P. R. ELDREDGE ★ PT.1

SH
41
07
PH. D.

PT.1
PH. D.
107
341
THS

THESIS
Ph.D.

This is to certify that the

dissertation entitled

SAMUEL RICHARDSON'S CLARISSA:
A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

presented by

Patricia Reid Eldredge

has been accepted towards fulfillment
of the requirements for

Ph.D degree in English

Howard Anderson
Major professor

Date October 7, 1983

MSU is an Affirmative Action/Equal Opportunity Institution O-12771

LIBRARY
Michigan State
University

MSU
LIBRARIES

RETURNING MATERIALS:
Place in book drop to remove this checkout from your record. FINES will be charged if book is returned after the date stamped below.

FEB 7 1991

JUN 2 7 1997

11-2176376
1 of 2)

SAMUEL RICHARDSON'S CLARISSA: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

by

Patricia Reid Eldredge

A DISSERTATION

Submitted to
Michigan State University
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

Department of English

1983

154-4846

ABSTRACT

SAMUEL RICHARDSON'S CLARISSA:
A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

by

Patricia Reid Eldredge

Samuel Richardson's Clarissa, written in the 1740's, is the first great psychological novel in our language. It deserves this acclamation because of the author's extensive development of realistic characterization, which prepares the way for the main stream of nineteenth-century English fiction, and because of his concentration, through his epistolary technique, on the mental and emotional lives of his characters, which anticipates the novels of Henry James, Joyce, and Proust. Yet modern readers, faced with a text of 2000 pages, a slender and outmoded plot, and a heavy dose of moral rhetoric, rarely become absorbed enough in this book to perceive its value; and relatively little psychological criticism has been devoted to it.

The primary purpose of my study is to increase appreciation of Richardson's achievement in characterization. The methodology is taken from the work of Bernard J. Paris, as presented in A Psychological Approach to Fiction (Bloomington, 1974). Presupposing that realistic literary figures may be observed, in their motivations and behavior, as though they were living persons, Paris uses Karen Horney's model for the psychology of inner conflict, combined with a close textual analysis of the details of characterization. The result, when the approach is used with a novel like Clarissa, is a new understanding of the dynamic conflicts of the characters and also of the implied author.

Thematically, Richardson's two main characters--Clarissa Harlowe, the heroine, and Robert Lovelace, the villain--are incarnations of virtue and vice. But in my realistic reading, I contend that the author's mimetic impulses are stronger than his thematic intentions and find both characters to be believable, well-rounded creations, consistently and complexly motivated. Clarissa's inner conflict, which involves the contradictory trends of self-effacement, perfectionistic devotion to a moral code, and a passive withdrawal from life, is the main focus of my study; but much space is also devoted to the warring elements of arrogant vindictiveness, narcissistic self-inflation, and cold intellectual detachment that make up the brilliant characterization of Robert Lovelace. Finally, the characters are seen to represent the poles of another conflict, the one taking place in the dramatized psyche of the implied author. Because of Richardson's own confused attitudes, his novel lacks organic unity; yet I find even his disparities fruitful, as part of the inestimable psychological value of this great work of mimesis.

FOR SEARS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This dissertation is the culmination of a program of study in which I discovered two things of great personal value: the psychological approach to fiction and my skills as a writer of literary criticism. For these discoveries, I am grateful to all my Michigan State professors, who, without exception, encouraged me to write and to use their courses to explore, in a variety of ways, my special interest in literature and psychology.

Very special thanks go to the members of my guidance committee. Dr. Sam Baskett directed my work in American literature, including a comparison of Richardson and James that was an important part of my early preparation for this present work. Dr. Randal Robinson introduced me to Freudian criticism and has kindly taken time to read the drafts of many of these chapters.

To Dr. Howard Anderson and Dr. Bernard Paris, who have chaired my committee, I owe more than I can easily express. Dr. Anderson first opened for me the world of the eighteenth-century novel. Dr. Paris's pioneer work in Horneyan criticism provides the inspiration and the methodology for all I have written about Clarissa. Above all, I would never have completed this work without their faith in me, their endless encouragement, and their friendship.

I have also been sustained, through a long program, by the support of many other friends, and I thank them all, though I have space to name only three. Dr. John Serkland guided me safely past the point where I was tempted to give up my academic future. Cecile Holvik has typed this final manuscript with as much care and concern as if the work were her own. And finally, everything I think and write about is inseparable from my lifelong dialogue with the most creative person I know--my husband and best friend, Dr. Sears Eldredge.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. CLARISSA AND THE PROBLEMS OF INTERPRETATION 1

Clarissa and the Problem of the Unified Text 4
Clarissa and the Nature of the Self 26
Clarissa and the Case for a Horneyan Reading 49

II. CLARISSA I: THE ROOTS OF A CONFLICT 78

The Mimetic Approach to Clarissa's Character 78
Anxiety and the Early Solution 89
Self-Idealization and the Competing Trends 101

III. CLARISSA II: THE EARLY RELATIONSHIPS 121

Clarissa and Her Family 121
Clarissa and Anna 151

IV. ROBERT LOVELACE: THE MAN BEHIND THE MASKS 180

Lovelace: The Man and the Myth 180
The Mask of Revenge 186
The Mask of Charm and Wit 197
The Masks of Feeling and Detachment 208
Lovelace and Sexuality 223
Toward a Coherent Interpretation of Lovelace 232

V. CLARISSA AND LOVELACE I: THE GAME OF PRIDE 244

Game Metaphors in Clarissa 244
Innocence and Experience 253
Two Pride Systems in Conflict 262
The Question of the Genuine Proposals 270
Moving the Game to Mrs. Sinclair's 285

VI. CLARISSA AND LOVELACE II: THE FEAR OF RELATIONSHIP . . 305

Clarissa's Sexual Conflicts 306
The Fear of Women 320
The Psychology of the Rape 333

VII. CLARISSA AND RICHARDSON I: CLARISSA'S TRIUMPH 360

The Victorious Death 360
Clarissa's Dubious Transformation 369
A Triumph of Self-Hatred and Revenge 378
The Noble Victim 393
Clarissa and The Book of Job 402

VIII. CLARISSA AND RICHARDSON II: THE AUTHOR AND HIS CONFLICTS 424

A Horneyan Approach to the Implied Author 424
Clarissa and Lovelace as Poles of a Conflict 435
The Unresolved Conflict 450
The Author as Creator of Character 468

BIBLIOGRAPHY 478

CLARISSA AND THE PROBLEMS OF INTERPRETATION

My discussion of Clarissa begins with a great deal of emphasis on disharmony, fragmentation, and division. I chose to let it begin this way when, after a frustrated search for critical concepts that would unify the mythic and mimetic impulses in this text, I chanced to come across a sentence written down during a personal therapy session: "I am a human being, and I am full of interesting disparities." I wrote those words at a time when I almost decided to settle for a rigidly unified false self, rather than risk the slow, painful integrative process through which I might become a centered yet multi-faceted person. As I begin this chapter, then, I am thinking of the dangers of opting for the wrong kind of unity and also of the knowledge that may be gained when one ponders incongruities instead of explaining them away. In that spirit, I approach the "interesting disparities" of Richardson's text, his characters, and his critics--the contradictory intentions, the incoherent themes, the confused values, the inner conflicts of the characters and the implied author, and the jangle of interpretive voices.

