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“More than most men am I dependent on sympathy to bring out the best that is in me.”
Commonplace Book

George Gissing (1857-1903): London’s Restless Analyst¹

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“Walk with me, reader, into Whitecross Street. It is Saturday night, the market-night of the poor; also the one evening in the week which the weary toilers of our great city can devote to ease and recreation in the sweet assurance of a morrow unenslaved. Let us see how they spend this ‘Truce of God’; our opportunities will be of the best in the district we are entering.”

The first words of *Workers in the Dawn*, the first published novel of the twenty-two-year-old George Gissing. I don’t think its most enthusiastic advocate could claim that *Workers in the Dawn* is a masterpiece of English literature. But for all its faults it exemplifies a recurring characteristic of Gissing’s work, and the reason why I, as a historical geographer, have become a convert and, today, an enthusiastic proselytizer on his behalf.

Gissing encouraged his readers to explore and, more than that, to engage with city life. Sometimes, like many earlier writers, he dealt in generic cityscapes—the “East End,” London beyond City Road, is described in the most general of terms—but more often, and especially in his later novels, Gissing’s London is very precisely defined: his characters live in real streets that the author has explored for himself, even in particular buildings. And his method is not only to invite readers to explore these districts from their armchairs, but also to send his characters on precisely charted journeys across the city.

In the course of the first half of *Workers in the Dawn*, Arthur Golding, the principal male character, moves first from Whitecross Street (just north of the Barbican)—one of mid-Victorian London’s worst slums, targeted in the first batch of slum clearances undertaken by the Metropolitan Board of Works in the 1880s—to Little St Andrew Street (now part of Monmouth Street), running south from Seven Dials. Next he moves to Charlotte Place, still a modest pedestrian cut-through south of Goodge Street, where he works for several years. Following his employer’s death, he moves to Gower Place, immediately north of UCL, and then to Huntley Street, one

block to the west. As we shall see shortly, the last part of this trajectory mirrored Gissing's own real-life residential mobility. More importantly, it demonstrates the author's rapidly acquired, intimate knowledge of the nuances in the social character and respectability of different London neighbourhoods, and it shows the spatiality (excuse the jargon!) of Gissing's imagination. Place was not simply a container for plot, but it was active in the making of the story: once Gissing had located his characters he could establish their identity and their behaviour.

While Arthur is living in Charlotte Place with his employer Samuel Tollady, they take weekly walks together, usually on a Sunday evening: "Starting from the shop about four o'clock, they would walk in a direction already agreed upon, and, by fetching a lengthy compass, regain home towards nine."² One day, for example, they walk City-wards into Smithfield, which leads them into earnest discussion about martyrs, religion and the nature of providence, and then on to Arthur's old home, Whitecross Street—Mr Tollady is as yet unaware of this episode in Arthur's history—which generates a lengthy discourse on poverty and inequality. The book's principal female character, Helen Norman, who lives with her guardian in the rich elegance of Portland Place, resolves to devote her life to work in the slums to improve the poor. So she spends several days "in walks alone, which she planned each morning by reference to a map of London, choosing in preference those districts which she knew by reputation as mean and poverty-stricken." She walks through the worst parts of Soho, Seven Dials, Drury Lane and Clare Market, "then through everything most heart-breaking that the wide extent of the East End has to show."³

From the outset, then, both Gissing and his characters might be thought of as "restless analysts" of the modern city.

The figure of the "restless analyst" was made famous by Henry James in his essays on *The American Scene*, recording his re-encounter with the United States in 1904-05 after an absence of more than twenty years. James found a country that was restless in that it was dominated by and obsessed with change. But he also referred to himself as a "restless analyst"—restless, emotionally, as well as physically footloose. For those of us who still find James' labyrinthine prose difficult if not impenetrable, we can thank the geographer, David Harvey, for reviving the trope of the "restless analyst" in the 1980s. In his work on nineteenth-century Paris, Harvey conceived of his witnesses of Paris—Balzac, Baudelaire, Zola and the ranks of proto-social scientists who charted the "capital of the nineteenth century"—but also of himself as restless analysts of urban culture and political

economy.⁴ In the same way I want to bestow the title on George Gissing—physically, geographically, as well as emotionally restless, in his private life as well as his writing about London.

Gissing had been born in Wakefield in Yorkshire in November 1857—born in exile: his family had only recently moved there from East Anglia, and he never felt “at home” in Wakefield. As a scholarship student at Owens College, Manchester, he won numerous prizes in Latin, Greek, History, English, and even Mathematics. Geography was more marginal in his scheme of things: in May 1874, while he was preparing for the matriculation exams for the University of London, he wrote to a schoolfriend:

Can you inform me of a plan of getting up Geography in a night? I find some is required for Matric., & longer than two hours I cannot possibly devote.⁵

Later in life, however, he acknowledged in a letter to his sister Ellen, who was setting up her own school, that “The geographical question is a very difficult one.” He offered her some sound advice, including the following:

- 1) Never let geography be learnt from a book alone, but *always* from the map. ...
- 2) Absolutely no learning by *rote*. [...] No profit in saying off lists of bays, capes, &c.
- 3) ... *Insist on clear ideas of distances*. ...
- 4) Do not separate geography from history. No use in learning about *places* merely as places.⁶

But I am racing ahead. To return to 1874, Gissing passed the matriculation exams and looked forward to attempting a B.A. Honours in Latin and English. He was expected to take up his place in the University of London in the Autumn of 1876 (though I am a little hazy about this—at this time it would have been perfectly possible for him to have stayed at Owens College all the way through his degree). The University of London merely set exams and awarded degrees and it was not necessary to attend one of the constituent colleges.⁷ However, it is a nice conceit to imagine Gissing as a student at University College. Certainly UCL would have been more to his taste than King’s, the pillar of the Anglican establishment.

In *Workers in the Dawn* the utterly dissolute Augustus Whiffle, son of a high-church clergyman, is sent by his father to study divinity at King’s College, in preparation for ordination. In practice, Gus spends his time gambling and womanising—he gets one female character pregnant and is named as co-respondent in another’s divorce. Curiously, he has rooms “in the humbler neighbourhood of University Street,” opposite the entrance to University College, more familiar territory for Gissing, where, from his

sitting room, Whiffle ogles “the streams of girls who [...] pour out of the work-rooms in which the neighbourhood abounds” and whistles to attract the attention of the prettiest of them.⁸

So far, Gissing had been a swot, tied to his books, but by Spring 1876 he had become infatuated with a young prostitute, Nell Harrison. His peers also had casual relationships with Nell and her friends; but Gissing’s serious streak caused him to fall in love with Nell, and to believe that she could be reformed. Hard up for cash, he took to stealing small sums of money to pay for his plans for her improvement. Unsurprisingly, he was soon caught, expelled from Owens College, imprisoned for a month, and deprived of the opportunity to take a degree. Today, of course, he would merely tick the box on the UCAS form indicating that he had a criminal record. So Gissing never made it to the University of London and the world was deprived of a potential professor of classics. Instead, we got 23 novels, more than a hundred short stories, a travel book, *By the Ionian Sea*, a book on Dickens, nine volumes of letters, a substantial diary, and a life which in its twists and turns was as unlikely as the plots of many of his contemporaries’ novels.

Shipped off to America, presumably in the hope that he would forget about Nell and start a new life in the New World, Gissing stayed barely a year, during which he discovered that he could survive by selling short stories to papers such as the *Chicago Tribune*. But by October 1877 he was in London, newly arrived at King’s Cross, and searching for a place to live. In the following six years he was to inhabit at least 14 different addresses in London. After a short time in lodgings in Swinton Street, near King’s Cross, he moved first to Colville Place, then to Gower Place, then to two different lodgings on Huntley Street, then to Edward Street.⁹ Of all these places, only 70 Huntley Street still stands; although most of Colville Place survives, Gissing’s end of the street was demolished following bombing in World War II. Then to Islington, where he remained for nearly 18 months, then to Westbourne Park for a few months; back to Gower Place where he took three rooms, and noted how at last he had a “proper kitchen,” shut off from the rest of the house by glass doors—it was “just like having a house to oneself.” Moreover, his study was at the back of the house, looking out onto one side of University College. Gissing wrote to his brother: “There is this time really no doubt as to my being settled for years, inasmuch as no change could in any way be for the better.”¹⁰ But the “years” turned out to last less than nine months. Next stop was in Dorchester Place, soon to be wiped off the map by the construction of Marylebone Station; then, another relatively long sojourn—in Chelsea—although he moved rooms a couple of

times inside this house. This is the one property in London that bears a blue plaque commemorating Gissing's occupancy, yet, geographically, it was somewhat atypical of his London life. From Chelsea back to Marylebone (Milton Street)—the street name has changed (to Balcombe Street) but the house still stands, then back across the park to near the Hampstead Road, a much more respectable set of lodgings, and at last, in December 1884 to a real self-contained, purpose-built flat, 7K Cornwall Residences, subsequently inflated by the management to become Cornwall *Mansions*, a building which still (mostly) survives. One end was sliced off by the Metropolitan Railway when they redeveloped Baker Street after World War I, erecting Chiltern Court, luxury flats whose first residents included Arnold Bennett and Gissing's own close friend from his later years, H.G. Wells. Gissing was to remain at Cornwall Mansions for the length of two 3-year leases, though after a brief love affair with the flat, he hated living there and spent increasing periods away, either staying with members of his family, or touring the continent.

