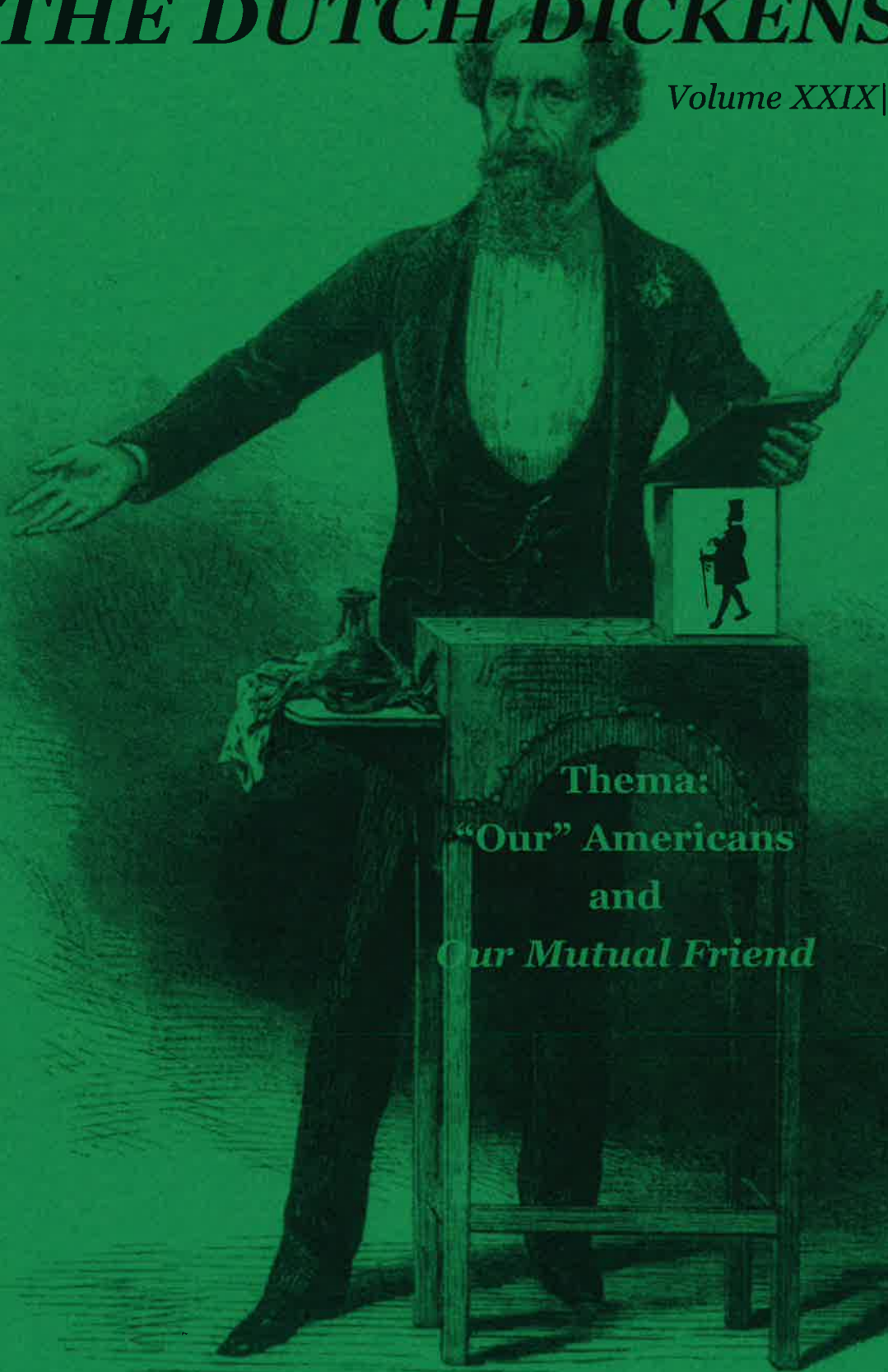


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Thema:
**“Our” Americans
and
Our Mutual Friend**

The Dutch Dickensian is een uitgave van de Haarlem Branch van de Dickens Fellowship

COLOFON

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The Dutch Dickensian is alleen verkrijgbaar voor
leden van de Haarlem Branch van de Dickens
Fellowship



"Our" Americans: Prof Robert J Heaman (left) with his wife and prof Bert Hornback (right) during our meeting at "Kraantje Lek"

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VAN DE REDACTIE,

De uitgeverwereld staat onder zware druk! De lezende mens laat het in toenemende mate afweten en door de kredietcrisis getroffen middenstanders bezuinigen drastisch op de advertentiekosten. Hoe manoeuvreer je als redactie van een literair blad veilig over de wilde golven die de grafieken van AEX en Midcap laten zien? Bankdirecteuren die op de televisie snikkend vertellen dit jaar en misschien ook wel het volgende van hun bonus- en af te zien. Is er dan niets meer heilig in dit land? Beleven we na de ondergang van het communisme aan het eind van de twintigste eeuw dan nu de aftakeling van het kapitalisme?

Waar vind je nog houvast, als de atheïstische historicus Maarten van Rossem programma's voor de EO maakt en Andries Knevel de evolutioneër omarmt?

Wij als Dickensians weten dat we in zulke tijden pal moeten staan. Wanneer de society haar bekomst heeft van de Merdle's kunnen wij zeggen: "wij kenden deze familie met hun "vrienden" al. Wij weten hoe het afloopt als er om een pennenmesje wordt gevraagd.

Om kort te gaan, als uitgevers hun kranten van de hand doen aan een Belg, als we onze stroom voortaan in Rusland, Duitsland en Zweden moeten gaan halen wordt het tijd om een tegengeluid te laten horen. Mag iedereen krimpen, wij breiden uit. Vanaf nu is onze redactie met 100% uitgebreid. Dat zal ze leren. Leest men zelfs in IJsland minder dan in voorgaande jaren, wij stichten nieuwe leeskringen in het noorden en oosten van Nederland. Wordt het steeds moeilijker om aan betrouwbare informatie te komen, wij zetten de volledige index van alle nummers van The Dutch Dickensian op onze website.

Kortom het mogen harde tijden zijn, wij gaan voor grote verwachtingen.

Dat ziet u ook aan het thema van het eerste nummer uit 2009. Twee van "onze Amerikanen" hebben hun speech over *Our Mutual Friend* ter publicatie in dit blad aangeboden. Te lang al hadden wij geen degelijke Engelse bijdrage meer mogen ontvangen. Met deze twee artikelen wordt dit manco in één

keer opgevuld. Er is echter nog meer goeds nieuw uit Amerika. Onze puzzelredacteur inspireerde onze eigen

Amerikaanse Dickensian tot het ontwerpen van een puzzel waar niet mee valt te spotten.

Verder is er ook nieuw van het Dickens-rod-delfront. Had hij nu wel iets met zijn schoonzus of niet? Er is een ring ter veiling aangeboden die van alles en niets doet vermoeden.

The Guardian, toch niet de minste onder de Britse Kranten, doet er verslag van en u kunt het hier nog eens nalezen en er het uwe van denken.

De verhuizing van de redactie van Dordrecht naar Drenthe heeft er ook voor gezorgd dat zij aanwezig kon zijn bij de Dickens lezing in de openbare bibliotheek van Haren (Gr). (U weet wel die bibliotheek die een eigen Dickens Room bezit). Het onderwerp was Darwin en Dickens, dus dat belooft wat in het Darwinjaar 2009. De spreker wekte inderdaad nogal wat verwachtingen met deze titel. Hadden wij Dickensians wat gemist? Het bleek gelukkig mee te vallen. Het ging er niet om of de beide heren elkaar op een of ander manier hadden beïnvloed of ontmoet, maar of er bij Dickens ook sprake was van een ontwikkeling in leven en werk. Dus de evolutie van het werk van Dickens en de evolutioneër van Darwin. Je krijgt de neiging om te zeggen "What is in a name", maar dat is ook al niet van Dickens.



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VAN DE VOORZITTER,

Darwin of Dickens? Het was de vraag die aan tafel opkwam. We zitten midden in het Darwin-jaar, een klein voorproefje van wat ons in 2012 te wachten staat, en op een of andere manier werden de jubilaris en de schrijver aan elkaar verbonden. Mijn antwoord was snel gegeven, ik ben immers lid van The Dickens Fellowship, niet van een Darwin Genootschap. Mijn vrouw dacht enige tijd na en zei toen tot mijn verbazing: 'Dickens'. Die verbazing komt niet voort uit een slecht huwelijk, maar uit het feit dat mijn liefde voor Dickens in huiselijke kring niet, of althans niet volledig, wordt gedeeld.

'De evolutietheorie zou er zonder Darwin ook wel zijn gekomen', legde ze uit, 'er waren meerdere wetenschappers mee bezig. Voor het werk van Dickens ligt dat anders.' Ik hoefde er niets aan toe te voegen. Dickens blijft uniek. Zo min Edwin Drood door een ander kan worden afgeschreven (en inmiddels las ik dat ongeveer de 100^{ste} schrijver zich aan deze taak heeft gesteld), zo kan het werk van Darwin tot een wetenschappelijke stroming worden gerekend. Darwin was als de eerste mens op de maan, een unieke prestatie maar een die anders door een ander zou zijn behaald. Een tweede Dickens is er nooit gekomen en zou er ook nooit gekomen zijn.

Darwin en Dickens: ze werden op dezelfde dag lid van de Atheneum Club, 21 juni 1838. Dat hadden ze in ieder geval gemeen.

Toen Darwin in 1859 zijn 'Origin of Species' publiceerde bleef het stil in All The Year Round. Slechts een paar kleine artikelen verschenen in de vijf jaar die volgden, geen van Dickens' hand. De artikelen waren kritisch, om niet te zeggen anti-evolutietheorie. Dickens had ze niet geschreven, maar zeker gelezen en wellicht geredigeerd voordat ze ter perse gingen. Toch was Dickens geen reactie-nair. Maar het belang van deze theorie leek hem te ontgaan.

Toen ik dit las dacht ik na over wetenschap en wetenschappers in het werk van Dickens.



Daniel Doyce in Little Dorrit is meer een uitvinder dan een wetenschapper. Hij was in zekere mate gefascineerd door techniek en al vroeg rijden de treinen zijn romans binnen (inclusief eentje die een einde maakt aan het leven van Mr. Carker uit Dombey and Son). Maar veel wetenschap is er niet. Denk ik. Dickens en de wetenschap, ik ga er in 2009 eens over nadenken.

Martijn David

KORT VERSLAG VAN DE 218^{DE} VERGADERING VAN
THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP HAARLEM BRANCH.
door Pieter de Groot



In een betoverend Trou Moet Blijcken verzamelden zich 49 leden. De president spreekt traditie getrouw van een overweldigende opkomst maar heeft deze keer eens gelijk.

De secretaris meldt een aanbod van Waterstone boekhandel in Amsterdam voor het bijwonen van een serie lezingen uit The Christmas Carol. De leden reageren lauw, wellicht kennen ze het boek al.

De penningmeester vraagt om steun in deze tijden van recessie, hij wijst op de Lehman Brothers bank waar nonchalance in het betalen der contributie uiteindelijk tot de val leidde.

De editor heeft een dubbelnummer gereed maar blijkt dat in één koft te hebben gestoken. Ja, zo komen we er wel, mijnheer de editor.

Dan geeft de president het woord aan onze spreker, professor Andrews.

Hij spreekt vanavond over Dickens als voorlezer. Onmiddellijk al wijst spreker op de aparte gewoonte van Dickens om zijn "leesarm" te ondersteunen middels een speciaal daarvoor gemonteerd onderdeel op zijn spreekgestoelte. Dit spreekgestoelte was een eigen ontwerp van Dickens en liet mede zien hoe bezeten Dickens was als het ging om de details. Ook over de inrichting van het toneel en de verlichting was door hem nagedacht. Zo stond er een soundboard achter hem als hij voorlas. Gedurende de tour had Dickens een vaste crew bij zich. Om zich het lezen van de verschillende passages uit zijn werk te vergemakkelijken, gebruikte hij stickers om de bladzijden bij elkaar te houden. Ook zocht Dickens zorgvuldig naar de juiste locaties voor de juiste akoestiek en oefende hij een bepaalde stem voor bepaalde fragmenten. Kortom, over alles was nagedacht.

Na terugkeer van zijn tweede reis naar de VS werd de moord op Nancy toegevoegd aan het repertoire. Na het lezen van dit stuk was Dickens volkomen uitgeput en moest vaak zuurstof toegediend worden.