I do not mean to shove unity aside as irrelevant, either to texts or to people. As a person, I work at integration; and as a reader, I am always engaged in a quest for a unified vision. Written from the perspective of Third Force psychology, my study

is based on a holistic understanding of human beings and takes as a standard of psychic health Abraham Maslow's list of Being-values, which begins with this item: "(1) wholeness; (unity; integration; tendency to one-ness; inter-connectedness; simplicity; organization; structure; dichotomy-transcendence; order)."[1] People yearn, I believe, for such wholeness, seek archetypes of it in literature, and, at least in those moments that Maslow calls "peak experiences," are capable of achieving it.

Yet in our culture the opposites of Maslow's ideals--disunity, disintegration, multiplicity, unconnectedness, complexity, and so on--prevail at every level of our experience. They prevailed for Samuel Richardson, though he wished it otherwise. As the great innovator of the realistic novel as we know it today, he was the first to discover what happens when fully realized characters bring all the disparities of human experience into a book. In Clarissa, he set out with the noble intention of teaching eternal truths in an entertaining way; but when he created Robert Lovelace as his antagonist, an unknown side of himself took on an independent life and slipped beyond the control of the maker. The two radically different personalities of Clarissa and Lovelace claimed the text for their battlefield, enmeshing their author in far deeper conflicts than he ever envisioned. As for the critic, to read Clarissa is to engage in "the struggles of interpretation," as the title of William Warner's admirable new study declares;[2] and I suspect that most of Richardson's readers find that struggle far more interesting than the superficial order of his literary universe.

Clarissa herself is a startling example of how pernicious the idea of wholeness can be unless one is very sure one has the genuine article. My study supports the contention of Warner, Leo Braudy, and other "antithetical" critics that her characterization contradicts what she and her author would have us believe about her at the end of the action. Does Clarissa preserve her personal integrity through all her suffering until she at last finds self-fulfillment in a spiritual triumph that transcends even her dying? To deny this is to reject the theme of the novel and perhaps, for many of us, to jeopardize some cherished values. To accept it, however, not only ignores psychological characterization but may also have some disturbing implications for what we believe about the self and its relation to others. Leo Braudy sums up the problem as he reflects on the crowned serpent that Clarissa chooses to decorate her coffin: "The snake with its tail in its mouth, emblem of eternity, but emblem as well of Clarissa's 'reptile pride,' the unchanging mind, the necessity of impenetrability and self-sufficiency,the rejection of inconsistency and division."[3]

Once, as I was thinking about these lines, I happened to glance at the same Maslovian list that begins with "wholeness," and I read: "(14) self-sufficiency; (autonomy; independence; not-needing-other-than-itself-in-order-to-be-itself; self-determining; environment-transcendence; separateness; living by its own laws)."[4] I felt, at that moment, as though I had stepped on a snake in the form of that little string of hyphenated words, a dangerous falsehood coiled right at the heart of

my favorite set of values. I may infer, of course, as I proceeded to do on that occasion, that Maslow is simply trying to express how self-actualization frees us from all the wrong kinds of dependence. Still, he comes far too close to saying that, finally, the Self can exist without the Other, or, in psychological terms, without object relations. In a sense, Clarissa comes to believe that and dies, for it amounts to a denial of life itself.

But I value that Maslovian snake in his own right. He is just one more example of the interesting little disparity that creeps in, just as things are getting a bit too unified, to keep thought stimulating and unfinished--alive. I begin this essay by affirming the serpent of division and cheerfully turning him loose in the garden of organic unity, confident that everything genuine in the text will survive his invasion.

I. Clarissa and the Problem of the Unified Text

Samuel Richardson's Clarissa: or, the History of a Young Lady is the first great psychological novel in the English language. It deserves this acclamation for two closely related, and yet distinct, reasons. Clarissa is first of all a work of psychological realism, in which, for the first time in our language, we see a novelist develop extensive techniques of mimetic characterization. "The creation of 'character' in the full modern sense, that is, of fictional actors at once complexly motivated and consistent, highly individualized and

typical--this is the essential achievement of Richardson's art."[5] He established the tradition which leads to Jane Austen and the main stream of nineteenth-century English fiction.[6]

Secondly, in its concentration on the mental and emotional lives of characters, made possible by an epistolary method, Richardson's masterpiece anticipates the modern psychological novels of Henry James, Joyce, and Proust. Although Leon Edel distinguishes between the way in which Richardson brought the reader close to the thoughts and feelings of his characters" and the way modern novelists have re-created thought and feeling, the fact remains that Richardson comes nearer than almost anyone else before James to capturing "the atmosphere of the mind."[7] The letter convention, says Leslie Fiedler, made possible a "subtlety and directness in the presentation of thought" that was not achieved again until the discovery of stream-of-consciousness.[8]

Clarissa is therefore an extraordinary accomplishment for its time; and it appears all the more remarkable when we consider the man who wrote it. R.F. Brissenden, who hails Richardson as the "one great master" among eighteenth-century novelists,[9] also writes of him, "The character of Richardson is an affront to every conception of what an artist should be: and indeed there can be no doubt that he was to a large extent an artist by accident and despite himself." "This timid, sanctimonious, prudish business man" was a middle-aged printer of modest education and conventional middle-class convictions.[10]

In Pamela first and then in Clarissa, he used "familiar letters" to instruct under the guise of entertainment; and he had the notion that the more believable he could make the letters, the more likely the reader was to be enticed. Seduced by his own devices, he began to identify deeply with the imaginary correspondents and so summoned to life his creative genius. He pursued his literary discoveries with amazing intuition and indefatigable energy, but nothing in his life prepared him to deal with all the problems posed by the novel as a genre. Small wonder that Clarissa has "flaws" as a work of art. Its miracle is its imperfect greatness, which we may owe as much to Richardson's literary innocence as to anything else.

Scholes and Kellogg describe the novel as a synthesis of two antithetical elements that they call the empirical and the fictional components of narrative. Empirical narrative, consisting of historical and mimetic impulses, has an "allegiance to reality"; fictional narrative is made up of romantic and didactic impulses and shows an "allegiance to the ideal." The presence of these contrary impulses makes the novel "capable of greater extremes than other forms of literary art" but also gives it "its capacity for imperfection": "it is an unstable compound, inclining always to break down into its constituent elements."[11] Clarissa is an excellent example of this theory, for here, in his dual allegiance to his didactic purpose and his mimetic characterization, is where Richardson's disparities begin. The instability of Clarissa may be seen in the way the stream of its influence immediately divides, flowing in one

direction toward Austen's realism and in another toward Radcliffe's Gothic romances. Responding to the imperfect fusion of elements, Richardsonian critics usually focus on either the empirical or the fictional nature of Clarissa, seldom successfully on both.

