin had pointed out, sunk below the woods. [72]

In its function of representing Emily's thoughts, the planet's dropping out of sight marks a break in her rapt concentration. She passes into a state of mild fear as her associations lead her back to mysterious events of the previous day. The dropping of the planet leaves a blank darkness--representing her uneasy state of not knowing; this is reinforced by her anxious expectation of hearing the mysterious music being answered only by dead silence. Careful not to leave her picture of Emily's mind incomplete, Mrs. Radcliffe concludes the scene by giving Emily's successive realizations about herself and her situation in the present and near future, leading her finally to go to sleep. Our sense of being there with Emily, of identification with her, is especially powerful

at this point.

> No music, however, stole on the silence of the night, and Emily, perceiving the lateness of the hour, returned to a scene [error for "sense"?] of fatigue, remembered that she was to rise early in the morning, and withdrew from the window to repose. [73]

Maintaining the continuity, Mrs. Radcliffe resumes her exploration of Emily's mind when she awakes early the next morning. We find that she has not been refreshed by sleep, in which

> uneasy dreams ha[ve] pursued her. . . . But, when she opened her casement, looked out upon the woods, bright with the morning sun, and inspired the pure air, her mind was soothed. [73]

In its place, this is particularly vivid and evocative of the reader's sympathetic feelings. For we are given (one of several instances) the archetypal rebirth pattern in miniature, foreshadowing the development of the book's larger pattern. After her religious rapture of the previous night, followed by a state of anxiety and disappointed expectation, we find that her sleep has only prolonged her feelings of uneasiness and has failed to refresh her--the phase (in the archetype) of feeling emotionally stifled. But once she regains contact with her environment, she is restored to a sense of life in a manner that is particularly powerful by virtue of its drawing on the reader's own unconscious stock of rebirth imagery and feelings. But there is a certain difference between this and more traditional appearances of the rebirth archetype: here, the pattern is given a particularly psychological basis by being presented

as a movement within a character's mind. The movement, moreover, is psychologically realistic (that is, detailed and true-to-life) in its representation of the compensatory action of the mind when faced with remote and uncertain signs of trouble: transient anxiety is incorporated into dreams, which process then frees waking consciousness to respond to an upwelling of reserve healing power, occurring here, as often in life, on the occasion of contact with certain aspects of the nonhuman environment. In other situations, when the trouble is immediately present rather than remote, we may see this compensatory action of the mind operating within a dream. This occurs, for example, after St. Aubert's death, when Emily sees her father in a dream, "his features glow[ing] with the mild rapture of a superior being." The dream is a rather interesting one, incorporating outer sensation into its imagery, as dreams sometimes really do: when St. Aubert opens his mouth to speak, "instead of words, she heard sweet music borne on the distant air" (83), music she continues to hear in the outer world (from which she finds it had penetrated her dream) when she awakes.

This appearance of music may serve to remind us how important sound is in the presentation of Emily's thoughts. It does not appear merely as part of the mystery of the strange music or to lend charm to rustic scenes. It is a regular component of Emily's consciousness and often adds significantly to our sense of her deep emotion. When,

much later, she is imprisoned at Udolpho, and unexpectedly hears "one of the popular airs of her native province" (386), it becomes an occasion for genuine self-awareness. In her awakening at La Voisin's cottage--the scene we just examined--we have not only sights, but the feeling of the morning air in Emily's lungs, and, especially, sounds--"the matin-bell of a distant convent, the faint murmur of the sea-waves, the song of birds, and the far-off low of cattle" (73)--what Mrs. Radcliffe calls "picturesque" sounds. Her use of this term in a kind of synaesthetic way shows how broad was her concept of the picturesque. She was interested less in the visual for its own sake than in the complete psychological synthesis of the experience of nature. That Mrs. Radcliffe could conceive of "picturesque sounds" indicates the great degree to which she experienced "nature" as a Gestalt and attempted to convey it as such to her readers.

At this point it will be helpful to recall a fact we briefly mentioned earlier: that Mrs. Radcliffe's fictional medium enables her to show the development of mental states in time. Let us now look at some ways in which she portrays the slow evolution of certain states of joy. We have already seen how Emily's religious exaltation is more meaningful by virtue of its being built up gradually out of a confluence of various thoughts and feelings, including those pertaining to her father's illness and to the mysteries that have begun to hem her about, leading her to retreat within herself (with

the aid of a projective interchange with her environment) to seek balm for her mental wounds. In her turning inward, we are given a precise picture of the development of her feelings in relation to changes in her surroundings--the dying away of distant sounds, the setting of a planet below the trees, and so forth. In Emily's mountain journeys this accumulation of perceptions and emotions serves even more to convey certain kinds of feelings which exist partly by the very fact of their having been preceded by certain other feelings.

Let us again turn to the journey through the Pyrenees. The first part of this appears in a chapter (I.3) which encompasses the time of exactly one day, one of several such in the novel (one way in which fictional time is made to approximate real time). As we have seen, some of the emotional value of Emily's and St. Aubert's experiences is imparted by our memory of their recent mourning for Madame St. Aubert. After their state of dark melancholy, their setting out on a bright morning comes across as an emotional dawn (the St. Auberts' experiencing of dawn as an awakening from death to life, which we discussed above [see pp. 209-210], comes later in the same journey). For a while, "as they ascend . . . the heights. . . . the grandeur of the objects around" makes little conscious impression on them, though, because we have been told that their way affords "extensive views and great . . . variety of romantic scenery" (27), we feel that they do perceive all

this in some unconscious way. When Emily then begins to appreciate the scenery, after some melancholy musing, we experience with her, not merely the beauty of that scenery, but what it feels like to have it burst upon one's consciousness after one has been absorbed in reflecting on one's past, and after one's spirits have long been depressed by mourning.

We are then given a first description of the sublimity of the St. Auberts' feelings on making contact with this scenery. And then, interspersed with magnificent views of lofty peaks and blue winding rivers, details are related of more ordinary matters: their carrying a stock of provisions, their plans regarding accommodations, their need to rest, their searching for the right road. These mundane concerns are far from being an unwelcome digression; they precisely and vividly convey a feeling of what it is like to be on such a journey. And, connected with this feeling, they fill up time, so that, when the reader returns with the St. Auberts to gaze at the sublime scenery, he feels, as they do, a sense of having traveled a long way, of having ascended gradually into remote areas, of being increasingly isolated from domestic comforts. Then, when the sun sets, we more nearly approach apprehending the full emotional significance of this event by virtue of its coming near the end of a detailed account of an entire day. It is not a sunset alone, but rather a sunset in its full natural context.

In her rich presentation of her characters' experiences, Mrs. Radcliffe includes an element which we have thus far scarcely touched upon and which we may now see augmenting the St. Auberts' mountain-journey experience: motor imagery. They gallop "along the edge of a precipice, which it made the eye dizzy to look down." When we are told of "points so dangerous, that fancy shrunk from the view of them" (30; emphasis mine), we actually feel something of the sensation of shrinking back from treacherous heights. Some of the mountain peaks and overhanging cliffs are characterized less by their shapes than by whether or not men or animals are capable of climbing there. The outlines of other mountains appear only to the extent that "the eye [can] penetrate" (42) to them. At one point, the sensation of immense height is suggested by some children's watching pebbles they have dropped into a torrent far below. Their eyes follow the motion of the stones all the way down to the moment when they "plunge into the water, that threw up its white spray high in the air as it received them and returned a sullen sound, which the echoes of the mountain prolonged" (44; emphasis mine). The personification conveys the projective way in which the minds of the human observers actively contribute to their sensations to derive a full perception of space. We may fully grasp how much active effort the participants need to expend in their perception of their mountainous surroundings when we are told that "the eye, fatigued with the extension of its powers, was glad to

repose on the verdure of woods and pastures" (43). Yet again we are reminded of how little Mrs. Radcliffe is really interested in framing pictures or exemplifying aesthetic theories; she is, rather, principally interested in exploring the characters' (and, implicitly, the readers') complex reactions to their environment.

And these reactions include a sense of the time lived through. The second day of the Pyrenean journey derives part of its significance by its having been preceded by a full account of the first day. If we have been following the narrative closely we can at this point better appreciate the subtle changes in the environment. When the travelers resume their journey just before dawn in a remote valley, St. Aubert "inhale[s] the first pure breath of morning" and finds it particularly refreshing "in these regions . . . , where an abundance of wild flowers and aromatic herbs breathed forth their essence on the air." Then comes the sunrise passage we have already discussed; consistently with the anticipatory rebirth imagery clustered in the first third of the book, St. Aubert feels that "All nature seemed to have awakened from death into life" (36).

After Valancourt leaves them, the St. Auberts return to their contemplation of their surroundings and perceive further changes, which are richly and subtly detailed in the atmosphere and terrain. They travel on, and we can feel with them, after the lengthy accumulation of experiences, a sharpened sense of remoteness, of isolation in a mountain

wilderness. Precisely because for our present purposes we have to take the scenes out of their temporal context, we lose some of the effect of descriptions like this:

> They continued to travel over a rough and unfrequented road, seeing now and then at a distance the solitary shepherd, with his dog, stalking along the valley, and hearing only the dashing of torrents, which the woods concealed from the eye, the long sullen murmur of the breeze, as it swept over the pines, or the notes of the eagle and the vulture, which were seen towering round the beetling cliff. [37]

Then the road begins to ascend again, and we feel, once more by virtue of the accumulation of sensations of effort expended along the way, that we have attained even greater, almost unreachable heights.

This sensation is conveyed again in Emily's journey with the Montonis through the Apennines (which journey feels as it does partly by virtue of its position; it is Emily's third major mountain excursion, taking her farther and farther from home): "As the traveller still ascended among the pine forests, steep rose over steep, the mountains seemed to multiply, as they went, and what was the summit of one eminence proved to be only the base of another" (225). This journey--to Udolpho--is the scene of Emily's last experience of sublime exaltation before the shades of the prison house begin to close around her. It is true that Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions become redundant at times; yet each of the mountain journeys differs in certain significant respects from the others. On this third major journey, noticeably more than on the others, emotions of fear, despair, and

loneliness are infused, projectively, into the scenery. And when she passes through that portion of the scenery that is merely beautiful rather than sublime, Emily's senses are "dead to the beautiful country, through which she traveled" (224). So dominant have negative emotions become by this time that her mind fails to respond to scenery that is inappropriate as a reflector of her projections of such emotions. Only on the most lofty and remote mountain passes does Emily lose, "for a moment, her sorrows, in the immensity of nature" (225).

Before we concern ourselves entirely with these darker emotions, let us round out our tracing of "Heaven" images in this portion of Udolpho. Emily's experiences of this kind are purest on the second major mountain journey, that through the Alps--appropriately, before emotions of fear and imprisonment begin to predominate. There, "as she travel[s] among the clouds, watch[ing] in silent awe their billowy surges rolling below" (165), her surroundings indeed often seem to match our idea of heaven itself. When "having passed through a sea of vapour, she [catches] a first view of Italy" (165), her simultaneous view of mountains and vast plains is like a view of the entire world at once. Again, the magnificence of the following Olympian prospect is weakened by its having been taken out of context:

> The solitary grandeur of the objects that immediately surrounded her, the mountain-region towering above, the deep precipices that fell beneath, the waving blackness of the forests of pine and oak, which skirted their feet, or

> hung within their recesses, the headlong torrents that, dashing among their cliffs, sometimes appeared like a cloud of mist, at others like a sheet of ice --these were features which received a higher character of sublimity from the reposing beauty of the Italian landscape below, stretching to the wide horizon, where the same melting blue tint seemed to unite earth and sky. [166]

This splendid, realistically detailed version of the "Heaven" archetype (or sub-archetype) places Mrs. Radcliffe squarely in the middle of the Romantic movement (and invites comparison with Wordsworth's account of his Alpine journey in Book VI of The Prelude). At length, as we travel with Emily around huge precipices from whose edges she recoils in terror, we experience, in richly unfolding particulars, precisely how with her terrors are "mingled such various emotions of delight, such admiration, astonishment, and awe, as she had never experienced before" (166). It is not simply for Mrs. Radcliffe's realistic portrayal of states of fear, but also for that of the origin, development, and precise composition of feelings of rapture (as well as a variety of less sublime but joyous emotions) that we may call her a literary psychologist of hitherto unacclaimed subtlety.

Udolpho: The Psychology of Fear

Emily St. Aubert's "Heart of Darkness". After her father's death, after she has been separated from Valancourt, and especially after she has arrived at the castle of Udolpho, Emily's life turns increasingly grim. Her happiness yields more and more to fear, loneliness, loss of faith in others, despair, and preoccupation with death. The accumulation of

shocks to her sensibility nearly unsettles her sanity, and for a time she is virtually shattered by what she has seen and felt. This is her "dark night of the soul," her descent into hell, her "heart of darkness," as the experience has been variously portrayed in literature. Viewed according to Bodkin's schema, Emily's experience may be seen to incorporate the imagery and events of the "Hell" and "emotional death" phases of the "Heaven and Hell" and "rebirth" archetypes. These phases are characterized, as we have already noted, by a severing of relations with the outer world, a turning inward, a movement downward, tending toward the very cessation of movement, and by images of cavernous depths, darkness, and enclosure, evoking fear, "the horror of loss and frustration," and preoccupation with disintegration and death--all depicted in psychologically realistic detail.

Commentary on the "Gothic" aspects of Udolpho, focusing on the middle third of the book, has generally emphasized three areas: (1) the degree of fear induced in the reader's mind by the author's use of suspensefully deployed mysteries, suggestions of the supernatural, and situations in which characters are trapped in life-and-freedom-threatening circumstances and places; (2) the rational explanations of what at first seem to be supernatural occurrences; and (3) the creation of a "Gothic" atmosphere by means of such stage properties as decaying castles, dark passages, trap doors, and so forth.[12] It is my contention that the excessive emphasis on any of these characteristics has

been detrimental to an adequate understanding of the psychological dimension of Udolpho. I believe that we can do this dimension justice only when we examine the Gothic properties, the debates about the supernatural, the threatening events, and the accumulation of mysteries, not as though they were ingredients in a ghostly goulash or supernatural stew, but rather as interrelated and ultimately unified aspects of the subjective experiences of (primarily) a single character whose inner self is seen as slowly evolving in relation to her environment.

I do not wish to deny that Udolpho narrates the experiences of many characters besides Emily, nor that, at bottom, these experiences exist as a tissue of responses in the mind of the reader. Critical problems have arisen, not from our attending to the dynamics of reader response, but rather from some persistent misconceptions about the nature of this response. The critics of Udolpho have neglected so many of its psychological subtleties because they have studied its treatment of fear with far too little reference to the particular manifestations of this emotion. (Railo was one of the first to follow the quantitative approach seriously, almost dogmatically.) Different combinations of various kinds of events will evoke in the reader somewhat different sensations, all of which may be loosely denominated "fear" or "terror," but which, as we may see by close scrutiny of the text, are interesting primarily insofar as they differ. Content is the important thing, not the

degree to which the reader's equanimity is disturbed or the extent to which an emotional catharsis occurs. It is impossible to overemphasize the particular contents of the archetypal responses we are studying. Simple introspection will remind us that emotions are less like monoliths in a desert than like shifting and mingling cross-currents in a stream. And we may recall that over two centuries ago Lord Kames tied emotions to particular impressions (see above, p. 243). We can thoroughly understand Emily's (and our) fear only by considering it as part of a Gestalt which links it with grief, joy, anger, and other emotions, thoughts, and perceptions.

Although, given the unified presentation of her mental contents, it would be ideally appropriate to study all of Emily's fear-related responses at once, the limitations of language dictate that we study them in some kind of sequence, neglecting as little as possible their significant interrelatedness and ultimate unity. We will therefore successively examine Emily's (1) loneliness in relation to loss of secure human support, through death, moral questioning, forced separation, and the emotional remoteness and insensitivity of others; (2) responses to certain kinds of mystery; (3) underlying feelings of guilt; and (4) retreat into herself, involving mental wandering, stagnation, and fragmentation, immersion in feelings of nostalgia, regret, and hopelessness, and preoccupation with the horrors of death and decay--all depicted largely through her relation with

her nonhuman (and to a lesser degree her human) environment. We will also see that many kinds of subtle feelings not subsumed under these categories enter as well into the composition of Emily's far from simple fear.

Loss Through Death. Once again we are called upon to recognize the importance in Udolpho of the gradual unfolding of events in time. Although Mrs. Radcliffe's repeated presentations of similar landscapes may seem (and to an extent no doubt are) redundant, they nevertheless serve psychological purposes. One such purpose is the rendering of Emily's gradually accumulating feelings of loss. The "scenes of simple nature" (1) that she enjoys in childhood assume a different tone when she encounters them, or scenes like them, after she has lost her parents. We have already seen how this occurs in her journey through the Pyrenees after her mother's death. When, after the subsequent death of her father, she travels with her aunt to Italy, her projective experience of Alpine scenery once again highlights the nature of her grief. The fact that the account of this journey follows a detailed account of Emily's mourning, suggests even more precisely how her grief has altered her view of things. Also involved in this altered view of her environment are the mental products of other kinds of loss, as we shall see.

First let us examine the psychological significance for Emily of the death of St. Aubert. Emily has been very close to her father; it is he, more than her mother (who plays a

subordinate role and can scarcely be said to live as a character), who has educated her, who has inculcated in her both her moral principles and her love of nature. Emily, in fact, virtually sees the world through his eyes. She is so accustomed to his guidance, his protection, and his mere presence, and to sharing experience with him, that his death is an almost incalculable loss to her. The psychologically realistic narrative, however, affords the reader a basis for calculating her loss. Despite its sentimentality, the scene of St. Aubert's death in La Voisin's cottage, together with related events, strikes one as true to life; it is validated by its evoking in the reader memories of similar experiences.

After we have accompanied Emily and St. Aubert through their Pyrenean journey and have seen so much through their eyes, we feel with Emily an "agony of terror" when all of a sudden her father is stricken and faints in their carriage in a dark, lonely spot (64). When, panic-stricken, she runs off alone to seek aid, "anxiety and terror for her father" are so strong that the remoteness and desolation of the setting make no conscious impression on her for some time. The scene is powerful because Mrs. Radcliffe makes us aware of many factors operating in Emily's mind at once.

> It was a still, moon-light night, and the music [of some peasants], which yet sounded on the air, directed her steps from the high road, up a shadowy lane, that led to the woods. Her mind was for some time so entirely occupied by anxiety and terror for her father, that she felt none for herself, till the deepening gloom of the overhanging

> foliage, which now wholly excluded the moon-light, and the wildness of the place, recalled her to a sense of her adventurous situation. The music had ceased, and she had no guide but chance.
> [64-65; emphasis mine]

This description of Emily's fear, the first serious outbreak of its kind in the book, is especially significant in that it occurs when her father suddenly becomes gravely ill, and, for the first time in her life, the responsibility for his care falls into her hands. Now it is she who must mediate between him and the outside world, and for the first time she makes contact on her own with a world of threatening uncertainty. The depth of her fear is highlighted by the extent to which her mind pushes aside all notice of her surroundings for a time; but the mental struggle that ensues brings home even more forcibly the degree of her terror at suddenly being deprived of her father's protection. For her sense of loneliness and desolation is so strong that, despite her immediate practical concern for finding help, her projected feelings imbue her surroundings (the gloomy old chateau buried in the woods and associated with local superstition) with an oppressive, ominous foreboding that continues "till a sense of her father's condition overcoming every consideration for herself, she proceeded" (65). Even then the sense of something awful is not entirely dissipated. Their approach to the chateau (which we have already quoted in part) is anticipatory of that to Poe's house of Usher half a century later and serves a similar psychological function:

> . . . they entered between rows of antient oak and chestnut, whose intermingled branches formed a lofty arch above. There was something so gloomy and desolate in the appearance of this avenue, and its lonely silence, that Emily almost shuddered as she passed along. . . . They passed slowly on, for they were now almost in darkness, which, together with the unevenness of the ground, and the frequent roots of old trees, that shot up above the soil, made it necessary to proceed with caution. [63]

In its projective significance, this dark and primitive setting suggests a penetration inward to the depths of the mind. Later we shall look further into the meaning of this kind of scene.