Spreker sluit af met opmerkingen over het aantal aanvaringen dat Dickens met uitgevers had.

Hierna leest Andrews zelf voor uit de Pickwick Papers, en wel de passage van het gesprek tussen vader en zoon Weller over de tekst op de Valentine

kaart, het gebrek aan een deugdelijk alibi voor Mr. Pickwick (there's nothing like a good alibi); en de passage die handelt over de rechtzaak Pickwick versus Bardell.

Ook Andrews heeft duidelijk geoefend en treft dan ook steeds de juiste toon. Vooral zijn Cockney accent bij de Wellers is fenomenaal.

De president dankt spreker en reikt hem een passend geschenk.

Waarop er vragen zijn:

De heer Kooiman vraagt of Dickens gezien mag worden als een bijzondere voorlezer.

Spreker antwoordt dat dit wel het geval was omdat Dickens er geld mee verdiende. In die tijd las een heer niet voor uit financieel gewin; wel als de opbrengst naar de liefdadigheid ging.

De heer Lokin vraagt naar de zalen waarin Dickens voorlas.

Spreker: dat waren geen theaters, omdat die in die tijd in een kwaad daglicht stonden. Dickens las voor in zogenaamde Halls.

Waarop wij aan tafel gaan.

De heer Klok zegt niet op de shortlist voor dichter des vaderlands te staan. Hij kijkt zelf het meest verbaasd. Verder vraagt hij zich af wat het bestuur heeft bezielde om The Old Curiosity Shop als "book of study" voor 2009 aan te wijzen. Hij wordt daarin gesteund door de heer De Landtsheer die het toch al moeilijk heeft in zijn nieuwe leefomgeving. Het Drentse platteland geeft in deze tijd van het jaar een deprimerende indruk en nu dit ook nog. Hij denkt er over een New Dordrecht Branch te stichten.

De heer Lokin zegt het Drentse platteland wel eens tegen te komen op weg naar Groningen. Hij houdt dan de blik strak op de weg gericht maar heeft toch dagen daarna nog steeds last.

Ook de heer Waaifort vindt het een mindere keus maar mevrouw Boschma is tevreden.

De president verklaart de keuze van het boek, het is gewoon aan de beurt, en spreekt verder zijn zorg uit over een nieuwe Dordrecht Branch.

De heer Ferdinandusse is wel enthousiast en wordt

emotioneel als hij het heeft over “the moving scene of Little Nell’s death”.

Dan kondigt de president the toasts aan:

Allereerst is daar de toast op de Haarlem Branch door onze spreker, professor Andrews. Hij heeft het over de generositeit van de Haarlem die internationaal vermaard is om de harmonie en consensus die er heerst. De leden kijken elkaar met onbegrip in de ogen aan. Andrews heeft drie jaar The Old Curiosity Shop bestudeerd en citeert Oscar Wilde die eens stelde dat: “One must have a heart of stone not to love to rock with laughter at the death of Little Nell”. Of zoiets, de secretaris weet het niet meer.

Dan is het de beurt aan mevrouw Bouwens met een toast op de Dickens Fellowship. Zij zegt ver-eerd te zijn deze te mogen uitspreken. Zij spreekt over “the typical Victorian Boxing day with candlelights in the Christmas tree” en citeert Chesterton die eens gezegd heeft dat: “Mr. Pickwick must be found in the House of Commons”. Maar ook dat Dickens zich als een vader beschouwde van alle figuren in zijn boeken, ook van Mrs. Gamp. De Dickens Fellowship is levend en niet alleen met Kerst.

Tot slot spreekt mevrouw Lokin de Immortal Memory uit. Zij stelt dat wij bij het lezen van Dickens iedere keer weer in de ban raken van de onnavolgbare. Ook al omdat wij, als we daar oog voor hebben, de karakters uit zijn boeken in het dagelijks leven tegenkomen. Zij geeft zelf een voorbeeld van een Uriah Heep die soms haar pad kruist. Ook heeft zij het over Daniel Quilp wiens halsdoek door Dickens zo beschreven wordt dat het karakter van de man meteen duidelijk is. Bradley Headstone daarentegen draagt geen halsdoek tot hij zich verkleedt als Riderhood en er wel een heeft maar dat doet hem de das om. Dickens laat zijn figuren voor ons leven, met of zonder halsdoek en daarom verzoekt zij ons op te staan om te drinken op de Immortal Memory.

De penningmeester neemt dat nog even het woord en stelt dat wij in moeilijke tijden dienen te denken aan “our poor relations”; die ook in het werk van Dickens voorkomen. Mr. Temlow was er een, van Lord Snigsworthy, en ook Mr. Wardle had er vol-doende. Hij liet ze overigens achteraan staan want een ieder dient nu eenmaal zijn plaats te kennen.

Hierop volgt het traditionele applaus voor de heer Weeda en zijn staf die zich weer van hun beste kant hebben laten zien. Daarop besluit de president de bijeenkomst met de constatering dat het weer ouderwets was en dat we elkaar zeker weer terug-zien mits we ons goed inpakken, want buiten is het fris.

Mededelingen:

De volgende bijeenkomst van de Haarlem Branch is (onder voorbehoud) op 20 juni en wel in het gevangenis museum in Veenhuizen. Ons medelid en voormalig gevangenisdirecteur Ton Vroom zal de organisatie op zich nemen.

Waar anderen wegens de economische crisis in paniek hun prijzen verhogen houdt dit bestuur het hoofd koel. Ook dit jaar geen verhoging van de contributie: 25,- per lid en € 35,- voor een paar. Aan acceptgiro kaarten doen wij niet. In het briefhoofd staat het rekeningnummer.

Conferenties in 2009 (informatie bij uw secreta-ris)

Chatham Dickens Day (over The Humour of Dickens): op 18 april in Chatham.

Dickens and the Voices of Victorian Culture: van 8 t/m 10 juni in Verona, Italy.

Annual Conference: van 30 juli t/m 5 augustus in Cleveland Ohio, USA

Dickens and Tourism: van 11 t/m 14 september in Nottingham.

London Calling

Het Dickens Museum wordt geleid door een Board of Trustees. Kon men dat vroeger nog worden als de enige kwaliteit bestond uit het warm houden van een stoel, tegenwoordig wordt er meer gevraagd. Wie men nu zoekt staat in onderstaand fragment uit een brief die uw secretaris onlangs ontving:

“Trustees of highly specialised experience in such areas as finance, law, marketing, archival management, museum education, cultural policy, and so on. Random selection of candidates for election from among Fellowship members, as at present, is not necessarily the best way to ensure the presence of such skills and experience on the Board.”

Laten we ons er verre van houden.

In de weer bijzonder interessante “The

Dickensian” ondermeer een artikel over het Staplehurst treinongeluk dat Dickens lijfelijk mee-maakte. Wat ging er mis, hoe snel reed de trein en in welke wagon zat Dickens. Geen detail wordt ongenoemd.

Verder een artikel van twee Belgische academici van de universiteit van Gent. Zij hebben in het Koninklijk archief in Den Haag twee brieven gevonden van ene Servaas de Bruin aan Dickens. De Bruin was een Nederlandse taalkundige die Dickens een brief schreef of hij een bijdrage kon opsturen voor Household Words. Dickens schreef terug dat dit mocht maar dat hij niets kon toezeg-

gen. De Bruin stuurde vervolgens een artikel in over de eenhoorn waarop Dickens terugschreef dat het artikel niet geplaatst werd omdat Dickens twijfelde aan het bestaan van het dier.

In de laatste Mr. Dick’s Kite ondermeer een stukje over de postzegel met de afbeelding van Dickens die in 1912 uitgebracht werd vanwege het feit dat Dickens 100 jaar daarvoor was geboren. De redactie van Mr. Dick’s Kite vraagt zich af wie een boek met een dergelijke postzegel bezit. Uw secretaris adviseert u om in een dergelijk geval niets los te laten. Voor u het weet staan ze bij u op de stoep.

TOAST TO THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP, AT CHRISTMAS DINNER

(13TH DECEMBER 2008)

door Nolly Bouwens – de Beer

Christmas, a festival so dear to his heart!

I have often wondered what the word “inimitable” could mean. Books of a good size must have been written about it and the things that come into my mind are:

Firstly that typical British Victorian festivity of Christmas boxing-day:

Pantomime.

Secondly the Pickwick Papers and thirdly G.K. Chesterton and some of his rememberable remarks!

According to Chesterton then, Dickens would have found Samuel Pickwick full blast from a cannon to have him in the house of Wardle, Dingley Dell, in time for Christmas, and when one time Chesterton gave his opinion of Pickwick’s features it more or less boiled down to something like this: That roundly sloped pair of glasses reflecting on that round-shaped face, making a round and respectful spectacle of Samuel, while wondering about life around him.

Just that was what Dickens was doing throughout all his life, reflecting and wondering, and precisely these reflections, in mind as well as in sight, come to me in the candle-lights of the Christmas tree.

And what I have in mind is Dickens’ contribution to the first extra Christmas number of

Household Words in 1850.

That little, comic jewel, almost a pantomime in itself. Through time the Christmas Carol (Scrooge) became world-famous as a symbol of Dickens Christmas.

Well, I sometimes think we could for a change read or re-read a Christmas Tree. Not much drama there, plenty of fairies and maybe lots of reminiscences of his childhood.

Using the word Dickens we almost immediately have in mind the richly painted figures like Sarah Gamp, Ebenezer Scrooge, Samuel Pickwick, Quilp, Mr Guppy, Krook, Uriah Heep, Micawber, Mr Venus, Vagin, Little Nell. According to Chesterton Dickens once said: “I am a dedicated father to all the children of my imagination” and perhaps in his view no human being is without interest and perhaps in the process of storytelling he simply could not make them tedious or “boring”.

All the characters we can observe in the Pickwick Papers remain recognisably the same through all their adventures and they have never really ceased to be themselves in violence, emotion and action.

The reader remains a spectator and won’t be involved in any unravelling of plots, intricately interwoven in the whole length of the book. Samuel Pickwick encounters many adventures but in the end he creates a life just as he did in the beginning: a little circle of good in the midst of a dangerous world, and that’s also

why the Dickens Fellowship is special to me, and perhaps to all of us. I won't climb on the seat of my Windsor Chair and conceal one hand behind my cocktails (not to mention the tights and gaiters) but I

will wave my hand to raise a glass in honour of the Dickens Fellowship, our honoured guest and last but not least our Haarlem Branch!

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IMMORTAL MEMORY SPEECH CHARLES DICKENS FELLOWSHIP HAARLEM BRANCH

(13TH DECEMBER 2008)

door Pia Lokin – Sassen

Dear Fellow Dickensians

Here I stand before you, fairly proud to have got the honour of being invited by mr President of the Haarlem Branch to say some words to you before I will propose the immortal memory toast! We all are captivated by the universe of the genius of Charles Dickens! We all try to catch the essence of his genius, and by trying to do so, the only thing we got to know for sure, is that we will be able to unveil his secret. So please, don't expect too much from me!

One of the many things that I have always admired in Dickens' writings, is the way he introduces his characters and makes the reader acquainted with them. Dickens is portraying his figures with the hand of a great master painter, quickly sketching some characteristic details, with a maximum of precision. Details which make the portrait step out of the frame and become a living person to be loved or hatred with all our senses. And even more than that, in our lives we recognise our own Blottons, our own Cheeryble brothers, our own Pippas and Peggoties. To the real Dickensian it is sufficient to say: " he is a Pickwick, a Pecksniff, or a Podsnap", and one has to say no more. Who will not recognise the person on the spot in this description?

"Hardly any eyebrows, and no eyelashes, and eyes of a red-brown, so unsheltered and unshaded, that I remember wondering how he went to sleep. He was high-shouldered and bony; dressed in decent black, with a white wisp of a neck-cloth; buttoned up tot the

throat; and had a long lank skeleton hand, which particularly attracted my attention..."

There is one particular characteristic detail that attracts my attention in this description of Uriah Heep, not the eyes, not the decent black of his coat, not even the skeleton hand, but

his "whit wisp of a neck-cloth" (in Dutch: een wit sprietig halsdoekje): Dickens is catching the whole character of Heep in that white wisp of a neck-cloth. It is about the neck-cloth that I wish to ask your attention for: in short, my theme is:

The neckerchief in Dickens's works.

Lets take for instance Daniel Quip:

"An elderly men of remarkable hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant (...) His deress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater part of his wiry throat..."

A dirty man with dirty, limp (kreupel, hang-erig, lusteloos) and crumpled (verfrommeld, gekreukt) neckerchief . The whole character of the mean man is comprised in his neckerchief.