This last point is the subject of a recent article by Jonathan Loesberg titled "Allegory and Narrative in Clarissa." Loesberg writes, "Critical treatment of Clarissa seems frequently torn between two kinds of impulses, both of which respond to aspects of the novel, neither of which accords well with the other." On the one hand, the allegorical critics see the novel "as a war of ideas or concepts" and regard the two main characters primarily as "emblems of a polar opposition." Included in this group are such diverse readers as Dorothy Van Ghent, whose mythic scale opposes an angelic Clarissa to a diabolic Lovelace; Christopher Hill, with his social scale designed to represent conflicting Puritan attitudes; and William Warner, who sees the novel as a battleground between humanist and deconstructive criticism. The other major group of critics are exponents of psychological realism--Mark Kinkead-Weekes, Margaret Anne Doody, and Steven Cohan, among others. They treat the novel as a narrative of experience and "a delicate investigation of . . . psychologies of Lovelace and Clarissa," thus emphasizing mimetic characterization rather than illustrative exemplification. The two approaches, Loesberg argues, are responses to two kinds of discourse found in Clarissa and cannot be easily reconciled.[12]

In A Psychological Approach to Fiction, Bernard Paris offers us a helpful way to understand how these two kinds of discourse

may find their way into a novel. He calls our attention to the contrast Erich Auerbach develops in Mimesis between the "classical moralistic" and "problematic existential" methods of presenting reality, that is, the difference between "the representation of life in terms of fixed canons of style and of ethical categories" and "a stylistically mixed, ethically ambiguous portrayal" of characters and society. Paris considers mimesis, the imitation of "the concrete and temporal reality of modern empirical thought," to be the primary impulse of the novel from Richardson to Joyce; but he too finds the genre characterized by its frequent attempts to synthesize disparate elements.[13]

> It is evident that in fiction employing the classical moralistic perspective, interpretation will outweigh and, indeed, govern representation, whereas in fiction written from a problematic existential point of view, the mimetic impulse will be predominant. In many realistic novels, however, the classical moralistic perspective continues to exist alongside of, and often in disharmony with, the concrete, 'serio-problematic' representation of life.[14]

Inevitably, these two views of experience, which, when found together, constitute a divided allegiance similar to the one Scholes and Kellogg identify, will produce innumerable incongruities for any author who tries to sustain them both.

For evidence that a classical moralistic perspective came to dominate Richardson's conscious intentions for Clarissa, we have only to turn to his Preface and Postcript, where didactic statements abound. Clarissa is to be "an exemplar to her sex" and her story "a vehicle to the instruction"

(Preface,I, xiv,xv).[15] The author proposes to examine major moral and Christian doctrines "by showing them thrown into action in the conduct of the worthy characters; while the unworthy, who set those doctrines at defiance, are . . . punished" (Preface, I, xv). He justifies his use of a popular narrative by explaining his desire to "steal in, as may be said, and investigate the great doctrines of Christianity under the fashionable guise of an amusement" (Postscript, IV,553). In defense of his unhappy ending, he appeals both to the Christian promise of ultimate rewards, and to Aristotle and the neoclassic concept of tragedy (IV,554-556). Fixed categories dominate all his attempts to unite his moral convictions with his nascent literary theories.

In practice, however, Richardson's empirical vision predominated far more often than his stated intentions ever reveal. Ian Watt writes, "Richardson's strong tendency towards making his characters exemplifications . . . is to a large extent redeemed by his equally strong if not stronger tendency towards a very powerful imaginative projection into a much more complicated psychological and literary world.[16] And if we read the Postscript carefully, we feel the tension between interpretation and representation. Richardson often seems to be groping for a synthesis. "A good deal of instruction" is "essential to a work of this nature," but so is "that air of probability, which is necessary to be maintained in a story designed to represent real life" (IV, 564). The reformation of Lovelace, he contends, would involve a sudden conversion, which would be unnatural, improbable, and a very bad example! What is most evident in

the Postscript, though, is that many of the objections of early readers, which it was written to answer, arose not, as the author accuses, from inattentiveness to his intent, but from confused responses to his dual vision. Those who "censured the heroine as too cold in her love, too haughty, and even sometimes too provoking" (IV, 558) certainly disregarded interpretation but were being very alert to what was going on in the representation of Clarissa's character.

According to Bernard Paris, highly individualized characters are often what keep a novel from achieving full artistic integration. "In novels of psychological realism . . . there is a character-creating impulse which has its own inner logic and which tends to go its own way, whatever the implied author's formal and thematic intentions may be." Characters who are successfully confined to aesthetic or illustrative functions offer no special difficulties, but the kind of believable characters we have come to expect in realistic fiction "have a life of their own beyond the control of their author."[17] Let me join Paris in quoting E. M. Forster's wonderful way of putting the problem, because it captures Richardson's dilemma so perfectly:

> The characters arrive when evoked, but full of the spirit of mutiny. For they have these numerous parallels with people like ourselves, they try to live their own lives and are consequently often engaged in treason against the main scheme of the book. They "run away," they "get out of hand": they are creations inside a creation, and often inharmonious towards it; if they are given complete freedom they kick the book to pieces, and if they are kept too sternly in check, they revenge themselves by dying, and destroy it by intestinal decay.[18]

In other words, the character who is allowed to go on living his own mimetic life may well subvert the theme of the novel, while the character that is forced back into his thematic function will become lifeless and destroy the mimetic effect.[19]

Between them, Richardson's two main characters in Clarissa illustrate both tendencies. Robert Lovelace is the truly subversive presence in the book. Richardson was extremely anxious that no one miss Lovelace's exemplary villainy or fail to perceive his diabolic role in the unfolding of events. When, to the author's horror, the villain developed attractive traits ("If I was to die for it, I cannot help being fond of Lovelace," wrote Lady Bradshaigh),[20] Richardson used such devices as infamous footnotes deliberately to blacken his character's reputation. At the same time, he had an unshakable conviction that he had imagined Lovelace as a unique individual. "I intend in him a new Character, not confined to usual Rules," he wrote to Aaron Hill;[21] and he rejected both Hill's request that he make the character more gentlemanly[22] and the suggestion of others that he heighten the diabolical by making him an infidel (Postscript, IV, 559-560). Despite his attempts to slant the text, the author finally could not resist letting Lovelace be himself in a large body of letters, in a way that perpetually undermines the moral scheme of the novel. Complexly motivated, charming even in his wickedness, possessed of a boundless energy, Lovelace cannot be contained by Richardson's stuffy morality. If he does not exactly "kick the book to pieces," he cracks it at the center, guaranteeing that its thesis shall never be

read except in the glaring presence of its antithesis.

Clarissa is a much more cooperative character, since her creator fashioned her to share his values. With her, the risk was always one of making her too perfect to be believable, and here Richardson walked a very fine line. The Preface reads, "As far as is consistent with human frailty, and as far as she could be perfect, considering the people she had to deal with . . . she is perfect" (I, xiv). Fortunately, human weakness and human relationships gave Richardson's realistic intuition quite enough room to provide her with convincing motivation. But having brought her to life, the moralist grew uneasy. A troublesome question arose as to whether Clarissa actually falls in love with her seducer, too human an act for a paragon. A close reading of the text strongly suggests that she does, at least at unconscious levels; but in the Postscript Richardson obstinately denies it, insisting that her feelings are subject to his interpretive control: "It was not intended that she should be in love, but in liking only. . . . It is meant to be everywhere inculcated in the story, for example sake, that she never would have married Mr. Lovelace" (IV, 558, my italics).