When St. Aubert, sick and about to die, is taken by old La Voisin into his cottage and briefly enjoys the "cool and balmy air, that lightly waved the embowering honeysuckles, and wafted their sweet breath into the apartment" and tastes the "fruits, cream, and all the pastoral luxury [La Voisin's] cottage afforded" (66-67), as well as the sympathy and warm welcome of the old peasant and his family, the horrors of death seem to lose their potency. The picture may strike many readers as too sentimental, if not without its charm. Yet, more than a sentimental interlude, the scene has its significance in the scheme of Emily's growth. Despite the premonitory terrors of her approach to the chateau and her bewildered panic about her father, at this early stage of her development she is yet able--though just barely--to incorporate her fears into her idealism. Death still seems a thing which, with the right attitude and the support of the community, may be experienced with love, dignity, and a sense

of fitness in the scheme of the universe. Emily's musings that night while gazing out of her window at the starry heavens are dominated by religious speculations on the life of the spirit after bodily death. Her "uneasy dreams" (73) and disturbed brooding over her father's peculiar reaction to news of the De Villerois are present in just such proportions as to reveal convincingly the mental state of one who is as yet insufficiently experienced to feel more than transitory discomfort over things that she will soon experience as profound disturbances.

St. Aubert's death marks a turning point in Emily's life. Here, in fully depicted scenes of fear, anger, grief, and tearful release, the nature of the events is such as to justify an otherwise excessive sentimentality. But something else raises these episodes above commonplace scenes in an ordinary sentimental novel: the subtle changes that we see occur in Emily's mind on her contact with the death of one who has been as dear to her as herself. True, she is able to discharge her emotions through weeping, fainting, and nostalgic meditations over the corpse and the grave; her tears flow mingled with "a thousand sweet emotions" (85). Yet, something is left over that cannot be wept away.

Emily begins to perceive something not quite right with life in situations she hitherto would have idealized. When the old friar who hears her father's confession and who represents the mysteries of the next world to which Emily has increasingly been devoting her thoughts, leaves St.

Aubert, the latter is unaccountably agitated, a circumstance which, for all the priest's holiness, shocks Emily and causes her to feel "a slight degree of resentment" (79). Disturbing, too, is the matter of the promise her father exacts from her concerning the mysterious papers buried under the floor at La Vallée; and also strangely, persistently disquieting is the mystery that enshrouds the connection between her father and the De Villerois, associated somehow with the unearthly music that has been heard in the vicinity of the chateau for years.

And, despite her assurance that "'to God and to himself [St Aubert] yet lives!'" (82), the physical presence of his lifeless body arouses in her a "horror of the stillness in which death had fixed that countenance, never till now seen otherwise than animated" (83). This stubborn gross physicality of death is a thing that will pursue her long afterward, through many a horrifying experience at Udolpho. It will remain for a considerable time a perception which, flinch from and shun it as she may, will haunt her consciousness in many guises.

It is in confrontation with death, moreover, that Emily's mind begins to play little tricks on her. Here Mrs. Radcliffe displays her understanding of distressed mental states. In the author's terminology, Emily's "reason" begins to yield to "superstition." As we have seen, when Emily thus enters a "superstitious" mental state, she is really entering a dream-like state in which she

projects her wishes, expectations, and fears onto her environment. After she has gazed in a trance-like state on her father's lifeless countenance, she is struck "with a mixture of doubt and astonishment. Her reason could scarcely overcome an involuntary and unaccountable expectation of seeing that beloved countenance still susceptible" (83). Later, in a dream, she associates her father with the mysterious music, and "she was chilled with superstitious awe." The next day, in projective incidents of which we have already taken note, her obsession with her father's death causes her to experience further disturbances in her environment. She is unable to admire the rich scenery around the convent of St. Clair because "her thoughts were occupied by one sad idea, and the features of nature were to her colourless and without form" (84). On other occasions her mind projects its nameless fears into her surroundings. As she visits her father's grave at night, alone, in the vaults of the church (significantly, one of the first descents into a confined, dark place, drawing upon the "Hell" archetype and suggesting an increase of emotional constriction), in the gloom, obscurity, and silence of the place, "in the moon-light, that fell athwart a remote part of the aisle, she thought she saw a shadow gliding between the pillars" (91). The fleeting vision, never confirmed as real or otherwise, is more than anything else an embodiment of her increasingly frequent tendency to panic in situations of loneliness and isolation. And,

despite her attempts to cling to memories of her father and the past, from this point on such memories fail to compensate completely for her inescapable sense of gaping loss, abandonment, depression, and, frequently, panic. In fact, rather than being an exercise in fashionable sentimentality, Mrs. Radcliffe's full account of Emily's nostalgic return through the Pyrenees to La Vallée serves to intensify her loss by contrasting her memories with her sense of present reality.

Loss of Affection; Loss of Faith. After Emily has lost both her parents, several other factors contribute to her increasing loneliness. The first is the loss of Valancourt. The circumstances in which this occurs are among the least convincing to the modern reader, depending as they do on Emily and Valancourt's acting on motives of the "delicacy" so idealized in eighteenth-century society. Their delicate scruples raise so many barriers for the young couple that it is a wonder they ever marry at all. First of all, even though St. Aubert himself approved of the young chevalier, once Emily is orphaned the very values passed on to her by her late parents forbid her even receiving visits from a young man without the presence of a suitable third party. The couple's brief period of happiness at Toulouse is the result of their happening to fit into Madame Cheron's selfish plans for her niece. When, again following only her own self-serving wishes, Madame Cheron calculates that the marriage of Emily and Valancourt would no longer be of any use to her, the lovers are again separated, this time,

apparently, for good. It is true that once Emily attains legal age (apparently in a year or so from her departure for Italy) she will be able to dispose of herself and her property as she pleases; but we have already been told of St. Aubert's near-bankruptcy, and Valancourt, as a younger son, is equally destitute--another obstacle to their union. Furthermore, the scruples of delicacy forbid a clandestine marriage. Much later on, when Emily has survived Udolpho and she re-encounters Valancourt, delicacy once again prohibits their union, in spite of her having inherited her aunt's property. This time, a vague and ill-founded report of Valancourt's misconduct in Paris constitutes the obstacle to their happiness. In the circumstance perhaps most remote from the sympathy of modern readers, considerations of delicacy prohibit the couple from ever discussing the exact nature of the alleged moral transgression, a subject presumably too coarse for the ears of a chaste young lady, so that Valancourt has not even the privilege granted criminals at their trials: that of speaking in his own defense.

On the other hand, Emily's lack of trust in Valancourt does not seem <u>wholly</u> attributable to motives of delicacy. First of all, they manage to meet and communicate a number of times prior to Emily's departure for Italy, despite her aunt's injunctions. And if we may judge from the contemporary <u>Old Manor House</u> of Charlotte Smith, in which the young lovers meet clandestinely for a long time contrary to the prohibitions of the girl's aunt, and yet without seeming to damage

the purity of their relationship, the morals of the age do not seem to have been quite so strict as Emily's behavior would suggest. (We are speaking, of course, of late eighteenth-century morals and manners, which in fact prevail in Udolpho despite the ostensibly sixteenth-century setting.) Finally, Theresa herself, the old housekeeper, acts as a kind of chorus figure in urging, with a license conferred by her age and length of service, the more common-sensical view that the sterling moral behavior of the lovers, their similarity in "tempers and ways" (636), and their obviously persistent love for each other are a virtual demonstration that they would be foolish not to marry. Emily even acknowledges this in part, and her refusal to reveal to Theresa her reasons for rejecting Valancourt or to discuss the matter in any way suggests that the distrust of Valancourt that exists side by side with her love for him is more the result of her individual way of seeing him at this time than it is a submission to the dictates of society. At times the report of Valancourt's alleged misconduct seems merely a convenient excuse for Emily to withhold herself from him.

If we examine Emily's attitude toward Valancourt in the context of its place in the series of events in Emily's life, we discover that it results more from Emily's state of mind than from anything Valancourt has done to provoke her rejection of him. In order to see this clearly, we must return to the time not long after St. Aubert's death. When

Madame Cheron approves of the lovers' union, we see how Valancourt represents to Emily the only hope she has of recovering the kind of ideal life she shared with her parents. For we have before then already seen how poorly suited Emily is for life in the "world" of fashionable French society, with its tawdry glitter, its artificiality, its empty boasting and flattery, its petty rivalries, and its worship of rank and wealth. Valancourt, with his love of nature and the finer arts, his freedom from pretense and artifice, and his benevolence, is a kind of male counterpart to Emily; he could easily--or so it would seem --become to her a father, mother, brother, and husband all in one, enabling her to extend indefinitely into the future the sort of life she led as a child at La Vallée. The possibility of such a "perfect" union seems the greater inasmuch as Valancourt had received the actual approval of Emily's father when the latter was alive.

Yet, that such a complete transfer of affection should take place painlessly is entirely contrary to the premises of the rebirth archetype--and therefore to life as we know it. The reader knows, at least unconsciously, that the lovers must first go through a period of groping, suffering, learning through concrete experience about the nature of the world and themselves, before they can hope to be happy as adults either individually or together.

Now, a major part of Emily's suffering, as we shall see more clearly, consists not so much in outward calamity

as in her temporary loss of faith in the important--even the minor--people in her life. The lack of trust she displays toward Valancourt is only one part of a growing, pervasive mistrust of humanity that begins at the death of her father and enters its final phase with her refusal to give the slandered Valancourt a fair hearing. We may detect its beginnings in her resentment toward the benevolent old friar who hears her father's confession. This mistrust is not to be underrated as a psychological factor in Emily's suffering; for one of the strengths of the psychology of Udolpho is that in it we may trace subtle links between Emily's loss of faith --her moral doubting of others--and other elements of her suffering: her loneliness, her growing tendency to panic, her preoccupation with death and decay, her despair, and the partial breakdown of her sanity. Before we recommence exploring Emily's relation with her nonhuman environment (which in large part reflects her relations with herself), it will be worthwhile to take further note of some concomitant factors in her interaction with her human environment.

Emily in Society; Loss of Paradise. When Emily passes into the custody of her aunt, Madame Cheron/Montoni, the story enters a distinct phase, which we may call that of "Emily in Society." This phase we may further divide into two periods: that spent chiefly at Toulouse, when, for most of the time, Emily is happy with Valancourt; and that spent chiefly at Venice, when she must accustom herself to having lost Valancourt, perhaps forever.

The social life by which Emily is surrounded at Toulouse and Venice is especially well portrayed; these scenes in fact constitute the only realistic picture of fashionable society in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction, and the zestful irony with which she details and then undercuts character after pretentious or self-deluding character suggests the strong influence of Fanny Burney and/or Charlotte Smith. Some of these sketches are not merely colorful, ironic, and witty, they are strikingly accurate stabs at the real substance--or lack of it--hidden behind the social façade of personalities we may all recognize. For example:

> This lady, who possessed all the sprightliness of a Frenchwoman, with all her coquetry, affected to understand every subject, or rather there was no affectation in the case; for, never looking beyond the limits of her own ignorance, she believed she had nothing to learn. She attracted notice from all; amused some, disgusted others for a moment, and was then forgotten. [122]

Many of these sketches are of those who are to play significant roles in the story; but others, such as that of the Frenchwoman, are introduced to fill out the panorama of human nature that passes before Emily's eyes, and, at this stage in her life, serves chiefly to feed her growing disappointment in humanity.

Both at Toulouse (before Emily is temporarily reunited with Valancourt) and at Venice, this human panorama, together with the often artificial nonhuman environment, also serves as a kind of show to distract Emily from the loneliness resulting from her loss of Valancourt and her parents.

Further, this show becomes material for her frequent reflections on the painful contrast between past and present. For example, one day in Toulouse she retires to a little pavilion on her aunt's estate, a structure that symbolizes the small portion of her psyche yet occupied by secure and familiar thoughts. These thoughts appear at first as a response to her nonhuman environment. After having spent days "in a round of dissipation and company" whose talents she has come to discover "were for the most part those of imposture" (122), she is now able to enjoy in solitude "the mild and beautiful evening of a sultry day" (123). The sun-touched peaks of the Pyrenees and the twilight-shaded waves of the river Garonne lead her to thoughts of Valancourt and, appropriately, her past--in particular, the ways in which Valancourt embodies her values and those of her parents. She is becoming disillusioned with the "imposture" and "dissimulation" of society; Valancourt's ingenuousness seems especially attractive, and, "now that she was removed from him, and in uncertainty, she perceived all the interest he held in her heart" (123).

Yet Emily's reflections are more subtly elaborated than those of the typical heroine of romance and sentimental fiction: for we may detect a change in her view of her lover even thus early. As her thoughts shift from Valancourt to her aunt, her love is infected by a doubt planted in her mind by the latter, but the growth of which is fostered by her own susceptible innocence. The faint possibility

> that the elegance and propriety of thought, which she so much admired in her lover, were assumed for the purpose of pleasing her. . . . was sufficient to harass her mind with anxiety, and she found, that few conditions are more painful than that of uncertainty, as to the merit of a beloved object; an uncertainty, which she would not have suffered, had her confidence in her own opinions been greater. [123]

But her confidence cannot be greater at this time, as it is being undermined by a growing, all-encompassing mistrust of which she does not always seem fully conscious. It extends, most significantly, to her father, in a way of which she seems incompletely aware. After her mother's death, she accidentally encounters St. Aubert contemplating, with a display of strong emotion, a picture of a strange woman: "Emily could scarcely believe what she saw to be real" (26). The bare possibility that her father could react in this way toward a strange woman strikes her as something uncanny. After her father's death, when Emily burns, at his behest, the papers hidden under the floor at La Vallée, she discovers (as we find out much later) evidence in them which would seem to call into question the very legitimacy of her birth; as a consequence, her faith in the fundamental structure of the life to which she has been accustomed begins to weaken, so much of that life having been based on a blind trust of her parents.

That Emily's faith in others should begin to totter just after the death of her parents strikes us as appropriate and exemplifies Mrs. Radcliffe's sound psychological intuition. This is corroborated by Freud in his paper, "Mourning and

Melancholia."[13] There, Freud calls our attention to the unconscious ambivalence in our feelings toward those we love, an ambivalence which, after their death or loss in some other way, emerges in disguised fashion--in extreme cases not merely as part of the normal mourning process, but in a prolonged depression. In this depression lies a concealed expression of the hostile component of the ambivalence (in which the aggressive impulses are turned largely against oneself). In Emily's case, although she is of course not conscious of any hostile feelings toward her parents, her buried aggressive impulses assume other forms, among which is her pervasive loss of faith in others. This can be seen most obviously, with the most open display of the aggressive component, in her arrogant and even cruel behavior toward Valancourt. We may remark here that, although Mrs. Radcliffe and her readers would not, of course, have explained Emily's mental state in Freudian terms, the formulations of Maud Bodkin and others on our response to literature enable us to see how the psychological truth conveyed by Mrs. Radcliffe is validated unconsciously in the mind of every reader by the memories of universal experience evoked therein by the narrative.

Another universal pattern informing Emily's mental odyssey is one which psychoanalysts have identified in primitive, regressive mental states that tend to occur in times of stress. This pattern consists of a kind of mental defensiveness in which one's aggressive impulses are

disavowed by projecting them onto real or fantasied aggressors. The child (or child-in-the-adult) needs to do this in order to avoid the rejection, punishment, and loss of love of his parent-protectors that would ensue on his behaving in a morally culpable manner. Dr. John Mack has observed this phenomenon as a regular component of nightmares, in which children who have in waking life shown signs of aggressive, destructive impulses have at night suffered from terrifying nightmares in which they have been the victims of precisely the persons or things (in disguised form) toward which their aggression had been displayed.[14] I shall have more to say about this pattern when we examine Emily's experiences in the castle of Udolpho. Here, a concomitant phenomenon is relevant. The child (or adult in regressed mental states) at times harbors aggressive impulses toward the most important figures in his life: his parents. At the same time, he has a deep need to preserve their love and protection, and their very existence, from the onslaught of his aggression. He manages this (unconsciously, of course) through the psychic defense of "splitting": toward his real parents he acknowledges only positive intentions and attributes to them only positive character traits. But either in the outer world or in the creations of dream and fantasy he finds or invents evil parent-figures, whose traits are primarily those of malevolence, and toward whom he may express his aggressive impulses without losing the love and support of his actual parents. It has been observed that literature is filled

with instances of this kind of splitting. Especially obvious is the typicality in fairy tales of all-good real parents and all-bad stepparents or parent surrogates. But splitting appears regularly in the greatest literature as well. Simon O. Lesser has observed, for example, that in Hamlet, the father-figure is split three ways: into an all-good father (the elder Hamlet) for whom Hamlet reserves all his admiration, and two bad fathers (Claudius and Polonius), toward whom he may express hostility that he dare not express toward the ghost of his real father.[15]

Emily's case is even more extreme than Hamlet's: whereas Hamlet is permitted to express hostility toward father substitutes, Emily, by the injunctions and examples of her parents, and by the ethics of delicacy, is forbidden the open expression of anger even toward "bad" parent surrogates. The result is interesting: the enormous quantity of aggression that she is unable to express in any conscious fashion or acknowledge to exist in herself, instead appears to emanate massively from the environment (to which she contributes projectively). At Udolpho, later at Chateau-le-Blanc, and to a lesser degree elsewhere, Emily is at the mercy of real or fantasied aggressors in an environment like a prolonged nightmare. Her immersion in this nightmarish state of existence is in fact the principal evidence we have for attributing such aggressive impulses to her; and of course we are most inclined to acknowledge the existence of these impulses if we look at the novel from a

psychoanalytic viewpoint. Nevertheless, whether or not we openly entertain the belief that repressed aggression is dynamically at play in the narrative, its existence in Emily is validated by an inference from our feeling that Emily's "unreasonable" prolonged state of panic and confusion is somehow "right" in its place in her life. Once again it is helpful to remind ourselves that the response of archetypal memories within us, as we read, validates the book's psychology to its readers, including those who cannot or do not wish to use psychoanalysis to probe the text. And its drawing upon these archetypes is at least one of the factors that raise Udolpho above the level of so many of the sentimental novels of Mrs. Radcliffe's contemporaries or the thrillers of her imitators.

To understand exactly what happens within Emily after the death of her parents, we need to discuss one further point. It has perhaps not been altogether clear why Emily should harbor so much unconscious anger toward others. Part of this anger may be explained as a carry-over of a child's natural response to being abandoned by its parents, even through means like death, over which, looked at rationally, the parents have no control. But we may discern another source of unconscious anger and resentment in Emily: her father's own injunctions to her, the implications of which, as she discovers through obeying them, prove destructive and even show the injunctions to have been self-contradictory. For example, St. Aubert, on his deathbed, consigns Emily to

the care of her aunt, Madame Cheron, whom he cautions Emily to avoid displeasing in any way. He even characterizes his sister as "'upon the whole--a good kind of woman'" (81). In so doing he displays a generosity of spirit toward his sister, but at the price of misleading his daughter and of putting her in the power of a woman who, as we see later, will only abuse that power to treat Emily in the grossest, most irresponsible fashion. Although, as St. Aubert avows, he has had no alternative to committing Emily to her aunt's power, he at least might have acknowledged to Emily the truth about Madame Cheron's character.