By the standards of the poor, Gissing's transiency was not exceptional. He was no more mobile than many of his own characters in *The Nether World*.¹¹ But, while Gissing was poor compared to most of the middle class to which he felt he should belong, he was not *that* poor. Moreover, as Charles Booth observed, and John Goode confirmed in the case of *The Nether World*, the instability of the poor was "at the same time confined,"¹² whereas Gissing not only moved within Bloomsbury, but throughout a wide area of London from Islington in the east to Westbourne Park in the west to Chelsea in the south. So why did he move so often and so far? Partly because he was too easily impressed in the first place, and then quickly realised how awful each set of lodgings really was! He longed for privacy, and especially a quiet place to read and write, but that was almost impossible in a lodging house; and when he at last found it in Cornwall Residences, he complained of the isolation and lack of company. He moved from the east (Hanover Street) to the west (Westbourne Park) to be closer to the homes of the rich whose children he was tutoring in order to make ends meet, but soon longed "for the neighbourhood of life and bustle and noise" that he remembered in Gower Place.¹³ On occasion, he moved because he wished to impress. In 1884 he was introduced to society hostess Mrs Gaussen, rich, intelligent, his entrée into London intellectual society. It was Mrs Gaussen who arranged his move to Cornwall Residences but, before that, when she announced that she would visit him in London, he hurriedly moved from his current "too disreputable" lodgings—Milton

Street—to Rutland Street, a street “free from shops, & surroundings reputable,” where he could entertain her more comfortably.¹⁴

But he also moved because of his wife. Soon after arriving in London, Gissing had been joined by Nell Harrison, to whom he had continued to write while in America; and, after living together for nearly two years, they married in October 1879. In *Workers in the Dawn*, written while they were living together, and completed less than a month after their marriage, Arthur meets Carrie Mitchell, a work-girl who lives in the same lodging house in Gower Place, takes pity on her when she is thrown out on the streets because she is pregnant, rescues her when her baby dies, marries her and sets up home in rooms in Huntley Street. Almost immediately it transpires that she is an alcoholic, she reverts to prostitution, they split up, come together again, split up again, we last hear of her dying in hospital, and he emigrates in the hope of a new life in America, which never materialises. Gissing cannot have imagined that his own marriage to an alcoholic and occasional prostitute would have turned out any differently. And so it proved. They moved to Hanover Street in Islington on the advice of doctors that it would be better for Nell’s health—in letters to his brother he reported on her rheumatism and the after-effects of childhood scrofula; but back in Gower Place in January 1882, Gissing took Nell to University College Hospital when she had an alcoholic fit in public. He sent her off to an invalids’ boarding house in Battersea, and resumed the life of a bachelor writer, but soon after he moved to Chelsea, Nell was back with him briefly before going off to live in Brixton. This time it was final—she took half the furniture with her. Gissing paid her £1 a week, exactly as Arthur Golding had paid Carrie £1 a week when he left for America. By the time Gissing moved to Cornwall Residences, he had lost contact with his wife and it was not until February 1888, while on holiday in Eastbourne, that he received the news that she had died, in a slum room off The Cut in Lambeth. The previous year Gissing had completed *Thyrza*, a novel set mostly in the slums of Lambeth.

On visiting the room in which Nell had been living, Gissing discovered she had kept all his letters and his photograph. A fortnight later, he began the last and greatest of his working-class novels, *The Nether World*. In *The Nether World*, mostly situated in the slums of Clerkenwell, Gissing positioned the Byass family, struggling to maintain their respectability on the margins of the nether world, geographically as well as socially, in Hanover Street, where he and Nell had lived in 1880. “Squalor is here kept at arm’s length,” he wrote in the novel,¹⁵ and Charles Booth’s famous poverty map

of 1889 confirms that condition—“fairly comfortable” and even “well-to-do middle-class” on some nearby streets, but only a stone’s throw across the canal from the light blue of poverty. The Byasses’ last lodger, “after a fortnight of continuous drunkenness, broke the windows, ripped the paper off the walls, and ended by trying to set fire to the house.”¹⁶ One cannot help wondering whether there was as much of an element of autobiography there as elsewhere in Gissing’s novels.

Most of the time, however, *The Nether World* is set farther south in Clerkenwell, among the greys, blues and blacks that differentiated ever more irreformable grades of poverty on Booth’s map. This was a world where Gissing had not lived, but where he had rambled and researched. Gissing took fieldwork very seriously. In preparation for *Thyrza* he spent “day after day in Lambeth”, “doing my best to get at the meaning of that strange world, so remote from our civilization.”¹⁷ Although he did not begin to write *The Nether World* until after Nell’s death, the *idea* of a novel set in Clerkenwell had been conceived during “ramblings” in the area in the previous summer, including visits to radical political meetings on Clerkenwell Green. In October 1887 he spent two days in Essex “getting material”; and in April 1888 he was at the Crystal Palace: “I brought back a little book full of scribbled notes. You will read it all some day,” he told his sister Ellen.¹⁸ In fact, she would read it barely a year later, in one of the most famous set-pieces in all of Gissing’s fiction, the bank holiday excursion entitled ‘Io Saturnalia!’ in which the denizens of Clerkenwell invade—there is really no other word for it—the normally polite middle-class sanctuary of south London.¹⁹

But Gissing’s research also involved regular visits to the British Museum Reading Room and it is no accident that most of his lodgings during his first ten years in London were within comfortable walking distance of the museum. He obtained his Reader’s Ticket in November 1877, soon after moving to Colville Place. Like many impoverished contemporaries, he used the Reading Room as a place to keep warm and from which to conduct his everyday business, as much as for research. Late in life, in the not-quite-novel, not-quite-memoir, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1903), Ryecroft/Gissing recalls visiting the lavatory in the museum:

I became aware of a notice newly set up above the row of basins [...] “Readers are requested to bear in mind that these basins are to be used only for casual ablutions.” Oh, the significance of that inscription! Had I not myself, more than once, been glad to use this soap and water more largely than the sense of the authorities contemplated?²⁰

From Hanover Street he trekked to the museum to research apoplexy and paralysis. From Cornwall Mansions, he visited to research Naples—for *The Emancipated*—and women’s literature—for an abortive novel, *The Headmistress*. Nothing ever wasted, this research was invaluable when he came to write *The Odd Women*, by which time he had remarried, as disastrously as the first time, and was living in Exeter. Returning in 1893 to live in the suburbs of south London he was soon back in the museum reading about advertising in preparation for *In the Year of Jubilee*.²¹

One of the books Gissing studied in the Reading Room was the first volume of Charles Booth’s *Life and Labour of the People of London*, which he read soon after its publication in 1890. If Gissing was keen to learn from Booth, and I have used Booth’s maps in this talk to provide the social context for Gissing’s restlessness as well as for some of his novels, it was also the case that Booth appreciated Gissing, commending his novel, *Demos*, as, in Gissing’s paraphrase, “one of the few works of fiction which would be of any use to a man wishing to study London work-folk.”²² There is a sense in which novels such as Gissing’s and social surveys such as Booth’s were parallel social explorations of the city, each panoramic in ambition, but then plunging into the detail and diversity of experience on the streets.

Gissing not only worked in the museum himself but he sent his characters there. Most famously, of course, in *New Grub Street*, where the Reading Room is the hub around which congregate the editors, men of cheap letters and their assistants and consorts: Alfred Yule and his daughter Marian, the idealistic Edwin Reardon, the up-and-coming Jasper Milvain, and the host of lesser “dwellers in the valley of the shadow of books.”²³ If literature was now a commodity like any other, then the Reading Room was its trading floor. Just compare pictures of the Reading Room rotunda and the interior of the Coal Exchange!²⁴

More surprisingly, perhaps, in *The Nether World*, Bob Hewett meets Clem Peckover, each by now married to somebody else, and walking along together, “presently they came within sight of the British Museum.”²⁵ Bob had been there once before, many years earlier, and—as a die-sinker by trade—has an interest in seals, coins and suchlike. Clem feigns interest in antiquities, but soon discovers that unvisited corners of the museum are just the place for a private conversation. For her the Museum fulfils the same function as their subsequent meeting places—an Italian pastry shop in Old Street and the Thames Embankment between Waterloo Bridge and Temple Pier. It is beyond the everyday space of most residents of the nether world.

In *Thyrza*, the principal representative of the middle classes, the idealist Walter Egremont, who is trying to set up a workingmen's library in Lambeth, himself lives in rooms in Great Russell Street facing the museum. He had taken these rooms because he planned to produce "some monumental work of erudition" which would involve long hours in the museum. By the time the story opens, he had abandoned his research, but retained his rooms.

Even during long absences abroad Egremont retained the domicile; at each return he said to himself that he must really find quarters at once more reputable and more homelike, but the thought of removing his books, of dealing with new people, deterred him from the actual step. In fact, he was indifferent as to where or how he lived; all he asked was the possibility of privacy. The ugliness of his surroundings did not trouble him, for he paid no attention to them. [...] This was a mere *pied à terre*; it housed his body and left his mind free.²⁶

Gissing wrote *Thyrza* while he was living in Cornwall Mansions, and the physical characteristics of that three-roomed flat were replicated in the descriptions he provided of Edwin and Amy Reardon's flat in *New Grub Street*.²⁷ But his *feelings* about his own flat are exactly those he attributes to Egremont. At this stage in his life, Gissing had made only one trip to the Continent, to France in Spring 1886, but in the years after *Thyrza* he made much more extensive trips to Italy and Greece. Each time he planned to sublet his flat. Each time he failed to do so.