Additions to the third edition of the novel suggest that Richardson attempted to alter and obscure key passages which imply Clarissa's attraction to Lovelace. Gerard Barker, who finds the third edition of the novel inferior to the first, feels that Richardson damaged his text with these additions, eliminating psychological subtlety in Clarissa's motivation and leaving her looking merely prudish, which, ironically, also mars

her exemplary image.[23] Barker also thinks that mimesis deteriorates in the last third of the novel, when the author's "whole effort is now focused on persuading his reader of Clarissa's coming sanctification"; though more humanly fallible than Pamela and Sir Charles Grandison, "in the end . . . she too assumes that complacency and sense of superiority which characterizes Richardson's paragons and impairs his novels."[24] While I disagree with Barker that psychological motivation is ever lost anywhere in the work, I admit that in the final section it does get buried in a way that is detrimental to the total effect. As a created character, Clarissa proves subtly rebellious. When her creator insists that she give up love "for example sake," she does "revenge herself by dying" in a double sense--she fades sufficiently into her illustrative role to make the climactic action of her death the dullest reading in the book.

In addition to tensions between theme and mimesis, Clarissa incorporates basic incongruities originating in the author's struggles with formal structure. In a novel, form, like theme, is greatly inclined to clash with mimetic representation: "Form derives from generic conventions, and ultimately from mythic patterns, which are inherently unrealistic; realistic content obeys the laws of probability, of cause and effect, and belongs to a different universe of discourse."[25] Scholes and Kellogg, in their discussion of plot, point out that "The novel, dominated by its growing realistic conception of the individual in an actual society, nevertheless has drawn upon mythic, historical, and romantic patterns for its narrative articulation."

Mimetic characterization, however, tends in the direction of as much freedom from plot as possible. Modern narrative shows a decided preference for the chronological plot, which places greater emphasis on character: "The loose chronological plot frees characterization from dramatic exigencies and allows it to be developed without being cramped by the necessary preparations for a mythic end."[26]

One of the critical controversies over form in Clarissa is the mystery of the "Plan" versus the "No-Plan." Richardson's correspondence suggests that he outlined his tragic plot for the novel very early: Aaron Hill writes in 1744 that he has "reflected on that good and beautiful design I send you back the wide and arduous plan of."[27] Yet two years later Richardson wrote to Hill, "I intended to be diffuse in my No-Plan, as I may call it, in order to take in all that I thought might be of use from such Characters and Situations, tho' I little . . . imagin'd it would carry me to so great a length."[28] Concerned that critics may take "my No-Plan" as proof of Richardson's ill-constructed plots, Frederick Hilles interprets it as a misunderstood statement, arguing that the novel actually has a "highly symmetrical" plot and concluding: "Clarissa is not a number of mazes. It is one large one--a mighty maze, but not without a plan."[29] More accurately, I think, both the "Plan" and the "No-Plan" did exist: Richardson had a mythic design, and yet he also opened his book, if ever a novelist did, to "a sheer excess of material, a fecundity of detail and invention, a delighted submergence in experience for its own sake," that tend to overwhelm form.[30]

Edward Copeland's more complex theory of what the "Plan" and "No-Plan" mean and how they co-exist is also worth considering here. He takes both to refer to didactic intent, the important phrase in the "No-Plan" statement being "might be of use." They are, however, separate approaches that led Richardson to develop "two essentially different figurative strategies--allegory, a tool of rhetoric, and analogy, a form of logic."[31] The allegory of the "Plan" is "a single symbolic design" of fixed metaphors; analogy, the "ad hoc procedure" of the "No-Plan," is "far less circumscribed," and as "a process of reasoning from parallel cases" is adaptable to "a casuistical rationale" that turns the novel toward psychological realism. "In the twisting and warping of figurative language that results from the overlay of the metaphors held in common by the two . . . strategies, that significant 'literary center' is lost."[32] Copeland demonstrates how each of Clarissa's three major crises--her elopement, rape, and death--"has its separate kosmos that carries with it different associative or connotative effects and different hierarchical implications."[33] He concludes:

> I would like to suggest that the "Plan" and the "No-Plan" can be seen as moving in two opposing directions: the "Plan" with its strongly allegorical properties elevates the story to cosmic significance; and the "No-Plan" insistently returns all the metaphors, allusions, and symbolic pretentions of the characters to the social and psychological world of the novel. This is the situation that gives rise to the myriad interpretations of the novel's meaning and, I believe, is paradoxically the source of the great mythic power of the novel. . . . Quite by default we are left in Clarissa with unresolved problems of existential certainties.[34]

Like several other contemporary critics, Copeland thus finds this novel powerful in its very lack of formal unity.

Another troublesome question concerns the nature of the plot. In his choice of a tragic plot, leading to the social isolation and death of his heroine, Richardson established a precedent for many of the great realistic novels of the nineteenth century;[35] and he remained firm in that decision despite the pleas of many readers for a happy ending. Modern readers are generally on his side; Ira Konigsberg even argues that Clarissa has unique tragic qualities rivaled only by Hardy.[36] Were early readers, then, merely reflecting a popular preference for happy endings? No, says William Warner, they were responding to the way in which the text repeatedly opens itself to two plot possibilities. Though according to Scholes and Kellogg the novel has often found its strength by being able "to combine the tragic concern for the individual with the comic concern for society,"[37] Warner does not see this novel as a skillful blend, based, say, on a Shakespearean model. "Clarissa is neither a comedy, nor a tragedy, nor a clearly definable hybrid. Instead it is a text whose comic design and tragic design converge and contend."

> The conjunction of tragedy and comedy in Clarissa is violent and inharmonious. . . . The copresence of comedy and tragedy in Clarissa is early evidence that this text is not a unified organic body dominated by a single mythic design. Instead, this text is much more like a geological formation, with layers of sharply differentiated strata that tell us of the successive acts of interpretation, each with its own peculiar set of haphazard intensities, that give this text its ambiguous shape.

Lovelace , Warner argues, becomes a comic force opposing

Clarissa's choice of a tragic destiny: "The laughter Lovelace wins from his reader sends a fissure through the foundations of value Clarissa has labored so seriously and so patiently to build."[38]

In going so far as to deny Clarissa a "literary center," Copeland and Warner take an extreme position on the question of textual unity, and one that is decidedly not shared by staunch defenders of Richardson as artist. Though it is rare to find critics who are not forced to acknowledge some sort of unfortunate division between the author's representative and interpretive voices, most are unwilling to grant that the flaws extend to the formal structure. Ian Watt is typical of many critics in finding the annoying elements relatively superficial: "Even the most apparently implausible, didactic or period aspects of the plot and the characters . . . are brought into a larger dramatic pattern of infinite formal and psychological complexity." According to the view Watt represents, dramatic form and dramatic characterization are taken to be inseparable; and together they rescue Richardson's larger themes from "the flat didacticism of his critical preconceptions."[39]

A similar view becomes the thesis of Mark Kinkead-Weekes' Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist, to date the best comprehensive study of Richardson's novels. Throughout his extensive discussions of the three works--Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison--Kinkead-Weekes distinguishes repeatedly between the author as "didactic moralist" and as "imaginative artist." He pays considerable attention to the influence of the moralist, even remarking that at the end of Clarissa, "Richardson seems

to realise that his deepest moral convictions run clean counter to the drama that gives his fiction its most vivid life." Yet he finds the author to be a Jamesian artist in "his struggle to contain all the different ways of looking within an inclusive and definitive vision" and to deserve comparison with Shakespeare "in both the power to explore 'free' characters, and the struggle to . . . make the centre hold against the strongest challenge he could mount."[40] Though the critic does not quite say so here, he is firmly convinced that the center does hold.