Not merely her father's specific injunctions, but Emily's entire upbringing leads her to extend to her aunt the same absolute obedience that she did to her parents when they were alive.[16] If, in order to retain the love of the internalized images of her parents, Emily expresses relatively little anger toward her aunt, the reader nevertheless feels it on Emily's behalf when Madame Cheron repeatedly and alternately neglects her, then heaps verbal abuse on her, and then uses her as an object of her self-aggrandizement. We see in painful detail how the coarse, selfish, arbitrary Madame Cheron/Montoni accuses Emily, on the slightest pretext and in the crudest terms, of what at that time was considered the lowest form of behavior for a woman. She extends her abuse even to the man who granted her power over Emily--her own brother, the deceased St. Aubert:

> "I see you have exactly your father's disposition; and let me tell you it would have been much happier

> for him, poor man! if it had been a different one. . . . he was always more generous than provident. . . ." [109-110]

This draws tears and righteous indignation from Emily, but not the slightest disobedience and not the degree of expression of resentment that would seem sufficient to discharge all the anger we feel would have been appropriately aroused by such abuse. With the hindsight afforded by modern psychology, as well as with our intuitive response, we can sense how the accumulation of such repressed anger would affect Emily's general state of mind. This sense is corroborated in the text by signs of her gathering feelings of loneliness and abandonment and by her powerful need to escape from "the vexations of this world" (114) in the sublime settings of nature. In one such scene we may observe reflected both her hopelessness about the future and her increasing tendency to live in memories of the past in which her father, through her "splitting," is exalted even more than before into a remote image of a "good" parent to compensate for Madame Cheron's actual behavior as a "bad" parent figure:

> As her imagination soared through the regions of space, and aspired to that Great First Cause, which pervades and governs all being, the idea of her father scarcely ever left her; but it was a pleasing idea, since she resigned him to God in the full confidence of a pure and holy faith. [114]

Another contrast between a present "bad" parent and the memory of a past "good" one is especially shocking to Emily's sensibility. At times, Montoni, under whose protection she falls when he marries her aunt, criticizes her sensitivity

in a manner that seems almost a deliberate perversion of St. Aubert's speech to her before he dies. On that occasion, St. Aubert cautioned his daughter, much as he did after his wife died:

> Above all . . . do not indulge in the pride of fine feeling, the romantic error of amiable minds. Those, who really possess sensibility, ought early to be taught, that it is a dangerous quality, which is continually extracting the excess of misery, or delight, from every surrounding circumstance. . . . Always remember how much more valuable is the strength of fortitude, than the grace of sensibility. [79-80]

Much later, in Italy, Montoni, the father surrogate to whom Emily's automatic loyalty to her own father seems to compel obedience, even in the face of the truth she sees in him, praises her for restraining her sensibility:

> . . . I am pleased to observe, that you submit to reason and necessity without indulging useless complaint. . . . When you are older you will look back with gratitude to the friends who assisted in rescuing you from the romantic illusions of sentiment, and will perceive, that they are only the snares of childhood, and should be vanquished the moment you escape from the nursery. [196]

But when Emily discovers the real purpose of this speech, part of a plan to trap her into a marriage with Count Morano, it seems then like scripture quoted by the devil. For, whereas St. Aubert advocated restraint for purposes of true "beneficence" and ultimate self-improvement, Montoni urges the same behavior in order to coerce Emily to become an uncomplaining instrument of his own self-serving plans.

Morano, too, displays superficially benevolent behavior at first. For a while it appears to Emily that she might even have accepted him as a lover if it were not for certain

distressing observations that his character is not what everyone seems to believe:

> His manner, figure and accomplishments, which were generally admired, Emily would, perhaps, have admired also, had her heart been disengaged from Valancourt, and had the Count forborne to persecute her with officious attentions, during which she observed some traits in his character, that prejudiced her against whatever might otherwise be in it. [189]

Such is the courting behavior of the lover who--again in a situation that parallels an earlier one, when Emily's father was alive--is the suitor approved by Montoni, just as Valancourt was earlier approved by St. Aubert.

Through contact with Montoni, Emily receives an education in the world that is like a parody of that administered by her father. Not only with Morano, but in other situations at Udolpho, Emily feels various degrees of horror on being exposed to the hidden, evil side of sexuality. As if Morano did not disgust her enough, Montoni later uses sexuality to terrify Emily when he withdraws his protection and permits one of his officers to make sexual advances to her. But it is not only this incident, it is Montoni's whole way of life at the castle that shocks Emily. One of the most severe shocks of disillusionment comes when Emily discovers that Signora Livona is Montoni's mistress. This moment of recognition, which Emily tries to repress, receives much of its power, I believe, by drawing upon a particular archetypal memory in the reader: that of discovering, in childhood or early adolescence, hints that one's parents are sexual beings. At first Emily welcomes (perhaps as a "good" mother surrogate)

Signora Livona: "for it was matter of joy and comfort to know, that a person, of a mind so gentle, as that of Signora Livona seemed to be, was near her" (382). But then the truth begins to appear, like so much else at Udolpho, as something uncanny, it is so far outside the realm of Emily's childhood experience:

> yet there was something so extraordinary in her being at this castle, circumstanced as it now was, and evidently, by the gaiety of her air, with her own consent, that a very painful surmise arose, concerning her character. But the thought was so shocking to Emily, whose affection the fascinating manners of the Signora had won, and appeared so improbable, when she remembered these manners, that she dismissed it almost instantly. [382]

Not only the horrors of illicit sexuality, but those of crime, bloodshed, war, and treachery surround Emily. Count Morano, her erstwhile suitor, turns out to have been deceived by Montoni, and he twice tries abducting Emily to avenge himself. Throughout most of her stay at Udolpho Emily is surrounded by a riotous band of soldiers who are in fact little more than freebooters. She is cohabitant of the castle with at least one murderer (Orsino); another (Bertrand) conducts her to a cottage (when she is temporarily removed from Udolpho), where she discovers that one of its residents may have been guilty of a similar crime:

> This was near the period, when Signora Laurentini had been said to disappear, and it occurred to Emily, that Marco had assisted in that mysterious affair, and, perhaps, had been employed in a murder! This horrible suggestion fixed her in such profound reverie, that Maddelina quitted the room, unperceived by her, and she remained unconscious of all around her, for a considerable time. [416]

When Emily returns to Udolpho, it is to encounter the ravages of war. As she passes in the woods the "massy fragments" of "broken walls, and shattered battlements," and ground "encumbered with massy trunks and branches of the trees, that had so lately adorned it," Emily half expects to see, among the "broken arms, and . . . torn vestments of soldiers" (425), the "mangled forms" of the dead soldiers themselves. War no longer seems the glorious activity that Emily used to read about in her history books.

When Emily reflects on her overall situation, she sees

> herself in a castle, inhabited by vice and violence, seated beyond the reach of law or justice, and in the power of a man, whose perseverence was equal to every occasion, and in whom passions, of which revenge was not the weakest, entirely supplied the place of principles. [435]

Except for a few of the servants, she is unable to rely on anybody; when she does, she is inevitably betrayed. What is so terrifying is the ambiguity, the persistent uncertainty, of her entire situation vis-à-vis others. Opportunities to improve her situation or hints of benevolence in evil or doubtful characters, all prove illusions. When she finally signs over her property to Montoni, his promise to allow her to return to France is almost casually withdrawn. The one man who seems able and willing to conduct Emily to her imprisoned aunt, Barnardine, turns out to be an instrument in Morano's plot to abduct her. And when she is finally led to believe that Valancourt is in the castle, and, through a chain of misunderstandings, believes that she is about to

meet him, the belief turns out to have been another error: she collapses into the arms of a stranger (Du Pont). The persistent web of illusion, disappointment, and shock that she is entangled in after her father's death prevents her from being comforted by any other person (again with the exception of some servants, whom class distinctions prevent from bringing Emily into their world) or uniting with others for security. The result is a constant anxiety that constitutes one of the underpinnings of Emily's growing terror and helps to bring on her mental breakdown.

Mystery. Part of the progress of Emily's fear may be traced through her social encounters, her discovery of evil in her human environment. But, as with her joy, the most subtle exploration of the growth of fear and related emotions is to be found in Emily's relationship with her nonhuman environment. There we will discover the results of Emily's retreat within herself under pressure of loneliness, grief, repressed anger and guilt-feelings, contact with evil, and the threat of being overwhelmed by unknown inner and outer forces. The unknown--mystery--is one of the principal components of Emily's world; nearly all of the major characters, in fact, are deeply affected by it. Montoni is unnerved by it at Udolpho; the St. Foix and De Villefort families encounter it at Chateau-le-Blanc and in an old fortress in the mountains; with its suggestions of the supernatural, it is the subject of much speculation and debate even by the servants (who provide superstitious interpretations of strange events); and so on.

To some degree, mystery has been an element in literature from its beginnings, particularly where plot has been important (one thinks of works as different as Oedipus Rex and Tom Jones), and also, of course, whenever the focus has been on the mysteries of life itself. In The Mysteries of Udolpho, too, mystery stems both from plot and from the ultimate puzzles of existence; but by the novel's very title we are led to expect something more, perhaps a new approach to mystery. In fact, we now accept as a commonplace that Mrs. Radcliffe did add something to the treatment of mystery. Mystery is at the heart of Udolpho.

First of all, Udolpho shares with plot-dominated fiction --e.g., detective stories--the characteristic of being held together by a network of mysteries. This is the simplest way in which mystery is present. Even here, Udolpho is remarkable for the sheer number of its mysteries. A simple list of the major ones will help us to apprehend their ubiquity and their importance in the plot: the unseen lute-playing, together with the appearance of the poem on the wall at the fishing-house and the disappearance of Madame St. Aubert's bracelet; St. Aubert's worried look after his conference with Quesnel; his behavior over the portrait of a woman unknown to Emily; the mysterious music near the convent of St. Clair; St. Aubert's reaction to the death of the Marquis De Villeroi; his exaction of the promise to burn the mysterious papers; the contents of the papers; the veiled picture at Udolpho; the rumors about Laurentini; the

door that can be bolted only from the outside; the arrival of an unidentified guest at the castle; the mysterious voice in the room with Montoni and his henchmen; the attempt to poison Montoni; the supposed death of Madame Montoni; the ghost-like appearance outside the window; the unidentified prisoner at the castle, associated with more music; the veil of mystery over the life of the Marchioness De Villeroi; the rumors about Valancourt's misbehavior; the grotesque face lifted over the bed in a supposedly haunted room; the disappearance of Ludovico; the Count's half-hidden fear; Sister Agnes's strange behavior; and the strangely threatening behavior of the "hunters" at the remote mountain fortress.

This is of course one reader's list; depending on his idea of what constitutes a mystery, another would make a different selection. The completeness of the list, however, is less important than our acquiring an idea of the function of these mysteries. Most of those I have listed serve to intensify the plot through the suspense they create. Along with the simpler suspense-generating plot elements (like the conflict between Morano and Montoni for possession of Emily, and that between Montoni and Madame Montoni for the possession of the latter's property) they involve us in the story by provoking our interest, by arousing our expectations. This is still a relatively conventional, plot-related use of mystery; yet even here Udolpho is remarkable for its sheer profusion of mysteries, to a perhaps unprecedented degree. And the nearly two dozen I have identified are spread

throughout the action, and are explained (though, contrary to the general view, everything mysterious is by no means explained in Udolpho) in different ways and after widely differing lapses of time. For example, St. Aubert's worries about his finances are explained as such relatively quickly, whereas, for a solution to the strange occurrences at the fishing-house, we must wait hundreds of pages, until the introduction of Du Pont. The portrait of the unknown woman, also introduced near the beginning, is not identified until near the very end, at which time we also find out about Sister Agnes's peculiar behavior--a mystery introduced quite late in the story. This intricate overlapping of mysteries creates a network in which the reader's mind becomes entangled along with Emily's. Furthermore, the solution of some of the problems part-way through the book puts us in mind of the unsolved, perhaps related mysteries and leads us to expect that they too will soon be explained. Thus is the reader's attention ingeniously engaged. If there is any drawback in this use of mystery, it is that the mysteries so arouse our interest in their solution that we are likely to look on any material which does not seem relevant to them as mere impediments to the flow of the narrative. This is one reason, I suspect, why so many readers, particularly those who have read the book as a thriller, have found the lavish scenic descriptions so tedious. It is perhaps only on a second reading, when we already know, for example, that the miniature portrait is of St. Aubert's sister and that Agnes and

Laurentini are the same person, that we can properly appreciate the book's psychological subtleties and poetic prose.

Another of the more traditional kinds of mystery I mentioned above also plays a significant role in Udolpho: that of life itself, with the concomitant mystery of death. Emily's encounter with death has a special psychological significance which we shall discuss later; but the concerns with the mysteries of the grave and of the possibility of life after death, so prevalent in Udolpho, have a number of notable literary predecessors. Perhaps the most obvious is Hamlet, a play whose influence on Mrs. Radcliffe was profound. One thinks especially of Hamlet's meditations on being, of his suspicions of foul play, of his encounter with his father's ghost, and of the graveyard scene. Some of Mrs. Radcliffe's more immediate predecessors were the "graveyard" poets of the mid-eighteenth century. Poems that were part of the common literary culture of their day, like Young's Night Thoughts and Blair's The Grave, with their meditations on life, death, and immortality against a backdrop of star-studded heavens and mouldering tombstones in deserted country churchyards, could not have failed to make their impression on Mrs. Radcliffe. The only one of these poems that has retained its popularity, Gray's famous "Elegy," must have made its mark as well (though its influence is not directly discernible in Udolpho), as Gray was one of Mrs. Radcliffe's favorite poets.

Preoccupation with death is ubiquitous in Udolpho.

Several people significant to Emily die in the course of the story, and Emily spends much time lingering over dark graves and gazing into the starry heavens, contemplating the mysteries of life and death. Two of the most vivid scenes are Emily's prolonged mourning over the corpse of her father, and the burial of Madame Montoni. Death also enters the story by way of the murders and battles that occur somewhat peripherally, and in many of the stories Emily hears.

A number of other kinds of mysteries associated with that of life are also important in Udolpho and have psychological significance for Emily. Chief of these--still to speak only in general terms--are the closely related mysteries of sexuality and birth. We may recall the shadow cast over the legitimacy of Emily's birth, involving possibilities too indelicate for Emily to think about openly, yet shocking her when she sees her father's passionate reaction to the mysterious portrait. Also significant as an indicator of Emily's response to suggestions of illicit sexuality is her unwilling acceptance of the fact that Signora Livona is Montoni's mistress (her mental response to this is almost identical with that toward her father's reaction to the portrait). Mrs. Radcliffe's depiction of Signora Livona, as we have already partly seen, is more subtle than many commentators would seem to allow; although the Signora is a kept woman--and the mistress of a man who is both already married and a criminal--she is otherwise presented

sympathetically. Her "beauty and fascinating manners" win Emily's "involuntary regard; while the sweetness of her accents and her air of gentle kindness awakened with Emily those pleasing affections, which so long had slumbered" (183-184). Moreover, she is an accomplished and tasteful musician. Those who claim that only Mrs. Radcliffe's "good" characters display aesthetic sensibility should take note of this. In the contrast between Signora Livona's sympathetic personal qualities and her unaccepted social position, the naive Emily confronts one of life's mysteries, the contact with which is an important part of her growing up.

So many of these mysteries--those of life and death, of birth and sexuality, of criminality, of evil itself--converge in the presentation of the character of Montoni. Although we do not see into Montoni's thoughts or probe his motivation quite so well as we do with certain other literary villains, he is a successfully portrayed character within the limits of his function in the book. He is the "bad" father figure. But precisely for this reason, Emily's relation with him can go beyond that with her real father; through Montoni, she can make contact with a whole dimension of life that she scarcely knew to exist through her education by St. Aubert. Montoni's assumption of her guardianship opens a vast realm of possibilities for Emily to glimpse, from the inside, the realities of social power-play, crime, illicit sexuality, the masculine world of fighting, bloodshed, and political intrigue--the whole world of what from Emily's point of view is evil,

illicit, forbidden.

If we read between the lines of the descriptions of Montoni, we can detect that he has for Emily a fascination, a mystique, a charisma--a mystery. When we first meet him we are told that his "countenance exhibited, upon the whole, more of the haughtiness of command, and of the quickness of discernment, than of any other character" (23). On his second appearance:

> This Signor Montoni had an air of conscious superiority, animated by spirit, and strengthened by talents, to which every person seemed involuntarily to yield. The quickness of his perception was strikingly expressed on his countenance. . . . [122]

Again pride and sharpness of perception are his salient qualities. Although Emily's "admiration" for him is "not the admiration that leads to esteem" (122), it is admiration nonetheless. And well might she admire: for pride and sharpness of perception, the traits that distinguish him from his companions and from Madame Montoni and her associates, are two of the dominant traits, not merely of Emily's father, but of Emily herself. Emily's admiration is "mixed with a degree of fear she knew not exactly wherefore" (122). This mixture of feelings is something like that behind Burke's sublime; and it is precisely the confluence of such feelings that results in a feeling of mystery (or at least one kind of mystery). We feel much the same when we accompany Emily to the snow-capped Pyrenees and Alps, where the endless succession of peaks always leaves a sense of something unknown beyond--and the unknown inspires a degree of fear.

We feel much the same in the dark passages of Udolpho and Chateau-le-Blanc, where there is cause for admiration but more for fear.

If we now return to Montoni, we can see more clearly the sources of mystery in Emily's fascination with him. His pride and his quickness of discernment, together with his position as surrogate father, constitute unacknowledged links with Emily's hidden self. These lead us to suspect that unconsciously Emily is also fascinated with his power, and that in this power she secretly identifies herself with him. This is nowhere made explicit, but we can sense as we read just this kind of fascination in our response; and the hints about Emily's admiration and fear of Montoni suggest a connection with his power.

This power emerges in an interesting way. We are told less about Montoni's own power than about that of his cronies: the dissipated yet brave Bertolini; the talented, passionate, selfish, yet cowardly Verezzi; and the most evil of them all, the reserved, cruel, power-hungry, avaricious, and vengeful Orsino. (Cavigni is more like Montoni himself than any of these, yet he possesses much less pride and power than Montoni.) One reason why Montoni's power is so fascinating is that it extends over all of these men, even Orsino, who have in themselves considerable power. And it extends over all his bandit-soldiers, over everyone at Udolpho, even, to a great degree, over the noble Count Morano, whose suit for Emily can proceed only with Montoni's cooperation and who

can never quite revenge himself on the latter for removing Emily from his grasp.

Madame Montoni, as a surrogate mother, has considerable power over Emily. She is able to decide where her niece will live and whether she will be allowed to see Valancourt. If she has so much control over Emily, then, we infer, how much greater must be the power of Montoni, who wields as near-complete a control over his wife as he does over all others around him. It is thus by a half-conscious inference that we determine the extent of Montoni's power; and thus it is that in its shading off into an unknown darkness it appears to be boundless. In this sublime indistinctness of limits of the power he wields over others, Montoni is fascinatingly mysterious. And it is this power, veiled in mystery to another, and seeming to have a hidden link with mysteries in the buried self of that other, that makes the character of Montoni so original and interesting; otherwise he would be no more than a conventional titanic villain of heroic drama.[17]

Most of the mystery in Emily's life, or at least most of that which induces fear and uncertainty in her, is experienced in relation to her nonhuman environment--more specifically, in the <u>interiors</u> of buildings. The first such mystery is the appearance of a poem written on the wall of the St. Auberts' fishing house. Consistently with the fullness of psychological detail in <u>Udolpho</u>, we are given Emily's reflections on this occurrence, reflections

which end in "uncertainty; an uncertainty which would have been more painful to an idle mind than it was to hers. She had no leisure to suffer this circumstance, trifling at first, to swell into importance by frequent remembrance" (7-8). This statement suggests, however, the temptation she would be under to ruminate obsessively over this circumstance, if it were not for the organization of her outward life. Such a pull, away from the round of her daily life, toward strange and imperfectly understood phenomena, is one of the psychological effects of mystery. And a presentation of the psychology of mystery--of the feelings it induces, as well as how the mind participates projectively in the creation of the mysteries by which it is affected--is one of the strengths of Udolpho.