Bron: http://www.wilkie-collins.info/images/books_mr_wray2.jpg

Bill Sikes (by the way, Dickens describes him upside down or should I say downside up?) had:

“a brown hat on his head and a dirty belcher handkerchief round his neck; with the long frayed (rafelige) ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke...”

Here again a dirty neckerchief for a dirty character!

Not only for the mean or dirty characters Dickens uses the neckerchief as a symbol of the soul of a personage. Look for instance at the easy going, never despairing Mark Tapley, the Jolly Tapler:

“he walked with a light quick step, and sang as he went for certain in a very loud voice, but not unmusically. he was a young fellow of some five or six-and-twenty perhaps and was dressed in such a free and fly-away fashion, that the long ends of his loose red neck-cloth were streaming out behind him quite as often as before.”

Again, Mark is personified in his loose red neck-cloth, streaming out around him. He wears the same neck-cloth as his counterpart Sam Weller, who:

“was habited in a coarse-striped waistcoat, with black calico sleeves, and blue glass buttons; drab breeches and leggings. A bright red handkerchief was wound in a very loose and unstudied style around his neck...”

Not only in the description of Dickens's characters, the neck-cloth is used, it even plays a far more important role in one of his novels, in which the neckerchief is the key to the solution of a murder-case. I refer of course, as you all know, to *Our Mutual Friend*.

Everyone remembers of course Bradley Headstone, the headmaster, who is desperately in love with Lizzy Hexam, But she does not answer his feelings. On the contrary, she loves Eugene Wrayburn.

Bradley Headstone always can be seen:

“in his decent black coat and waistcoat, and

decent white shirt, and decent formal black tie, and decent pantaloons of pepper and salt, with his decent silver watch in his pocket and his decent hair-guard round his neck looked a thoroughly decent young man of sic-and-twenty. He was never seen in any other dress...”

The lock-keeper Rogue Riderhood is crying at the stranger, whom he thinks is a bargeman:

“The bargeman turned back. Approaching nearer and nearer, the bargeman became Bradley Headstone, in rough waterside second hand clothing.”

“Wish I may die, said Riderhood, smiting his right leg, and laughing as he sat on the grass, ‘if you ain’t ha’ been a-imitating me, T’otherest governor! Never thought myself so good looking for!’

Truly, Bradley Headstone had taken careful note of the honest man’s dress in the course of that night-walk they had had together.” (...)

“Was it done by accident?”(...)

“Sitting on the grass (...). he (Riderhood) turned out, one by one, [his clothes], until he came to a conspicuous bright-red neckerchief stained black here and there by wear. it arrested his attention, and he sat pausing over it, until he took off the rusty colourless wisp that he wore round his throat, and substituted the red neckerchief, leaving the long ends flowing. ‘Now’, said the Rogue, ‘if arter he sees me in this neckerchief, I see him in a sim’lar neckerchief, it won’t be accident!’”

Headstone comes back in order to kill Eugene Wrayburn, but before doing so, waering his coat buttoned up, he goes to sleep at Roque Riderhoods place, who is watching him in his sleep. Please do notice the way which Dickens is increasing the tension by describing the slowly unbuttoning of Bradley Headstone’s Coat: it is like a close up in a film!

“‘Poor man!’ [Riderhood] murmured in a low tone, with a crafty face, and a very watchful eye and ready foot, lest he should start up; ‘this here coat of his must make him uneasy in his sleep. Shall I loosen it for him, and make him more comfortable? Ah! I think I

ought to do it, poor man, I think I will.'
 He touched the first button with a very cautious hand, and a step backwards. But the sleeper remaining in profound unconsciousness, he touched the other buttons with a more assured hand and perhaps the more lightly on that account. Softly and slowly, he opened the coat and drew it back.
 The dragging ends of a bright red neckerchief were then disclosed, and he had even been at the pains of dipping parts of it in some liquid, to give it the appearance of having become stained by the wear."

Riderhood follows the headmaster on his sinister mission, everything of course turns out well, thanks to the neckerchief, which is indeed the central piece in this part of the novel.

Dear Fellow Dickensians, I will not propose a

toast to the neck-cloth, but I will honour the creator! Dickens is as fabulous an observer of human nature as Mr Pickwick was, and he is really interested in very single individual. He created hundreds of characters, major and minor, who are populating his novels. he gives them eyes, faces, voices, emotions, and ... neckerchiefs.

And in his acceptance of, I even dare say, his love for all his characters, the fair and the ugly, the rich and the poor, the healthy and the sick, he resembles our own Creator, who's coming on earth we are celebrating at Christmas!

I want to ask you to raise all and propose a toast to the

IMMORTAL MEMORY
 OF
 CHARLES DICKENS!
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CHARLES DICKENS EN DE DETECTIVEROMAN
 door Dick Kooiman

Detective schrijvers die faam hebben gemaakt met verhalen over scherpzinnige speurders zijn veel dank verschuldigd aan Charles Dickens. Dat is het belangrijkste wat ik te zeggen heb. Daar zou ik het eigenlijk bij kunnen laten, ware het niet dat U dat als lezer wat al te beknopt zult vinden. Daarom zal ik die stelling illustreren en daarbij gebruik maken van ons "book of study", *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Dickens was een pionier van het genre detectiveromans. Met zijn rechercheurs, al dan niet van politie of in uniform, had Dickens grote invloed op de detectiveschrijvers na hem.

In het vroege werk van Dickens treden politiemensen vooral op als komieke figuren, log en onhandig, zoals de twee agenten, Blathers en Duff in *Oliver Twist* (1837). Zij onderzoeken de overval door Bill Sikes op het huis van Mrs. Maylies. Die agenten hebben een hoge dunk van zichzelf, maar Blathers is onnozel en praat teveel en Duff is van hetzelfde kaliber, al praat hij te weinig. Ze worden snel terzijde geschoven en het eigenlijke speurwerk wordt gedaan

door anderen.

Later komen we Inspector Bucket tegen, in *Bleak House* (1852-3), "The first detective of importance in English literature" volgens Steinbrunner en Penzler in hun *Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection* (1976). Hij is de man met de luide kreet: "I am Inspector Bucket of the Detective, I am" en met de zwaaiende voorvinger. Hij is solide, onopvallend, hardwerkend en competent. Hij lost de moord op notaris Tulkinghorne op, met de stilzwijgende maar heel belangrijke hulp van zijn echtgenote.

Ook de laatste grote roman, *Edwin Drood* (1870) – inderdaad, we gaan er snel doorheen - zit vol met elementen van misdaad, mysterie en speurwerk. Het is onvoltooid en daarom is helaas ook de moord onopgelost. We zullen nooit weten wie Edwin uit de weg ruimde, maar het is heel goed mogelijk dat Dick Datchery, die na Droods verdwijning op het toneel verschijnt, een privé detective was, die het mysterie zou gaan onthullen. Alleen: we zullen het nooit weten.

Midden in die ontwikkeling, van *Oliver Twist* naar *Edwin Drood*, staat Mr. Nadgett in *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-4), de eerste

serieuze privé detective. Hij was, in de woorden van Dickens,

“a short, dried-up, withered old man. The secret manner of the man disarmed suspicion in this wise; suggesting, not that he was watching anyone, but that he thought some other man was watching him. He went about so stealthily, and kept himself so wrapped up in himself, that the whole object of his life appeared to be to avoid notice and preserve his own mystery.”

Nadgett is aangesteld door Montegue Tigg bij the “Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Insurance Company”. Tigg is een oplichter en zijn firma een nep firma, zoals wij allemaal weten. Nadgett werkt als geheim informant om de polishouders van de Company in de gaten te houden. Maar hij gaat ook de gangen na van Jonas Chuzzlewit en brengt de moord aan het licht die Jonas heeft begaan. Hij is geen politiemann, maar werkt wel samen met de politie, zoals Hercule Poirot samenwerkte met Scotland Yard.

Er lijkt dus sprake te zijn van een groeiende aandacht en waardering bij Dickens voor de politie opsporingsdienst. Dickens was inderdaad gefascineerd door de opkomst van een politiemacht in het Londen van de 19e eeuw. Die opkomst was begonnen met de “Bow Street Runners”, een politiepost in Bow Street, vlakbij Covent Garden, gevestigd in 1749, met in totaal acht rechercheurs in burger. Blathers en Duff in *Oliver Twist* waren “Bow Street Runners” en worden in de Engelse tekst ook als zodanig aangeduid. Het was kennelijk een bekende term. In de Nederlandse vertaling van Mensing heten zij heel formeel “de justitie uit Londen.” De eenheid in Bow Street werd opgeheven in 1839 en kort daarna (1842) opgevolgd door een Detective Branch van Scotland Yard. Dat was dus vlak vóór het schrijven van *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Die onderzoeksafdeling - de vroegere Runners en de latere CID - werd geformaliseerd in 1876. Zo lees ik in *Hunted Down: the detective stories of Charles Dickens*, uitgegeven door Peter Haining (2006).

Ik spreek van een stijgende lijn van waardering voor het politiewerk. Toch klopt dat niet helemaal. In 1860-61 verschijnt *Great*

Expectations, dus betrekkelijk laat in Dickens' carrière. Dat boek beschrijft de moord op de zus van Pip die de vrouw is van Joe de smid. Ook hier krijgt de plaatselijke veldwachter hulp van de “Bow Street men from London” die een paar weken in het dorp rondhangen Dickens schrijft

“... they ran their heads very hard against wrong ideas, and persisted in trying to fit the circumstances to the ideas instead of trying to extract ideas from the circumstances. Also, they stood about the door of the Jolly Bargemen [de plaatselijke pub], with knowing and reserved looks that filled the whole neighbourhood with admiration; and they had a mysterious manner of taking their drink, that was almost as good as taking the culprit. But not quite, for they never did it.”

Daaruit blijkt bepaald geen grote bewondering. Ik denk daarom dat Dickens meer waardering had voor individuele speurders zoals Bucket en Nadgett dan voor de georganiseerde en al dan niet geüniformeerde politie. En die wisselende waardering van Dickens kan te maken hebben met de vraag welke politie ambtenaren hij persoonlijk kende en meemaakte. Zijn interesse was er niet één vanuit de leunstoel, hij was ook ooggetuige. Eerst trok hij alleen in de nacht de straten van Londen door, om alles van nabij te zien. Later, rond 1850, zocht hij persoonlijke contacten met politiemensen en verschillende malen ging Dickens met politiemensen 's nachts op patrouille door de buurten van Londen.

In *Household Words* schreef Dickens verschillende detective verhalen die gebaseerd zijn op zijn nachtelijke avonturen. Een serie in dit tijdschrift met in de hoofdrol een inspecteur van politie was zeer populair bij het grote publiek. Sommigen zeggen dat inspecteur Field van de Metropolitan Police model stond voor inspecteur Bucket. Kate Summerscale wijst in haar boek *The Suspicions of Mr. Whicher* (2008) op inspecteur Jonathan Whicher als het voorbeeld dat Dickens inspireerde. Whicher was de man die de befaamde “Road Hill House murder” oploste. Die moord vond plaats in 1860 en dat is wel erg ruim voor de verschijning van *Bleak House*.

Terug naar *Martin Chuzzlewit*. In bijna het laatste hoofdstuk van dit boek worden de raadsels opgelost, inclusief de moord, op een manier zoals we die kennen bij Agathe Christie, Conan Doyle en anderen, een scene die mag gelden als prototype van de finale summing-up. Het is de scene waarin de meeste hoofdpersonen plaatsnemen in de huiskamer van de familie Chuzzlewit. Daar zit Chuffey, de trouwe knecht van Jonas' vader, uitgedoofd maar met momenten van helderheid; dan Miss Gamp, de ziekenverzorgster; vervolgens komt de oude Maarten Chuzzlewit, de oom van Jonas binnen, binnen in gezelschap van John Westlock, oud-leerling van Pecksniff en vriend van de apotheker Lewsome die Jonas gif had geleverd; en Mark Tapley, de vrolijke optimist die de jonge Chuzzlewit had vergezeld op zijn tocht naar Amerika. Een parade van hoofdrolspelers.

Dan krijg je de ontknoping. Chuffey, aangeemoedigd door de oude Chuzzlewit, vertelt hoe de vader van Jonas stierf, niet vergiftigd door Jonas, zijn zoon, maar bezweken van verdriet, omdat hij vermoedde dat Jonas hem wilde doden. Dit is een geval niet van 'Wie heeft het gedaan', maar van 'Hij heeft het niet gedaan'. Ook verrassend.