This is a fairly trivial example of what I have already noted—Gissing's life imitating his art. To take another, consider the circumstances in which he met his second wife, Edith Underwood, in the autumn of 1890. Back in *Workers in the Dawn* there was a one-line reference to the Oxford Music Hall (on Oxford Street just west of Tottenham Court Road)—Carrie visits the music-hall on a Saturday night, "a place in which no woman who valued her reputation would care to be seen." More than ten years later, Gissing picked up Edith at the Oxford Music Hall.²⁸

Gissing continued to visit Bloomsbury long after he had ceased living in the area, and not only because of his need to research in the British Museum Reading Room. In October 1890, he visited his friend Morley Roberts at the latter's new home, at 35 Tavistock Place.²⁹ His marriage to Edith in February 1891 was at St Pancras Register Office (Gissing was by now resident in Exeter while Edith's home was in Camden Town). He bought the wedding ring in Tottenham Court Road and stayed the night before the wedding at the Bedford Head, also on Tottenham Court Road.³⁰ Returning to London in June 1893, in preparation for his family's move to Brixton, he stayed in the Bedford Hotel in Museum Street for three shillings per night.³¹ Shopping for household items for their suburban homes in

Brixton and Epsom, Gissing travelled in to a department store he would have known from Bloomsbury and 7K times, Oetzmann's, on Hampstead Road, where he bought carpet, curtains, linoleum and, on his second visit, bedroom furniture, while Edith "made a lot of purchases" at Shoobred's, on Tottenham Court Road just south of Euston Road.³²

I cannot end without saying something more about Gissing and modernity, and Gissing and more self-assured modern women. In *Eve's Ransom* (1895), Gissing returned briefly to Gower Place. Eve Madeley, a friend of Maurice Hilliard's landlady in Dudley in the Black Country, has moved to London and taken lodgings in Gower Place. Maurice, who has never met her, merely seen her photograph, stops off in London on his way back from Paris, and decides to find his own lodgings in Gower Place, on the opposite side of the street from Eve's: "a sitting-room on the ground-floor, and a bedroom above." He keeps watch on Eve's front door for several hours to no avail, but as soon as he goes out himself, he sees Eve, smartly dressed—"it might be in the mode of the new season"—walking with a girl friend, on their way to the theatre, choosing to splash out on a cab to get them there in time. The next evening Maurice again sees Eve leave her lodgings, this time on her own. "She entered the booking-office of Gower Street station" and asked for a third-class return to the "Healtheries," the slang term for the Health Exhibition at Kensington. Maurice follows her onto the platform, sits opposite her on the train and eventually gets to talk to her later that evening at the exhibition.³³

Gissing had visited the International Health Exhibition back in 1884 (when the novel is set), reporting to his sister on its serious side—the model dairies, a street of model dwellings showing the latest sanitary appliances—but paying particular attention to the "Street of Old London", supposedly "an exact reproduction of a mediaeval London street," a perfect exemplar of the use of the picturesque to emphasise the progressiveness of the modern world. He told his sister that "At night the places are all illuminated with the electric light [still a novelty in 1884]; but I had not time to stay so late."³⁴ Yet it was at night that he set his fictional account a decade later, and there is no indication that Eve or Maurice bothered with any of the educational exhibits—they listen to a band, they enjoy the "many-coloured illumination," they variously drink wine and ale, and eat sandwiches, and they ramble aimlessly

among cigar-smoking clerks and shopmen, each with the female of his kind in wondrous hat and drapery; among domestic groups from the middle-class suburbs, and from regions of the artisan; among the frankly rowdy and the solemnly superior;

here and there a man in evening dress, generally conscious of his white tie and starched shirt, and a sprinkling of unattached young women with roving eyes.³⁵

In this exhibition it is evident that the chief exhibits are the other visitors.

Eve is not the only young woman who rides the underground alone. In *Workers in the Dawn*, Helen Norman regularly takes the train late at night, back from somewhere near City Road, where she runs an evening school for teenage girls, to Portland Place. Her guardian reprimands her: “You are aware, I presume, that young ladies do not, as a rule, permit themselves to indulge in such night excursions.” Helen is not interested in “the ordinances of so-called society.”³⁶

But the most adept user of public transport in London must be Monica Madden in *The Odd Women* (1893). After a Sunday evening in Battersea Park with her future husband, Edmund Widdowson, Monica travels home alone by train from York Road [Battersea] to Walworth Road: “Widdowson cast a curious glance at her. One would have imagined that he found something to disapprove in this ready knowledge of London transit.”³⁷ Later in the novel, now married and living in the south London suburb of Herne Hill, Monica continues to traverse the city alone by train and underground, visiting her sisters in Battersea, her former room-mate in Rutland Street near Regent’s Park (another of Gissing’s own former homes, where they even paid the same rent, 11/–, as Gissing had paid in 1884), and Mary Barfoot and Rhoda Nunn, two feminist-minded women living in Chelsea, who run a secretarial college in Great Portland Street which Monica had attended prior to her marriage. On one occasion, she encounters Everard Barfoot, Mary’s cousin, as they are both entering Sloane Square station. They engage in conversation on the train—alone together in a first-class carriage—“And when Barfoot alighted at Bayswater they shook hands with an especial friendliness, both seeming to suggest a wish that they might soon meet again.”³⁸ Like the British Museum, the underground was evidently one of those places where you could be private in public.

For a talk about Gissing it would be out of character to contrive a happy ending, but I can, perhaps, be allowed a kind of provisional resolution. In 1897 he split up with his second wife, though again it took two attempts, but he was to achieve a kind of domestic bliss with his third partner, Gabrielle Fleury, moving to live with her in France in 1899. For most of his life Gissing was something of a hypochondriac, always expecting the worst of his health. His father had died of congestion of the lungs when he was barely 13 years old. In the end, Gissing’s fears were justified. He died on 28 December 1903, aged only 46. Full of strange coincidences to the end,

he died on the same date in the year as his father, 33 years earlier. Moreover, as several memorialists have noted in recent months, his life span—46 years and 36 days—was almost exactly the same as that of his greatest champion during the twentieth century, George Orwell, the centenary of whose birth in June 1903 was probably one reason why the centenary of Gissing's death has passed relatively unnoticed.³⁹

Gissing never made it to UCL. Just a view out of his back window in Gower Place. He did however attract the attention of at least one UCL professor, Edward Spenser Beesly, professor of history, who invited him on behalf of the Russian novelist, Turgenev, to write a series of articles about English cultural and political life for a Russian journal.⁴⁰ But if Gissing did not make it, at least his books did. At the last count, there were, including duplicates, 79 volumes listing him as author in the catalogue of the University of London Library, and 54 in UCL Library, plus at least another 26 about him. At any moment, no more than a dozen of those are out in my name. Walk with me, reader, into ENGLISH Q 219.⁴¹

¹This is a slightly expanded version of a talk given in the UCL Lunch-Hour Lecture Series on 2 March 2004. I have inserted references to direct quotations and to “non-Gissing” material, but I have not provided references to standard works such as John Halperin's and Jacob Korg's biographies. I am especially grateful to Catherine D'alton and Elanor McBay of the UCL Geography Drawing Office for preparing the illustrations for the lecture and the map that accompanies this article.

²*Workers in the Dawn*, Part I, Chapter XI.

³*Ibid.*, Part II, Chapter I.

⁴David Harvey, *Consciousness and the Urban Experience* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1985), p. xi.

⁵*The Collected Letters of George Gissing*, edited by Paul F. Mattheisen, Arthur C. Young, and Pierre Coustillas (Athens, Ohio: Ohio University Press, 1990-97), vol. 1, p. 32.

⁶*Ibid.*, vol. 5, p. 170.

⁷Negley Harte, *The University of London 1836-1936* (London: Athlone Press, 1986); Negley Harte and John North, *The World of University College London 1828-1978* (London: UCL, 1978).

⁸*Workers in the Dawn*, Part II, Chapter IV.

⁹Further details of Gissing's London homes can be found in Robin Woolven, “George Gissing's London Residences 1877-1891,” *Gissing Journal*, October 2003, pp. 5-15. See also Pierre Coustillas and Xavier Pétremand (eds), “London Homes and Haunts of George Gissing: An Unpublished Essay by A.C. Gissing,” in *Gissing Journal*, April 1994, pp. 1-14.

¹⁰*Letters*, vol. 2, pp. 54-5.

¹¹See, for example, Gissing's comments on the mobility of Bob Hewett and his wife, Pennyloaf, in Chapters XV and XXIV of *The Nether World*.

¹²Albert Fried and Richard Elman, eds, *Charles Booth's London* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1971), p. 50; John Goode, “Introduction” to *The Nether World* (Brighton: Harvester Press, 1974), p. vii.