Some days or weeks after the mysterious appearance of the poem, Emily has another encounter with mystery at the fishing-house. This experience has certain basic characteristics that are repeated, with additions and variations, several times in the novel; therefore it will be helpful to quote from it at length. Emily goes to fetch a lute for her father from the fishing-house. As she approaches, she hears a melody being played on a lute. She stops. At first she believes that the instrument being played is that belonging to her family; but the matter turns out to be less certain than she had expected:

> She listened in profound silence, afraid to move from the spot, lest the sound of her steps should occasion her to lose a note of the music, or should

> disturb the musician. Every thing without the building was still, and no person appeared. She continued to listen, till timidity succeeded to surprise and delight; a timidity, increased by a remembrance of the pencilled lines she had formerly seen, and she hesitated whether to proceed, or to return.
>
> While she paused, the music ceased; and, after a momentary hesitation, she re-collected courage to advance to the fishing-house, which she entered with faltering steps, and found unoccupied! Her lute lay on the table; every thing seemed undisturbed, and she began to believe it was another instrument she had heard, till she remembered, that, when she followed M. and Madame St. Aubert from this spot, her lute was left on a window seat. She felt alarmed, yet knew not wherefore; the melancholy gloom of evening, and the profound stillness of the place, interrupted only by the light trembling of leaves, heightened her fanciful apprehensions, and she was desirous of quitting the building, but perceived herself grow faint, and sat down. As she tried to recover herself, the pencilled lines on the wainscot met her eye; she started, as if she had seen a stranger; but, endeavouring to conquer the tremor of her spirits, rose, and went to the window. To the lines before noticed she now perceived that others were added, in which her name appeared.
>
> Though no longer suffered to doubt that they were addressed to herself, she was as ignorant, as before, by whom they could be written. While she mused, she thought she heard the sound of a step without the building, and again alarmed, she caught up her lute, and hurried away. [9]

There are several elements in this incident worth noting. The presence of music, the source of which is unknown, is itself significant when we think of the music that accompanies Emily's encounters with mystery later in the novel--that played by the unknown prisoner at Udolpho, for example, or that heard regularly around the convent of St. Clair. The latter music even intrudes into Emily's dream, where she hears it coming from the mouth of the recently dead St. Aubert. Mrs. Radcliffe seems to have grasped some hidden connection

between music and, we might say, mystery itself; it often seems to link one with the mysteries both of the outer world (one thinks of the music of the spheres) and of the depths of the unconscious (one thinks of music's close relation to our emotions).[18]

When Emily thinks again of the penciled lines on the wall, that fact of course suggests to us that she thinks that the music is being played by human hands, by one, moreover, who was responsible for the poetry. But the fear excited in her by this incident exceeds that which we would expect to arise from an anticipated encounter with a secret admirer who, like herself, is an amateur poet and musician. "She felt alarmed, yet knew not wherefore"; we, however, can examine the concomitants of that alarm, for we have a precise record of her observations: music is being played; no person is seen to enter or leave the fishing-house; the music ceases; the lute is not in the place where she left it; and lines have been added to the poetry. She is able to draw inferences from what she perceives; yet, besides the identity of the hidden musician, there is something unexplained left over. Was he actually in the fishing-house when the music was being played? Or was he elsewhere, playing a different instrument? If so, who was responsible for disturbing the St. Auberts' instrument? If he was in the fishing-house, how did he leave without being seen? A number of distinct possibilities are implied by environmental clues--we are made to feel

that they quickly flit through Emily's mind--but no one event is definitely pointed to by the clues. Emily's feeling of mystery, excited by ambiguities in the environment such as these and constructed with the aid of unconsciously projected feelings, constitutes a virtual paradigm of what we might call "psychological mystery" in Udolpho.

We are able to see yet further into the sources of Emily's sense of "psychological mystery." When she notices the altered position of the lute, she feels alarmed for a reason unknown to herself. Yet we sense the reason or reasons: she must have unconsciously inferred the presence of a stranger from the change in the position of the instrument. There is something uncanny, we may observe, in the unexplained alteration, unknown to us and suddenly discovered, of a familiar arrangement of objects that we associate with our personal lives. The fishing-house, it will be remembered, was a favorite retreat of Emily's; it is a part of the nonhuman environment that is like an extension of herself, an externalization of her mind. Any unexplained alteration in its material components must therefore seem a violation of the self--a violation, moreover, which, because it is unexplained, is beyond the grasp of the understanding and the will, and leaves one feeling powerless in the grip of unknown forces, and vainly provoked to attempt to understand it. The strangeness of her situation fascinates Emily and draws her mind into the circumstances and, simultaneously, into itself. Her perceptiveness

is heightened and she becomes keenly aware of her surroundings: "the melancholy gloom of evening, and the profound stillness of the place, interrupted only by the light trembling of the leaves" engrave themselves on her consciousness, virtually become part of her. Indeed, to the degree that these perceptions are the product of projective construction, they <u>are</u> part of her. And in this special state of mind, isolated from the ordinary intercourse of the world, Emily then perceives something which she cannot with certainty determine to have emanated either from the environment or from her frightened mind: in the depths of the silence, she hears--or thinks she hears--a footstep. This alarms her sufficiently to cause her to break the spell by running away. The footstep is a perfect detail in its place; from its position in the train of Emily's mental events, it might equally have proceeded from the environment or from her own disturbed mind. It is the logical conclusion to a train of thoughts that has arrived at the <u>belief</u> that a person is present--perhaps even an unconscious <u>wish</u> that someone be there--and has concretized and projected the conclusion into the environment.

The special position in Emily's life of psychological mystery gives us an idea of its meaning and function. It is on the borderline of the known and the unknown, of the self and the not-self. It leads her away from the familiar and commonplace; it fascinates her and arouses her curiosity, drawing her at once into the outer world and into her hidden self. And yet, simultaneously, it frightens her away from

the beckoning unknown, precisely because what it brings into her life is unknown, and therefore anxiety-provoking. It marks a transition between Emily's narrowly bounded life and an unexplored world; mystery is to her--as to a degree for all of us--the very threshold of experience. We can in this light see its crucial importance in a story which records the mental life of a young woman who leaves the sheltered world of childhood for the first time and goes out, half unwillingly, to meet the unknown.[19]

Mystery, Grief, Terror, and Guilt. If the fishing-house scene comprises the core elements of psychological mystery, later scenes of this type are nevertheless far from being formulaic repetitions of it. Nor does Emily's terror in these scenes result from the mere combination of darkness, uncertainty, and so forth, as has sometimes been thought. Eino Railo, for instance, explains the evocation of terror in the characters' and readers' minds as the result of an accumulation of suspenseful occurrences, as though terror inevitably results from the mere piling of mystery upon mystery, until the threshold of terror is somehow automatically crossed.[20] Our present investigation has already implicitly suggested the insufficiency of such an explanation by pointing to the complexity of the mental states Mrs. Radcliffe presents, to their delicate fusion of archetypal images with the detailed rendering of thought/feeling and environment in their projective relations.

Another scene will show us more clearly how important

are the specific contents of Emily's mind in producing her terror. Emily returns to La Vallée after her father's death. The "forlorn rooms" of her father's house constitute an interior like that of the fishing-house, one that, moreover, she visits when it is similarly deserted, dimly lit, and silent. But there are significant differences in her situation. She is now suffering from grief over the loss of her father, and this emotion is projected onto the sharply and distinctly drawn objects of her environment: "her favourite plants," "the little drawings," "the books," "the musical instruments," "the arm-chair," the "reading desk . . . on which lay a book open as it had been left by her father," opened to a page from which he "had read to her some passages from this his favourite author" (94-95). Her mind is now in two places at once, or rather the same place seen at different times, the one projectively superimposed on the other in her perception of the environment. In the present, she sees a silent and still array of objects; in the remembered, unconsciously projected past, she sees these objects as they were part of an emotional world shared by the young and impressionable Emily with her father. She knows she is alone with a houseful of nonhuman and for the most part nonliving objects; yet through the grief-laden meaning they have for her, she begins to sense that they are pregnant with an uncanny life of their own (again Freud's comments on "the uncanny" are relevant). The feeling is not explicitly stated, yet we apprehend it as we are immersed

with Emily in the gloomy and profoundly silent setting. The mood created is that of an anxiety dream in which familiar objects are visualized in vivid detail exactly as they are in waking life, and yet are likely to behave as though they were in some way alive and could (as they often do in dreams) be metamorphosed into something unfamiliar and fearsome. This is precisely the composition of what Mrs. Radcliffe calls a "superstitious" mental state.

But the term "superstitious" should not sidetrack us into a discussion of the supernatural. The contents of Emily's mind should receive the focus of our attention here. After she has been musing over the grief-reviving objects of the past, in a setting which isolates her from the environment of ordinary society, she, to her terror, becomes aware of an ambiguous change occurring in the nonhuman environment: "As she mused she saw the door slowly open, and a rustling sound in a remote part of the room startled her. Through the dusk she thought she perceived something move." As usual, Mrs. Radcliffe's approach to this occurrence is psychologically analytical, even beyond the point that most authors, psychologically oriented ones included, would think necessary. "The subject she had been considering," she explains, "and the present tone of her spirits, which made her imagination respond to every impression of her senses [a clear awareness of projection], gave her a sudden terror of something supernatural."

But that is not all. Emily's mind, in a state of

heightened receptivity (a necessary condition of the Burkean sublime in Mrs. Radcliffe's understanding of it) begins to reflect on the events she has just perceived. As we shall see more clearly, it takes just <u>one</u> suspenseful state of this kind--not a mere accumulation of any kind of suspenseful experiences--to cause an increase in terror (terror, that is, of a particular kind, that which is associated with a feeling of the uncanny). Emily, in an isolated and "superstitious" mental state, has encountered an ambiguous disturbance in her environment. She reacts by attempting to fix the unknown into some definite, recognizable form, and, in the process, trying to disentangle projection from perception. She explores those possibilities that would tend to explain away her fears:

> She sat for a moment motionless, and then, her dissipated reason returning, "What should I fear?" said she. "If the spirits of those we love ever return to us, it is in kindness."
>
> The silence, which again reigned, made her ashamed of her late fears, and she believed, that her imagination had deluded her, or that she had heard one of those unaccountable noises, which sometimes occur in old houses. [95-96]

Yet we remain dimly aware, with her, that something did move. Even if that something was a projection, it was no less an embodiment of something feared, of an unconscious source of mental conflict. And precisely because Emily is in a dream-like mental state, her attempts to resolve the perceptual ambiguity are ineffectual: she would use her imagination to explain what is currently being created or at least reinforced by the same imaginative power. Consequently, her flurry of

imaginative activity redoubles her anxiety and adds to the emotional impact of what follows.

For these reasons, the degree of calm she has managed to achieve, rather than truly eliminating fear, merely masks it. Then, after an interval, the disturbance recurs: "The same sound, however, returned; and, distinguishing something moving towards her, and in the next instant press beside her into the chair, she shrieked." The recurrence, then, adds something to the original disturbance: now she touches something unknown. The result is momentary panic. But here the panic is dissipated at once as the mystery is immediately explained: "her fleeting senses were instantly recalled, on perceiving that it was Manchon [her father's dog] who sat by her, and who now licked her hands affectionately" (96).

But there is something, after all, not explained here. The dog is merely the material occasion of her fears. The clues to why she should have reacted with such extreme alarm are implicit in the details of her projective interaction with her environment; and what Mrs. Radcliffe leaves implicit we can make explicit with the aid of psychoanalytical hindsight. We must remember, first of all, that Emily is in a dream-like mental state; she is immersed in surroundings behind the objects in which lurks a memory of a strong emotional relationship with another human--her father. This memory continually verges on being visualized in dream-like form:

> There was an arm chair, in which [St. Aubert] used to sit; she shrunk when she observed it, for she had so often seen him seated there, and the idea of him rose so distinctly to her mind, that she almost fancied she saw him before her. But she checked the illusions of a distempered imagination, though she could not subdue a certain degree of awe, which now mingled with her emotions. [95]

We must next remember what Freud has said about states of mourning: that in the absence of the lost loved one, the repressed ambivalence of our feelings toward that individual will threaten to surface, one of the results being that the hostile component of the ambivalence will appear in disguised form. The precise form it appears in will depend on one's ability to accept as his own his unpleasant thoughts. Emily's upbringing, as we have seen, sternly prohibits her recognizing as her own any of her aggressive feelings toward her parents; therefore she unconsciously projects them onto the environment and experiences herself as being victimized by threatening forces.

What I am suggesting with respect to the present instance, however, involves Emily's aggressive impulses less than her equally forbidden and unavowed sexual impulses (the two, however, would tend to be confused precisely because they are both strictly forbidden). In view of what we know about oedipal situations, we can see how such a close relationship as existed between Emily and her father would have evoked, in Emily especially, unwanted sexual feelings that would have had to be repressed. It is precisely such feelings that would tend to be derepressed and experienced projectively and in

disguise in a state of prolonged and severe mourning. I am suggesting, therefore, that there exists an as yet unexplained element in Emily's panic when she feels "something moving towards her, and . . . press beside her into the chair." And that element can now be explained as a remnant of her own repressed sexual impulses toward her father, the projection of which is facilitated by a sudden and (unconsciously) associatively appropriate environmental disturbance. Without her conscious understanding of what is happening, a fragment of her past repressed feeling is projected onto the sudden tactile encounter and invests it with a sense of loathsomeness, perhaps, and in any case of something uncannily familiar, yet at the same time strange and terrifying.[21]

That much of Emily's fear is caused by the return of repressed forbidden thoughts and impulses is confirmed in the scene that takes place in her father's bedroom (a significant location) shortly afterwards, when she prepares to burn the mysterious papers according to his injunction. It is noteworthy that she should feel more distressed in this chamber than she did anywhere else in the house; she even experiences a hallucination here in a fit of "momentary madness." The only explicit reasons given for this attack of "nerves" are "the solitary life, which Emily had led of late, and the melancholy subjects, on which she had suffered her thoughts to dwell." But the reader is also reminded, with Emily, of an incident that took place in this spot when St. Aubert was alive:

> There was a great chair in one corner of the closet, and, opposite to it, stood the table, at which she had seen her father sit, on the evening that preceded his departure, looking over, with so much emotion, what she believed to be these very papers. [102]

We may also recall, as Emily is soon led to remember consciously, that it was to this private closet that Emily crept in the middle of the night, to discover her father gazing at a portrait of a strange woman. Her father's attitude had struck her as peculiar, and clearly she had seen something not meant for her eyes. Yet she had remained there, rooted to the spot, partly by her "tenderness," but also partly by her "curiosity" (26). The latter factor in her motivation is especially suggestive. She is, after all, in her father's most private room. In this inner sanctum she is driven by impulses of curiosity that lead her to see things which, in the earlier instance, were implicitly forbidden, and, when she "unconscious[ly]" begins to read the mysterious papers that she has dug up, are expressly forbidden. With all this in mind, we may infer that her "trembling" with "an emotion of unusual awe" before delving into the secret place in her father's closet, and, subsequently, her hallucination of her father sitting in his accustomed place, are the projections, not simply of a disordered imagination, but of a guilty conscience.

The episode of the burning of the papers has received little critical attention; yet it is of crucial significance for understanding Emily's state of mind after her father's death. For it recreates the conditions which originally

provoked Emily's unconscious sense of guilt. St. Aubert's command to burn the papers implies a self-contradiction, of which, however, he is to all appearances unconscious. In childhood, St. Aubert's private closet--with its mysterious contents--was forbidden territory to Emily. When, earlier, she discovered her father gazing at the portrait of the strange woman, that would by itself have been enough to cause in her a guilty feeling of having transgressed forbidden boundaries. Her father's deathbed command, however, would now have her enter into precisely the place that had always been prohibited to her. At the very least it is a severe temptation to her curiosity, a psychological torment that St. Aubert no doubt would not consciously have imposed on her. This temptation triggers in Emily a serious unconscious conflict which--despite Mrs. Radcliffe's melodramatic talk of her "duty" and "the triumph of integrity over temptation"--is depicted with psychological acumen. Our key to this conflict is the fact that she sees the hallucination of St. Aubert before she transgresses his explicit injunction, a fact which suggests that her approach to his closet revives a guilty conflict that originated in the past when she experienced curiosity about forbidden matters. Emily's behavior subsequent to seeing the hallucination makes sense if we bear in mind that the revived conflict includes two components: not merely her guilt-feelings but also the curiosity that aroused them in the original situation or situations. When the hallucination appears, it is an

embodiment of her projected guilt, which is now dissociated from her curiosity. Implied in the guilt-feelings now associated with the apparition are fear, the swamping of her memory, and the distraction of her attention. The momentary division of mental functions gives her curiosity free play; and, in a trance-like state which re-creates the primal situation, she ironically commits the very act for the mere unconscious intending of which she has suffered--and is again suffering--the pangs of conscience. Her "unconscious" (the word appears here in something very like the Freudian sense) reading of the papers continues until the trance is broken by the "awaken[ing of her] attention and her memory," which restores her mental wholeness. Emily's behavior here resembles that of many a "hysterical" patient recorded and analyzed by Charcot, Breuer, Freud, Janet, and other pioneers in the modern depth psychology of neurosis about a century after Udolpho had appeared.[22]

This scene reveals particularly well the importance of Emily's unconscious sense of guilt in her experiences of terror. In subsequent episodes we may detect its entrance as one factor among many in highly complex states of fear. That these states are complex--and not simply the quantitative result of an accumulation of unsolved problems or vaguely threatening perceptions--should be clear by now.

The Journey Within: Haunted Castle, Haunted Mind. We are now prepared to appreciate the rich yet economically effective prose of the chapter in which Emily travels to

Udolpho for the first time.[23] In the fabric of Emily's experience Mrs. Radcliffe deftly interweaves and embroiders upon all she has already conveyed of Emily's inner life. And, far more than in any earlier passage, she augments her unfolding of Emily's thoughts, feelings, and perceptions with the dramatization of her interchanges with others--dramatization which is sustained fairly consistently from this point to the end of the novel.

The chapter (II.5) begins with Emily in a twilight state of mind, "a kind of slumber, into which she had, at length, sunk" (222). Her difficulty in sleeping is not surprising in view of Montoni's threat to force her to marry Count Morano. When she is suddenly awakened from her doze "by a quick knocking at her chamber door," her reaction is such as we now might well understand. Her unconscious, guiltily projected sexual impulses seem to be objectively confirmed by the real threat of forced marriage to Morano. It seems likely, moreover, that she suffers the added conflict of feeling anger toward Montoni and, at the same time, guilt over feeling angry with a parent surrogate and having to disobey his orders. When Emily discovers Annette and not Morano or Montoni at her door, and when she finds that the marriage is to be indefinitely postponed, the guilty conflict is temporarily repressed rather than resolved; and it continues to contribute to her state of mind--drawing, we may infer, on her primal, guilt-bound, oedipal conflict--throughout her sojourn

at Udolpho, the arena where she must engage in a protracted wrestling match with her conflicts until she has reached the limit of her suffering. The ascendancy over her mind of an unconscious sense of guilt throughout this period is further suggested by (among other evidence we shall examine later) her feeling, when momentarily released from having to face Morano, "like a criminal, who receives a short reprieve" (223).