Jonas, vrijgepleit door de oude Chuffey, veert weer op, voelt zich sterk en wil het hele gezelschap de deur wijzen. Juist op dat moment komt Nadgett binnen, vergezeld door drie politie agenten. Moord, roept Nadgett tot verbazing van de afwezigen en Jonas is in een oogwenk geboeid. Wat nu volgt is het bekende demasqué van de detective roman. Met dit ver-

schil, dat wij als lezers al lang weten, dat Jonas Tigg in het bos heeft vermoord, maar dat nu Nadgett in alle rust vertelt, hoe het is gegaan, hoe hij getuigen opspoorde en ondervroeg, hoe hij Jonas nacht en dag heeft gevolgd, hoe hij zag dat Jonas in boerenkiel het huis verliet, terwijl hij zijn vrouw had gezegd dat hij niet gestoord wilde worden, hoe hij terugkeerde en de belastende kleding, bewijsstuk, in de Thames wierp.

Iedereen, ook de lezer mag ik hopen, staat versted van de scherpzinnigheid van Nadgett. Maar de politie ambtenaren komen er in dit verhaal slecht af. De leider van het drietal agenten blijkt niemand minder dan Chevy Slyme te zijn, een ver en ongunstig familielid van de Chuzzlewits. Als iedereen zich opmaakt voor vertrek weet Jonas deze Slyme om te kopen, zodat hij gif kan innemen en aan de galg ontkomen. Dus dat is hier de tegenstelling, de ijverige en slimme individu tegenover het onbetrouwbare en corrupte geüniformeerde personeel.

Ik hoop dat jullie met mij eens zijn, dat er in Dickens werk veel aanzetten schuilen die later vast onderdeel zijn geworden van de standaard detective roman. Edgar Allen Poe ging hem voor met *The Murder in the Rue Morgue* (1841), maar voor het overige had Dickens weinig voorgangers om op voort te bouwen. Wilkie Collins' misdaadroman *The Moonstone* verscheen pas in 1868. Dickens mag daarom gel- den als een pionier.

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CHARACTERS IN *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*

by Bert Hornback

Charles Dickens created well more than a thousand characters, many of them related to each other but all individual and peculiar. He created many of them with several different names – or, in the case of hypocrites, several different personalities.

From *Pickwick Papers* on, Dickens's novels overflow with characters who go by more than

one name or who are personally duplicitous. Alfred Jingle, a confidence man, is also Captain Fitz-Marchall, and once, in response to the question of who he is, Mr Pickwick replies, drunkenly, "Cold Punch." *Oliver Twist* is Tom White, Monks is Edward Leeford, and Noach Claypole becomes Morris Bolter. *Nicholas Nickleby* has a whole troupe of actors with made-up names. In *The Old*

Curiosity Shop, Dickens hides Nell's grandfather's brother as "the Single Gentleman," and Dick Swiveller turns "the Marchioness" - otherwise unnamed - into Sophronia Sphynx. Maypole Hugh turns out to be Sir John Chester's son in *Barnaby Rudge*. In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mr Pecksniff is a hypocrite, old Martin a pretender and Tom Pich's secret benefactor; Mrs. Gamp has an imaginary fiend named Mrs. Harris, and Montague Tigg is sometimes Tigg Montague. In *Dombey and Son* Polly Toodle becomes Richards, and Rob the Grinder is called Biler in the Toodle family; Mrs. Skewton is Cleopatra, and Mr. Morfin is an unnamed friend to Harriet Carker for most of the novel. David Copperfield is variously know as Trot, Daisy, Doady, Master Copperfull, Brooks of Sheffield, and Towzer; Mr. Dick's name is Richard Babley. In *Bleak House* Esther Summerson is Dame Durden and Dame Trot, Miss Barbary is not her god-mother but her aunt, Hortense disguises herself as Esther, and Nemo is - or was - Captain Hawdon. Mrs. Pegler turns out to be Mr. Bounderby's mother in *Hard Times*. In *Little Dorrit*, Blandois is Rigaud, Tatycurum is Harriet Beadle, and Mrs. Clennam isn't Arthur Clennam's mother after all. Sydney famously becomes Charles Darnay in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

In *Great Expectations*, Philip Pirrip names himself Pip, and Orlick - according - to Pip - has named himself as well; Magwitch becomes Provis, and to Herbert Pocket, Pip is Handel. Mr. Wopsle becomes Mr. Waldengarver, playing Hamlet. Wemmick pretends to live two completely separate lives. Which brings us to *Our Mutual Friend* - who, in person, is variously Julius Handford, John Rokesmith, and John Harmon. In *Edwin Drood*, deputy is also Winks, Helena Landless once disguised herself as a boy, John Jasper is false, and somebody is masquerading as Dick Datchery. In the preface to *Pickwick Papers* Dickens proposed that "the peculiarities and oddities of a man ... generally impress us first, and ... it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look below these superficial traits, and to know the better part of him." By the time he wrote *Our Mutual Friend* Dickens wasn't thinking so casually

about getting to know characters, or character. He insists that we look closely at everything - at every little clue to anything - from the beginning.

In the opening paragraphs of *Our Mutual Friend* Dickens teases us to make us pay attention. The chapter is called, appropriately, "On the Look Out."



Lizzie and Gaffer Hexam

The figures in [the] boat were those of a strong man with ragged grizzled hair an a sun-browned face, and a dark girl of nineteen or twenty, sufficiently like him to be recognisable as his daughter. [The man] had no net, hook, or line, and he could not be a fisherman; his boat had no cushion for a sitter, no paint, no inscription, no appliance beyond a rusty boat-hook and a coil of rope, and he could not be a water-man; his boat was too crazy and too small to take in cargo for delivery, and he could not be a lighter-man or river-carrier; there was no clue to what he looked for, but he looked for something. (OMF 1,1)

We don't know what the men in the boat looked for, "but he looked for something; with a most intent and searching gaze," and the girl - "recognisable as his daughter" - "watched his face earnestly, with "intensity [in] her look." The two of the meet another man, part of whose name we will get - Riderhood - in chapter six; his full name is revealed in chapter twelve, as Roger, though "Rogue," he tells us, is "the name I'm mostly called by - not for any meaning in it, but for meaning it has none, but because of its being similar to Roger."

The Veneerings have a dinner party in the sec-

ond chapter; Alfred Lammle and Sophronia Akerhem are in attendance, though not yet named. All are false, as their names suggest. We also meet Lady Toppins, with “a dyed Long Walk up the top of her head” and “a bunch of false hair behind”; she will later be described as being “dyed and varnished” so that “any fragment of the real woman may be concealed” (bk. 1 ch. 10). The story of John Harmon is introduced by Mortimer Lightwood, and in the third chapter we meet the body supposed to be Harmon’s, and Julius Handford.

In the fourth chapter we meet Reginald Wilfer, known in the neighbourhood where he works as Rusty, Retiring Ruddy, Round, Ripe, Ridiculous, Ruminative, Raving, Roaring, Raffish, and Rumty. the narrator frequently calls him “the Cherub.” We also meet John Rokesmith; we are given a hint that he may be Julius Handford, but as yet we have no way of knowing that he may be Julius Handford, but as yet we have no way of knowing that he is John Harmon. Bella Wilfer’s immediate suspicion that Rokesmith is “a Murderer” is hardly a hint as to his identity.

We next meet the Boffins, and Silas Wegg. Wegg’s character is immediately made clear to us; and in the course of the novel, he doesn’t change. Noddy Boffin’s character is more difficult – and we have no way of knowing, as the novel progresses, of his benevolent scheming with Bella or of the trap he is setting for the avaricious Wegg.

We don’t meet Jenny Wren until the second book of the novel, when Charley Hexam and Bradley Headstone come to the doll’s dress-maker’s to see Lizzie. Jenny isn’t Jenny, of course; she is Fanny Cleaver. And her bad boy, whom Eugene calls Mr. Dolls, is her besotted father. Fascination Fledgeby and Mr. Riah are both in disguise, Riah as an avaricious Jew, Fledgeby as a young Christian gentleman. We never get Fledgeby’s given name; Jenny calls Mr. Riah her ‘Fairy Godmother’; Eugene calls him “Mr. Aaron.”

In *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Dickens will warn us that “seemings may be false or true” (ch. 22) and that “few languages can be read until their alphabets are mastered” (ch. 17). He has always asked us to observe carefully,

and to work hard - and imaginatively – to make sense of what we see. He has also both continued to reveal characters as his stories progress – as he says he did with Mr. Pickwick – and showed them to us undergoing significant change. Most notably he shows us serious change in young Martin Chuzzlewit, Loo Bounderby, Sydney Carton, Pip, Bella Wilfer, and Eugene Wrayburn.

Robert Heaman has written about the change that occurs to many of Dickens’s central characters, as they undergo what Dickens himself calls “the crisis of adversity.” Martin Chuzzlewit, for example, becomes ill with the fever in America; when he recovers he begins to see, to his shame, how selfish he has been. David Copperfield has his crisis after Dora dies, as he journeys through the Alps, weeping selfishly for what he has lost; eventually he weeps for Dora, rather than for himself, and begins to recover. He says that he has been trying to “get a better understanding of myself, and be a better man.” Esther Summerson suffers through a serious illness, and though her character doesn’t change significantly, her understanding and outlook do. Richard Carstone suffers from a disease which Allan Woodcourt can’t diagnose. Richard finally learns that he has been corrupted to death by the promise of an inheritance; he dies before he can “begin the world” anew. Arthur Clennam’s crisis brings him to the Marshalsea. In describing Clennam’s situation, Dickens writes about how “adversity” afflicts us, and what can come from it as “some marked stop in the whirling wheel of life brings the light perception with it.” For Clennam, such a perception comes “in his adversity, clearly and tenderly.”

Pip undergoes a great change, brought on by the collapse of what have been his “great expectations.” He wants to run away, but Herbert won’t let him; Herbert insists, instead, that he must be responsible to the man who has been his benefactor. Shamed by Herbert’s sense of goodness, Pip learns to be Magwitch’s friend. After Magwitch’s death, Pip falls dangerously ill; when he recovers, he knows more, and knows more about himself – but still not enough to be a good man. He has been utterly insensitive to Biddy throughout

the novel, but decides conceitedly that he will now marry her. He faints when he finds that Bidley has married Joe Gargery - and then can admit how ungrateful and self-centred he has been. Pip's change happens in stages, through the last third of the novel.

Estella has suffered, too, and has changed; in the end she can propose friendship with Pip. My point is that Dickens is always looking for characters who might change, though some of them, as he notes in the preface to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, are rendered incapable of such by their character, upbringing and the circumstances of their lives. Magwitch, however, overcomes his having "grown up took up" in a world which assumed that he was nothing but a "warmint." He changes, thanks to what he understands as Pip's friendship out on the marches. And Pip changes, ever so slowly. If we read the ending of *Great Expectations* as many people do, having Pip ignore Estella's insisting that she and Pip are "friends," and "will continue friends apart" - if we read that final sentence as meaning that Pip and Estella marry - Pip hasn't changed; he is still the same selfish, self-centred creature he has been all through the novel.

But of course Pip is not a solipsist; rather, he has always been critical of his character-self's selfishness. So Pip doesn't carry Estella off against her expressed wishes. They remain friends. As Joe Gargery says, "partings" from friends are what life is made of.

Dickens rarely finds hypocrites who change, even if they do suffer through some crisis. And most of Dickens's serious villains are hypocrites - like most of this world.

I have said nothing much about *Our Mutual Friend* yet, but wish now to spend the rest of my time talking about that marvellous, gloriously beautiful novel. I have mentioned a number of its characters who are not what they seem: the Veneerings, the "mature young gentleman" named Lamble and the "mature young gentlewoman" named Akersham, John Harmon-Handford-Rokesmith, Fledgeby and Riah, Jenny Wren and her bad child, Noddy Boffin the great pretender at greed. But the characters I want to focus upon are Bradley Headstone, Rogue Riderhood, Bella Wilfer, and Eugene Wrayburn. And I want to do so by

comparing them to each other: as a sort of test of our judgement.