- ¹³Letters, vol. 2, p. 54.
- ¹⁴Ibid., vol. 2, pp. 250, 252.
- ¹⁵The Nether World, Chapter VII.
- ¹⁶Ibid.
- ¹⁷Letters, vol. 3, pp. 48, 47.
- ¹⁸Ibid., vol. 3, pp. 139, 145, 154, 198.
- ¹⁹The Nether World, Chapter XII.
- ²⁰The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft, Spring 10.
- ²¹Letters, vol. 1, p. 246; Pierre Coustillas, ed., *London and the Life of Literature in Late Victorian England: The Diary of George Gissing, Novelist* (Hassocks: Harvester Press, 1978), pp. 169 and 313, entries for 15 October 1889 and 24 August 1893.
- ²²Letters, vol. 4, p. 307. Gissing referred to reading Booth in the British Museum in vol. 4, p. 249, and in *Diary*, pp. 231-2, entries for 6 and 9 December 1890.
- ²³*New Grub Street*, Chapter 2.
- ²⁴For the latter, see illustrations from the Guildhall Library “Collage” site, available online at <http://collage.cityoflondon.gov.uk/> esp. Record 18680, “Interior View of the Coal Exchange,” by Wm Luker Jr., c. 1900.
- ²⁵The Nether World, Chapter XXIV.
- ²⁶Thyrza, Chapter VII.
- ²⁷*New Grub Street*, Chapter 4.
- ²⁸*Workers in the Dawn*, Part II, Chapters XIII and XIV; *Diary*, p. 226, entry for 24 September 1890.
- ²⁹*Diary*, p. 228, entry for 11 October 1890.
- ³⁰Ibid., p. 240, entries for 24 and 25 February 1891.
- ³¹Ibid., p. 308, entry for 23 June 1893.
- ³²Ibid., p. 308, entry for 26 June 1893, pp. 347-8, entry for 17 September 1894; p. 390, entry for 10 October 1895. The connections between Gissing’s own shopping habits and his treatment in his novels of shops, shop assistants and shoppers deserve some attention beyond that already accorded by feminist critics such as Rachel Bowlby and Sally Ledger.
- ³³*Eve’s Ransom*, Chapters 5 and 6.
- ³⁴Letters, vol. 2, pp. 246-7.
- ³⁵*Eve’s Ransom*, Chapter 6.
- ³⁶*Workers in the Dawn*, Part II, Chapter V.
- ³⁷*The Odd Women*, Chapter V.
- ³⁸Ibid., Chapter XVIII.
- ³⁹See, for example, “NB”, *Times Literary Supplement*, 5 December 2003, p. 16; “Smallweed”, *Guardian*, 3 January 2004, p. 18.
- ⁴⁰Letters, vol. 1, pp. 309-11.
- ⁴¹UCL Library’s reference for books on and by Gissing. The equivalent for the University of London Library is English YO G 47.

**From *Veranilda* to *The Private Life of Henry Maitland*
The Correspondence between Clara Collet and Morley Roberts**

(second instalment)

PIERRE COUSTILLAS

Authors' Club
3 Whitehall Court S.W.

22.12.04

My dear Miss Collet,

It isn't the money or the goodwill but it's the impossibility of getting away before the lease is fixed up which prevents me coming. You know what lawyers are. There is still a point of the lease hanging over unsettled & I mayn't sign it till next week. The steamers go on Saturday, & if I sailed on Sat. week I suppose I sh^d only just catch you. So this must be put off. Please tell Gabrielle how sorry I am. Now I shall only get away for about a week & I think I shall go to a hydropathic at Malvern & put in some treatment there in the way of baths &c.

In addition to law & worry I've been working too & feel a wreck.

My wife sends her love to you & Gabrielle & cannot help thinking of the dreadful time that it was last year. I hope a little peace comes to Gabrielle. Surely it must & will.

Your sincere friend
Morley Roberts

Authors' Club
3 Whitehall Court S.W.

24.12.04

My dear Miss Collet,

I'm glad you've told Gabrielle everything. I'm sure it is better & I know she will be proud to think of what G. went through & how he came out of it & showed he was gold all through.

I regret more than ever that I can't come. And even now I will if I can, tho you mustn't expect me. My love to her & my best best wishes for you for the New Year.

If I do the biographical study it will be in a year or two. *But* I don't think any one will object to it. I think I see daylight dawning over the waste of material. A later completer book could wait for years.

Yours always sincerely
Morley Roberts

Pension Larréa
Ciboure, St Jean de Luz

25 Dec 04

Dear Mr Roberts,

Gabrielle is *greatly* disappointed and I am only less so because our chances of meeting are not so rare. The weather has been perfect and we have been out the whole day. I am not sure that it is going to last but even if it does not it must be better than England at present. If you started next Saturday I suppose you would be here by Monday night; I don't go away until Saturday the 7th and I very much want to go up Haya. Gabrielle has agreed to come with me to the foot of the Rhune but she won't go so far as the Haya. If you could stay after I have gone for a little while it would be a great pleasure to Gabrielle and even if it rains you have always the pleasures of imagination to fall back upon.

Gabrielle wants me to warn you not to ask Mr Bertz for any help as to letters. She evidently thinks he would be jealous of anyone claiming to know George better than he does.

Nor is she at all sanguine of any good coming from your seeing the Gissings. You are nearly as much in their bad books as I am. You could not be more so.

We cannot promise good weather like the present but do come if you can. Gabrielle will have a very bad week just now and you could do her great good.

She is better in every way. Mme Grangier has evidently done much and I am no longer afraid that she will not recover herself except through some painful religious reaction. She will never regret her marriage with George and since that is so I have no reason for regretting it either. They have fixed on a châlet close by which they think of taking (in my name) and I am inclined to think that for a winter home it is the best thing they can do. She has many friends who knew her and George during their happiest time and even if the fact became known I do not think she would lose their confidence. She will come to stay with me part of the year.

Don't you think that you and Mrs Roberts could winter here next year? The châlet is large enough to receive you (if we get it).

I used to have so little confidence in my own feelings that I have always been a little nervous about professing friendship for anyone. But I am beginning to think that inconstancy is not one of my failings and that I may ask you and Mrs Roberts to believe that you may rely on me to be

Always sincerely yours
Clara E. Collet

The Haya and the Rhune are foothill summits.

13 Holland Park Avenue W.

28.12.04

My dear Miss Collet,

Many thanks for your letter & your kind expressions about my wife & myself. I hope we shall be friends now: indeed I am sure we shall. On general principles I have so high an esteem for really intellectual women (who are rather rarer, it must be owned, than intellectual men) that I rejoice to make the acquaintance of one. On less general principles I think we shall often agree, & if we quarrel, quarrel amicably.

I am very sorry that it is impossible for me to come South now. I doubt if I shall be able to get away this week at all, & even if I do going anywhere in a steamer is so uncertain this weather that I dread it. To be hung up for days in "London River" in a fog is not my idea of enjoyment. We must put off meeting at S^t Jean de Luz to next year. I hope to see you & Gabrielle however at Tappington Grange before we meet there. I sign the lease to-day.

I am sorry to hear that I am in such bad odour at Wakefield. However I have doubtless done it myself; by my letter to the *Church Times*. If so it can't be helped. I think however that I will send Miss Gissing the *Albany* with that article in it. That can't do harm.

With best regards from us both for the New Year, believe me
Yours very sincerely
Morley Roberts

His letter to the *Church Times* contradicting the Rev. Theodore Cooper's indelicate and irresponsible statement about Gissing's alleged conversion on his death-bed appeared in that paper under the title "The Late George Gissing" on 15 January

1904, p. 61. The *Albany Magazine* for Christmas 1904 contained his anonymous article "The Exile of George Gissing," pp. 24-31.

The Malvern Hydropathic
Establishment
Great Malvern

12.1.05

My dear Miss Collet,

By now I suppose you are back in harness, unless you stayed in Paris on your return. I've just had a letter from Gabrielle in which she seems very much pleased to have had you with her. She also tells me that you read her *Rachel Marr*. This pleased me greatly, as you may guess. It is a tremendous compliment & I thank you sincerely. I'm very glad she liked it. I wish I could have come over but it was impossible. I've been here for 10 days having baths and liver packs & am at any rate less tired & worn out.

My people will all be in the new house on Saturday next. The address is Tappington Grange, Wadhurst, Sussex. I shall be there in less than a week after Saturday. I hope we shall see you there soon.

I saw D^r Nicoll before I left town. But perhaps I told you this. He made me an offer for a book about George. I must talk it over with you. I've no other news.

I hope you are better for your holiday.

Yours very sincerely

Morley Roberts

The letter from Gabrielle to which Roberts alludes was dated 9 January from the Pension Larréa, Ciboure. The original is held by the Berg Collection. She reported Gissing's opinion of *Rachel Marr*: "My word! That is strong! It is a powerful book." But he disliked the last chapter.

Although William Robertson Nicoll continued to toy with the idea of publishing a biography of Gissing by Roberts, largely because he knew about the unconventional phases of Gissing's life, and although his project was not realised, he pounced upon the opportunity offered by the publication of *The Private Life of Henry Maitland* in 1912 to write a long review article about it in his *British Weekly* ("George Gissing," 7 November 1912, p. 173, signed "Claudius Clear"). The article was reprinted in *A Bookman's Letters* by W. Robertson Nicoll (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1913, pp. 288-96).

4 Vernon Chambers
Theobalds Road W.C.

13 Jan 05

Dear Mr Roberts,

I was back here on Sunday afternoon having accomplished my journey from door to door in exactly 23 ½ hours.

As I hoped you would be able to discuss the matter with Gabrielle herself, I said very little about your writing a *Life*; and nothing at all about Dr Nicoll and Mr Shorter, as I did not wish to prejudice the question one way or the other by mentioning people we were both accustomed to hear abused. I told her you would show her anything you wrote before printing it; but of course it would be impossible for you to pledge yourself that you would omit anything that did not please.

Your new address reminds me of *Pickwick* and the *Ingoldsby Legends*. I hope you are going to like the place, but I am sorry that you have moved out of the Tube sphere of influence.

I was glad to have the opportunity of reading *Rachel Marr* out loud, for I had enough ear to perceive in reading it to myself that you cared for the sound of your words and heard them yourself in writing. There are few books of the kind which would have stood such a test. I cannot endure fine sounding language for small meaning things; but I enjoyed reading this to Gabrielle exceedingly.

You assert of “all women” [that] which is only true of “the majority” but the book is a poem and is entitled to poetical licence.