In the state of half-conscious panic that begins with that ambiguous signal from the environment, Annette's knocking at the door, Emily's mind, frantically attempting to discover an escape-route from the dilemma, begins the anxious processing of sense-data that is to continue throughout her residence at Udolpho. When Annette enters, she provides a useful--but dangerous--means of gathering information about the environment, on which Emily is to rely from this moment on. The dramatization of Emily's interactions with Annette furnishes a number of advantages: it provides a broad picture of the various goings-on at the castle, including much that Emily could not have discovered independently; it provides an alternate point of view to facilitate--or complicate--Emily's debates within herself about her circumstances; it enables Emily's mind to be revealed in the immediacy of its responses to fresh information; and, in consequence of all this, it heightens our feeling of suspense by creating a tension between the richness of the suggested possibilities for fearful situations, and one's persistent, unnerving inability to comprehend with certainty what is going on. Such fast-

paced, exciting interchanges as the following are characteristic of this part of the book:

> "Dear ma'amselle!" said Annette, "do not look so pale. I am quite frightened to see you. Here is a fine bustle below stairs, all the servants running to and fro, and none of them fast enough! Here is a bustle, indeed, all of a sudden, and nobody knows for what!"
>
> "Who is below besides them?" said Emily, "Annette, do not trifle with me!"
>
> "Not for the world, ma'amselle, I would not trifle for the world; but one cannot help making one's remarks, and there is the Signor in such a bustle, as I never saw him before; and he has sent me to tell you, ma'am, to get ready immediately."
>
> "Good God support me!" cried Emily, almost fainting, "Count Morano is below, then!"
>
> "No, ma'amselle, he is not below that I know of," replied Annette, "only his Excellenza sent me to desire you would get ready directly to leave Venice, for that the gondolas would be at the steps of the canal in a few minutes: but I must hurry back to my lady, who is just at her wits end, and knows not which way to turn for haste."
>
> "Explain, Annette, explain the meaning of all this before you go," said Emily, so overcome with surprise and timid hope, that she had scarcely breath to speak.
>
> "Nay, ma'amselle, that is more than I can do. I only know that the Signor is just come home in a very ill humour, that he has had us all called out of our beds, and tells us we are all to leave Venice immediately."
>
> "Is Count Morano to go with the Signor?" said Emily, "and whither are we going?"
>
> "I know neither, ma'am, for certain; but I heard Ludovico say something about going, after we got to Terra-firma, to the Signor's castle among some mountains, that he talked of."
>
> "The Apennines!" said Emily, eagerly, "O! then I have little to hope!"
>
> "That is the very place, ma'am. But cheer up, and do not take it so much to heart, and think what a little time you have to get ready in, and how impatient the Signor is. Holy St. Mark! I hear the oars on the canal; and now they come nearer, and now they are dashing at the steps below; it is the gondola, sure enough." [222-223]

Given the limitations of the material, this dramatic writing is as effective as one could find anywhere. In what follows,

carefully selected details from the nonhuman environment reinforce the third-person report of thoughts and feelings to symbolize Emily's mental state: she has just enough time to throw "her books and clothes into her travelling trunk" (223). What better way to suggest, in all the flurry of activity, the narrowness of the limits into which Emily's self--both mental ("books") and physical ("clothes")--has been contracted? When they set out in a gondola, we observe Emily gradually infer, to her relief, that Morano is not to join them. And we are there with her watching the first tints of dawn over the chill Adriatic while the Montonis wrap themselves in their cloaks to sleep; and we witness the gradual shift of Emily's thoughts, in an extended reverie through the lengthy journey over sea and land, as she relapses into a sense of the fear, loneliness, and virtual hopelessness of her situation. In the excursion across the Apennines, into which we have already glanced, the solitude and gloom of the environment reflect the increasing ascendancy of these feelings in Emily. She thinks of Valancourt, who represents to her the only possibility of recovering her former self, only to have her despair exacerbated by thoughts of the greater possibility that she will never return from Udolpho. In this transitional passage through the mountains, during which she mentally anticipates the horrors that await her, she experiences a series of emotional twists and turns, rises and falls that move with the changes in the landscape.

When at length Emily beholds Udolpho (in a passage which

is surely among the most frequently quoted by critics), "gloomy and sublime" with its Gothic "mouldering walls of dark grey stone" (226-227), shifting in appearance as it is touched by the rays of the setting sun, it is as though the sun were setting on her happiness as well. This "prison," as she feels it will be to her, fascinates, awes, and mystifies her--as we might have expected, for it reflects to her the obscure, unexplored regions of herself. If she studies its every detail, that is because her instinct of self-preservation has been aroused in an attempt to defend herself--perhaps by escape--against an experience she feels she will not survive.

As Emily passes through the outer and inner courts, she discovers, in sharp, nightmarish outline, a desolate scene. The walls are scarcely to be distinguished from the rock of the mountain in which they are set, and they are partly eroded and covered with wild and primitive vegetation; even some of the dark chambers are described as being wainscoted with "oak," "cedar," or "black larch-wood, the growth of the neighbouring mountains" (228), suggesting how poorly differentiated this primitive structure is from its even more primitive environs. The whole of the exterior and interior of Udolpho constitutes an environment that is particularly nonhuman, reflecting to its beholders a primitive state of mind, a regression to a "state of nature."

From this point on, much of the action occurs in a

chiaroscuro of darkness and dim, flickering artificial light, well conveying the ambiguous darkness of Emily's thoughts. Revealingly, upon first entering Udolpho, "long suffering and murder came to her thoughts" (228). The succession of encounters with the horrors of imprisonment, decay, and death that await Emily is made to seem all the darker by contrast with the retrospect of happiness embodied in the mountain scenery she periodically views through Udolpho's windows. These scenes are a kind of screen onto which she projects her relatively tranquil moods, her musings about her present situation, and, later on, her hopes for the future, as well as her memories of her parents and Valancourt. As much as any locale in the book, Emily's environment reflects a tapestry of complexly interwoven thoughts and feelings in continual flux. When she and Annette grope their way through long, winding, and obscure corridors, their mental wandering is inseparable from the physical. During one anxious moment, Emily attempts "to escape from more serious thought" (231) by jesting with Annette; but this compounds their confusion, they lose their way, and wander

> about through other passages and galleries, till, at length, frightened by their intricacies and desolation, she called aloud for assistance: but they were beyond the hearing of the servants. . . . [232]

These scenes have the symbolic richness of dreams; Emily's straying in fear through darkness represents the current state, not merely of her momentary feelings, but of her life.

At least one episode illustrates a difference between Emily's and Annette's characters. When the former coerces

the latter into passing through a suite of rooms out of their original path, she is revealing her characteristic curiosity. Annette, in contrast to Emily, is equally characteristically unwilling to deviate from the prescribed path no matter what curiosity-provoking, superstitious tales she may indulge herself in. Afterwards, however, they exert some influence on each other: Annette does some wandering on her own, and Emily half begins to believe the old tales. Although individualization of character is not Mrs. Radcliffe's strongest point, these and other of Udolpho's characters are differentiated, and even develop, with verisimilitude more than adequate for the author's purposes.

The suite of abandoned rooms into which Emily and Annette stray is portrayed with the oppressive, symbol-laden minute details of an anxiety dream:

> What furniture there was, seemed to be almost as old as the rooms, and retained an appearance of grandeur, though covered with dust, and dropping to pieces with the damps, and with age. [232]

A series of pictures Emily examines is like a series of increasingly horrifying thoughts. In one, a soldier who is about to kill another man resembles Montoni. Having thus far been impressed with suggestions of desolation, decay, and then even murder, we are prepared to see something even more horrible in the next frame. But this one is covered by a black veil. It is characteristic of Mrs. Radcliffe's method that Emily does not look under the veil in this episode; it is rather like a seed planted in her consciousness, from which must grow a tangle of thoughts and feelings before

it bears its poisonous fruit.

Emily's first two days and nights at Udolpho, including the famous black-veil scene and Morano's attempted abduction of Emily, are well worth close analysis. Much of the course of Emily's thoughts leading up to these crises is revealed in dramatic interchanges with Annette. Although the latter is a relatively substantial character in her own right, her conversations with Emily are also Mrs. Radcliffe's way of recording the interaction between different levels of thought in Emily's mind, facilitating a yet broader psychological picture than any we have yet been given. Annette's superstitious tendency at first symbolizes what is only potential in Emily. But Emily, rendered susceptible by her loneliness and other factors which we shall soon review, gradually incorporates Annette's superstitious bent into her own mind. By the time Annette has filled her mind with hints of unsolved mysteries and supernatural occurrences, and after the silence has more than once been broken by strange noises and other peculiar environmental changes, interposed just when the contents of Annette's stories absorb the two girls most and leave them most vulnerable to surprise, it takes only "a low knocking against the wall" (239) to change Emily's courageous attitude into a superstitious and scarcely controllable terror, incompletely abated even when the source of the knocking is proved to have been a servant.

Another factor in Emily's fears is the guilt aroused

by the unresolved oedipal conflict that was activated by St. Aubert's death. Her present relations with the Montonis --the "bad" parent surrogates--and the sexual menace of Morano, keep the conflict alive. Many of her thoughts at this time are criticisms of these figures; and, as though in guilty self-punishment for having entertained such forbidden thoughts, Emily discovers--it is more like an image in her own nightmare than a feature of the outer world--a second door in her chamber, one that cannot be locked from the inside and that opens on a dark, menacing stairwell, the terminus of which she is too afraid to investigate. Among the symbolic implications of this doorway are Emily's vulnerability to sexual attack, her fear of the unknown, and her inability to defend herself against, not merely attack by others, but also her own repressed desires, fears, and aggressive impulses. The events that occur in this chamber are so effectively terrifying partly because they constitute something like a nightmare. If Emily's dream-like experiences are an attempt to cope with threatening circumstances in the outer world (when her usual moral behavior no longer works), they fail--that is, turn into nightmare--when primary-process thinking generates not healing power but symbols of an unresolved unconscious conflict. This aggravates her sense of guilt, in order to escape which she must live in an almost continual state of half-repressed panic, even in relatively calm outward situations, until, it would seem, she has suffered enough to

work through her conflict and expiate her guilt. But this occurs only much later. For now, let us examine her in the grip of this conflict.

When Emily finally peers under the black veil and then faints dead away, to leave us mystified for hundreds of pages about the source of her terror, we are, contrary to many opinions, being imposed upon by no trick. On the contrary, Mrs. Radcliffe's withholding the secret of the black veil for so long suggests, as E.B. Murray has observed, how Emily's mind, overwhelmed by panic, withholds it from herself --defensively represses the memory of what she has seen.[24] And now we are prepared to understand more clearly why she reacts so severely, why the image behind the veil is so threatening to her: it induces feelings of guilt more distressing than any she has yet experienced. If this is not immediately evident, it may be readily inferred from persuasive evidence scattered throughout the book. Very long afterwards, Mrs. Radcliffe explains that Emily was compelled to keep secret what she had seen out of dread of Montoni's "terrible vengeance" (663; i.e., she thinks the image is the rotting corpse of Laurentini, whom Montoni has presumably murdered). If, furthermore, we recall Emily's belief that to pretend ignorance of her aunt's death "appeared, in some degree, to be sharing its criminality" (354), we may apprehend how the necessity of pretending ignorance of the (supposed) murder of Laurentini makes Emily feel, unconsciously, like an accomplice in the crime. That Emily's guilty conscience

has been reactivated in an extreme way is suggested also by the parallel of this situation to those at La Vallée, where her curiosity led her to view forbidden scenes and objects (in particular, her father's gazing at the mysterious portrait, and the text of the papers she was supposed to have burned). Here, as in the former instances, her conscience projects her own punishment onto what she sees, in the form of the horrible surmises aroused by the ambiguous objects. The fact that she relives her childhood conflicts through the Montonis suggests further how she would unconsciously apply these surmises to her personal situation, no matter how irrational such an application would objectively seem. And her dreadful attack of conscience is confirmed by her behavior subsequent to looking behind the veil: it is that of a criminal (like Dostoevsky's Raskolnikov) trying to fight off the consciousness of having done something monstrous and irrevocable. She shrinks in horror from whatever reminds her of the scene of her "crime." Much afterward, when Annette suddenly mentions something about a "picture" (277), Emily suffers an instantaneous attack of panic, dissipated only after she discovers that Annette was alluding to some other picture. And from the moment she sees what is under the veil, Emily's mind is infected with a sickness, a kind of inner paralysis, that is not altogether to pass away for a long time.

Now Emily more than ever shuns solitude and longs for the ability to speak about what she has seen in "hope of the

relief, which an overburdened mind finds in speaking of the subject of its interest" (249). The dreadful memory lies in a corner of her mind like an obsession, to rush into consciousness--and at the same time be forced back by terror--at unwanted moments. That evening, among company at dinner, Emily's gaze wanders to Montoni, and, all of a sudden,

> the horror of the chamber rushed on her mind. Several times the colour faded from her cheeks, and she feared, that illness would betray her emotions, and compel her to leave the room; but the strength of her resolution [to avoid speaking of the incident] remedied the weakness of her frame; she obliged herself to converse, and even tried to look cheerful. [249]

But so great is the struggle that, after dinner, Emily's mind is

> occupied by interests of its own. It required all her resolution to forbear communicating to Madame Montoni the terrible subject, which still thrilled her every nerve with horror; and sometimes she was on the point of doing so, merely to obtain the relief of a moment. . . . [250]

The terror of reviving the memory of her guilty secret drains Emily of all further interest in exploring the castle. She is reduced to cowering in what seems like the safest place, to await whatever fate may bring. From this point on, though she is to witness plenty of activity in her surroundings, the greater part of her consciousness is sinking toward the archetypal "cessation of movement" appropriate to this phase of her self-development. Often, as she walks anxiously through "the lonely silence," "the breathless stillness" of remote and seemingly endless galleries, what sounds she does hear--the faint laughter in the distance, the "murmuring" from behind closed doors--cause her to sink deeper into

paralysis, for they are like alarming stirrings of unwanted thoughts in her unconscious mind.

In this state, Emily returns to her room at night, notices the mysterious door, and remembers how she unaccountably found it locked that morning. She is once again drifting into the world of nightmare, and this uncanny detail reinforces her sense that the nonliving environment will come alive in some fearful, primitive way. This sense is further confirmed when she discovers from Annette that the door to the room with the black veil has also suddenly and mysteriously been locked. As she sits up with Annette to avoid facing the unknown terrors of the dark, the latter unwittingly reinforces her primitive mental state--with its guilty, vague, but overwhelming terror of retribution through uncanny means--by relating tales of supernatural horror. And then, in an extraordinary suspenseful scene, they hear, at a strangely unlikely hour, "the noise of carriage wheels in the court-yard" (256), signalling the arrival of Count Morano.

After Annette leaves her, and before Morano actually attempts to abduct her, Emily's mind races associatively through remarkably complex and tortuous pathways in a frantic attempt to avoid, not merely the genuine outward threat of her situation, but the even more horrible threat of her unconscious guilt-provoked impulse to self-punishment linked with her agonizing inner conflict. First, she takes notice of "her gloomy chamber" (the projected thought is implicit in the perception) and tries to reason herself out of her

fear by reminding herself that it is too late for anyone to expect her to meet the count. But another source of distress comes in the form of worry about her aunt. Despite her unconscious animosity toward Madame Montoni, she has transferred to her some of the affection she had for her mother, and, because of this primitive transference, she seems to identify herself with her in some unconscious way. Furthermore, Madame Montoni is the only one who stands, even potentially, between her and the direct wrath of Montoni. Now, adding to her panic, Emily has just discovered, without being noticed but also without fully ascertaining the situation, that her aunt is in trouble. Emily, now unable to cope with the tangle of her fears, instinctively attempts to retreat.

> [H]er eye rested on the miniature picture, which she had found, after her father's death, among the papers he had enjoined her to destroy [259]

which lies on a table "among some loose drawings . . . [which had] been taken out of a little box by Emily, some hours before" (259)--the "little box" aptly symbolizing the only part of her own mind to which she can yet fly for refuge from her fast-multiplying fears. She becomes immersed in soothing reflections on the probable subject of the picture and on the character of her father. The celerity and completeness with which she involves herself in this little world, spinning out the threads of fond memory, lingering on all that she can associate with the warmth and security of her father's presence, on all that he meant to her when he was alive--these constitute a measure by which we may more accurately

gauge the extent and depth of the fears from which she is fleeing.

But she cannot sustain even this relative tranquility for long. The very picture she is gazing at reminds her of the earlier occasions of her guilt, the scene in which her father was looking at the same picture, and "the words in the manuscript . . . which had . . . occasioned her so much doubt and horror." Thus her only source of emotional security suddenly collapses; for, associated with her guilt is the doubt cast by the earlier scenes on the very moral sanctity of her father's life and, thus, on the chief guarantee of the system of values by which she sustains herself.

Again her mind recoils, this time into the shelter of habit. Once more Mrs. Radcliffe has prepared the scene with a thickness of detail that has a symbolic suggestiveness: in attempting to escape from unbearable reflections into a world of things present, Emily finds not security but a dark, vast emptiness, "the silence and solitude" of the "midnight hour" in which "not even a distant sound was heard." We may sense that it comes to Emily like a sickening confirmation of the falsity, the hollowness of all existence. She is now amply prepared to see the traps and snares that threaten her on all sides. Consequently her panicky imagination seizes on recent memory and on her immediate perception of surrounding objects--the nearby chamber of the black veil, the superstitious chatter of the servants, the door opening on the staircase--and constructs a fantasy that confirms and

concretizes her unnamed fears. Rapidly and unconsciously fusing and elaborating the array of relevant data available, she imagines that the staircase connects her room with that in which, she feels certain, lies the rotting corpse of Laurentini, and--as we may infer her unconscious thoughts--into which her own freshly murdered, perhaps sexually violated body will soon be thrown.

Mrs. Radcliffe's deft presentation of the associative functioning of Emily's mind, of its interaction with the environment, and, ultimately of its projective contribution to her most frightful perceptions, makes this scene--I would venture to assert--among the finest of its kind in literature. In a relatively brief space, Emily has so prepared herself--and the reader--to expect the worst, that when, some hours later, in the dead silence of night, she is awakened from a feverish doze by a faint sound "like that made by the undrawing of rusty bolts," this relatively trivial disturbance strikes us immediately and intuitively as the prelude to the confirmation of her horrible imaginings. From this moment, Emily, transfixed with fear, experiences as though in a spell the dreadful impact of the succeeding disturbances in the environment: the silence, the recurrence of the noise, the flickering of the lamp, the slow, uncertain movement of the door, the entrance of an obscure figure, its slow advance to the bed. Meanwhile she must suppress her involuntary impulse to scream. When her dog finally breaks the spell and she recognizes the figure as the count, some of her fears

are dissipated, but new ones take their place; she must now deal with her would-be abductor.

The conclusion of the chapter involves her in further miseries; she is nowhere near the limit of her suffering. Added to the horror of being the object of a dangerous man's amorous passion, she must witness a deadly combat animated by a lust for blood and vengeance (the effect of which is weakened, unfortunately--with other parts of the chapter--by stilted, artificial dialogue), she must endure the discovery that she had been offered and accepted as an object of fixed value in the marriage agreement between the combatants, and she must suffer the insult of being accused by each party of secretly loving the other.