The choices in life are basically two, at the beginning of *Our Mutual Friend*: civilisation or savagery. Charley Hexam is introduced as a fifteen year-old mixture of "uncompleted savagery, and uncompleted civilisation." (1,3). But "civilisation" in this novel isn't necessarily a good thing: as Mortimer proposes in the final chapter, or the "savages" to become "civilised" means that they begin "eating one another." And as Charley becomes more "civilised," "raising" himself in the world and in society, he becomes more and more selfish. Severing his connection with his former mentor and benefactor Bradley Headstone, Charley uses no fewer than eighty first-person pronouns in six short paragraphs. Savagery isn't good, but in this novel civilisation - like "Society" - is often worse. True John Rokesmith remains untainted by this greedy, false world; Noddy Boffin remains an honest rustic, even when he is wealthy and courted by Society; and though Henrietta Boffin becomes "a high-flyer at fashion" she doesn't quit being generous and kind. As John says of her goodness, "Some of us supply the shortcomings of the rest." (2,10)

In being in love with money, Bella Wilfer is like two other characters in the novel, but Dickens treats her differently from them. Silas Wegg gets so lustfully excited reading about misers that his wooden leg "elevate[s] itself" in front of him, and falls into an orgasmic "pecuniary swoon" (3,6); in the end, because he is unrepentant, he is thrown into a scavenger's cart. Fledgeby is born of a bad debt (2,5), and grows toward manhood as "a kind of outlaw in the bill-broking line."

"Avarice" is his main characteristic; but the gesture which defines him is his anxiety to be growing whiskers - which he can't. Fledgeby is in love with money, and though he desperately wants to grow up, Dickens won't let him - and names his business house "Pubsey and Co." Wegg couldn't love if he wanted to, because he literally lust after money.

Bella is in love with money, too; she tells her Pa that she is a "mercenary little wretch" (2,8). She is "always avariciously scheming," and is "resolved ... to marry money." "Talk to

me of love!" she says, and you "talk to me of fiery dragons" out of fairy tales; "But talk to me of poverty, and wealth, and there indeed we touch upon realities." Thanks, however, to Mr. Boffin's acting the mean and cruel miser – and thanks to her friendship with Lizzie – Bella changes. Mr. and Mrs. Boffin knew all along that she could change, and that she was "true golden gold at heart" (4,13), and Noddy sets out to prove it. We also knew that she could change: we knew it from her loving and fanciful relationship with Pa, and from her confession of her shameful truth to him. When she has changed, Bella has a different attitude toward fancy and reality. Wanting to "marry for money," she says, she "was incapable of marrying for love" (4,5); but now, as she tells John, "I am rich beyond all wealth in having you, ... your wishes are as real to me as the wishes in the Fairy story."

Bella's friendship with Lizzie is important to her changing. Lizzie's serious friendship makes Bella serious. Eugene and Mortimer are supposedly friends, too. When they were schoolboys, Mortimer had "founded himself upon Eugene" (2,6), but for most of the novel Eugene refuses to be serious about himself, and Mortimer's friendship has little or no influence on him. In the end, Mortimer's friendship is necessary to Eugene's loving Lizzie; and as Mortimer leaves to fetch Lizzie to his bedside, Eugene says, "Touch my face with yours ... I love you, Mortimer" (4,10). Rogue Riderhood is a notorious friend whose friendship nobody wants. The novel opens with Gaffer Hexam refusing Rogue as his "pardner." Miss Abbey refuses him access to the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters. But Rogue attaches himself, deviously, to Rogue. They aren't, of course, friends. Bradley disguises himself as Rogue in his attempt to murder Eugene, and Rogue attaches himself to Bradley to blackmail him.

Although they are put together – and die together – they are not alike, as characters. Rogue has no redeeming characteristics; and when he is plucked from the river, almost drowned, that crises of adversity has no effect on him at all. While he lies seemingly dead, Pleasant Riderhood hopes that he may yet breathe again, and that "the old evil is

drowned out of him," that "his spirit will be altered" (3,3). The doctor wishes "that this escape may have a good effect" on Rogue, and one of his rescuers says "It's to be hoped he'll make a better use of his life." But nobody really expects that anything – even a visit to the realm of death – will change him. And they are correct.

Bradley disguises himself as Rogue, and ties to frame him. One might also – or better – say that Bradley is in disguise as Bradley, the man who represses himself into decency in everything he does or says, and in the way he dresses. He is introduced as "a thoroughly decent young man" in his "decent black coat and waistcoat, and decent white shirt, and decent formal black tie, and decent pantaloons....with his decent silver watch....and its decent hair guard" (2,1). This decency is a cover for something, and the "suppression of so much" has given him a "constrained manner." He is "uneasy," "never....quite at his ease."

Bradley hides his upbringing as a "pauper lad": concerning his origin he is "proud, moody, and sullen, desiring it to be forgotten." "I don't show what I feel," he tells Lizzie; "some of us are obliged habitually to keep it down. To keep it down" (2,11). Thinking of the "careless and contemptuous" Eugene, Bradley "keep(s) himself down with infinite pains of repression" (2,14). He tells Lizzie, in their churchyard interview, "I can restrain myself, and I will," but his hands betray his passion (2,15). Goaded by he "reckless and insolent" Eugene Bradley's state of mind becomes "murderous"; and though "tied up" and "subdued" under the "restraint" of the schoolroom, he feels his hidden wrath with "self-justification" (3,11).

Dickens's narrative doesn't sympathise with Bradley's madness, but it does insist that we understand it. And though his obsession with Lizzie is more unwelcome to her than is Eugene's, it seems - because it is so wilfully provoked and aggravated by Eugene – to be the less culpable.

Jenny Wren, always accurately observant, is sure that Bradley will someday "take fire and blow up" (2,11). His fits, when they occur, are much like Krook's "spontaneous combustion" in *Bleak House* – and like the consuming fit of

jealousy John Jasper suffers in *the Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which leaves him “nothing but a heap of torn and miry clothes upon the floor.”

Eugene is much more in control of himself, always, though his control is anything but self-repression. It is, rather, a matter of wilfully self-indulgence. He is related to Dick Swiveller in *the Old Curiosity Shop* and to young Martin Chuzzlewit. Steerforth, in *David Copperfield*, is his cousin, as are James Harthouse in *Hard Times* and Sydney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities*. But Eugene is much more carefully portrayed than any of those young man – and much worse than any of them except Steerforth. It is not just that Eugene is a bored young gentlemen of insignificant means; he has a “careless manner” and a “certain lazily arrogant air” (2,1). He makes no effort to work, and indulges his lack of occupation as much as he does himself.

When Jenny sees him and asks, “Mr. Wrayburn, ant it?” he responds “So I am told.” He laughingly identifies himself as “a man to be doubted,” and “a bad idle dog” (2,2). In proposing to find a tutor for Lizzie and Jenny he proposes “to be of use to somebody – which I never was in this world, and never shall be on any other occasion.” A “passing appearance of earnestness” and “generous and unselfish interest” on Eugene’s part is just that: a “passing appearance ... in hum usually so light and careless,” and he acknowledges that he has acted “selfishly enough.” When he adds, “The novelty of my doing anything in the least useful has its charms,” the narrator notes that this remark was made either “skilfully” or “by an evil chance.” When Eugene claims to “respect” Lizzie, he does so with “an *appearance* of openness, truthfulness, unsuspecting generosity, in his words and manner.”

Over and over, the narrator warns us not to trust Eugene, When he seems to have mocked Jenny, carelessly, he is “shocked” at what he has done. But surprisingly, we are to trust him this time: The narrator reports that he is “shocked – to do him justice – at the thought of trifling with her infirmity” (2,2). As he

leaves Jenny and Lizzie, he stops “to light another cigar, and possible to ask himself what he was doing.” The narrator continues, ‘If so, the answer was indefinite and vague’ – and then the narrator passes judgement on Eugene: “Who knows what he is doing, who is careless what he does!”

Mortimer tries to influence Eugene, tries to argue with him. But Eugene refuses. Will Eugene pay the upholsterer’s bill? “I mean to ray him ... But then I mean so much that I – hat I don’t mean ... So much that I only mean ... and nothing more” (2,6). He jokes about “moral influences” and “domestic virtues,” and refuses to be “earnest.”

Mortimer accuses his friend of hiding something; Eugene answers that he doesn’t “know” whether he is hiding anything or not: “I know less about myself than about most people an the world, and I don’t know.”

Eugene’s excuse of self-ignorance could be simply “utterly careless,” and irresponsible, a matter of “reckless indifference,” which would be culpable enough; but the scene which follows shows us that it is also dishonest. Eugene *does* know what he is doing.

Eugene sits on the windowsill, making little pellets of dirt from a flowerpot. To “wanderers” stray into the courtyard, and Eugene drops a pellet on the hat of one. “Hitting him on the hat,” he remarks, “I smoke serenely, and become absorbed in contemplation of the sky” (2,6). The two wanderers enter the building.



FORMING THE DOMESTIC VIRTUES.

“When they emerge,” said Eugene, “you shall see me bring them both down;” and so pre-

pared two pellets for the purpose.

In the scene that follows, the two wanderers turn out to be Charley Hexam and Bradley Headstone. Eugene ignores Charley and what he says about his sister, and cruelly taunts and condescends to Bradley. When Bradley accuses Eugene of reproaching him for his origin, his up-bringing, his obscurity, Eugene replies: "How can I reproach you with what is not within my knowledge, or how can I cast stones that were never in my hand?"

Mortimer knows that Eugene has been lying to him about Lizzie; and we know his dishonesty in another way, thanks to those pellets. When Eugene protests that he doesn't "design" to capture and desert Lizzie, that he doesn't "design" to marry her, that he doesn't "design" to pursue her, he is lying. He says, "I don't design anything. I have no design whatever. I am incapable of design." But we know otherwise. We watch him design those pellets for Charley and Bradley, to "bring them down." As the scene closes, Eugene refuses to take any responsibility for himself or what he does.

Bradley has accused Eugene of "meanness" and shifty evasions" - and we must agree. However dangerously passionate Bradley is, however unattractive his personality and demeanour are, he is not as bad as Eugene. Bradley frightens Lizzie in the churchyard scene; but when his passion overcomes his restraint he harms himself, not Lizzie. His hands are dangerous, but they don't threaten her. They threaten Eugene, as do his words and his "dark look of hared revenge" (2,15). But before we can begin to worry for Eugene, that young man appears, "loitering discontentedly by." And in his careless "thoughtlessness," he begins to insult Mr. Riah - irrelevantly - for his Jewishness, as he insinuates himself between Lizzie and her kind protector. We can't like Eugene any more than we can trust him. But he has "power" over Lizzie: "He knew his power over her." And "he knew whatever he chose to know of thoughts of her heart" (2,15).

And going to her side, so gaily, regardless of all that had been urged against him; so superior in his sallies and self-possession .. so faithful to her, as it seemed... what an

immense advantage, what an overpowering influence, were his.

Agnes Wickfield told David Copperfield that he had "power of doing good" and Allan Woodcourt told Esther the same thing. In this novel, John Rokesmith seeks power - but the power he seeks is a noble one: "If, in his limited sphere, he sought power, it was the power of knowledge, the power derivable from a perfect comprehension of his business" (1,16).

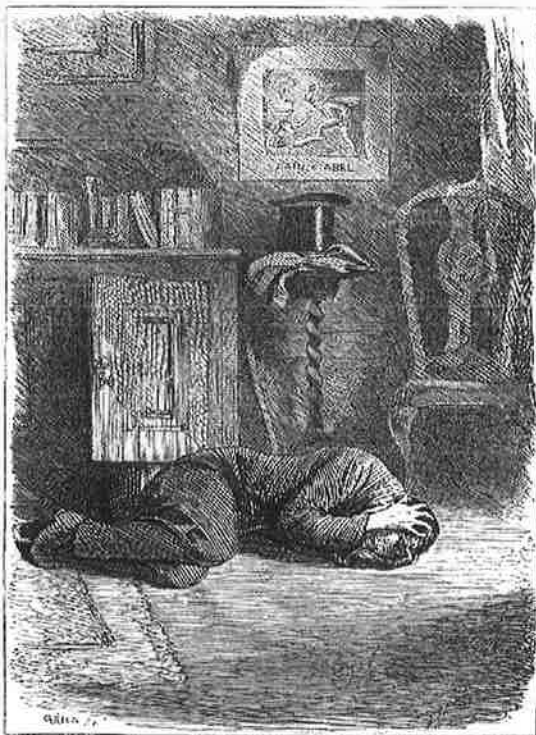
Power, for Eugene, is a different matter: it is selfish, and mean.