Believe me

Sincerely yours

Clara E. Collet

The *Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels*, humorous and grotesque verses based on old legends, were the work of R. H. Barham (1788-1845), first collected in 1840 and immensely popular. Two of them were set in Tappington, near Denton, in Kent, where Barham was born.

4 Vernon Chambers
Theobalds Road W.C.

15 Jan 05

Dear Mr Roberts,

When you showed me that long letter of George's about your professed review of his work and about the unfavourable reviews of "In the Year of Jubilee" I was startled and pained to see how much pleasure I could honestly have given him if I had known. If I had reviewed the book I should have taken up exactly the line he wanted you to adopt, of course in a very different way. But I had somehow got the impression, from the dissatisfaction he felt with most of the praise accorded to his books and from his silence always about his own views of his work, that if I did write another really critical article he would probably disagree with it. He had expressed great pleasure at the few things I had said in the C.O. Review article but he often thanked people politely for what he thought silly comment, [so] I discounted what he said about this to me.

I don't want to miss my chances like that a second time and as I have been thinking a good deal about "Immortal Youth" and "Rachel Marr" I have decided to give you some of the results of my meditation feeling sure that you do not demand agreement with you from your readers but that you will be content if you have made them think and give due weight to the experience you have presented to them.

From Anthony Hope's letter I gathered that he read in "Rachel Marr" a fresh presentation of an argument you had previously disputed with him and I suppose the argument was in favour of "following nature." If I understand "Rachel Marr" rightly, you do not really press such an injunction beyond a certain point; you would maintain perhaps that the rightness of all law must be tested by reference to natural law; that the latter is the ultimate or rather the primordial government of mankind; that human law must be submitted to the judgment of goodness as we perceive it in our hearts and not vice versa.

I take it also that if Winnie had been a colourless and feeble but decent and affectionate creature Rachel would either have accepted her lot or committed suicide, and would not have fought against "law."

Applying the principle to religion we judge the Bible and the teaching of Jesus by what God tells us; we do not judge God by what the Bible and Jesus tell us.

If I am expressing your argument rightly then we are so much in agreement that I think there is really some common ground on which we can approach somewhat nearer to agreement on vital questions on which we differ entirely, which are suggested in "Immortal Youth."

The ending of Cynthia and George Lacy is more tragic than that of Rachel and Anthony. George Lacy in persuading Cynthia to marry him kills something in her and by so doing commits moral suicide. If she was ever "Uranian" she ceased to be so when she accepted him. Every woman of mature years knows this so well that even when she holds the same views as Grace as to facts, she feels she is committing a crime if she influences a girl to "forgive" such a past. It is quite different when the girl later on in her own experience learns to pity suffering and to understand temptation and when she knows that it is the better part of the man's nature which appeals to the better part of hers. Then with her eyes open she can throw in her lot with his without any lowering of her ideal or of his ideal of her. But Cynthia proved herself in no essential different from the professional models in the book (excepting of course Lil); she would have been jealous all through her married life and would have had good reason to be.

The idea of "forgiveness" in this connexion seems to me a wholly wrong one. At the age of Cynthia and George Lacy every girl or boy believes in the voice of God speaking to the heart and the sin is in silencing that voice, then and to some extent, women confuse two things, the contempt felt by the girl for the man—which the man often knows is not deserved—and the moral horror she feels at being drawn and eventually bound to the man by the same force of physical attraction which binds him for a time to persons who degrade him.

If a girl loses this horror of inferiority in herself she has much less power of rising again to her true level than a man has. She becomes venomous with regard to women in order to excuse the man she craves for and sometimes, because she feels that she has put herself on the same footing as the worst.

You seem conscious of all this but you hardly suggest it to the reader who may not be conscious of it. You feel there is something wrong in the way women regard one large class as belonging to another order of creation but you half assent to the view that they really are sharply divided from each other in a way which men are not. It is not really so, except in this one respect, that whenever a woman accepts the morality of the "average sensual man" as part of the law of nature, as something to be tolerated and winked at she loses the highest part of her. As I said before it is not any offence to herself that the woman has to forgive, it is the insult to something which she recognizes as a divine law. [I don't mean anything connected with religious creed any more than you do when you talk of God in

Rachel Marr. I mean that there are moments when we know our hearts to speak to us imperatively against all the persuasions of our desires.] She lowers herself so much when she treats some women as degraded slaves and accepts their masters as her associates that we have the result that the inability of the average woman is lower than that of the average man and is so repulsive to the other class of women who have not adopted the men's codes that it makes theirs too extreme ever to be fitted in with life as it is.

Although I am quite certain that the Fullerton view of things is quite wrong and that the ordinary daily life of a man will *give* him sufficient exercise in resisting temptations without his going out of his way to find it, I have never been able to discover any motive power which will have any weight with a man if he has no consciousness of an inner law which he recognizes as in the way of divine origin. If men had any conception of the injury they are doing to women morally by making them accept their code I believe the Fullertons and the George Lacys would avoid temptation instead of courting it.

One of the bewildering puzzles to me is the way men and women accept as an excuse for men what they would both regard as the more horrible for women. George Lacy's justification to himself (and later on it will be Cynthia's perpetual and unjust justification of him to herself) is Lil's worthlessness. When we excuse a woman for yielding to temptations it is on the ground that she believed in the man; the more worthless the man or the lower the man, the more we despise the woman.

I have no idea which of the different codes is the most right or the least wrong. I am not arguing against you or trying to convert you to my view of life. But I take your experience as you give it in "Immortal Youth" seriously, and I am giving you mine because from the very nature of things, our experience is mutually exclusive and you may be glad to imagine it. You as a novelist and I as an investigator of things concerning women are bound to know and to think as rightly as we can.

Don't trouble to answer this.

Believe me

Sincerely yours,

Clara E. Collet

Gissing's letter to Roberts of 10 February 1895 about *In the Year of Jubilee* has become famous for two reasons. First because it is a closely argued rebuttal of the tendentious review of the novel which James Ashcroft Noble (1844-1896) published in the *Spectator* on the 9th, pp. 205-06. Gissing having been told by Roberts that he was going to write an article on his work, he suggested a powerful counter-

attack upon the offensive article in his letter, which can be read in both *Gissing: The Critical Heritage*, pp. 242-45 and in Volume 5 of Gissing's *Collected Letters*, pp. 294-97. This letter was first printed in the Gissing number of the *London Bookman* published in January 1915, pp. 123-24. The other reason which has made the affair famous is that Roberts cravenly failed to keep his promise and never wrote the article, offering the fallacious excuse that he had been unable to read Gissing's handwriting—which was and remains perfectly legible. See above comment on Roberts's letter to Clara Collet of 17 October 1904. Her article on Gissing's work in the *Charity Organization Review*, "George Gissing's Novels: A First Impression," appeared in October 1891, pp. 375-80.

Anthony Hope (1863-1933), author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, was one of the better known novelists of the 1890s. Gissing had met him in November 1894 and discovered that he was a cousin of Walter Grahame, his pupil in the previous decade.

Immortal Youth (Hutchinson, 1902) was commented upon by Gissing in general terms in his letter to Roberts of 19 July 1902. Extracts from reviews of the book are given in a note to another letter to Roberts, dated 10 August 1902.

21.1.05 [the postmark reads:
Wadhurst Station Road JA 20 05]

Many thanks for your long & interesting letter. I shall have to talk with you about it, & I hope the talk will take place here soon. The new address is

Tappington Grange
Wadhurst
Sussex.

With best wishes from us both
Morley Roberts

Tappington Grange
Wadhurst

6.2.05

How do things go with you? I'm up to the neck in work & hardly know where I am. Have you considered whether I sh^d do the book or not? I want your encouragement. Shall I write to A. G. about permission to use G. G.'s letters, do you think. I'm not working at that but at sea-stories. I hear too that I may have to do a long serious novel this year. I'm also doing a book about the country & the garden here & myself as a transplanted Londoner! I've also got several other stories to do. You see I'm busy, but I've been

rather ill again the last few days, with a cold on the lungs. I hope that I shall soon be able to ask you down for a night so that we can quarrel at leisure over your last long letter. My true opinion (on the subject therein spoken of) is that we make too much of it all together owing to the ghastly gross inheritance of the beast. I mean we ought to be calm & merely serious, at the most.

Yours very sincerely
Morley Roberts

The “long serious novel” to be done in 1905 may have been *Lady Penelope* (F. V. White, 1905) rather than *The Idlers* (F. V. White, which was published in the same year) but more likely *The Prey of the Strongest* (Hurst & Blackett, 1906) or *The Flying Cloud* (Hurst & Blackett, 1907).

The book “about the country and the garden here” does not seem ever to have been written.

4 Vernon Chambers
Theobalds Road W.C.

7 Feb 05

Dear Mr Roberts,

Things are going all right with me, thank you. I am sorry to hear that you have been ill again.

About the book. I am bound to consider it entirely in regard to the two boys. Well, I have decided that for their sakes it is good that the life should be *written* by you (setting aside for the moment the question of publication) and that Walter should be able to read it before the Diary goes into his hands in eight years. He knows his father a little and was fond of him; Alfred will know nothing of him. They will be brought up entirely removed from George’s intimate friends. This may be the best thing for them. But however much attached to them their aunts may be and however much attached they may have been to George they appreciate nothing of his work and very little of the best part of his character. As George died in the bosom of the Church they are happy to think that his eyes have now been opened and that he sees all things in their true light—i.e. as they see them. And it is from this point of view that they will always carry out his wishes—that is what he would have wished in his present enlightened state.