The center of Clarissa holds for Kinkead-Weekes because he believes dramatic structure gives the novel its unity. "Only by the form," he declares in his final chapter, and not through social or psychological analysis, can we come to appreciate Richardson's vision. And so we should avoid the temptation "to substitute for the peculiar and complex ordering of the novels, and the patient effort to understand their imaginative formation, a reference of their contents to social 'reality,' or to the individual psychology of the author, that must ultimately be superficial. For the contents of a novel are only intelligible with reference to the whole in which alone they find their orientation and meaning. . . . "[41]

In this study, I reject the premise that Richardson's brilliant dramatization of character is accompanied by unity of dramatic form. As drama, Clarissa, for me, reads more like a long series of actor improvisations than it does like a well-structured play. And, in fact, the theatrical improvisation, which is usually devoted to the exploration of character, is

a singularly appropriate metaphor for the way Richardson seems to work: he "role-plays" the personalities behind his letters, often repeating similar situations many times simply for fine nuances of characterization, or perhaps for the sheer enjoyment of the role, until the length of his book evolves beyond anything the plot can easily sustain. I consider characterization, within an imperfect form, to be the chief value of this work, and the source of its "vision," with psychological analysis serving as the best tool to help us fully appreciate character.

Thus far I have spoken of the disparities in Clarissa as arising primarily from the multiple impulses of the novel genre--clashes, especially, between mimesis and theme, or mimesis and form. But it should already be evident that there is a second major source of inconsistency: many contradictions stem from the inner conflicts of the implied author, that is, the author as we know him solely from this particular text. Of the failure of many novels to achieve organic unity, Paris says, "The implied author is not always in harmony with himself . . . . [his] attitudes toward the experience that he represents, conveyed through a variety of rhetorical devices, are not always appropriate to the novel's total body of represented life." Given this problem, Paris urges that we be willing to accept the author "as a dramatized consciousness whose values can be as subjective and confused as those of an ordinary man," rather than "as an authoritative source of values."[42] I shall be discussing Richardson as implied author extensively, in this spirit, in a later chapter; but an introduction to this aspect of the

problem of unity in Clarissa is appropriate here.

By no means was Richardson dispassionate toward the two great characters he brought to life. Consciously, at least, he was for Clarissa and all that she stood for, against Lovelace, as man and as symbol; and yet the paradox remains that Lovelace is a tremendously powerful voice in the text. Clarissa and Lovelace tend to divide the text between them in a way that leaves their conflict thematically unresolved. Consequently, Jonathan Loesberg says, "The novel seems to be one of those texts which begs to be read against itself." Loesberg introduces two extremely useful terms: criticism of Clarissa may produce primary readings that ultimately side with the heroine as Richardson explicitly intended, or antithetical readings that are Lovelacian and run "counter to Richardson's as well as Clarissa's intents."[43] William Warner, whose recent book is both a detailed analysis of primary versus antithetical approaches and the strongest antithetical reading to date, calls Richardson's aesthetic "a calculated game with the reader," which forces every interpretation to be "in play" on one side or the other.[44]

Warner offers us a fascinating reconstruction of Richardson's struggles to control his readers, beginning with this formulation of his intentions:

> Richardson has a design upon his readers. He wishes to re-form them so they will embrace the Christian ideals of virtue that a wayward age has forgotten (IV, 553). The first step is to engage the reader in the story as powerfully as possible. Richardson does this by working to give his fiction all the immediacy, suspense, and presentness of a game. Then, with the reader caught in

> the coils of the fiction, Richardson plans to make his story swerve toward virtue, and carry the reader with him irresistibly (RC, 123).

However, the game involved enormous risks, because "each move to enhance the immediacy and power of his fiction also threatened to undermine his own authority" (RC, 125). Publishing the novel in installments encouraged readers to imagine their own versions of the ending, leading to disappointment when their expectations were frustrated. The "low-profile role" of the editor, though more manipulative than it appeared to be, created the illusion of freedom for characters and readers (RC, 125, 129). When the author put aside his persona and lost himself within the letter-writing characters, the characters began to assume their independent lives, coming to "stand opposite Richardson in the very way wayward teenagers stand opposite a parent" (RC, 135). And by encouraging readers to identify with characters caught up in a romantic love plot, he risked "losing ethics in eros": "If the reader drinks the rich potion of love and seduction, will he be ready to return with the author at story's end to a spartan diet of moral instruction?" (RC, 137, 141). He will if Richardson fulfills his claims to authorial control over his readers' passions: "This is the megalomaniac dream of Richardson's art--he wishes to make his book the drug which induces a permanently altered state of consciousness" (RC, 138).

The publication of the final installment of the first edition marked the beginning of "the interpretive struggle between two kinds of readers: those who glory in Clarissa's triumph and those who admire the departed Lovelace" (RC, 178-179). Accusing the latter of bad reading habits and questionable morals,

Richardson as Editor cast off his benign, dispassionate mask and openly became Clarissa's partisan (RC, 179, 181). To the second edition he added a long index summary of the plot, a seemingly innocent aid to reading that was actually his attempt to control the text by slanting the story in Clarissa's favor and replaying it as a more coherent system (RC, 194). The second edition also contained the editorial footnotes, designed to make sure that the reader does not lose sight of Lovelace's evil machinations. Finally, the third edition appeared with two hundred pages of new material woven into the text. These additions continued the interpretive reshaping of the novel and also acted as "corrective surgery . . . to efface the most unstable moments of the text" (RC,197), such as those points in the proposal scenes when the action might easily shift toward comic resolution. "With the addenda, Richardson finally plays his hand--in fact he overplays his hand--and shows us something that's been there all along: an active alliance between Clarissa and Richardson, which makes itself felt in every phase of the text's operation" (RC, 209).

In imagining the author thus entrenched on Clarissa's side of the argument, we should be careful to mean only that Richardson as "editor" and conscious interpreter has firmly established his position. Of the whole psyche of the novel it is more accurate to say, as Warner does in another place, that "he is really always right in the middle" (RC, 178) of a conflict that is ultimately his own. Tinkering with the text by no means eliminated thematic tension and confusion; that would have required a far more radical surgery. For underlying all Richardson's

other problems, and undermining his best efforts at control, is a deep ambivalence toward his heroine, her virtues and her failures.