When Lizzie tells Bella, her new friend, about Eugene, Bella is moved by Lizzie's "deep, unselfish passion" (3,9). Immediately following this, perhaps for comparison, we see Eugene, "all idle and shiftless," with Jenny Wren (3,10). She is distraught; her drunken father is breaking her heart. Eugene is "sorry" for her, "but his sympathy did not move his carelessness to do anything but feel sorry." Eugene doesn't really feel so very sorry for Jenny; he bribes her drunken father, paying him for information about Lizzie's whereabouts and helping him drink himself to death,

To Mortimer, Eugene is "the express picture of discontented idleness" (3,10). Speaking of Lizzie, he accuses Eugene: "you know you don't really care for her." Eugene replies, "I don't know that." But he isn't sure that he does care for her, and he speaks "with a perplexed and inquisitive face, as if he actually did not know what to make of himself." He knows enough to want to find her, however, and to indulge himself - and his selfishness - in doing so, "by whatever means ... that offer themselves. Fair means or foul means, are all alike to me." He has an "unprecedented gleam of determination" in his eye as he says this. And he says it again, knowing that he means he has chosen "are foul."

Eugene is "reckless" and cruel in his enjoyment of tormenting Bradley. To "goad the schoolmaster to madness" is his "amiable occupation" (3,10). When he finds Lizzie, she accuses him of "cruelty" in seeking her out. He doesn't deny it; rather, he says "Heaven knows I am not good" (4,6). The narrator says that Eugene "would have been base indeed to have stood untouched by her appeal"; but Eugene is

untouched, and takes advantage of “his first full knowledge of his influence upon her.” her “attitude besought him to be merciful and not force her to disclose her heart.” Of course, ‘He was not merciful with her, and made her do it.’ Her suffering makes “a deep impression on him, for the passing time”; but that impression is quickly replaced by his realisation that he has “gained a wonderful power over her.” He tries to think honestly, but subsides into “a reminiscence of his first full knowledge of his power,” and his “reckless conclusion” is to forget her request and his resolution and “try her again” the next morning even his thoughts tell him that such an act would be “wickedness.”



BETTER TO BE ABEL THAN CAIN.

But is it “Better to be Abel than Cain,” as the title of the next chapter following the attack says. Though Eugene is not at all good, is selfish and irresponsible, callous and thoughtless, and dishonest both with himself and with others, he is not a murderer, or a would-be murderer. Bradley is a more honest man, but also a more passionate man; and though he tries not to be selfish, he is so, finally, in his vengeful attack on the selfish, cruel, and uncaring

Eugene and his murder of the villainous Rogue Riderhood. And Bradley has fully intended to do what he has done; like John Jasper in *Edwin Drood*, in his mind Bradley is “always doing the deed and doing it better”(4,9). If Abel and Cain are, as the chapter title seems to suggest, Dickens’s models for Eugene and Bradley, Dickens seems to have badly maligned Able.

But Eugene does change. After the attack he can admit to Mortimer, concerning Lizzie, ‘I have wronged her enough in fact; I have wronged her still more in intention’ (4,10). He thinks he is dying - “I shall not come through it, Mortimer” - but he wants to marry Lizzie. Mortimer assures him, “This is the right course of a true man.”

Would Eugene want to marry Lizzie if he were not going to die? We don’t know. We know that Lizzie did love him, and that she saved him from drowning. And Eugene tells Bella that “his wife had changed him” (4,14).

Eugene is not the central character of *Our Mutual Friend*, nor is his story the main focus of the novel. His role is more like that of Dick Swiveller or James Steerforth than Sydney Carton or Pip, whose changes are central to the themes of their novels. But by looking at Eugene and Bradley together, we can see Dickens at his very best in developing and understanding character, and characters. And if we want to think of *Our Mutual Friend* as a story about romantic love, maybe our careful examination of Eugene and Bradley will be of serious value. Even though Eugene changes – loves Lizzie, and proposes to “turn to in earnest” at the end, which should be good – perhaps we will find ourselves more sympathetic to Bradley, in the end, than we are to Eugene.

And perhaps as we read the novel which follows *Our Mutual Friend*, we will read more insightfully the characters of *Edwin Drood* and John Jasper – and Neville Landless, who is studying to be a lawyer, like Mortimer Lightwood. Not, of course, that they are in any way simply alike

Amsterdam 2008.

Bron afbeeldingen:

<http://dickens.ucsc.edu/OMF/illustrations.html>

LOVE IMAGINATION ,AND BEAUTY IN *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*

by Robert J Heaman



A FRIEND IS DEAD.

When Lizzie Hexam, alone in the world after her brother abandons her as a result of her rejecting Bradley Headstone's bizarre proposal of marriage, wishes she were "lying here with the dead" in the burial ground she and Bradley twice traverse: "A figure passed by, and passed on, but stopped and looked around at her. It was the figure of an old man with a bowed head, wearing a large-brimmed low-crowned hat, and a long-skirted coat" (428). This, of course, is Riah, the Patriarch, as Eugene calls him because his look is so Hebraic (571). In a wonderful contrast to Fagin's taking in Nancy, Riah asks Lizzie, his "daughter," to "come home" with him. Lizzie accepts his support, and immediately as they emerge from the graveyard onto the main thoroughfare to seek refuge in Riah's home, they come upon "another figure loitering discontentedly by" (430), Eugene Wrayburn, who wishes to walk Lizzie home.

Eugene, after making some ugly anti-Semitic references to Riah, entreats Lizzie to allow him to escort her alone. Realising that she will not agree to this, Eugene proposes that "MR. Aaron and I

will divide the trust, and see you home together. Mr Aaron on that side; and I on this" (432). Eugene thereby prevents Lizzie from taking refuge in Riah's home after she has been abandoned at the graveyard by her brother.

"Nothing more being said of repairing to Riah's lodgings,

they went direct to Lizzie's lodging. A little short of the house-door she parted from them, and went in alone" (432).

In this image of the three figures walking side by side, it seems to me, Dickens offers an emblem of beauty and promise – the potential for England's future in the person of Lizzie – being caught between what Matthew Arnold describes in *Culture and Anarchy* as the major forces of Hellenism and Hebraism in the person of Eugene and Riah. At this point, unable to choose between them, Lizzie remains "alone"; Riah "steal[s] through the streets in his ancient dress, like the ghost of a departed Time"; and Eugene, lighting his cigar, ponders Lightwood's catechism: "What is to come of it? What are you doing? Where are you going?" (432).

"What is to come of? What are you doing? Where are you going?" These questions were the focus of dominant cultural debate in England in the 1860s. In a series of periodic essays, first published in *Cornhill Magazine* in 1867-68 and collected as a book, *Culture and Anarchy*, in 1869, Matthew Arnold attempted to analyse the direction in which England was going. "The whole scope of the essay," Arnold says in his Preface:

is to recommend culture as the great help out of our present difficulties; culture being a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all matters which most concern us, the best that has been thought and said in the world, and, though this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock of notions and habits, which we now follow staunchly but mechanically, vainly imagining that there is a virtue in following them staunchly which makes up for the mischief of following them mechanically.



Matthew Arnold
1822 – 1888

In a central essay in *Culture and Anarchy*, “Hebraism and Hellenism,” an essay we shall look at more closely in a few minutes, Arnold offers the Hebraic and Hellenic cultures as dominant forces in western culture. Riah’s stealing off, “like the ghost of a departed past,” suggest that Arnold’s Hebraism is not what Dickens believes is needed at this time in England. But what is it Dickens looks to, at this point in his career, to redeem Lizzie and England’s future from a nineteenth-century culture that values a false and meretricious society controlled by Veneerings, Tippenses and Podsnaps, That drives its Betty Higdens to seek death in the wilds rather than be cared for by its social institutions, and that sets money above love in its relationships? When Eugene had first seen Lizzie, she was framed by the “little window”: “the lonely girl with the dark eyes sat by the fire”:

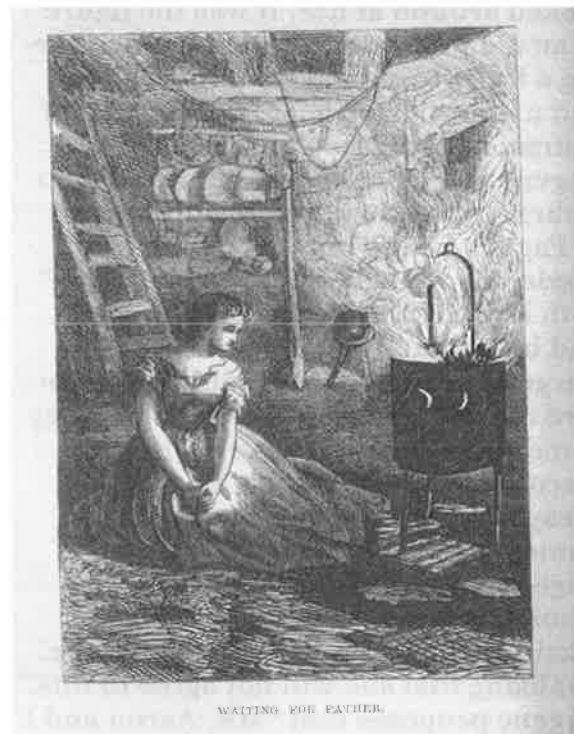
She had no other light than the light of the fire. The unkindled lamp stood on the table. She sat on the ground, looking at the brazier, with her face leaning on her hand. There was a kind of film or flicker on her face, which at first he took to be fitful firelight; but on second look, he saw that she was weeping. A sad and solitary spectacle, as shown him by the rising and falling of the fire.

... A deep rich piece of colour, with the brown flush of her cheek and the shining lustre of her hair, though sad and solitary, weeping by the rising and the falling of the fire.

(171; bk. 1, ch. 13)

This description is almost a set piece for a Pre-Raphaelite painting, something we might call “Imagination Fuelling Beauty,” knowing as we do that Lizzie’s deepest imaginative visions are prompted by her rapt stare into the red-hot coals “in the hollow down by the flare.” Eugene sees Lizzie in this initial encounter, framed by the window, as one might see a beautiful painting, and, he later confesses, is “haunted” by her beauty (736; bk. 4, ch. 6).

This scene is disturbed by Lizzie’s starting up and calling out to her father, whom she believes she hears calling out to her as he is, in fact, fighting for his life. Lizzie imagines she hears her father calling for her in his desperate situation. She apparently possesses the artistic capacity to perceive events beyond her limited time/space dimension. We see a dimension of this capacity also in her reading Charley’s future in the hollow down by the flare and in her seeing Bella’s heart as “well worth winning, and well won” (565). Lizzie has the kind of imaginative capacity that David Copperfield demonstrates when he sees



Little Emily running along the timbers over the deep waters.

The incident is so impressed on y remembrance, that if I were a draftsman I could draw it form here, I dare say, accurately as it was that day, and Little Em'ly springing forward to her destruction (as it appealed to me), with a look that I have never forgotten, directed far out at sea. (34)

David the artist and human being remembers that powerful spot of time because of what happened to Emily but also because at that time he had a premonition that something awful would happen to Emily. His imagination perceives something that the artist's imagination perceives beyond time.

We see this capacity to perceive reality beyond the confines of time and space in Esther Summerson as well. Immediately before encountering Jo and contracting his disease as a result, Esther Summerson looks toward London where

there was pale dead light both beautiful and awful, and into it long sullen lines of cloud waved up, like a sea stricken immovable as it was heaving. Toward London a lurid glare overhung the whole dark waste; and the contrast between these two lights ... was as solemn as might be.

I had no thought, that night ... of what was soon to happen to me. But I have always remembered since, that ... I had for a moment an indefinable impression of myself since, that ... I had for a moment an indefinable impression of myself as being something different from what I then was. (450)

This spot of time, like David's when he sees Em'ly walking along the timbers over the deep waters, demonstrates Esther's imaginative capacity to apprehend reality beyond the confines of time and space. She intuits the change that will come about, and the intuition itself both marks her as an artist and allows her to become an artist.

Jenny Wren shares this ability to get beyond the limitations of her temporal and spatial reality. On the garden at the top of the roof,

where she can "come up and be dead" to the things of this world, Jenny not only rises above the sordid reality of London but is able to feel tranquil and "so peaceful and so thankful!... And such a chain has fallen from you, and such a strange good happiness comes upon you!"(299). This same quality allows Jenny to smell non-existent flowers and hear non-existent birds sing and be visited by children in white dresses bringing comfort to her pain. Like Dickens, Jenny puts her imaginative capacity to work: an artist, she makes dolls' dresses. But again like Dickens, she must work to find her material: "I have to scud about town at all hours. If it was only sitting at my bench, cutting out and sewing, at would be comparatively easy work; but it's the trying-on by the great ladies that takes it out of me"(464). Jenny's artistic sensibility may have evolved as a result of her suffering, as Lizzie suggests when Jenny tells her and Eugene about smelling the imaginary flowers: "Pleasant fancies to have, Jenny dear!" said her friend: with a glance towards Eugene as if she would have asked him whether they were given the child in compensation for her losses"(252).