The boys will have no chance of knowing their father as he really was unless you write his Life, and write it as George would have had it written for his sons.

But on the other hand I feel that I ought to give no encouragement toward the *publication* of a Life to which they might object, so long as they are minors.

Circumstances might materially alter my view in this but that is where I stand at present. It is expecting from you a great deal of self denial to undergo all the pains of authorship without allowing you to reap the artist's reward for twelve years perhaps. I know that and realize it fully.

On the other hand if you wait you may be able to do a much more complete work than if you wrote with merely your present material. [Can't you possibly hunt up George's letters to you?] At present you would get nothing from the Gissings themselves and Walter is the only person entitled to use the diary or to give you access to it. Mr Bertz may publish his letters.

I am open to argument but I feel pretty certain that I might not do anything to promote the publication of a Life so long as I am one of the boys' guardians.

About asking A.G. for leave I don't feel able to advise you. If A.G. refuses it you will be in a difficult position. But I feel that I am too much a failure with them all to be a good guide. I am not often hopeless of influencing people if only I have time enough and patience enough to devote to the task. But I am quite hopeless of ever achieving any friendly understanding with the Gissings. We cannot even fight each other into friendship (as I have often done) for they never meet me openly. I have given in absolutely and completely.

We will not quarrel over my last letter for we will not discuss it. I never talk about things which I can only take seriously. Besides we should only accentuate differences by argument and that would be foolish. My feeling is always so much more friendly than my words.

My kind regards to Mrs Roberts.

Sincerely yours,

Clara E. Collet

Whether Gissing's diary passed into his elder son's hands in 1912 is doubtful. It is known to have been in those of Gabrielle, then of Algernon and lastly of Alfred until it was sold by the latter and acquired by the Berg Collection.

This letter contains one of the ablest judgments passed by anybody on Gissing's relatives until World War II. The narrow-mindedness and religious bigotry

of Margaret and Ellen could not be more lucidly and truthfully expressed. Their incapacity to understand George was shared by their mother as well as by Algernon, who was secretly jealous of him and often tried to hinder rather help James B. Pinker, when the latter was—on several occasions—given a chance to facilitate the publication of a collected edition of George’s works.

What Clara Collet wrote about “the boys” was also remarkably perceptive. All the evidence, most of it still in private hands and unpublished, that could be produced in support of her opinion would read like an arraignment of the Gissing family, whose only enlightened members were George and his father. In few places more strongly than in this letter does one feel how difficult Clara Collet’s role as an executrix was, and correlatively how embarrassing was George’s position among his relatives. Tragically, on this plane as on several others one feels his position was that of an exile. The French writer André Gide, in a very different context, wrote memorable words which lend themselves to all manner of misinterpretations: “Famille, je vous hais.” If Gissing could have spoken his mind freely, he might have anticipated such candour.

At this stage it is obvious that Clara saw Roberts’s biography of Gissing as a counterpoise to anything that might be written and published by members of the family. She was intelligently aware of the abyss there was between, say, the way the Gissing sisters saw their brother and the enlightened opinion, for example, of Edward Clodd and George Whale.

Tappington Grange
Wadhurst, Sussex

18.2.05

Dear Miss Collet,

After reading your last letter I made up my mind to proceed no further with my book about George. I should only make trouble for myself & get myself disliked, after all. I certainly shall do nothing for 12 years ahead. I shall probably be dead before then & if I am not I shall be busy about other things. I hope no outsider will take on the thing, however. I shall write to Gabrielle & say I have given up the idea. I am going to write to Nicoll directly, when I get time. I’ve been very seedy again & begin to think that no change will ever give me good health while I have to work so hard for a living.

With best regards
Yours very sincerely
Morley Roberts

The negotiations between the two correspondents about the biography of Gissing were proving difficult and this letter and the next represent only two zigzags on the meandering road leading to the publication in 1912 of *The Private Life of Henry Maitland*, the *roman à clef* which was brought out by Eveleigh Nash, an admirer of Gissing and one of his first posthumous publishers after he had bought back from John Murray the copyright of the five Smith, Elder novels ranging from *Demos* to *New Grub Street*. Perhaps wisely Roberts did not let himself be tempted by the money which Clara Collet offered him for the manuscript of an unwritten book which she could decide to publish once the elder of Gissing's sons was of age and other possible difficulties had been overcome.

When he said in this letter of 18 February 1905 that he would certainly do nothing for twelve years, he meant till Alfred, the younger son, was of age, that is on 20 January 1917. And when he adds that he hopes "no outsider will take on the thing," he is unconsciously becoming prophetic. What prompted him to write *Henry Maitland* in early 1912 was the news that Frank Swinnerton was preparing to publish a critical study of Gissing's work and was sorely in need of biographical information.

Tappington Grange
Wadhurst, Sussex

21.2.05

My dear Miss Collet,

The extraordinary kindness of your offer does not in the least surprise me. Can I say more in praise of my own perspicacity in judging you? *But*—and you must on reflection feel there is a *but*—this notion of yours, however kind, can't bear fruit. I just *have* to refuse it. There are as many reasons against it as the Governor of Gibraltar once had for not firing a salute (I daresay you remember the 20th reason was that he had no powder) and my chief reason is that I couldn't take the money even if I tried to. Another very good one is that now I don't want to write the book. I foresee nothing but danger & difficulty & hornets' nests all about me if I touch it, and I know I should be damned on all hands when it was published (if it ever was). It was a relief to me to come to that conclusion, especially as I've been very ill again with some obscure attack which made me bad for weeks & has kept me in the house at last for some days of misery. I have so much anxiety about health & finance that I shall have to devote myself to stories of the simpler more foolish kind. I have just agreed to do another novel for the Spring. I am going however to arrange for you to have all I have written about George if I pre-decease you. There are times when I feel

that my health is much more than precarious because it wears on my mind. It has been a great disappointment to me to come away from London & get ill here. If I do more criticism of a kind I may put 'The Exile of George Gissing' in it however. There is no harm in that.

The weather just now is very trying. I hate & dread very cold winds & I wish I was in Egypt at this season.

An actor-dramatist is going to dramatize 'Lady Penelope.' I hope it will be a little success some day, if he succeeds. To get some money without working hard for it would be joyful, wouldn't it?

As soon as things are more fixed & settled here & the weather is warm I hope to have you with us for the end of some fine week. I trust it won't be long, but I must feel rather better first.

I should like *you* to tell Gabrielle that I have given up the idea of the book, at any rate for some years.

With my heartiest thanks & best wishes believe me

Yours very sincerely

Morley Roberts.

Tappington Grange
Wadhurst, Sussex

26.2.05

Dear Miss Collet,

If your sister goes to S^t Leonards & you go down there, you must get off at Wadhurst & have lunch & then go on. We are only 3 minutes from the station & an hour from S^t Leonards.

Of course I'd take Bijou if Gabrielle was so obstinate as to die. But I don't want to encourage her morbidity. I'll write to her about the little dog.

I *have* been very ill again but the cause was very obscure. Now I'm getting fitter again & do not want to die at once.

I have told my wife that all my papers about George & all his letters are to go to *you* if I predecease you.

I've not seen 'De Profundis' but I saw *some* quotations which seemed to me quite incurably false. Do you know Reading Gaol? That is the *one* thing he has done, I think.

As to Penelope—I meant to send it you & will ask the publishers to do so. I think it's good in its way, amusing & satirical that is, but there's no depth in it. I believe it sells fairly well.

We'll think about St Jean de Luz next winter. Is it really *your* 'Châlet' now? I can't get rid of my London Châlet alas!

With best regards

Yours very sincerely

Morley Roberts

The mention of St Leonards on Sea reminds one of the weeks Gissing and his family had spent there in February and March 1894, during which time Clara Collet had visited them. The lodgings at 23 East Ascent had been recommended to him by Edith Collet, Clara's sister.

Bijou, also known as Bije, MacBije or little Mac, was the dog whom Arthur Brownlow fforde had given to Gissing and Gabrielle before leaving St. Jean-de-Luz in early 1903.

The context in which the two Oscar Wilde titles was mentioned is unknown, as from now on all Clara's letters to Roberts except two seem to have been destroyed.

[To be continued]

Gissing and C. S. Lewis

ANTHONY CURTIS
London

It seems a most unlikely marriage, Gissing and Lewis, the strength of the former's fierce repudiation of the Christian faith being equalled by the latter's fierce championing of it. And yet they had a powerful element in common—the literature of Greece and Rome which both loved almost as much as life itself.

Lewis, son of a Belfast solicitor, was born in 1898 when Gissing's life had five more years to run. At seventeen Lewis was preparing to sit for an Oxford college scholarship examination. His tutor told his father that Clive "was the most brilliant translator of Greek plays I have ever met." (Shades of Gissing at Owens College before his downfall.)

While he was staying in Surrey with this tutor, Lewis wrote a long letter every week to a friend of his own age back in Belfast, a correspondence he kept up for the rest of his life. These letters are published in full, edited by Lewis's former secretary Walter Hooper, as *They Stand Together: The Letters of C. S. Lewis to Arthur Greeves (1914-1963)*. The early letters compare interestingly with those Gissing wrote to his brother Algernon and

sisters in Wakefield when he was first living in London. We have the same spectacle of an omnivorous reader steadily working his way through the literary heritage with, for Lewis, the aid of Everyman's Library whose volumes it is his delight to collect. Apart from the obvious standards, Johnson, Goldsmith, Scott, Jane Austen, the Brontës, Trollope, there were excursions off the beaten track into Wagnerian myth-making territory with William Morris, George MacDonald, alternating with enthusiasms for books lighted upon by chance. One of these Lewis read while he was convalescing in a London hospital in 1918 from wounds suffered in the field of battle in France during the war:

I have been reading since this morning an incomparably homely book, of which I am having a copy sent to you—"The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" by G. Gissing (Constable 1/-). Gissing's name I have often heard, but I have no idea what else he wrote. This is a collection of very loose, spontaneous essays, about books and other quiet interests—including food. He has some splendid things to say about the glory of "tea," so homely & cheery after a long walk. There is hardly a bad piece in the whole book, and it is a very companionable volume to fill up the spaces of serious reading with, or to read over a lonely meal.