The calm that follows is only a relative one. Emily is further exposed to the abuse of her aunt in the very act of trying to comfort her. And she witnesses another series of threatening occurrences: a group of sinister "soldiers" arrives and prepares for armed conflict; and the contention between Montoni and her aunt for the latter's property is accelerated alarmingly. When Emily reflects on the death of her father, her separation from Valancourt, the horrors of her first days at Udolpho, and the abuse which has been heaped on her from nearly every quarter, we may witness her mind approaching ever closer to the breaking point. As the focus of the narrative shifts increasingly to the conflict between the Montonis, Emily's identification of her aunt's condition with her own induces her to participate vicariously

in Madame Montoni's suffering. When her aunt refuses to sign over her property and is consequently led down an inexorable path of punishment and destruction, the strain on Emily's sanity as she witnesses her torture and, ultimately, her long-dreaded death, is as severe as any she has yet suffered. (In her attempt to intervene between the contending couple, Emily also sustains her only significant physical injury in the book, a gash on her forehead that leaves her face streaming with blood.)

After Madame Montoni is imprisoned, Emily's thoughts turn increasingly to death (consistent with the middle phase of the "rebirth" archetype). With her understanding reinforced by the projections of her imagination, she perceives signs of death all around her: tracks of blood, soldiers wounded in the aftermath of the attempt to poison Montoni, an ominous pile of soldier's clothing in a corner, a rumor of Ludovico's death, and only silence in response to her knocks at the door of the room where her aunt is confined. She must also endure long periods of lonely isolation at this time, for she is deprived of her aunt's company and even, for a time, that of Annette. In one of the few lulls in the storm, her memory recovers enough of her childhood tranquility to enable her to reflect that, by contrast,

> the late events and her present situation--in a foreign land--in a remote castle--surrounded by vice and violence--seemed more like the visions of a distempered imagination [an impression she has articulated before, reinforcing our sense of

> the dream--or nightmare--quality of the narrative], than the circumstances of truth. She wept to think what her parents would have suffered, could they have foreseen the events of her future life. [328]

Emily's loneliness and grief, and the persistence of her unconscious mental conflict, impel her, once again, into a "superstitious" mental state. Alone in her room at night, she derives desperate comfort from the idea that her dead father is speaking to her through the sounds of mysterious music. This small comfort is dissipated less by the protest of her enfeebled reason than by the growing terror induced by the gloom and silence of her chamber.

As the archetypal "Hell" imagery suggests, Emily is fast approaching the nadir of her condition--inner and outer. The devilish Barnardine, deceiving her into believing he is leading her to her aunt (but actually planning to abduct her), conducts her through hitherto untraveled passages, the depths beyond depths of the burial vaults, reflecting to Emily the worst of her projected nightmare-visions. Her feelings that her aunt is dead and that she is herself marked for slaughter seem to be confirmed by the horror of the dark, mouldering, stifling vaults:

> Emily saw, by uncertain flashes of light, the vaults beyond, and, near her, heaps of earth, that seemed to surround an open grave. . . . now she was shocked by an instantaneous presentiment, that this was the grave of her unfortunate aunt, and that the teacherous Barnardine was leading herself to destruction. The obscure and terrible place . . . was . . . suited for murder, a receptacle for the dead, where a deed of horror might be committed, and no vestige appear to proclaim it. [345]

It is soon afterwards that she is locked into the room where she hears Barnardine conspiring outside with a sinister companion, then discovers the instrument of torture, and finally encounters

> a corpse, stretched on a kind of low couch, which was crimsoned with human blood, as was the floor beneath. The features, deformed by death, were ghastly and horrible, and more than one livid wound appeared in the face. [348]

Those critics who disparage as a timid artifice the waxen corpse behind the black veil seem to have forgotten the present scene, with its gruesome real corpse, which, we might recall, Emily projectively mistakes for that of her aunt, who is as yet really alive.

Finally, at the approximately central point of her mental journey (and of the book), Emily's sanity is shaken:

> . . . compelled to bear within her own mind the whole horror of the secret, that oppressed it [i.e., the supposed death of her aunt], her reason seemed to totter under the intolerable weight. She often fixed a wild and vacant look on Annette, and, when she spoke, either did not hear her, or answered from the purpose. Long fits of abstraction succeeded. . . . [Montoni] spoke to her in accents somewhat softened from their usual harshness, but she regarded him with a kind of half curious, half terrified look, and answered only "yes," to whatever he said. Her mind still seemed to retain no other impression, than that of fear. [351]

Although the psychological focus of this portion of the narrative is somewhat weakened by the frequent shift to a point of view outside Emily's, and although the account of her temporary insanity is less subtle than that of, say, Richardson's Clarissa's, it nevertheless derives considerable strength from having been preceded by the full account,

extending through many chapters, of the slow accumulation of terror from various, complexly enumerated causes. Events introduced early in the story are seen to have influenced her present breakdown, operating through a subtle, elaborate network of psychological causes. To take one small example, when Annette attempts to leave Emily momentarily, the latter's unhealed grief of the past is revealed to play a part in that of the present:

> Emily, observing her going, called her by name, and then in the naturally soft and plaintive tone of her voice, begged, that she, too, would not forsake her.--"For since my father died," added she, sighing, "every body forsakes me."
>
> "Your father, ma'amselle!" said Annette, "he was dead before you knew me."
>
> "He was, indeed!" rejoined Emily, and her tears began to flow. [351]

Rebirth: Triumph over Terror. Maud Bodkin takes one of her principal examples of the "rebirth" archetype from Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner"; there the rebirth experience begins its consummation with "the first relaxation of tension" that comes

> when the Mariner yearns towards the moon and stars as they move, like adored presences, through their native domain. It is . . . by the light of the moon that the beauty and happiness of the creatures of the calm is so revealed that in place of loathing the Mariner's impulse of love flows forth.[25]

It is appropriate that in Udolpho, a lengthy, more psychologically detailed (though not profounder), prose narrative, the rebirth experience should be less symbolically concise and more profusely elaborated. What is equally interesting, however, is that the archetype is recognizable and serves a

similar psychological function in the otherwise very different prose narrative of Mrs. Radcliffe.

We have seen how, in her stay at Udolpho, Emily is gripped, with increasing rigidity, by a despairing sense of irreparable loss of the past, of permanent imprisonment in a dehumanized, hellish environment; she has begun to experience a general emotional paralysis bordering on that of insanity. The first important signs of a release from these bonds appear in her experience of the death of Madame Montoni. In her vicarious participation in her aunt's noble, even tragic (albeit hysterical and futile) resistance to Montoni's criminal demands; in her understanding of her aunt's inherent self-destructiveness; and in her faithful and sympathetic care for her aunt through the whole course of her suffering, death, and burial, Emily is enabled to forget much of her own misery and fear for her own person, identify herself more consciously and comfortingly with her now-benign mother surrogate, expiate much of her unconscious guilt, improve her psychological self-awareness, and experience an emotional catharsis. Even during her second trip to the burial vault Emily breathes a bit more easily than before; we may sense that she has begun to accept certain inevitable horrors of the nonhuman environment and thus, implicitly, of her unconscious self. She is beginning the process of self-integration. On the eve of Madame Montoni's death, Emily's emotions have been sufficiently freed to enable her to participate projectively in a thunderstorm that deluges the

castle; she can now draw from such events meaning, comfort, a sense of oneness with the immense, engulfing forces of the nonhuman environment. The scene's chiaroscuro of lightning and pitch-darkness aptly symbolizes the obscure mysteries, the uncertain tenure of Emily's and Madame Montoni's--indeed of all--life:

> the vivid lightnings darted from cloud to cloud, and flashed silently on the woods below. . . . Sometimes, a cloud opened its light upon a distant mountain, and, while the sudden splendour illumined all its recesses of rock and wood, the rest of the scene remained in deep shadow. . . . [372-373]

Madame Montoni expires during an effectively dramatized outburst of elemental forces that seems to reduce the power of Montoni, as of all mere humans, to insignificance:

> The pealing thunder rolled onward, and then, reverbed by the mountains, other thunder seemed to answer from the opposite horizon; while the accumulating clouds, entirely concealing the moon, assumed a red sulphureous tinge, that foretold a violent storm.
>
> Emily remained at her casement, till the vivid lightning, that now, every instant, revealed the wide horizon and the landscape below, made it no longer safe to do so, and she went to her couch; but, unable to compose her mind to sleep, still listened in silent awe to the tremendous sounds, that seemed to shake the castle to its foundation.
>
> She had continued thus for a considerable time, when, amidst the uproar of the storm, she thought she heard a voice, and, raising herself to listen, saw the chamber door open, and Annette enter with a countenance of wild affright.
>
> "She is dying, ma'amselle, my lady is dying!" said she. [374]

I know of no earlier and few subsequent literary scenes of this kind (at least in prose) that have anything like its emotional force.

As is appropriate in such a lengthy narrative, Emily's

archetypal experience recurs afterwards, in different forms. Her aunt has died. In order to coerce Emily to assign her estates to him, Montoni has permitted one of his subordinates to attempt a sexual assault on her. She is beginning to perceive the folly of resisting Montoni as her aunt had done. We may see in this change of heart that her period of self-punishment is drawing nearer to a close, and that her mind is becoming freed from its unconscious conflicts enough to allow her to judge rationally how best to appease Montoni and escape from him with a minimum of damage. About this time, in the "profound stillness" of night, Emily hears from her window a "soft melody":

> her emotion can scarcely be imagined, when she heard sung, with the taste and simplicity of true feeling, one of the popular airs of her native province, to which she had so often listened with delight, when a child, and which she had so often heard her father repeat! To this well-known song, never, till now, heard but in her native country, her heart melted, while the memory of past times returned. The pleasant, peaceful scenes of Gascony, the tenderness and goodness of her parents, the taste and simplicity of her former life [notice again how Mrs. Radcliffe makes earlier psychological states bear on later ones]--all rose to her fancy, and formed a picture, so sweet and glowing, so strikingly contrasted with the scenes, the characters and the dangers, which now surrounded her--that her mind could not bear to pause upon the retrospect, and shrunk at the acuteness of its own sufferings. [386-387]

Emily recognizes the next tune played as the one she had heard at the fishing-house; and this opens a new vein of associations:

> surprise soon yielded to other emotions; a thought darted, like lightning, upon her mind, which discovered a train of hopes, that revived all her spirits. [387]

Further excited (if ultimately mistaken) reflection leads her to believe that the tune is being played by Valancourt. Unable to verify her hypothesis, however,

> she retired to her couch, where she found it utterly impossible to sleep, for joy, tenderness, doubt and apprehension, distracted her during the whole night. [388]

In fact, it is already (appropriate to the archetype) dawn: "She remained listening at the casement, till the air began to freshen, and one high mountain in the east to glimmer with the morning" (388).

Emily's suffering is far from over--life in Udolpho is a "chequer'd . . . plan" (592)--but hereafter she is never entirely without hope. She undergoes another rebirth experience, briefer and more muted, at the peasants' cottage during her brief respite from Udolpho, when she is once more able to gaze upon the sea--that universal rebirth symbol:

> Emily, as she looked upon the ocean, thought of France and of past times, and she wished, Oh! how ardently, and vainly--wished! that its waves would bear her to her distant, native home! . . . The melancholy sound of the waves at her feet assisted the tenderness, that occasioned her tears. . . . [419]

Her sea-voyage back to France, when she finally manages it, may also be seen as a kind of rebirth experience. And not only this. After her return, Emily is reimmersed in suffering, even that which is engendered partly by her own unresolved mental conflicts--but with a significant difference. Once hope arises in her mind, the entire narrative becomes increasingly action dominated; if Emily is not permitted to act much on her own, nevertheless she

participates vicariously in the plot for her escape. And no longer does she cower in her room, in solitary, hopeless terror. This increasing action-dominance in the plot in itself has something archetypal about it, suggesting the unbinding of energy in consequence of the rebirth experience. Mrs. Radcliffe may well have been influenced here by two of her favorite Shakespearean plays, Hamlet and Macbeth, in both of whose action-filled dénouements physical conflicts predominate over mental, interpersonal over intrapsychic. I might also comment that the exciting escape from Udolpho is, to my knowledge, altogether unlike anything prior to it in prose fiction; and it is the prototype of hundreds of escape scenes in as many adventure tales of the last two centuries.

A number of other scenes that follow Emily's rebirth experience are, in fact, among the most skillfully executed in the book--well-dramatized, and deftly interweaving thought, feeling, action, and projective perception of scenery into an effective whole. A splendid example is Emily's terrifying nighttime journey to the peasants' cottage in the custody of Montoni's henchmen. The picture of the gloomy, remote forest, silent and desolate in the deepening twilight; the brisk dialogue of Emily's fierce conductors, colorful yet shocking to her; the inexorable drift of her thoughts, feeding on her terror-tainted projective perceptions, into gnawing apprehensions--all make for an episode that is gripping and powerful, even if it

adds little to the overall psychological movement of the narrative.

From a critical viewpoint, the most problematic section of the novel is that which includes the story of Blanche De Villefort's release from convent life, pleasures at Chateau-le-Blanc, and subsequent marriage. Why--we may well ask--duplicate in these episodes so many of Emily's early experiences at La Vallée? Why expand an already overlong book with a profusion of landscapes that differ very little from those Emily formerly encountered? Do we really need to experience Blanche's joy in looking out over the Mediterranean from the woods of Languedoc after we have participated in Emily's similar experiences in the woods of Gascony, near the waters of the Garonne? Do we need Blanche's poetry after we have read Emily's? Do we need the rural excursion of the De Villeforts after we have had that of the St. Auberts? Mrs. Radcliffe surely could have tightened the book's structure by leaving all this--and even some of Emily's experiences at Chateau-le-Blanc--out.

Despite their redundancy, however, Lady Blanche's experiences do add something material to the story. True, the circumstances of her life are something like those of Emily's; her release from the convent, in fact, is the occasion of a rebirth experience not altogether unlike that of Emily's escape from Udolpho. But there is an important difference: Blanche has not suffered even a small fraction of what Emily has undergone at Udolpho. The quality of her

experience has been, and continues to be, much simpler. Her rebirth experience upon release from the convent is uncomplicated by the jangle of multiple hopes and fears, the incessant struggle with inner conflicts and frustrating situations, that mark Emily's escape from Udolpho. Nothing but brief external danger perils the union of Blanche and the young St. Foix, but that of Emily and Valancourt is threatened continually by both outward impediments and those of the torments of moral doubt. Blanche enjoys the love and protection at least of her father straight through to her happy marriage; Emily, recently orphaned, must thread a labyrinth of loneliness, terror, and despair before she recovers her happiness and marries. The difference is even stamped on their countenances on the eve of their dual wedding: "the smile of Blanche was frank and gay, that of Emily tender and pensive" (670). In sum, Blanche's experiences and character give us another perspective on Emily's.

Chateau-le-Blanc is in some ways a replication of Udolpho; but, again, there are significant differences. Most obvious is that between the characters of Montoni and the Count De Villefort, but there are symbolic differences in the structures of the edifices as well. Udolpho is entirely ancient and decaying, and is subjected to further destruction in the course of the story; Chateau-le-Blanc is only partly of ancient fabrication. A more recently constructed wing contrasts with the "Gothic" part of the building. The setting of the latter, too, is far less rugged and wild than

that of Udolpho. And this fact makes a significant difference in the quality of experience at the Chateau. Blanche's first fright in one of its remote chambers exemplifies not only this difference, but also the difference in the character of a terror experience when it does not involve an already disturbed mind. When Blanche's "enthusiastic soliloquy" on the scenery she sees from the windows of the mansion is "interrupted by a rustling noise in the hall" (472), the fear we feel with her is no more than what anyone would feel in a dark and lonely place. When Emily arrives, it is in a near-shipwreck in a violent storm, and in her first night at the Chateau we are reminded of all the storms of her life as she dwells "in long succession" on "all the events and sufferings she had experienced, since she quitted [France]" (487), and on the uncertainty of her ever again seeing Valancourt. Moreover, the Chateau--with the neighboring convent--turns out to be the repository of some of the secrets that plague Emily's life. With all this, however, what she undergoes at the Chateau, however disturbing, lacks the threatening, hellish quality of life at Udolpho.

At the Chateau Emily, indeed, is again plunged into fear and suffering: she confronts "supernatural" events and, fretted by mystery, eventually faces the signs, at least, of death, in the relics of the deceased Marchioness. But through all her experiences at the Chateau sounds a new note; like the recapitulation in a sonata, her life is replayed in a different key. And we see clearly how what

happens to her furthers her self-development, reinforces her "rebirth." She has gained, for one thing, more self-awareness. Though she still puzzles over unsolved mysteries, she can now look at her "superstitious" reactions to certain mysteries with bemused detachment. Although to an extent she becomes caught up in awe and fear, she is "determined now to resist [the] contagion [of superstition]" (490). When perplexing and frightening events occur (particularly those centered on the disappearance of Ludovico), Emily can now ponder them in the security of a friendly little society. The same holds true for her problems with Valancourt, even though she remains unhappy until the impediments to their union are removed. Even when, back at La Vallée, she is firmest in rejecting Valancourt, old Theresa, with a refreshing common-sense approach, urges her to change her mind, and reinforces, at least, her continuing unconscious love for him--something that could not have occurred at Udolpho. And now Annette and Ludovico are never out of the periphery of her life, with their amusing relationship, ending in marriage, constituting a comic subplot. Emily is now also sufficiently freed of the pressure of fear to ponder in retrospect (or so it is implied) the fates of Montoni and other villains at Udolpho. In her continuing self-improvement she has learned something about the way in which evil eventually destroys itself; she had only to take a prudent course (at first difficult for her), and she now perceives her oppressors, when they were not directly conquered by forces of good, ending by destroying

one another, in incessant brawls and warfare, throughout the period of her stay at Udolpho and after.

Through much of Emily's experience at Chateau-le-Blanc we are admitted to her thoughts--to the interweaving and hidden connection in her mind of various strands of experience--by means of Mrs. Radcliffe's usual psychological approach. Particularly interesting is her self-involvement in the tale, and her encounter with the setting, of the Marchioness De Villeroi's death. She listens to the old housekeeper's account with special interest, for it seems to have some connection with her own life. She also, it is made explicit, longs to place herself among the objects reminiscent of the Marchioness's death because the emotions they awake are "in unison with the present tone of her mind, depressed by severe disappointment" (529). Thus, as clearly as ever, the outward scene she perceives is an indicator of her state of mind, and through it her thoughts unfold.

As was the case in Emily's encounters with images of death at Udolpho, the process of her thought is traced through all its windings. First, she is affected by Dorothée's account of the Marchioness's death. Then there is a day's pause while she has time to reflect on both the past and her present surroundings, our curiosity all the while mounting with hers. Then, on the following night, as she proceeds with the housekeeper through the mazes of dark passages, stairways, and chambers, the effect is something like that of her wanderings in the dark halls of Udolpho:

the passage from one room to another, each more remote from the familiar world, is like descending progressively deeper into the caverns of the unconscious mind, with its store of buried memories. The slow development in time of this descent, rich with precise detailed descriptions of Emily's reflections and perceptions of the environment, make the episode a vivid one. The exact depiction of objects suggests the immediate presence of the life that was associated with them in the recent or distant past. There could be no better way to symbolize thoughts of decay and alteration over a long period of time as the women seem to walk chronologically backwards and view the traces of life preserved in objects in a kind of suspended animation:

> They had to descend the great stair-case, and, after passing over the wide extent of the chateau, to ascend another. . . . They stepped cautiously along the open corridor, that ran round the great hall, . . . and, from thence, descending the chief stair-case, they crossed the hall itself. Proceeding through the servants hall, where the dying embers of a wood fire still glimmered on the hearth, and the supper table was surrounded by chairs, that obstructed their passage, they came to the foot of the back stair-case. . . .
>
> . . . they presently entered a spacious and ancient chamber. . . .
>
> . . . they passed on through a long suite of rooms, till they came to one more spacious than the rest, and rich in the remains of faded magnificence. [531]

After yet further preparation, Dorothée

> rose, and unlocked the door that led into the late Marchioness's apartment, and Emily passed into a lofty chamber, hung round with dark arras, and so spacious, that the lamp she held up did not shew its extent. [532]

As elsewhere when Emily is in a "superstitious" mental state, the nonhuman environment, in its uncanny silence, seems pregnant with a life of its own. When they examine the furnishings of the Marchioness's old canopied bed, "remaining apparently, as they had been left twenty years before" (532), they half expact to see "a human face" within. Enriching the significance of their thoughts and feelings, Emily recalls her fright at confronting a corpse during her search for her aunt at Udolpho, and Dorothée remembers having attended her dying mistress in the present room twenty years earlier.