Take, for example, one issue which the index and footnotes work to obscure--the fact that Clarissa acts rebelliously against her parents in the series of events that lead to her abduction. Here Richardson continues to have problems of multiple intent: the tragic heroine needs a flaw that damages the image of the paragon;[45] opening the issue to a debate over Clarissa's conduct increases reader involvement but threatens the author's moral authority.[46] But we may also infer, from his uneasiness in the text and from contradictions in social attitudes, that he is torn between a desire to protect Clarissa and a desire to punish her, between compassion for her plight and horror at the possibility of her sullied virtue. R. F. Brissenden, writing of all three novels, has a concise statement about major authorial conflicts I shall be exploring in Clarissa:

> His attitude to women, to children and to the family was essentially ambivalent: a compound of sympathy and hatred, arrogance and fear, pride and guilt. His sympathy for women, for instance, made him a passionate advocate of their rights; but at the same time his outraged and terrified male ego, in the nightmare figures of Mr. B., Lovelace, and the kind but implacable Grandison, ensured that the Pamelas and Clarissas of this world should be punished for their rebelliousness, and the Charlotte Grandisons and Harriet Byrons kept firmly in their place.47

Richardson's thinking has been called "hierarchic in the most orthodox and conservative manner,"[48] yet his books reflect a "confused but angry concern for social injustice."[49] With

regard to his major theme--the "free moral conscience" in conflict with "the forces of convention"--he is "deeply committed to both sides of the struggle."[50]

And perhaps it is to this strong undercurrent of emotion flowing in both directions that we owe not only the power of this text, as found in its characterization, but its preservation at the hands of the moralistic author. For it remains remarkable that Richardson, given his intense desire to reshape his book in order to insure a definite interpretation, nevertheless spared it from a much more drastic surgery. More obvious reasons suggest themselves: he may simply have been a writer who could not bear to sacrifice anything he wrote, or he may have been well aware that his readers knew the text too well in its first edition to forgive him for any subsequent mutilation. For whatever reasons, he made his alterations by adding, not subtracting, so that although certain original moments in the story may be obscured or distorted, yet "those moments persistin the text" (RC, x). So, I believe, does convincing characterization, despite his belated attempts to make Lovelace too evil and Clarissa too good. As Warner points out, it is the modern abridgers like Sherburn who, in giving this enormous, indulgent text the aesthetic pruning it deserves, succeed in damaging it most, destroying Lovelace's complex character by cutting away "vast swaths" of his language (RC, viii).

The other obstacle to undue interpretive control was the epistolary technique, which excluded the author as a direct voice in the text and relegated him to the fictional role of editor.

Frank Kermode wrote in 1950, "By his almost fortuitous adoption of the narrative technique of 'epistolary correspondencies,' Richardson solved in advance (though at a cost subsequent novelists were not, on the whole, prepared to pay) the great novelistic problem, so seriously pondered by Conrad and James, of the author's necessity to withdraw from his fiction."[51] In an important sense he is right, although at this point in literary history, the observation sounds too innocent. How, exactly, is the problem "solved"? We must realize that in part this authorial withdrawal is a clever illusion. Still, it is definitely the letter technique that opens the way for mimesis in Clarissa, allowing the characters to get the upper hand and so fill the novel to overflowing with their life. "Fortuitous," though not exactly complimentary to artistic control, seems to me the right word for how this process began for Richardson. I like to think of him as being tempted into characterization, particularly by the trickster Lovelace--irresistibly led, by the fascination of imaginative letter-writing, to "displace" himself "into characters that give free rein to an 'impudence,' assertiveness, and fantasy-life otherwise inaccessible to this awkward old printer".[52]

The price he paid--for yielding to his mimetic impulses even though he had a message to preach, for surrendering the entire narrative, including moral commentary, to his characters--was the price of artistic unity. It is difficult to praise him adequately and yet at the same time to deal honestly with what goes wrong in Clarissa. In spite of "the frenzied conflict, the endless exploration" of the novel, Kinkead-Weekes still finds in

it something of Eliot's "stillness, as a Chinese jar,"[53] a metaphor I must reject for the wholeness and harmony it implies. Nor am I satisfied with Warner's image of the "geological formation" (RC, 78), which places all the emphasis on accident rather than art, though it does seem necessary at times to speak, as Warner does, of the "shifts" and "displacements," the "haphazard intensities" and "ambiguous shape" of the text. Perhaps it is best to fall back on the phrase Scholes and Kellogg use for the novel as a genre and call Clarissa an "uneasy edifice" built on "the compromise between empiricism and fiction."[54] The magnificent building stands, but on an unstable foundation, and filled with discordant voices that are never stilled, not even when death finally brings two thousand pages to a close.

II. Clarissa and the Nature of the Self

William Warner's Reading Clarissa : The Struggles of Interpretation is very much the catalyst of this chapter. A deliberately provocative book, it has restimulated my own struggles to interpret the text, particularly because it builds so much that I agree with on a set of presuppositions radically different from those that inform this study. I shall present Warner's main ideas and my responses in some detail here in order to focus on two related considerations essential to this study: the nature of the human self, and the nature of its literary representation.

Warner is a "deconstructive" critic whose reading of Clarissa is, in his words, "informed and molested" by Barthes, Nietzsche and Derrida. He writes to challenge the traditional

interpretations of Richardson offered by "humanist" critics and "to liberate Clarissa for another kind of reading" (RC, vii). To accomplish his purpose, he sets out to show, first of all, how Clarissa herself, Richardson, and a long line of critics from the eighteenth century to the present have all collaborated to give the book a "structural cohesiveness and authority"; and then how Lovelace comes to function as a "deconstructive counter-force" to Clarissa's version of the story and an "antidote" to the ideological reading it invites (RC, 117, 256). "How one reads the text will depend," Warner asserts, "in the most crucial way, on how one experiences the struggle between Clarissa and Lovelace" (RC, viii).

Who are these humanist critics that Warner opposes? They are all those readers whose interpretive rhetoric reveals their commitment to "the system of knowing and feeling and valuing called humanism," an ideology rooted in eighteenth-century sentimentalism (RC, 256). Above all, they share a belief in "a benign, humane, knowable version of man" (RC, 214). They view the self as "the 'core of personality' that is each individual in his or her essence" (RC, 252) and make "man's interiority--his heart, mind, or consciousness--the locus of human value" (RC, 221). Though their interest in man is primarily moral and secular, they are sympathetic to such Christian concepts as the soul and the community of believers (RC, 256). Preeminent among them in the eighteenth century was Dennis Diderot, with his famous "Eulogy" for the Richardson "who carries his torch to the back of the cave."[55] From among contemporary humanists, Warner chooses Mark Kinkead-Weekes, Ian Watt, and Irwin Gopnik

as his representative targets for his climatic chapter, "The Humanist Sublime."

Humanist critics regard themselves as the caretakers of a body of literature that reinforces their conception of man (RC, 220). Therefore they are the readers most devoted to the literary text as an organically unified whole: they give the text as artwork a highly elevated status, are deeply respectful of textual authority, and devote themselves to affirming and protecting that authority (RC, 241, 236, 150). Their approach to the analysis of character, plot and theme reflects their ideology. An author is granted "godlike powers of creation" if he can represent characters who are unique individuals and yet knowable in terms of a general human psychology (RC, 214, 226). Plot contributes to "a sturdy, reliable image of man" by providing "the form in which a character will want to know his past, present, and future (RC, 214, 220). Theme--"a precious fragment of moral and spiritual truth written by a great man . . . and put into his masterpiece for the benefit of all men"--is often declared by humanist critics "with the patience, rigidity, and complacency one usually associates with a missionary" (RC, 250). Instead of "an unruly struggle of interpretations," humanists "would be most comfortable with a benign dictatorship where the author would sit enthroned like a king at the center of a dominion of loyal readers, to guarantee a continuity of response to his book" (RC, 232).