The imaginative capacity to get beyond oneself is not only necessary to art, it is necessary to love in *Our Mutual Friend*, John Harmon cannot know if Bella will love him as John Harmon, as the person she has been willed away to, so long as he represents himself as John Harmon. And so, in the process of attempting to find her out by presenting himself as Julius Handford, he, like Eugene later, is bludgeoned nearly to death and left to drown. And in his struggle, he loses his sense of himself: "But it was not I. There was no such thing as I, within my knowledge." (393). He loses all sense of space: "As to this hour I cannot understand that side of the river where I recovered the shore, being the opposite side to that on which I was ensnared, I shall never understand it now" (394). The drug that he was given works on Harmon in a way that pain seems to work for Jenny, to a different end. Harmon's becoming Rokesmith, and realising Bella's love as Rokesmith, is a literal demonstration of what seems in this to be a universal truth: genuine love is not realisable

without the loss or transformation of oneself. As Little Dorrit says to her sister Fanny: "If you loved anyone, you would no more be yourself, but you would quite lose and forget yourself in your devotion to him" (LD 494). Bella learns this, but only when she has her reality transformed around her and becomes part of an elaborate dramatic production. Noddy Boffin, who is mercurial in his transformation of character, acts the part of grasping, mean miser and in so doing demonstrates to Bella what a mercenary wretch may become. Bella learns her lesson well, and proves she is "true golden at heart" (821). But Bella has been prepared for the discovery by Lizzie, who tells her what she sees in the fire: not a "limited little b" but a "heart well worth winning, and well won. A heart that, once won, goes through fire and water for the winner, and never changes, and is never daunted" (565).

Eugene Wrayburn is, self-confessedly, a "ridiculous fellow" (147), an "absurd fellow," according to Mortimer (302), who "know[s] less about [himself] than about most people in the world" (303). When Mortimer asks him what his plans are with Lizzie, "What is to come of it? Where are you going? What are you doing?" Eugene says he would answer that question if he could:

"But to enable me to do so, I must first have found out the troublesome conundrum long abandoned. Here it is. Eugene Wrayburn." Tapping his forehead and breast. "Riddle-me, riddle-mee-ree, perhaps you can't tell what this may be? - No upon my life I can't. I give it up."
(314)

Eugene has no energy, although he tells Mortimer he would show energy if he had "something really worth being energetic about" (22). He becomes energised by Lizzie. He tells Mortimer that he has never taken as much trouble over anything as he has trying to find Lizzie after her disappearance. The energy Eugene is referring to, although misdirected by him at this time, is the same energy Matthew Arnold talks about in his description of Hebraism.

Hebraism, according to Arnold is "this energy driving at practice, this paramount sense of the obligation of duty, self-control, and work, this earnestness in going manfully with the best light we have" (107). Arnold regards Hellenism, on the other hand, as the "intelligence driving at those ideas which are, after all, the basis of right practice, the ardent sense for all the new and changing combinations of them which are, after all, the basis of right practice, the ardent sense for all the new and changing combinations of them which man's development brings with it, the indomitable impulse to know and adjust them perfectly" (107). He sees these forces as "rivals dividing the empire of the world between them." The governing idea of Hellenism is "spontaneity of consciousness"; that of Hebraism, "strictness of conscience" (109). The "uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are; the uppermost idea with Hebraism is conduct and obedience" (109). Arnold argues that Christianity, "Hebraism aiming at self-conquest and rescue from the thrall of vile affections, not by obedience to the letter of the law, but by conformity to the image of self-sacrificing example (113), saved the pagan Hellenic world from the "self-dissatisfaction and ennui" it had fallen into (114), and thus became the dominant cultural current in Western Europe until the Renaissance, at which time there was "an uprising and reinstatement of man's intellectual impulses and of Hellenism" (116).

Unfortunately, according to Arnold, in England the Renaissance assumed the form of its "subordinate and secondly side," the Reformation. "The Reformation has been called a Hebraising revival, a return to the ardour and sincereness of primitive Christianity" (116), Arnold argues, and this was the wrong direction for England to take at that time. "For more than two hundred years {since the Renaissance} the main stream of man's advance has moved toward knowing himself and the world, seeing things as they are, spontaneity of consciousness; {whereas} the main impulse of a great part, and that the strongest part, of our nation has been toward strictness of conscience" (119). He concludes that England must go "back upon the actual

instincts and forces which rule our life, seeing them as they really are, connecting them with other instincts and forces, and enlarging our whole view and rule of life" (120). Thus Arnold sees a return to Hellenism as the answer to England's cultural crisis.

In the scene with Lizzie walking along the thoroughfare between Riah as father figure and Eugene as would-be-lover, Riah represents what Arnold identifies as the image of "Hebraism aiming at self-conquest and rescue from the thrall of vile affections" (113). Riah will preserve Lizzie from Eugene, will rescue her "from the thrall of vile affections." Dickens goes to some length to identify Riah with a stereotypically Hebraic past in his introduction of him:

an old Jewish man in an ancient coat, long of skirt and wide of pocket. A venerable man, bald and shining at the top of his head, and with long grey hair flowing down at its sides and mingling with his beard. A man who with graceful Eastern action of homage bent his head and stretched out his hands with his palms upward.... In the entry hung his rusty large-brimmed low-crowned hat, as long out of date as his coat; in the corner near it stood his staff – no walking stick but veritable staff. (292; bk 2, ch. 5)

On the other side of Lizzie in Dickens's emblematic representation, Eugene, who had come "loitering discontentedly by" (430; bk.2, ch. 5), appears very much like a figure from the pagan world suffering from the "self dissatisfaction and ennui" that "*alma Venus*, the life-giving and joy-giving power of nature..... could not save her followers from, "and from whom, according to Arnold, the ethical impulse of the Hebraic force toward right practice or conduct was necessary (Arnold 114). The cigar-smoking, languid, indolent, ridiculous Eugene is every bit as much a stereotype of decadent Hellenism as Riah is one of tradition-bound Hebraism. And one might suspect that what Lizzie will need is the best of both if she is to find a true home in which to flourish and realise her potential. After Lizzie has been abandoned to the graveyard of the past, however, she will not flourish

in Riah's "home," to which he steals, "like the ghost of a departed Time. "Dickens does not see hope in a retreat to the dead traditions of the past. And if Eugene is to become worthy of Lizzie, the "heroine," as he later calls her, Dickens, the "artist", as he identifies himself in the Postscript (872), insists that Eugene must pursue the Hellenic, must expand his consciousness. Eugene must develop from a mere decadent stereotype to genuine Hellenism; he must find "some *sound* order and authority," (my italics) just as England must at time in history. And as Arnold says, "This we can only get by going back upon the actual instincts and force which rule our life, seeing them as they really are, connecting them with other instincts and forces, and enlarging our whole view and rule of life" (120).

Lizzie's beauty energises Eugene; but he does not know if this means because, again, he does not know himself, he is not able to connect his forehead with his breast. When he is trying to analyse

what he should do regarding Lizzie, immediately before he is bludgeoned nearly to death by Headstone, he debates whether to marry her or to leave her. He fears "outfacing" M.R.F., his father, because he applies his father's legal reasoning to the situation: "You wouldn't marry for some money and some station, because you were frightfully likely to become bored. Are you less likely to become bored, marrying for money and no station?" (742). M.R.F. offers Eugene no "sound order of authority" on which to base his decision. No, Eugene concludes, he is not sure of himself. Eugene is at this point so unsure of himself, so incapable of seeing things as they really are, that he has to let Lizzie do his thinking for him in their leave-taking conversation before Headstone's brutal attack. "I never thought until to-night that you needed to be thought for," Lizzie tells Eugene; but as long as he does and since "there is nothing for us in this life but separation; then Heaven help you, and Heaven bless you!" (741). And as long as Eugene cannot connect his forehead with his breast, his head with his heart, as long as he is not in touch with "the actual instincts which rule our life, seeing them as they really are,

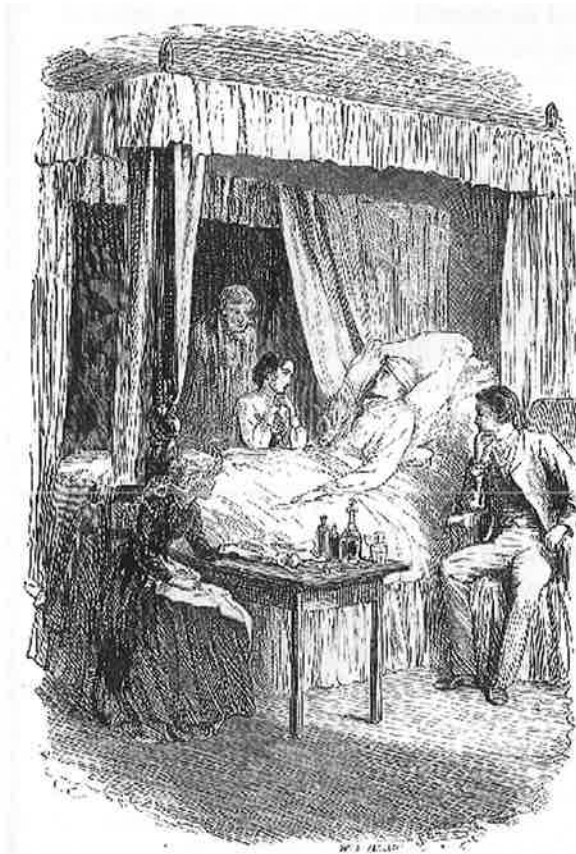
connecting them with other instincts and forces" (Arnold 120), Lizzie cannot really exist for him. And so he takes leave of her "and kissed her once, almost as if he might have kissed the dead" (741).

Caught between retreating to Arnold's "obedience, the fundamental form" of Hebraism (110) by accepting the reasoning and authority of M.R.F.'s "legal mind" (742) and being moved by Lizzie in the direction of the "actual instincts and forces which rule our life" (Arnold 120), Eugene is faced with a "crisis": "Out of the question to marry her," said Eugene, "and out out of the question to leave her" (743). Confused, afraid of his own capacity to respond to the beauty he identifies with Lizzie, fearing that his father is correct in claiming that it will merely bore him in the end, Eugene, out of touch with the "actual instincts and forces which rule our life," is immobilised.

Eugene comes to discover himself only after he is "raised from ... death" (745; bk.4 ch.6) by Lizzie. Eugene knows that he has become

"next to nothing" (801; bk. 4, ch. 11) but also recognises that Lizzie can "recall him" to life by speaking his name during his fevered struggle with death (802). Disobeying M.R.F. and rejecting the authority of Society, Eugene is now able to connect his forehead with his breast. He discovers the "order and authority" in the beauty represented by Lizzie, gets "back upon the actual instincts and forces," love and beauty, that rule his life, sees them as they really are, and "connect[s] them with other instincts and forces" which enlarge his "whole view and rule of life" (Arnold 120). He tells Lizzie that if he lives, she shall "find [him] out" as a result of what she has "made: " of him through her faithful love: he now has, Lizzie knows, "purpose and energy" (802). Lizzie's artistic sensibility allows her to see beyond the surface of things. But her beauty, first glimpsed through the window, also inspires Eugene, energises and redeems him. Eugene, as a result of nearly losing himself altogether in his encounter with death, achieves the imaginative perspective that David Copperfield and Esther Summerson have discovered through their artistic sensibility. Transformed and recalled to life, Eugene discovers the "order and authority" beauty represents an order and authority that really exist beyond the veneer of a false society. Lizzie's beauty, the beauty he was instinctively and compellingly attracted to when he saw her framed through the window, raptly gazing into the fire, "a sad solitary spectacle. as shown him by the rising and falling of the fire" (171; bk.1, ch. 13), redeems Eugene. He has grown to the extent that he can now trust his own capacity to accept the saving grace of beauty. Arnold argues that many things are not seen as they really are "unless they are seen as beautiful" (129):

Instead of our "one thing needful," justifying in us vulgarity, hideousness, ignorance, violence, - our vulgarity, hideousness, ignorance, violence are really so many touchstones which try our one thing needful, and which prove that in the state, at any rate, at which we ourselves have it, it is not all we want. And as force which encourages us to stand staunch and fast by the rule and



EUGENE'S BEDSIDE.

ground we have is Hebraism, so the force which encourages us to go back upon this rule, and to try the very ground upon which we stand, is Hellenism – a turn for giving our consciousness free play and enlarging its range. And what I say is, not that Hellenism is always for everybody more wanted than Hebraism, but that ... at this particular moment ... for the great majority of us ... it is more wanted. (126)

For Dickens, the England of Podsnaps and the Veneerings and Weggs and Riderhoods and Lady Tippinses is in greater need of Hellenism than of Hebraism. If what is beautiful and promising in the culture of his time is to be preserved, Dickens the artist is saying, then it must awaken, enliven, and energise the imaginative capacity of those, "The great majority of us," who need such awakening.