They then pass into yet another chamber, the most private of all, where Emily gazes at the portrait of the Marchioness, which is fraught with mystery for her and which, as with objects discovered in similar excursions at Udolpho, has the character of a strangely familiar countenance seen in a dream of deepest sleep. Like no other, this scene paints a graphic picture of life suddenly frozen into death, and transformed by years of decay:

> In this closet were many memorials of the departed Marchioness; a robe and several articles of her dress were scattered upon the chairs, as if they had just been thrown off. On the floor, were a pair of black satin slippers, and, on the dressing-table, a pair of gloves and a long black veil, which, as Emily took it up to examine, she perceived was dropping to pieces with age. [533]

Dorothée relates stories about several of the objects they find; and when Emily and the housekeeper are finally terrified by the actual appearance of a face over the bed, as they had feared, so vividly has the scene been built up that we are affected as though it were all part of our own nightmare.

It is an indicator of the psychological strength of the scene that we are affected by it even on a second reading, when we know the truth about the "apparition" over the bed. And the long passage of Emily and Dorothée through a succession of chambers, back to the inhabited part of the house, as they flee the source of their terror, is like nothing so much as the slow process of waking from the profoundest dream, in which the frightful experience is isolated in a buried part of the mind.

Ludovico's venture into the "haunted" chamber to attempt to solve its mysteries is another splendid episode. As in the scene with Emily and Dorothée, the reader is made privy to a full range of his perceptions, thoughts, and feelings; and, by a brilliant stroke, Mrs. Radcliffe creates an almost unbearable tension in Ludovico's mind by having him read an old story which, as it absorbs his attention, leaves him more vulnerable to small ambiguous disturbances in the environment, and the contents of which ironically feed, by suggestion, his sense of the presence of something not quite right. Ludovico's adventure serves as another sort of vicarious experience for Emily, or at least it is made to seem so by her general participation in the mystery of the Marchioness's chamber. And while Ludovico braves it out in the chamber, Emily--now able to investigate these incidents with greater aplomb than she could at Udolpho--listens to a debate on the supernatural "with deep attention" (550). In this stage of her life she is, as I have mentioned,

part of a little society; and woven into the fabric of narrated thought are a good many observations and opinions that are not properly Emily's but in which she vicariously participates.

Next, the story splits into two half-plots. Before the resolution of her difficulties with Valancourt, Emily returns to Toulouse and La Vallée in a final spell of depression to indulge in long, involved reflections on the whole course of her life. The season, appropriately mirroring her state of mind, is autumn, and many perceptions of the environment that reflect Emily's projected thoughts are particularly appropriate to her present feelings and situation. For example:

> While she walked mournfully on, gazing on the long volumes of vapour, that poured upon the sky, and watching the swallows, tossed along the wind, now disappearing among tempestuous clouds, and then emerging, for a moment, in circles upon the calmer air, the afflictions and vicissitudes of her late life seemed pourtrayed in these fleeting images;--thus had she been tossed upon the stormy sea of misfortune for the last year, but with short intervals of peace. . . . the wind that groaned sullenly among the lofty branches above, seemed to her melancholy imagination to bear the sounds of distant lamentation, and, in the pauses of the gust, she still fancied she heard the feeble and far-off notes of distress. [619-620]

As if to counterbalance Emily's reflectiveness, the other half-plot, the adventures of the De Villefort and St. Foix families in the mountains on their way to join Emily, is filled with action. Though not really essential to the central story--that of Emily's self-developemnt--its contribution of a sense of dangers overcome by vigorous action

reinforces the rebirth motif; the miraculous discovery of the lost Ludovico in this episode further strengthens the archetype. And, we may add, the trip through the mountains and encounter with the banditti are as skillfully narrated, in both their plot and their psychology, as anything in the book.

That the story of Emily's self-development ends with the neat resolution--and even the multiple marriages--of traditional romance has, with the numerous flaws that undeniably weaken it, for too long obscured the equally undeniable fact that The Mysteries of Udolpho is a serious, complex, and at times even profound work of literary psychology. It deserves to be treated as such, rather than as a mere amalgam of eighteenth-century literary fashions or as no more than one of the better Gothic thrillers.

The Psychology of *The Italian*

To *The Italian*, the novel some critics rate more highly than *Udolpho*,[26] I shall devote relatively little discussion. For this I have several reasons.

As I have already observed (see above, p. 64), Mrs. Radcliffe's maintaining in *The Italian* the consistent density of realistic detail that she achieved in *Udolpho* did not prevent her from relying, in romance fashion, on the contrivances of plot and the simple kind of suspense typical of plot-dominated fiction. In *The Italian*, a disproportionately great amount of our attention is absorbed by such conjectures as speculating whether Vivaldi will rescue Ellena from the convent or whether he will discover the identity of their persecutor(s). If Ellena's discovery that Schedoni is her uncle (with her earlier, mistaken belief that he is her father) draws us into an exploration, somewhat complex, of her ambivalent feelings toward him--and is thus characteristic of Mrs. Radcliffe's mature psychological mode--her discovery of her long-lost mother in the figure of Sister Olivia marks a return to a traditional and unpsychological mode of romance. The same may be said for the discovery that follows from the former two: that of Ellena's noble origins, which immediately removes all remaining obstacles to her union with Vivaldi.

The love of Ellena and Vivaldi is another romance element that is treated more or less conventionally. Here the conventions are, however, mixed. Their love at first sight, betrothal, forced separation, individual suffering of abductions, tortures, and imprisonment, and subsequent marriage (after Ellena's discovery of her origins and the death of Vivaldi's mother remove the final impediments) all follow, fairly straightforwardly, the traditions of romance. The particulars of Vivaldi's and Ellena's behavior follow the much later conventions of fiction that treated love in an eighteenth-century social context: that of Marivaux, Richardson, and Fanny Burney. How direct was the influence of these writers on Mrs. Radcliffe is not clear; but there are unmistakable parallels between the courtship and situation of Ellena and Vivaldi and those of Marivaux's Marianne and Valville, Richardson's Harriet Byron and Sir Charles Grandison, and Miss Burney's Cecilia and Delvile. In the first case, particular parallels may be found between the couples' original meetings in church, and in the lovers' being separated when the families of the heroines arrange for the prospective brides to be abducted and imprisoned in convents. In the latter two cases (and to a lesser extent in the first), the young women's pride and delicate awareness of their social situations give them reasons to delay their marriages. In all three cases the men are impetuous, passionate, even hot-tempered, and attempt to hasten their weddings. And in all cases, the women are

orphaned (though Ellena eventually recovers her mother) and subjected to further social difficulties consequent upon the absence of parental protection. It is interesting to note that the minds of all of these precursors of Mrs. Radcliffe's Ellena and Vivaldi are subjected to the intense psychological scrutiny inherent in the approaches of their creators, all of whom were pioneers of psychological fiction. Yet Mrs. Radcliffe adds little or nothing to the material of her predecessors; on the contrary, she thins it out.

The relative psychological thinness of The Italian is the result of a series of interrelated factors. First, the social situations that in large part cause the mental conflicts in the heroes and heroines of Mrs. Radcliffe's predecessors are much more complex than that of The Italian, where circumstances give rise--in the hero's mind--to the traditional, simple conflict between love and duty, and, in the heroine's mind, to that between love and pride.

Another factor in this book's frequent lack of psychological complexity is the splitting of the central point of view. In Udolpho we remain in Emily's mind long enough to be made aware of a host of thoughts, feelings, impressions gradually accumulating to complicate her subsequent experiences. In The Italian, we are shifted from Ellena's thoughts and viewpoint to Vivaldi's, and back again, not with the dislocating thrusts characteristic of The Romance of the Forest, but jarringly enough to preclude the construction of such complex states of mind, developing slowly,

as we find in Udolpho. The quality of Vivaldi's experience is especially thin (not surprising if we assume that much of the strength of Mrs. Radcliffe's psychology is derived from her fictionalization of her own experience; she seems to have known little about the specific quality of the inner life of the male sex, even if much in her heroines' experiences is of a universal, not specifically sex-conditioned character). This may be seen clearly if we examine his interaction with his nonhuman environment. Let us take, for instance, his adventure at the fort of Paluzzi. He has come there at night, with his servant Paulo (who, as a foil to Vivaldi, functions like Annette in Udolpho), to attempt to discover the identity of the monk who has so mysteriously warned him away from Ellena. As they stand in a dark archway, the two--like Emily and Annette at Udolpho--debate about the supernatural versus the natural explanations of the mysterious warning. Then

> the distant chime of a convent informed Vivaldi that midnight was turned. The sound recalled to his mind the words of Schedoni, concerning the vicinity of the convent of the Black Penitents, to Paluzzi. . .[27]

Paulo begins to relate a tale about "the Santa del Pianto" convent, associated with this sect. He is interrupted, however, when the mysterious monk appears, utters a few cryptic words, and vanishes. They attempt to discover this elusive figure in the ruins of the fort. After a while, they enter a narrow stone-lined passage.

> . . . Paulo . . . seized his arm. "Stop! Signor," said he in a low voice. "Do you not distinguish a figure standing yonder, in the gloom?"
>
> Vivaldi looked onward, and perceived, indistinctly, something as of a human form, but motionless and silent. It stood at the dusky extremity of the avenue, near the stair-case. Its garments, if garments they were, were dark; but its whole figure was so faintly traced to the eye, that it was impossible to ascertain whether this was the monk. [74]

The figure vanishes, then reappears, then vanishes again. Eventually they are lured into a dungeon, the door is mysteriously locked, and they are confined for the night. Much of the time Vivaldi spends in this dark prison is devoted to debating, within himself, about their probable fate, the meaning of the mysterious message, the identity of their deceiver, what could have happened to Ellena, and so forth. Paulo also makes use of the time to finish his tale. Many pages later, after we have followed Ellena's fate for a while, we are returned to Vivaldi and Paulo and learn how they are released--again mysteriously--from confinement and probable starvation.

Superficially, Vivaldi's adventure at Paluzzi is not unlike many of Emily's at Udolpho (nor has any critic I know of ever pointed to specific differences): a mysterious occurrence in an old building, at night, lures him and his servant through dark passages, ends in their being locked into a dark room, and raises conjectures about possible supernatural influences, as well as a series of other thoughts. Yet further consideration reveals that this

incident is deficient in significant attributes that are present in Emily's experiences at Udolpho. For one thing, the interior of Paluzzi, realistically detailed though it is, is far less so than that of Udolpho. Since we have become acquainted with Mrs. Radcliffe's method of conveying thoughts and feelings (often semiconscious or unconscious) through descriptions of objects, we are prepared to understand how a major dimension of Vivaldi's potential inner experience is lost to us by our not having such a detailed description as those we get in Udolpho. The range of Vivaldi's thoughts is restricted in other ways as well. Practically his only concerns are with Ellena, Schedoni's possible motives, and the identity of the mysterious monk. We know next to nothing about his life before he met Ellena; we have not participated, as we had with Emily in Udolpho, in a full range of his happy and unhappy experiences; we have not shared in his emotional and intellectual life, nor followed the windings of his half-buried inner conflicts. He and Paulo debate about the possible supernatural origin of the shadowy monk; but his state of mind is really very different from that of Emily in a "superstitious" mental state, for he has not experienced (with the reader's participation) loss, abuse, loneliness, grief--all the shocks to the innocence of youth that we experience with Emily, which exacerbate her inner conflicts and, consequently, aggravate her unconscious sense of guilt, and which, together, constitute a complex, multideterminate basis for her "superstitious"

mental states. Nor are we given any equivalent to this in Vivaldi's mind, any complex of thoughts/feelings, rooted in his past, that would be symbolized in his present experiences by his perceptions of surrounding objects. The shadowy, elusive form of the monk represents little more than Vivaldi's uncertainty about the identity of a single figure; unlike the ambiguities Emily perceives in her environment, it does not embody repressed, complex mental conflicts that implicate the entire course of his self-development.

Moreover, Mrs. Radcliffe makes Vivaldi, even in the cells of the Inquisition, so conventionally intrepid and defiant of his persecutors that, for all the dramatic power of these scenes, we are able to derive from the presentation of his experiences only a limited, half-plausible idea of what being thus imprisoned and tormented is like. The following pretty well conveys his typical reactions:

> it was ordered that he should, within three hours, be put to the question. Till then, Vivaldi was once more dismissed to his prison chamber. His resolution remained unshaken, but he could not look, unmoved, upon the horrors which might be preparing for him. The interval of expectation between the sentence and the accomplishment of this preliminary punishment, was, indeed, dreadful. The seeming ignominy of his situation, and his ignorance as to the degree of torture to be applied, overcame the calmness he had before exhibited, and as he paced his cell, cold damps, which hung upon his forehead, betrayed the agony of his mind. It was not long, however, that he suffered from a sense of ignominy; his better judgment shewed him, that innocence cannot suffer disgrace from any situation or circumstance, and he once more resumed the courage and the firmness which belong to virtue. [309; emphasis (except on "question") mine]

This sentimental idealization of fearless virtue is not counterbalanced by any profound psychological exploration of fear or, as might be appropriate, of the long-term self-destructive effects of his rage, pent up as it is under confinement. (With respect to this region of experience, Maturin and Poe are psychologists clearly superior to Mrs. Radcliffe.) The "cold damps" are about as much as Vivaldi experiences of the virtually boundless agony one would expect him to feel in the circumstances.

We might add that the description of Vivaldi's environment in the prison of the Inquisition is far less detailed than that of Emily's surroundings at Udolpho, Chateau-le-Blanc, or even the fishing-house. The result is that the rich detail of the terror-provoking ambiguities in Emily's environment is almost entirely absent in Vivaldi's. "Obscurity" (Mrs. Radcliffe's favorite Burkean term) in Vivaldi's environment results more from a sheer lack of perceptual data than from one's imaginative interaction with a profusion of ambiguous perceptual signs such as we often get in Udolpho. For example:

> . . . the gloom of the place prevented his ascertaining many appearances. Shadowy countenances and uncertain forms seemed to flit through the dusk, and many instruments, the application of which he did not comprehend, struck him with horrible suspicions. [311]

We need only compare this vague description with the detailed, slowly unfolded account of Emily's discovery of the torture instrument at Udolpho to comprehend something of the psychological inadequacy of the Inquisition episodes in The Italian.

Perhaps because it was more socially acceptable for women to acknowledge fear and because Mrs. Radcliffe adhered more closely to a symbolic version of her own experiences, her account of Ellena's suffering, particularly in the episodes where Ellena is confined, menaced, and nearly murdered by Schedoni and Spalatro, is much fuller and more convincing than that of Vivaldi's reactions under duress. Here we receive a measurably richer depiction of the environment (and of a broad range of thoughts and feelings), and Ellena's keen awareness of the smallest details of her surroundings (far more concretely and effectively rendered than the "shadowy countenances and uncertain forms" of Vivaldi's experiences) powerfully conveys the exact quality of her terror and other feelings during her imprisonment:

> Ellena was awakened from profound sleep, by a loud noise at the door of her chamber, when, starting from her mattress, she looked around her with surprise and dismay, as imperfect recollections of the past began to gather on her mind. She distinguished the undrawing of iron bars, and then the countenance of Spalatro at her door, before she had a clear remembrance of her situation--that she was a prisoner in a house on a lonely shore, and that this man was her jailor. Such sickness of heart returned with these convictions, such faintness and terror, that unable to support her trembling frame, she sunk again upon the mattress, without demanding the reason of this abrupt intrusion.
>
> "I have brought you some breakfast," said Spalatro. . . .
>
> Ellena made no reply, but, deeply affected with a sense of her situation, looked with beseeching eyes at the man, who advanced, holding forth an oaten cake and a bason of milk. "Where shall I set them?" said he, "you must needs be glad of them, since you had no supper."
>
> Ellena thanked him, and desired he would place them on the floor, for there was neither table nor

> chair in the room. As he did this, she was struck with the expression of his countenance, which exhibited a strange mixture of archness and malignity. He seemed congratulating himself upon his ingenuity, and anticipating some occasion of triumph. . . . [215-216]

The most apparently trivial details in this scene--the simple breakfast, the lack of furniture, Spalatro's alarming expression--help to convey, with an economy unsurpassed in Mrs. Radcliffe's writing, the dire extremity of Ellena's condition. And further psychological subtleties are woven into the situation. For example, Ellena suddenly fears that the milk might be poisoned; and though she scarcely drinks any, the power of this suggestion alone induces in her an acute psychosomatic reaction, and she is "seized with an universal shuddering" (217) and believes for a while that she is dying. Yet further, this reaction suggests to her, after she has realized what has really happened, the advisability of feigning death in order to gain time; and this naturally leads into a very effectively portrayed, agonizing battle of wits with Spalatro. Her subsequent attempts to elude Schedoni and penetrate his motives are equally effective.

Despite scenes like this, however, Ellena's experiences lack the psychological complexity and depth of Emily's. We know as little of Ellena's past as of Vivaldi's, and we are given no equivalent of Emily's youthful, joyous communion with her environment, her complex relationship with her father, or her subsequent profound reaction to his death and its consequences. The true originality of The Italian lies not in the properties that make it a Bildungsroman--in which

it is markedly inferior to Udolpho--but in its exploration of certain types of criminal minds. We have seen the importance in Udolpho of Emily's unconscious sense of guilt. The Italian is a study of actual guilt as much as guilt-feelings, a study of the minds of those who have committed or seriously meditated monstrous deeds. Here we find no parallel with Udolpho because the feelings of Montoni and his henchmen are for the most part concealed from the reader (and Laurentini plays a peripheral role). Even in The Italian, the inner life of Schedoni is laid open much less completely than Ellena's. The few accounts we have of his vengeful schemes and guilty torments, however, together with those of the Marchesa di Vivaldi and of Spalatro, add greatly to the psychological depth of the book.