Faced, however, with a book like Clarissa, the humanist critic is apt to be a bit self-contradictory. Ill at ease with the unintegrated interpretation and editorial intrusion, he

subtly displaces the text away from Richardson's ideals and toward his own ideology:

> . . . the humanist critic is simply more secular than Richardson, less concerned with the scene of judgment than Clarissa. He is not nearly so anxious, as either author or heroine, to establish Clarissa as an exemplar of virtue. Instead, the humanist critic labors to cement an interpretive alliance with the text so that he may carry on two activities: he reads Clarissa as a novel which plumbs the depths of the human psyche, and he orchestrates a reader experience of Clarissa that he hopes will "humanize" the reader, making the reader more sympathetic, more humble, and more full of admiration for the good in others (RC, 220).

The humanist critic "perfects" this novel by offering us, instead of Richardson's narrowly moral and explicitly Christian experience, a Clarissa who is "the heroine of a 'rich' and 'complex' inner life" and "an exemplar of man's uniqueness and integrity" (RC, xi). Since, like Clarissa and Richardson, he labors to make readers into better people, the powerful "interpretive alliance" is maintained despite the displacements.

Warner directs his attack straight at the heart of humanist ideology--represented, in this case, by Clarissa's heart! To the critics who make her self-integrity the chief value of this novel, he replies that Clarissa's self is a "fiction," an "arbitrary construct," created as part of her endeavor to vindicate her own behavior and win advantage over others (RC, 17). She imagines her "self" in the following way:

> At the center of the self is the heart, the purest and most precious part of the self, which will not admit of the entrance of any foreign matter. The heart becomes the locus of virtue by being planted with principles that are the laws of God and man. If

> these principles are strictly adhered to, the self may become a paragon of virtue which shines in the eyes of men . . . . Sometimes, quite unexpectedly, external adversity reveals something is wrong with the self. An examination of the heart leads to the discovery of a flaw or stain, which can only be removed through an arduous act of meditation. This act reintegrates the self and puts it back on course (RC, 17).

Clarissa's self demands a strict boundary between inside and outside, so that her heart "is like the small chapel at the center of a great fortress," a place of contemplation and also, with regard to other persons, a seat of judgment (RC, 18). Since her literal boundary is her body, the purity of the self comes to depend on physical integrity; hence "the physical violation and dismemberment of her unified body" is her deepest anxiety (RC, 61). Finally, Clarissa's whole narrative, "the careful sculpting of her personal history so as to develop the 'self,'" is invested with the same inviolable unity--the integrity of the text.

"The recital of all the ways in which Clarissa shapes, tames, and controls her world" leaves Warner angry and claustrophobic (RC, 113). "In all of her language, Clarissa insists on the 'real' 'nature' and 'value' of things. If Clarissa's . . . interpreter accepts these regulating categories, he finds himself in a kind of prison-house of reality, living under a fixed hierarchy of values, and tethered to a concomitant set of moral imperatives" (RC, 29). Warner rejects Clarissa's values and, in the process, what he takes to be the major tenets of humanist criticism: the "very illogical activity" of glorifying the human self, and the overvaluing of the literary text (RC, 241, 243).

Man, in his opinion, is "an enigma, an actor . . . a trickster," "a variable, flexible, crafty creature" (RC, 214, 144); texts are games these crafty creatures play. In Clarissa the trickster who sets the game in motion is, of course, none other than Lovelace.

Lovelace is a "deconstructive counterforce" to Clarissa's narrative because his subversive activities, such as his parodies of her behavior, place the various fictions of her constructed self in question (RC, 30, 117). In the attack on her boundaries that culminates in the rape, he "hopes to undo the body's integrity, its system of self-enclosed meanings, and open it to new meanings--his own meanings" (RC, 67). For the reader, "by winning our laughter and giving us pleasure, Lovelace helps to undo the matrix of truth and value through which Clarissa would have us see, know, and judge" (RC, 30). Thus the text, while it lends itself to a humanist reading, may be seen also to contain its own "protest and antidote" (RC, 256). It becomes a "vast plain where Clarissa and Lovelace, and their respective allies, and the two ways of interpreting the world they embody, collide and contend" (RC, viii); or a game which the author designs to entice the reader to virtue, but one which he cannot structure without Lovelace. And every critic, Warner insists, plays the game:

> All the successive readers of this story--Clarissa, Lovelace, Spence, Lady Bradsheigh, Aaron Hill, Richardson, Diderot, modern humanist critics, myself --all these readers try to win a position of knowledge and judgment from which they can survey the story and describe things as they are. But if we attend to the language . . . these readers use to write their reading of the story, we invariably find that they fail to install themselves in a privileged

> position above the text. Instead, their interpretation is "in play" and part of the game. . . . (RC, xi).

My first response to this passage is to laugh at myself as I admit a truth it addresses. As a psychological critic, I like to claim a position of special knowledge, to think that my model delivers the last word on "things as they are." I can stand to be reminded that I am "in play," lest I get the idea that I can win by being the only one who isn't playing. I can stand to be reminded of the limitations of any position I play from and also of the importance of keeping the whole activity somewhat playful.

I bring, however, an imaginative structure to my interpretive game that opens up, to my satisfaction, more possibilities than Warner seems to allow for and frees me from playing on Richardson's terms. Clarissa is a violent novel: it encourages analogies with contact sports, ranging from the sexual (R. F. Brissenden suggests a comparison with Eric Berne's "Rapo"[56]) to the military (witness how frequently Warner resorts to battle language). I prefer a metaphor such as running for the way I "play" literary criticism--an image of a game in which the goal is to move "beyond" the text and other critics, with "beyond" defined as "to a point which expands the conscious understanding of what is going on in this particular text." Unless we are "just playing," that seems to me what we are about as critics. And "beyond" has some distinct advantages over other imaginative directions: it helps us avoid the traps of thinking that we are fighting "against" other readers, or

moving "outside" the game altogether, or standing "above" a battle with absolute truth in our hands. Whether or not Warner would accept the metaphor (I suspect he would not), I think it describes what he has done with his book. He has moved the entire body of Richardsonian criticism beyond our previous understanding of the issues and set new goals for anyone who, like me, would like to keep this particular game going a while longer.

"Beyond" should make it possible to avoid having to play on either Lovelace's or Clarissa's "side," since we gradually liberate ourselves from their interpretive perceptions of reality. Yet having said that, I do not find it possible simply to turn and walk away from Warner's very clever version of the game. Playing it his way, I am likely to lose, but let me at least be honest about the dilemma it puts me in.

Whatever exaggeration and distortion it may involve, Warner's satirical exposure of the prevailing spirit of criticism he calls "humanism" gives me a shock of recognition. I recall how I once preached thematic interpretations with missionary zeal. More recently, I have discovered how one can be made to feel rather like a blasphemer for daring to doubt a great author's infallibility among resolute humanists. The very exciting struggles of interpretation in which I now engage are possible because newer methods of criticism have had a Lovelacian power to open the self-enclosed text to fresh meaning for me. Earlier in this chapter, I have questioned extensively the unity of this particular text; and my analysis of Clarissa herself will oppose the traditional humanist

reading by refusing to grant her a triumph of personal integrity. In some key respects, then, I offer a non-humanist, antithetical interpretation.