There was nothing Lewis enjoyed more than a good long walk in between bouts of intense literary work, as did Gissing. When he was discovering the delights of literature, Lewis was, too, like Gissing an unbeliever. "I believe in no religion and from a philosophical standpoint Christianity is not even the best," he told Greeves in 1916. It was as a young don that he fully embraced the Christian faith, a spiritual journey he described in *Surprised by Joy: The Shape of My Early Life*.

As a Christian he did not cease to be a scholar. On the contrary his newly discovered faith fuelled his research as may be seen in Lewis's first major work of literary scholarship, *The Allegory of Love*. And in spite of the question of belief, there are parallels between the outlook of the mature Gissing and the mature Lewis. They lie in that remote period when the Roman Empire was being over-run by the barbarians during the sixth century AD. The Roman philosopher Boethius was imprisoned and put to death by the Gothic Emperor Theodoric. The work that Boethius wrote in prison *The Consolation of Philosophy*, translated by Chaucer, was a crucial text in the course of lectures Lewis used to give in the Oxford English school on mediaeval literature (see *The Discarded Image*). This was the period Gissing researched and illuminated in his final, most cherished work, the unfinished historical novel *Veranilda*. If only Lewis had read it we might have had an essay from him on Gissing to be included in his

collection *Rehabilitations* rescuing Gissing's intended masterpiece from its neglect. Both men looked back with horror and fascination at the coming of the barbarians.

Book Review

Deborah McDonald, *Clara Collet 1860-1948: An Educated Working Woman*, London and Portland, Oregon: Woburn Press, 2004. Pp. xiv + 256.

In this fine biography of an early advocate of women's rights, readers of the *Journal* will find a great deal of valuable information about Gissing, who, according to Deborah McDonald, was "the most important person" in Clara Collet's life.

McDonald's chief aim is to describe the life and contributions of a woman who played an important part in advancing Parliamentary legislation concerned with women. Collet came from a family of dissenters and radicals, and grew up in a reformist milieu. She was intimate with a daughter of Karl Marx, who was one of her father's associates, and the two families spent much time together. The great prophet of Communism himself sometimes helped the young Collet with her studies, and she thought of him as "a kindly old man."

McDonald describes the education that prepared Collet for her career in considerable detail. After passing examinations for her BA, she earned a teacher's diploma and advanced to a master's degree at London University while working at her first job as a teacher at a school in Leicester. It might be said, however, that a good part of her education came from the contacts with the political thinkers and reforming activities McDonald describes. In addition to the Marx family, Collet met Edward Aveling and Beatrice Potter, heard lectures by Arnold Toynbee and William Morris, and began her advocacy of women's rights at the Leicester school as early as 1882.

After leaving teaching, Collet turned to her real interest by joining the Charity Organisation Society in 1884, and a few years later began to work with Charles Booth, doing research on working women of the East End for his monumental study, *Life and Labour of the People in London*. Collet's method was statistical. Having done advanced study in mathematics, she was able to make her point about wages, employment, consumerism, mar-

riage, and other topics related to women through numbers. She was active in many organizations devoted to social work, and McDonald's bibliography lists dozens of articles, reports and lectures Collet produced throughout her career. She entered the Civil Service as a correspondent for the Board of Trade in 1893, and rose to a senior position as an investigator of labor matters, submitting reports to Parliamentary committees, until her retirement in 1920. McDonald observes that she was the first woman to hold a "significant" position in the Civil Service.

Collet became interested in Gissing's novels about the time when she herself was trying her hand at fiction. One of her stories, never published until Bouwe Postmus edited it for this *Journal* in 1995, is about a university lecturer married to a drunken wife, a marital situation closely resembling Gissing's. McDonald concludes, after carefully analyzing the relevant dates, that the resemblance was a coincidence, that Collet could not have known the details of Gissing's first marriage when she wrote her story, but the parallel shows how similar their concerns were. She published an article titled "George Gissing's Novels: A First Impression" in the *Charity Organisation Review* in 1891, but Gissing did not hear of her until 1892, when his sister called his attention to the publication of a lecture by her on his novels at the London Ethical Society.

McDonald says that these articles were efforts on Collet's part to attract the attention of an author whose ideas about women's social problems resembled her own. When he did not react to what McDonald's regards as overtures, she wrote to him directly proposing a meeting, a move that, as McDonald's reminds us, was highly unconventional for a woman of the time. But Gissing, who was living in Exeter, and was deeply embroiled in his second unhappy marriage, put her off. She persisted by sending him some of her publications and inviting him and his wife to visit her for a weekend, an invitation that was not accepted. They continued to correspond, however, and after Gissing moved back to London, he went to Richmond to see her, and she took him rowing on the Thames—a favorite pastime.

Among the many sources McDonald has used in her research, the edition of Gissing letters edited by Mattheisen, Young and Coustillas has been of prime importance. But much of the information about Collet's private life and private thoughts is drawn from a manuscript diary in the collection of Collet material in the Warwick University Modern Records Office. This diary provided McDonald with information about Collet's relationships

with a number of men, including a proposal from a mysterious EW, which Collet rejected. McDonald believes that Collet was romantically interested in Gissing, but also realized that his marriage and the demands of respectability made a close relationship impossible. She never married, but devoted so much attention to Gissing and his family after 1893, that the Collet biography becomes a biographical account of Gissing as well. Exactly what her feelings were may never be known, for McDonald found that most of the diary entries that covered the years of her friendship with Gissing, as well as a number of letters, are not extant. Her biographer concludes that “she did not wish anyone to read what she had written about him.”

McDonald precedes this phase of her biography by an informative sketch of Gissing’s life up to the time he met Collet. Her study of Collet’s developing relationship with Gissing and his family includes fresh insights about his later years. Collet spent some time alone with Gissing’s wife, Edith, and noted her painful limitations; these visits told her much about Gissing’s marital problems, and give McDonald an opportunity for a close and sympathetic glance at Edith’s situation. Collet offered to support Gissing’s son if he should become disabled, a gesture that McDonald thinks displayed her determination to become a part of Gissing’s life, and one that formed a secure bond between them. Collet followed this up by going to see the boy at a time when he was living with Gissing’s mother and sisters in Wakefield, and staying overnight with them.

Collet was the only visitor Gissing allowed to enter his unhappy household during his marriage to Edith. McDonald thinks that when he finally separated from his wife and went to Italy, Collet might have hoped to become more than his confidante, and their relations developed, as he asked her to act as guardian to his two sons in the event of his death, and she offered to come to care for him if he fell ill while he was abroad. McDonald regards this “extraordinary offer” as an expression of love on Collet’s part. Gissing did not ask her to do this, but did say that he looked forward to seeing her in the future. He wrote that she was the only person to whom he could confide his unhappiness, and told her about his first marriage and his youthful troubles without, however, giving full details.

McDonald is not the first to speculate that Gissing may have had a brief affair with Rosy Williams, Beatrice Webb’s sister, while he was in Rome. In any case, he did continue to see her after they returned to England. Collet knew nothing of this but she did know about Gabrielle Fleury, and McDonald thinks she “must have been devastated” when the Frenchwoman

appeared on Gissing's horizon. In later years she told Gabrielle that she had asked that the letters she and Gissing had exchanged just before his meeting with Gabrielle be destroyed because, as she said, Gissing's were not what he would have written if he had expected to be loved by another woman. There is, in fact, a gap in their correspondence in the *Collected Letters* between early 1898 and the summer of 1899. Nevertheless, McDonald shows that she concealed any feelings of disappointment she may have had, recognized Gissing's sexual needs, accepted his union with a woman who could make him happy, and ultimately became a close friend to Gabrielle.

During Gissing's residence in France, the two kept up their correspondence, and Collet sent him a copy of her essay collection, *Educated Working Women*, where Gissing found many ideas that were like his own. During this time, Collet continued to take a hand in Gissing's affairs. She helped him with research, interceded when Gabrielle objected to his staying in England for his health, and suggested a school for his son. When Gissing died Gabrielle notified her immediately and Collet promptly came to the village in the south of France where they had been living to assist her.

Her devotion to Gissing continued after his death, for she had promised to act as guardian to his children, and was one of the executors of his will, together with his brother, Algernon. This partnership led to a serious disagreement. Algernon invited H. G. Wells to write a preface to Gissing's unfinished novel, *Veranilda*, which was to be published posthumously. The preface was in printed form before Collet saw it, but she disapproved vigorously of Wells's lukewarm comments about Gissing's work, and moved to have it replaced. There was a rancorous correspondence between Collet and Algernon Gissing, she gave the printer some money to defray the expense of making the change, and the preface by Frederic Harrison was substituted.