The plot of Schedoni and the Marchesa against Vivaldi and Ellena is developed in a series of interviews in which their motives and feelings are unwoven with particular subtlety. The scheming, vengeful monk must, while he is cautiously trying to manipulate the Marchesa, contend with his own nearly overpowering rage at having been, as he feels, publicly insulted by her son; he is faced with the delicate problem of taking vengeance on the son without offending the mother. The Marchesa's mind, equally subtle and equally tormented, is also in a turmoil of conflict: she trembles guiltily at the thought of involving herself in the extreme measures that Schedoni has hinted at, yet her wounded pride and desire for vengeance are nearly as

great as the monk's. The struggle of the two--with each other and within themselves--as each attempts to manipulate the other into assuming responsibility for the as yet scarcely named deed, and with each needing yet fearing to trust the other, is conveyed as graphically and insightfully as anything of the kind Mrs. Radcliffe ever attempted:

> The Marchesa wished him to lead her back to the point, from which she herself had deviated, and he seemed determined, that she should lead him thither. She mused, and hesitated. Her mind was not yet familiar with atrocious guilt; and the crime which Schedoni had suggested, somewhat alarmed her. She feared to think, and still more to name it; yet, so acutely susceptible was her pride, so stern her indignation, and so profound her desire of vengeance, that her mind was tossed as on a tempestuous ocean, and these terrible feelings threatened to overwhelm all the residue of humanity in her heart. Schedoni observed all its progressive movements, and, like a gaunt tyger, lurked in silence, ready to spring forward at the moment of opportunity. [169]

One of their meetings is held in a church, and there Mrs. Radcliffe richly details the Marchesa's projective interaction with her surroundings (in a "superstitious" frame of mind provoked by her guilt-feelings), her physical reactions, her casuistic interchange with Schedoni (as self-deluding as it is manipulative), and the alternate strengthening and faltering of her determination. In this extraordinary scene we also witness the Marchesa playing upon Schedoni's "unconscious . . . [a notably Freudian use of the word] self-love":

> "Consider, good father," she added significantly, "how painful it must be to me, to owe so infinite an obligation to a stranger, or to any other than so highly valued a friend as yourself."
>
> Schedoni, while he detected her meaning, and persuaded himself he despised the flattery, with

> which she so thinly veiled it, unconsciously suffered his self-love to be soothed by the compliment. He bowed his head, in signal of consent to her wish.
>
> "Avoid violence, if that be possible," she added, immediately comprehending him, "but let her die quickly! The punishment is due to the crime."
>
> The Marchesa happened, as she said this, to cast her eyes upon the inscription over a Confessional, where appeared, in black letters, these awful words, "God hears thee!" It appeared an awful warning. Her countenance changed; it had struck upon her heart. Schedoni was too much engaged by his own thoughts to observe, or understand her silence. She soon recovered herself; and considering that this was a common inscription for Confessionals, disregarded what she had at first considered as a particular admonition; yet some moments elapsed, before she could renew the subject. [176]

Equally fine are the interchanges between Schedoni and the depraved, half-mad Spalatro, haunted by hallucinatory memories of his former crimes; as Ellena unconsciously awaits her doom, the two engage in a fierce struggle in the attempt of each to impose on the other the burden of dealing the death-blow. The scene ranks among Mrs. Radcliffe's finest.

The Italian is also distinguished by the portrayal of Schedoni, certainly, as has been often judged, Mrs. Radcliffe's most original characterization. The austere, furtive, crafty, hypocritical, yet ultimately self-deluding and self-tormenting voluptuary-turned-ascetic is a strikingly complex creation. His reaction to his discovery that he has nearly murdered his (as he believes) daughter, his encounter with his own long-alienated paternal affections, the ultimate collapse of his schemes, and his horrible end in a cell of the Inquisition, all strike us with virtually tragic impact.

Yet The Italian's many genuine strengths fail to add up to anything like an equivalent to the complex and even, at times, profound story of Emily St. Aubert's self-development. Why, then, have some critics judged Udolpho inferior to The Italian? We may find the answer, I believe, in their mode of reading the former novel. E.B. Murray criticizes Udolpho as being "diffuse [and] redundant, and it incessantly exposes the reader to the same suspense, the same nature, and the same transparent heroine."[28] I trust that I have already presented sufficient evidence for a refutation of this position. I will reiterate only the following: that our investigation of Mrs. Radcliffe's "projective method" has revealed how "nature" in Udolpho is not simply a collection of objects but is at least partly a reflection of the thoughts/feelings of those who perceive the outward objects; that we have seen how, with the support of this projective method, the conditions producing "suspense" are all somewhat different from one another, and usually indicate significantly different--if often similar--mental states in the heroine and others; and that the principal value of Udolpho is in its portrayal of the inner life rather than "character" as displayed primarily through outward action. A failure to understand this last point especially (though my points are all related) is responsible, I believe, for Frederick Garber's overvaluation of The Italian relative to Udolpho.[29] That Schedoni is Mrs. Radcliffe's finest characterization seems to be the principal reason for Garber's

judgment that the novel in which the monk appears is also Mrs. Radcliffe's finest. This evaluation, I believe, may be linked to a stubbornly persistent survival of an old critical prejudice. For years the criticism of fiction (particularly that which is based on the model of the Victorian novel) has tended to neglect those narratives that emphasize the qualities of inner experience rather than the combination of patterns of outward behavior and physical appearance that we call "character." It is true that, outwardly, Emily is a rather bland, conventional eighteenth-century young lady; but she is interesting far more for how she thinks and feels than for how she behaves. If Schedoni is a more interesting and complex "character," Emily's inner life is given in much richer detail and has more in it of universal significance. Furthermore, if The Italian's omission of such verse as is interpolated in Udolpho is an improvement, its relative scarcity of descriptions of setting is in some respects an impairment. No doubt Udolpho might have been improved by some pruning of its lavish descriptions; yet very extensive cutting would have deprived us of some of its most interesting accounts of mental contents and processes. Our understanding of Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological orientation--and especially of her "projective method"--therefore permits us to reconsider the relative value of her two best novels and, consequently, to give Udolpho the pre-eminence it deserves.

Notes

[1]Ann Radcliffe, The Mysteries of Udolpho, ed. Bonamy Dobrée (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), p. 15; emphasis mine. Subsequent citations will be in parentheses in the text.

[2]Maud Bodkin, Archetypal Patterns in Poetry (London: Oxford University Press, 1934), p. 114; emphasis mine.

[3]Ibid., p. 54; emphasis mine.

[4]Ibid., p. 122.

[5]Harold F. Searles, The Nonhuman Environment (New York: International Universities Press, 1960), p. x.

[6]Ibid., p. 78.

[7]In this connection Wordsworth's account of his childhood reactions to his mother's death comes to mind:

> I was left alone
> Seeking the visible world, nor knowing why.
> The props of my affections were removed,
> And yet the building stood, as if sustained
> By its own spirit! All that I beheld
> Was dear, and hence to finer influxes
> The mind lay open to a more exact
> And close communion.

(William Wordsworth, The Prelude, ed. Ernest de Selincourt, rev. Helen Darbishire, 2nd. ed. [Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1959], p. 59 [1850: II, 277-284].)

[8]Bodkin, p. 137.

[9]Searles, p. 122.

[10]See Searles, p. 127: "This . . . sense of relatedness --usually when coupled with active working in relation to the nonhuman environment--fosters the individual's self-realization." Self-realization is itself a complex process. Active relatedness to the nonhuman environment "helps [the individual] to gain a deeper sense of personal identity, of individuality; it helps him to develop his creative capacities; and it helps him to gain a fuller realization of the extent of

his abilities and of the limitations upon these abilities." At various times we see much of this occurring in Emily. Self-realization involves learning not only about one's self but--inseparably bound up with this--about the world, about life as a whole. And the learning is not passive but involves self-testing, self-integration, self-development. A good deal of what Emily, unlike other heroines or heroes of Bildungsromane, learns about herself and the world comes via the nonhuman environment in this way.

[11]I am not aware that anyone has ever noticed the skillful use of language in this passage. The alliterations, in the "s" and "c/k" sounds, reinforce our sense of hushed repose and of the world's being shut out, respectively. The alternation of stresses in the descriptive phrases, "to breathe upon the woods," "distant sound," "solitary sheep-bell," "closing casement," and "was all that broke on silence" contrasts meaningfully with the grouping together of like (chiefly light) stresses in the rest of the sentence, mostly in linking and functional words. And the phrase "now and then," placed in the middle of the sentence, neatly balances it and adds to our feeling of poised stillness. Mrs. Radcliffe's best poetry is in her prose, not in her generally mediocre verse.

[12]See, for example, the following (some of whom take note of, but do not adequately emphasize, the psychological dimension of Udolpho): Eino Railo, The Haunted Castle (1927; rpt. New York: Humanities Press, 1964), pp. 9-10, 15, 53-73; J.M.S. Tompkins, The Popular Novel in England 1770-1800 (London: Constable, 1932), pp. 248-262; William F. Axton, Introd. to Melmoth the Wanderer, by Charles Robert Maturin (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1961), pp. viii-ix; E.B. Murray, Ann Radcliffe (New York: Twayne, 1972), p. 97.

[13]Sigmund Freud, "Mourning and Melancholia," The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works, ed. James Strachey et al. (London: Hogarth Press, 1957), XIV, 237-258.

[14]John E. Mack, Nightmares and Human Conflict (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1974), p. 127.

[15]Simon O. Lesser, Fiction and the Unconscious (New York: Vintage, 1962 [1957]), p. 108; see also Freud, "The Uncanny," Standard Edition, XVII (1955), 232, on splitting in E.T.A. Hoffmann's story, "The Sand-Man."

[16]We must consider as implicit in that upbringing the mores of late eighteenth-century society in England, when middle- and upper-class young women were expected to be extremely passive in their relations with others.

[17]Viewed in another persepctive, Montoni and his cohorts bear a striking resemblance to the "Arch Angel ruin'd" (I.593) and his fallen crew of Milton's epic. The dark pride of the leader, the array of vices in his inferiors, and their being engaged in dubious battle against the authorities, with their home base a huge edifice in a remote wilderness, are all general characteristics shared by the two sets of characters. Yet there is scarcely a particular phrase or image that is recognizably carried over from Paradise Lost and attributed to the denizens of the dusky halls of Udolpho. Mrs. Radcliffe has, rather, infused the spirit of Milton's hell and its fallen angels into the reduced and more ordinarily human forms that inhabit her very different fictional world. There is no direct borrowing and no evidence that she was in this instance conscious of her debt. It seems much more likely that her imagination, in an unconscious and dream-like fashion, created a seamless fusion of a buried memory of a personal impression of Milton's Satan, in his vengeful and unquenchable pride, and the less awesome but analogous characteristics of her impression of a type of disreputable Italian gentleman whose delight "in the energies of the passions" and "the difficulties and tempests of life, which wreck the happiness of others" (182) is as likely to be indulged at the gaming table as it is in nobler pursuits. The chapter which thus describes Montoni is headed by a quotation from Caesar's characterization of the sullen Cassius in Julius Caesar, suggesting that the plastic power of Mrs. Radcliffe's imagination may also have infused a memory of Shakespeare's character into the portrait of Montoni. The latter imaginative--perhaps more conscious--borrowing seems to be verified by a rough parallel in phrasing and idea: Cassius "smiles in such a sort / As if he mock'd himself, and scorned his spirit / That he could be moved to smile at any thing" (Julius Caesar, I.ii.205-207). Of Montoni: "A feeling so tempered as that of esteem, he despised, and would have despised himself also had he thought himself capable of being flattered by it" (182). A full discussion of literary influence is beyond our scope; but it is worth noting that Shakespeare and Milton influenced Mrs. Radcliffe's imagination much as they did those of her Romantic contemporaries. And if it sometimes seems as though Emily St. Aubert is encountering, in a dream-like setting, a succession of disguised refugees from her creator's mental library, we must nevertheless remember that these literary influences are well--almost unnoticeably--integrated into Mrs. Radcliffe's final imaginative product and that the resulting characters also play an important role in the story of Emily's mental development. Their being seen from her viewpoint and in the context of her life makes a significant difference, adding a dimension to what even otherwise would be much more than the mere sum of its literary sources. I must add that I am

uneasy with Frederick Garber's otherwise useful discussion of Udolpho's sources to the degree that it seems to imply that the novel is little more than a skillful interweaving of "many of the main threads of form and feeling in Mrs. Radcliffe's time" (see his note to p. 70 of Udolpho, p. 675).

[18]Schopenhauer thought that music is a direct representation of the will, or unconscious life-force at the basis of the universe. See The World as Will and Representation, trans. E.F.J. Payne (New York: Dover, 1966; 1st pub. 1818), I, 257 (Section 52).

[19]More than once I have applied the term "uncanny" to this kind of encounter with mystery. According to Freud, the experience of the uncanny is one in which long-repressed, primitive modes of thinking are reactivated in association with fear, thus conveying a vague sense of familiarity (because we had such feelings in early childhood) in a context of the strange and alien. The uncanny often includes the superstitious belief in the "omnipotence of thought" over the environment, and it blurs the distinction between the living and the nonliving, the human and the nonhuman. All this occurs in Emily's experiences, and was to become a central feature in the better kind of terror fiction, in such writers as Edgar Allan Poe, E.T.A. Hoffmann, and Joseph Sheridan LeFanu. Poe and LeFanu, at least, show definite signs of having been influenced by Mrs. Radcliffe. See Freud, "The Uncanny," Standard Edition, XVII (1955), 217-256.

[20]Eino Railo, The Haunted Castle (London: Routledge, 1927), pp. 321-322.

[21]Leona Sherman's reading of the name Manchon as playing upon the German Männchen 'little man' involves, I believe, an accurate insight into the sexually symbolic function of the dog (which is, significantly, left to Emily by her father and is the principal animal member of her nonhuman environment). See "Ann Radcliffe and the Gothic Romance: A Psychoanalytic Approach" Diss. State University of New York at Buffalo 1975, p. 186.

[22]How an unconscious sense of guilt may lead one to, rather than away from criminal acts is the subject of a paper by Freud. The criminal act in such cases is a kind of confirmation of one's guilt, and is thus at once a self-punishment and a relief from uncertainty about one's actual guilt. See Freud, "Some Character-Types Met with in Psychoanalytic Work," Standard Edition, XIV (1957), 332-333.

[23]Leona Sherman has anticipated, in a general way, many of my psychoanalytic interpretations. Drawing on a broad range of theories, she acknowledges the importance in Udolpho

of such phenomena as projection and splitting. I would, moreover, agree with the substance of the following contention: that Emily's journey to Udolpho is "a journey back into herself: a regressive flight from reality into the greater and deeper danger at the very core of anxiety--the loss of psychic boundaries and self-definition" (p. 32). The serious flaw in her study, however, is that it depends relatively too much on psychoanalysis and too little on the fictional text. This imbalance permits her frequent reading into the text of, in particular, sexual symbolism for which we can find no substantiation in what Mrs. Radcliffe wrote (or a reasonable inference from it). For example, that Montoni's entrance into Udolpho represents an act of copulation is, to my mind, patently ridiculous (see p. 45).

[24]Murray, p. 130.

[25]Bodkin, pp. 69-70.

[26]For an account of early critics' opinions of the relative merits of the two books, see Clara Frances McIntyre, Ann Radcliffe in Relation to Her Time (1920; rpt. n.p.: Archon Books, 1970), pp. 44-47.

[27]Ann Radcliffe, The Italian, ed. Frederick Garber (London: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. 71. Subsequent citations will be in parentheses in the text.

[28]Murray, p. 135.

[29]In what is yet probably the best critical discussion of The Italian; see Garber's introduction to his edition, pp. vii-xv.

Chapter V

CONCLUSION

Mrs. Radcliffe's influence has generally been accepted as widespread. Her novels inspired not only later Gothic writers but also most of the principal Romantic poets--Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats; not only women novelists--Mary Shelley, Charlotte Brontë, George Sand--but men as well: Balzac, Scott, Poe, LeFanu, Dickens, and even, it has been maintained, Stevenson and Faulkner, among many others.[1]

Yet the kind of influence Mrs. Radcliffe is supposed to have had has not been deemed very important. She is thought merely to have provided hints for ideas that were matured by later writers. E.B. Murray is thus able to conclude at the end of his book-length study that Mrs. Radcliffe was "one of the most influential mediocre writers that English literature has produced."[2] Since Murray's method of approaching Mrs. Radcliffe is to bring together most of the traditional views of her fiction--he seems willing to give at least limited credence to almost anything anyone has said about it--his conclusion is less surprising than it might at first seem.

If Mrs. Radcliffe was indeed no better than a skillful interweaver of literary, philosophical, and artistic themes fashionable in her age, and if her ultimate purpose was to "elicit and maintain [in the reader's mind] that obscure

dread of the unknown which is the major source of the sublime and terrible,"[3] then she might well be deemed mediocre.

Our close reading of her fiction, especially Udolpho, has, however, disclosed, if not writing that deserves to be ranked with that of the very finest authors, writing, nevertheless, that deserves more respect and consideration as serious psychological fiction than it has hitherto received. When her writing is thus revaluated, the significance of her influence on others is greatly altered. No longer can she be dismissed as having suggested merely the quaint romance, Gothic, or melodramatic elements in the fiction of, let us say, Poe. It now seems reasonable to suspect that Mrs. Radcliffe's psychological accomplishments --far less rudimentary than has been thought--had as strong an influence on the American writer as the Gothic or romance trappings of her fiction. The close mental relationship, for example, between Roderick Usher and his old family mansion, described in detail as it is interrelated with the thoughts and feelings of Usher's visiting friend, now seems more obviously related to the similar projective relationships between perceiver and environment in Mrs. Radcliffe's fiction--even if we allow for all of the differences between the two writers.

One who reads Mrs. Radcliffe's novels as they deserve will find in them not a series of contrivances to thrill the reader, but rather highly subtle and complex literary

texts which evoke in the reader far more than simply fear or even a "dread of the unknown": they evoke, rather, an intricate web of images, thoughts, and feelings with particular and varied contents. I do not wish to claim that every word, even of her best novels, is valuable. But our response to what is valuable in these works enables us to apprehend the experiences they induce in our imagination--enriched by the archetypal memories they draw upon --with increased perspective and understanding. And the kind of experience we can thus better understand includes, as I have indicated, far more than merely a single variety of fear. Besides different types of fear in a diversity of contexts, Mrs. Radcliffe's psychology embraces a whole range of emotions (with their concomitant intellectual and perceptual processes): joy, sadness, anger, grief, apprehension, love, hatred, hope, regret, longing, and numerous combinations of these and other emotions.

Yet more: As we have seen, Mrs. Radcliffe's literary psychology brings to light numerous processes that involve these emotions, processes that, independently and by other methods, have been discovered by scientific and philosophical psychologists. In certain respects she merely plays variations on psychological themes originated by Marivaux, Richardson, and other predecessors. She also, however, breaks new ground. The mental operation of projection had been treated before, particularly by Charlotte Smith, but never so thoroughly as by Ann Radcliffe. Her characters'

mental contents are enriched by a dense and intricate web of their perceptions of outward objects which embody a dimension of their (often unconscious or semiconscious) thoughts and feelings (the "thoughts in things" of our title) that would otherwise be inexpressible in words. That Mrs. Radcliffe achieved this much is alone sufficient to raise her work far above the level of mediocrity.

But she did more: Particularly in her best novel, The Mysteries of Udolpho, one may discover, as we have seen, archetypal configurations that give us insight into far more than what is merely superficial or commonplace in our experience. With her projective method, Mrs. Radcliffe depicts our relation with our nonhuman environment, including a good many of the psychological meanings our apprehension of subhuman and nonliving things has for us in the course of our self-development. She illuminates her characters' minds by incorporating into their experiences the properties of dreams and nightmares. She captures the quality and form of our dimly remembered childhood feelings and fantasies as they unconsciously influence adult experience. She depicts other phenomena later described and analyzed by Freud and other modern psychologists. Two kinds of such experience receive particular attention in Udolpho, yet, with all their importance, have been entirely overlooked by the critics--pathological concomitants of the mourning process, and the effects of an unconscious sense of guilt.

If we cannot rank Mrs. Radcliffe with the great

psychological novelists, it is no more than she deserves to give her a significant place among the pioneers of psychological fiction. Even though so many of her insights have been reworked and improved by her successors, more than enough that is unique and valuable remains in her work to repay reading it for its own sake.

Notes

[1]See Frederick Garber, Introd., The Italian, by Ann Radcliffe (London: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. vii; Ellen Moers, Literary Women (Garden City, N.Y.: Anchor/ Doubleday, 1977), p. 196; S.M. Ellis, "Ann Radcliffe and Her Literary Influence," Contemporary Review, 123 (1923), 188-197; Celia Whitt, "Poe and The Mysteries of Udolpho," Texas Studies in English, 17 (1937), 124-131; E.B. Murray, Ann Radcliffe (New York: Twayne, 1972), pp. 164-165.

[2]Murray, pp. 166-167.

[3]Ibid., p. 166.

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