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SIR ROGER THE COVERLEY.

door Ton Vroom

Het was met de Eerste Geest dat Scrooge terug ging naar zijn jonge jaren als gezelschap bij Fezziwig. En op kerstavond, nadat de klanten naar huis waren, de luiken gesloten en de maretak opgehangen begon het bal! Het beroemde plaatje, een van de vier gekleurde Dickens prenten toont ons Fezziwig met zijn vrouw en als we de tekst geloven (en wat zou ons daarvan weerhouden?) dansen ze de Sir Roger the Coverley! Dickens hield van deze dans. Zoals te lezen valt in een aantal van zijn brieven. Ook in diverse biografieën wordt beschreven hoe hij zich tot diep in de nacht aan deze dans kon overgeven. Het bovenstaand plaatje geeft aardig weer wat er gebeurt: een paar danst over het midden tussen twee rijen door, waarvan de man de



vrouw tegenover hem ten danst noot en die dan als paar aansluiten aan de voorgangers. En nog wat meer ingewikkelde bewegingen. Diegenen onder ons die ooit aan volkdansen gedaan hebben zullen het herkennen als een van de Engels/Amerikaanse Square dansen, ook wel Virginia Reel genaamd. Maar dat zijn allemaal woorden en beelden. Voor diegenen onder ons die beschikken over internet is er nu Youtube.

Ga naar www.youtube.nl en tik in: sir roger the coverley. Op het scherm ver-

schijnen meerdere uitvoeringen van de dans waarbij die van de Gaskell dansgroep wellicht het aardigst is.

Veel plezier.

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Finsterwolde, 23 januari 2009.



DIVERSE BERICHTEN

Een rubriek voor mededelingen op het laatste moment of waar de redactie geen raad mee weet.

“Proof” that Dickens fathered illegitimate child to be auctioned

by Alison Flood

Guardian.co.uk, Thursday 15 January 2009 17.09 GMT

Charles Dickens called rumours he had an affair with his sister-in-law “most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel”, but a family heirloom going up for auction next month could prove the author had an illegitimate son with Georgina Hogarth, sister of his wife Catherine.

Georgina lived in the Dickenses’ home from 1842 until Charles’s death in 1870, and was left far more in his will than his wife Catherine, with whom he had 10 legitimate children. Widespread gossip at the time suggested the pair were having an affair. Such a relationship was regarded as incestuous during the 19th century - and Dickens moved quickly to deny it, announcing in *The Times* and other papers that “all the lately whispered rumours touching the trouble at which I have glanced, are abominably false”.



Photo: SWNS www.telegraph.co.uk/culture/culture-news/4247167/Diamond-ring-could-prove-Charles-Dickens-had-secret-love-child.html

But next month a diamond ring goes up for auction that, together with documentation about its provenance, could prove he had a child with Georgina. “Analysis of the documentation leads one to believe that Hector Charles Bulwer Lytton Dickens, apparently frequently known as Charles Dickens (the

Younger) was the son of the renowned Charles Dickens of literary fame and Georgina Hogarth, who was his sister-in-law and was employed as their housekeeper,” said auctioneer Nigel Ward of Pontrilas, Herefordshire. “This has also long been the understanding of the ring’s custodians.”

Ward and the owners say the ring was given by Dickens to his son, Alfred D’Orsay Tennyson Dickens, who then sold it to Hector. It passed on to Hector’s godson, John Dorrington Dickens Bennett, who gave it to his sister, who decided to put it up for auction. The paperwork that Ward and the owners say proves their belief that Hector was Dickens’s son includes Hector’s handwritten list of his valuables, which refers to a “Large Diamond Ring belonging to my father bought by me from my brother AT Dickens in Melbourne in 1890. Engraved inside ‘Alfred Tennyson to Charles Dickens 1854’, the year of my birth ... Also the Diamond studs once belonging to my father CD”, as well as an article from *The Statesman* in 1922 that names Hector as Dickens’s son. “Probably few people are aware that a son of Charles Dickens is still in India in the person of Mr Charles Bulwer Lytton Dickens, who periodically – on the anniversary of his father’s death and also on December 31 every year – has placed a wreath on his brother’s grave,” states the article. Hector’s will, his death certificate, a photograph of him and letters are also part of the documentation.

A spokesperson for the auctioneers said they had asked the owners to “go through their house with a fine tooth comb for anything [else] which could help prove” the claim. The guide price for the ring is currently set between £25,000 and £35,000, but if the claim is proved, the value could be much higher.

The Charles Dickens Museum said it had been contacted by the auctioneers, and was looking into the claim.

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Dit keer een puzzel van ons lid Bert Hornbach. Hij schrijft hierover kort maar krachtig het volgende:

*Dear friends,
For Dickens's birthday, a Davidd Copperfield puzzle, mostly of anagramss
Yours,
Bert*

Onze eigen puzzelredacteur heeft de oplossing nog niet van Bert gekregen dus tast net zoals u in het duister.

1			2		3		4		5		6	7	
		8						9	10	11			
12	13						14						
	15							16					17
	18							19				20	
	21			22		23			24	25			
26								27					
			28						29				
30								31					
			32									33	
											34		
35	36			37							38		
39		40									41		
42					43		44	45	46				
47			48				49						

ACROSS:

1. See 8a.
3. Major character with Omer. (AN, 5)
6. David wants to get a better understanding of himself and be a better one. (3)

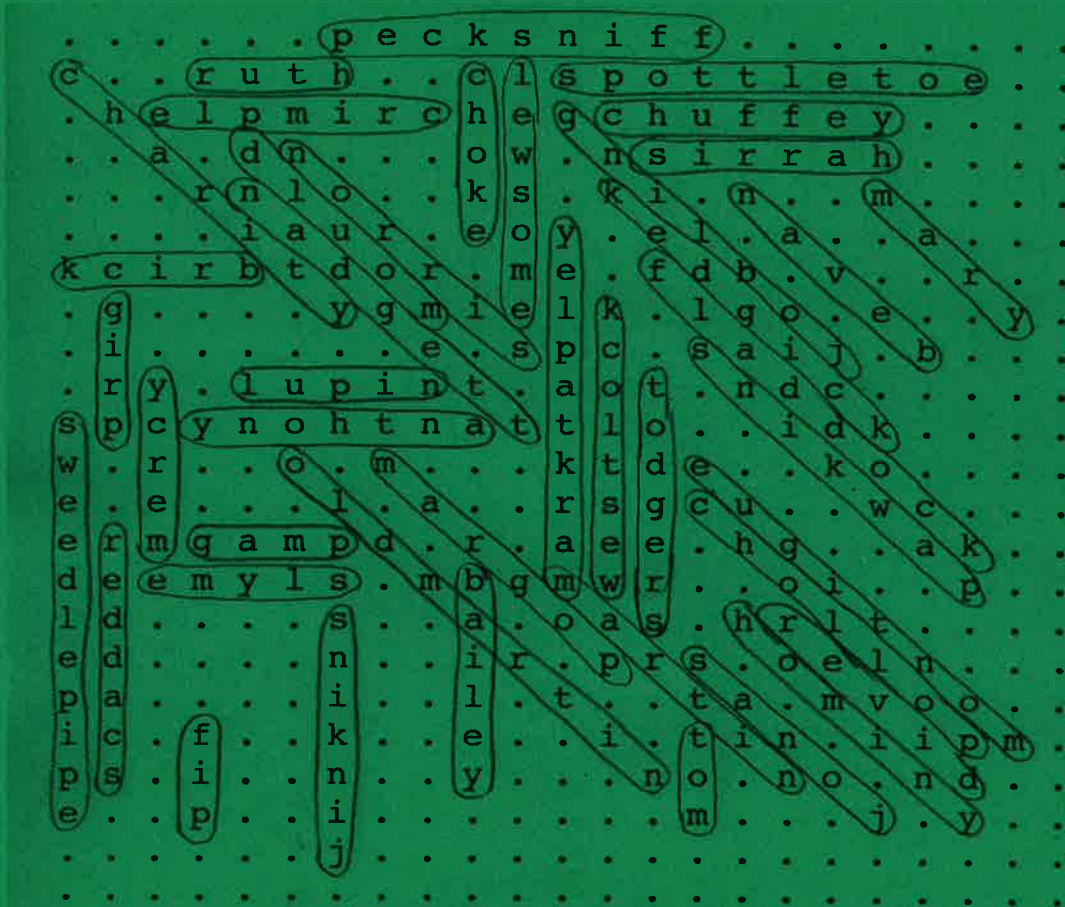
8. With 8a, 41d, 1a, and 19d. Her eyes are opal wonders. (AN, 4, 7)
9. With 21a. Ahead of Red? Cruel—that's the harpie's hue. Or it sounds like a lot of hair up. (AN, 5, 4)
12. 4d is not quite crass, but she has one. (AN, 4)
14. See 15a.
15. With 14a. Upset nesting, Nora lost a ribbon. (AN, 5, 6)
16. 5d, 23a has one.
18. With 29a. David needs some of this "to look about him." (AN, 4)
21. See 9a.
23. See 5d.
27. With 49a. Is this new wick similar (b) to Pickwick, or (a) to Jingle, or (c) to Skimpole? (AN, 7,8)
28. With 26d, 43a. Was this gal Dickens's wife? Not really. (AN,5, 9)
29. See 18a.
30. See 31a.
31. With 30a, 48a, 43a. Homeless hero deprived of placid home. (AN, 5,11)
32. With 37a. Let my odd, smart friend be a judge. (AN, 5,8)
34. With 22d. They got Gamp twisted? No, he drowned. (AN, 3,8)
35. There's a great unabbreviated one of these taken off DC's mind on several occasions. (2)
37. See 32a.
39. With a D, Alfred Tennyson Dickens was also this count. (6)
41. In heat, 9a. feels this for 31a, according to 32a. (AN, 4)
42. Dr. Strong (with an R) was making this kind of dictionary. (3)
43. See 31a.
47. David's sister would have been BTC, so David could have been __C.(2)
48. See 31a.
49. See 27a.

DOWN:

1. Add Richard Babley's other name to this for the author. (4)
2. Mrs. Gummidge is this. (4)
3. Pickle-puss just? Near demon is more like her. (AN, 4,9)
4. With 33d. Last adorer of James Steerforth. (AN, 4,6)
5. With 23a and Grin by. St. Dunmore Gin, Brandy? No, they do wine. (AN, 9,3,6)
6. This was almost 31a's last name!
7. With 44d. 19a says this ___clearly___ twice. (AN, 4)
8. With 22d. Without a good man dealing (in fish) to get pay? That's him. (AN, 5,8)
10. "Go___! How much for the jacket?" (3)
11. See 41d.
13. A short lady, was Mrs. Dickens. (4)
17. With 37d, 36d. She wore a man's tidy boots (eyeless) that suited her to a te. (AN, 6,8)19. See 8a.
20. 8a is this kind of wife. (5)
22. See 8d or 35a.
23. Can mixed meats carry the aroma of Micawber punch? (AN, 5)
24. Surrounded by Al, this is what 5d, 23a's 16a is. (6)
25. 27a, 49a's spirits do this, occasionally, as do his wife's. (7)
26. See 28a.
32. **TS**
33. See 4d.

- 35. See 17d.
- 36. See 17d.
- 38. "These pages must _____." (4)
- 40. With 11d. 5d, 23a's cane will do this to 31a.
- 43. Mrs. Markleham's one unchangeable abbreviated cap came, in short, from this country.
- 44. See 7d.
- 45. With 40d. Micawber has a detailed one of 21a's "malpractice." (4)
- 46. The shortest version of this novel. (2)

OPLOSSING PUZZEL TDD-64-5
Martin Chuzzlewit NAAMZOEKER



Anthony Bailey Prig Kedgick Charity
 Slyme Chuffey Diver Crimple Jobling
 Pogram Choke Fladdock Chollop Brick
 Westlock Jonas Lewsome Pawkins MarkTapley
 Martin Mary Mercy Montigue Bevan
 Fip Jinkins Mould Harris Hominy
 Lupin Todgers Nadgett Norris OldMartin
 Sweedlepipe Ruth Gamp Pecksniff Spottletoe
 Tom Scadder