Her devotion to Gissing motivated Collet long after his death. She joined the bereaved Gabrielle, helped her to dispose of his books and other property, had her as a visitor in her London flat, and continued to pay for her lodging for many years. She went to France to stay with her on the anniversary of Gissing's death in 1904, a visit that was followed by many others, and by exchanges of letters and visits for the next 30 years. Collet served Gissing's cause by having some of his novels reprinted. She assumed responsibility for the welfare of his sons, followed their development, and visited them from time to time. Gissing's sister, Ellen, spent a

month with Collet in her house near Highgate as late as 1909, in order, McDonald thinks, to discuss the future of one of Gissing's sons.

Collet remained active after her retirement, taking up a new interest in India, and staying in touch with friends she had known during her government service. McDonald describes a manuscript of one of the projects of her old age, a study that interestingly combined her statistical skills with the influence of Gissing. Believing that other authors embedded first-hand experience of ordinary life in their novels, as Gissing did, she prepared a list of realistic pre-Victorian novels and outlines of their characters that she intended to survey sociologically as a way of learning about actual conditions of their time.

Clara Collet lived until 1948, and died in a cottage near Sidmouth where she had been living with her brother and two sisters.— Jacob Korg

Letter to the Editor

Sir,— Does anyone have information about two Gissing locations where I live?

They are 90 Mansfield Road, London NW3 and Belmont Street, London NW1. Mansfield Road is mentioned in Gissing's diaries as the accommodation of his second, estranged wife; Belmont Street, I think from memory, is mentioned in *Eve's Ransom*.

I wonder whether the numbers in Mansfield Road have remained the same since Gissing's time. What bearing does "Belmont Street" have on reality? To-day it has mostly disappeared under council blocks, but there are some houses left with period atmosphere, and a warehouse building.

Has anyone looked into publishers' guidelines of the time? Did they fear their authors were taking them into danger by using the names and numbers of real streets in their fiction? How far were they prepared to let their authors go? The practice of mentioning reality detail in fiction to-day does not seem so extensive as in Victorian times.

Belatedly, about thirty years late, I wish to congratulate Pierre Coustillas on his editing of the diaries. I read them as a young man in London in the 1970s and was delighted to see on how much Gissing ground I had trod and was treading without knowing it.

Ken Ellis

London NW3

[Belmont Street is indeed mentioned in *Eve's Ransom* (ch. 5 and 6). Gissing wrote "93, Belmont Street." It is a short street, and the 1891 census shows that even numbers stopped at 114, and odd numbers at 75, with only no. 133 to follow. So Gissing must have been aware that no. 93 did not exist. As for publishers guidelines, it is doubtful whether there were any concerning this question of addresses in real life and in fiction. At all events, Gissing never refers to this in his correspondence and private papers.—Ed.]

Notes and News

The number of allusions to Gissing and his works in the British press is probably greater than can be imagined. Not that they are important or are likely to affect our estimation of this or that novel. It is only their frequency that really matters. There would have been fewer fifty years ago. Mr. Matsuoka has traced a significant number in the last few months. In the front rank of his selection is a review by Anthony Quinn of a Japanese film, *The Twilight Samurai*, in the *Independent* (16 April 2004). "The drama is less concerned with swordsmanship than with the problem of living in reduced circumstances... Seibeï fears that his meagre income would not be enough to support a middle-class woman. In this respect, the film makes an unexpected but resonant contemporary parallel with the novels of George Gissing, whose central plaintive theme was the impossibility of an impeccable man marrying a 'better kind' of woman—poverty, he felt, would always undermine such a union. The pathos of this self-exclusion is beautifully registered in Sanada's performance, his demeanour conveying at once noble resignation and a stifled yearning."

In the *Observer* for 28 March Robert McCrum mentioned Gissing together with Conan Doyle, Wells, Barrie, Shaw and Chesterton in an article entitled "Hurrah for handlebar moustaches," while in a review of Stewart Home's *Down and Out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* (*Guardian*, 21 February) Nicholas Lezard once more resuscitated Jack the Ripper and made a "plausible" case against Henry James and Gissing, "the whole idea of literary figures murdering prostitutes having begun with Boswell's murder of the one who gave him the clap in 1763." In the *Bookseller* (24 January) an

anonymous writer said it was a shame that a certain selection did not include Defoe or Dickens or Gissing.

Occasionally while browsing on the net readers discover allusions to Gissing in books offered for sale. Two recent examples are *To Brooklyn with love* by Gerald Green (1967), and *Queen Victoria's Secrets* by Adrienne Munich (1996).

Maria Dimitriadou, the Greek translator of *Sleeping Fires*, is writing a book which will focus on Gissing and Greece. Her only predecessor, if such a word can be used, is Samuel Vogt Gapp, whose *George Gissing, Classicist*, was a solid pioneering work in 1936. Her book, being based mainly on the Greek section of Gissing's diary as well as the letters he sent to friends during his stay in Athens, will be addressed to Greek readers. In late March, Maria Dimitriadou looked forward to lecturing with a friend, Mrs. Sigala, on Gissing and other philhellenes in Daphne, the former Alopeki Demos, where Socrates was born. Maria also wonders whether, contrary to various assumptions that were aired in newspapers and periodicals in 1997-98, the etymology of Paparazzo might not be *papa* (Greek for priest) and *rasso* (the Greek word for the long, black garment worn by priests together with the black hat).

D. C. H. Shruballs, co-editor of *Landscapes and Literati: Unpublished Letters of W. H. Hudson and George Gissing* (1985), has sent us a copy of *In the Footsteps of W. H. Hudson*, a 123-page illustrated typescript, which gives a detailed account of his eventful quest for the many rural sites visited by Hudson in the southern counties of England. Copies of the bound type-script can be purchased from the author at a cost of £45 or the equivalent in foreign currency, air mail postage included. D. C. H. Shruballs's address is 1/32 Weir Street, Balwyn, Victoria 3103, Australia.

Recent Publications

Volumes

Collected Works of George Gissing on Charles Dickens, Volume II,
Charles Dickens: A Critical Study, edited and introduced by Simon J.

James with an afterword by David Parker, Grayswood: Grayswood Press, 2004. Pp. 266 + index. The afterword is followed by 4 appendices, consisting mainly of contemporary reviews, and a long essay on Gissing and Chesterton by David L. Derus. ISBN 0-9546247-2-6 cloth £30, 0-9546247-3-4 paper £15.

George Gissing, *Vid Joniska havet: Anteckningar från en resa i Syditalien*, Stockholm: Atlantis, 2004. Pp. 166. Translation and foreword by Christina Sjöholm. Notes by Pierre and Hélène Coustillas. Brown cloth with gilt titling. Maps of southern Italy and Sicily on the endpapers. Pictorial dust jacket. ISBN 91-7486-804-7. Swedish crowns 226, that is about £14 or 20 euros.

George Gissing, *The Odd Women*, edited by Arlene Young, Peterborough, Ontario: Broadview Press, 2002. Blue-green pictorial card covers. This is the second impression of the book which was originally published in 1998. A few corrections have been made and a new note added on the story of the lady and her glove on p. 202. ISBN 1-55111-111-X. English price £7.99.

Articles, reviews, etc.

Carlo Carlino, *La Calabria, le Calabrie, i calabresi*, Cosenza: editoriale progetto 2000, 2003. A detailed study of a familiar subject. Gissing and *By the Ionian Sea* are often mentioned and quoted from. Other well-known figures of English, French and German travellers appear in this study, which is illustrated in black and white and in colour. There are useful bibliographies at the end of the first two chapters.

Anon., "Book Announcements," *Victorian Studies Bulletin*, March 2004, p. 2. Detailed description of the Grayswood project concerning Gissing's writings on Dickens.

Francesco Badolato, "In Libreria," *Calabria Sconosciuta*, January-March 2004, p. 6. Review of *By the Ionian Sea* (Signal Books) and *Am Ionischer Meer* (Wiborada).

L. S., "Perché le chiamano Papparazzi," *Panorama*, 8 April 2004, p. 242.

D. J. Taylor, "Escape from Grub Street : George Gissing's life and death on the Mediterranean," *Times Literary Supplement*, 9 April 2004, pp. 3-4. A long review article about current Gissing publications, *By the Ionian Sea, Collected Works of George Gissing on Charles Dickens, Unsettled Accounts* by Simon J. James and Deborah McDonald's biography of Clara Collet, with the Russell & Son portrait of Gissing which originally appeared in the *Album* in 1895. A letter to the Editor on the article, by Frederic Raphael, was published in the next number of the *TLS*, 16 April, p. 17.

Adam Zamoyski, "A little night reading," *Sunday Times* (Culture Supplement) 18 April 2004, p. 46. Partly about *New Grub Street*.

Mary Blanche Gibbs, "Back in the Bookshops," *The Tablet*, 24 April 2004, p. 26. Review of the Signal Books edition of *By the Ionian Sea*.

Hansjörg Graf, "Italiens Doppelgesicht: Ein Reisebericht von George Gissing," *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, 12 May 2004, p. 45. Review of the German translation of *By the Ionian Sea*.

Tatsuhiko Ohno, "Book Review," *Eigo Seinen*, May 2004, pp. 51-52. Review of Mitsuharu Matsuoka's book, *The World of Gissing: In the Year of the Centenary*.

Francesco Marroni, *Miti e Mondi vittoriani* (Victorian Worlds and Myths): *La cultura inglese dell'Ottocento*, Rome: Carocci, 2004. Chapter 4, section 3 is devoted to "Classe operaia e romanzo: George Gissing e George Moore contro la crisi della rappresentazione."

Jacob Loting, "Geographical Classics," *Geographical Magazine*, May 2004, p. 92. Review of the Signal Books edition of *By the Ionian Sea*.