Nevertheless, my language and my method betray my true affiliation. I use a humanist vocabulary--I "talk of man's 'integrity,' 'depth,' 'richness,' 'complexity,' etc." (RC, 258). I praise Richardson for his great gift of characterization and his intuitive knowledge of the "human heart." As a Horneyan, I speak of the "vital core of being" which is the "real self" and analyze characters as unique individuals who may also be understood as general types. Though I do not believe the myth about Clarissa's integrity, I believe she counterfeits a genuine value. My interpretation is scarcely Lovelacian, because I will try to show that Lovelace and Clarissa are equally disturbed human beings. (Warner would say that I am "using Clarissa's categories of selfhood, and her values, to measure Lovelace" [RC, 268]). Uncomfortable as Warner has made me with the word, I continue to call myself a humanist, in the tradition that goes back to Diderot. As a psychological critic using a humanistic model, how can I be anything else?

I think, however, that it is possible to make a fundamental distinction between two branches of humanism, the one occupied by Warner's flock of critics and the one on which we Horneyans choose to perch. Warner calls humanism a "system of knowing and feeling and valuing . . . with its roots in the sentimental movement of the eighteenth century" (RC, 256); and a brief look at those sentimental ideas will best clarify the point I wish to make here, as well as add to our understanding

of Richardson and of Clarissa, whose "self" Warner sketches in sentimental language.

In his splendid study of the novel of sentiment, R. F. Brissenden traces all sentimental ideas to a single presupposition: "that the source of all knowledge and all values is the individual human experience."[57] From the implications of that premise, men of the eighteenth century derived a set of notions that created a widespread optimism about man's potentialities for good. Most importantly, human beings were imagined to have innate capacities for sympathy and benevolence. Among speculations as to how these capacities might be actualized, the role of feeling came to have primary importance. Sentimentalism was "grounded in the belief that man's capacity to act morally is related to the degree of psychological and physical sensitivity with which he can spontaneously respond to the world around him, related, in a word, to his sensibility" (VID, 57). When one becomes sensible to the suffering of others, his innate sympathy is aroused, and he is able to identify with their feelings. This individual response is rational and becomes the foundation for all moral action. Sympathy is what makes the good society possible (VID, 30-31, 54).

Sentimentalism often existed as an unexamined fantasy and was closely accompanied by its dark side, a deep fear that man's possibilities for moral action were actually very limited.

> The belief that man was naturally capable of acting benevolently if given the chance was often held in company with extremely pessimistic ideas about the nature of the world and society. The paradox that man though naturally good somehow creates the conditions which prevent him from

> acting virtuously--that born free, as Rousseau said, he is everywhere in chains--haunted the imagination of the age. . . . The sentimental tribute of a tear exacted by the spectacle of virtue in distress was an acknowledgement at once of man's inherent goodness and of the impossibility of his ever being able to demonstrate his goodness effectively (VID, 29).

"Ambiguously and dynamically combined," the hopes and fears of sentimentalism find a wide variety of expression in eighteenth-century writing (VID, 21). Where the fear is repressed, we immediately begin to feel the degeneration of sentimentalism into the shallow emotion of sentimentality. Feeling becomes dissociated from action, and the spectacle of suffering virtue is enjoyed for its own sake. The idea of one's own moral sensitivity leads all too easily to self-complacency: "The sentimental novel in its cheapest and most popular manifestations evidences a smugly moralistic, uncritical self-adulation" (VID, 94).

When the anxieties of sentimentalism surface completely, on the other hand, we find expressions of rage, despair, and alienation such as those that characterize the writings of the Marquis de Sade. Brissenden says of Sade, "The intellectual energy by which his fantasies are animated has its source in his desire to destroy logically and systematically the sentimental image of man as essentially benevolent and sympathetic" (VID, 66). In Richardson, Brissenden finds a clash of sentimental and anti-sentimental ideas. Richardson affirms many sentimental values, such as a belief in the dignity of the individual, and yet "whether he was conscious of it or not he was profoundly disturbed by the 'sentimental' assumptions embodied in many

of the most conventional moral attitudes of his society. . . . [he] writes much of the time as if he is a member of the devil's party" (VID, 135). Brissenden is close to Warner in his interpretation of dialectical tension in Clarissa: Clarissa embodies sentimental virtues, and Lovelace is the devil who puts them to the test. But Brissenden reads Lovelace far more negatively than Warner does, calling him a "pitiable, perverted and impotent villain" (VID, 186).

Sentimentalism, then, refers to a body of ideas of immense importance, its key concept being a faith in the potential of human individuals. "Sentimentalism represented both an idealistic and a freshly empirical and pragmatic approach to life, and one that clearly enabled people--not least in the merging art form of the novel--to explore human problems in a new and illuminating way" (VID, 55). Brissenden reminds us that not only the ideals of modern humanism but those of liberal democracy and revolutionary radicalism are "essentially sentimental" (VID, 140). We have inherited sentimentalism in many forms and always, with it, the shadow of its fear; we cannot, in our culture, either forsake our faith in man's capacity for good or avoid doubting it. I suggest that to evaluate any particular set of humanistic ideas, we must look for both the faith and the doubt, as well as for the unconscious ambiguities that may lie in between.

Now it seems to me that what needs to be said about the humanism Warner describes is that it does not engage in any single-minded exaltation of man, but rather tends to be highly ambivalent toward human nature. Consider, for example, the following passage from Murray Krieger. Though not one

of Warner's targets, Krieger is an appropriate voice to include here, because he writes his Theory of Criticism to confront "the structuralist challenge to poetics" and to defend a literary tradition that he sees as "fundamentally humanistic, in that at its center is man as the creator of forms."[58] Following a discussion of the creative process as the transformation of elements into a radically new whole, he argues for the vital importance of the unity of art:

> . . . if we reject such "formalism" as trivial artifice at odds with life's welter of disorder, then there is no ground for viewing the creative process as operating as I have suggested. If the humanistic belief in art as the masterful imposition of human form on the chaos of nature is denied, then the messy fleshiness of life can replace the word of art, since that word no longer can give its own life by taking on flesh.[59]

I understand the intent of this last sentence well enough, but the amazing choice of words seems to say more than Krieger intends about how he imagines human existence. What, exactly, is the "messy fleshiness" of life? I find myself envisioning a blobby mass of flesh which the poet, like the God of Genesis, molds from without into a "human form" of his design. But nature is not chaos, and the human form, to be perversely literal, is not something that can be masterfully imposed on nature. The human form is not made--it grows, a product of the intricate order of nature's evolutionary process. It is the finest "creation" we will ever know, and much as it hurts our pride to admit it, we did not invent it. Civilized man, not nature, is chaotic, precisely because his ability to imagine new forms is a radical break with natural order, the blessing that

brings him consciousness, but also the curse that can alienate him from the roots of his being.

All too frequently, I think, the humanism of literary critics reflects the mind-body dualism of its enlightenment heritage: literature "humanizes" because the forms of the conscious mind, the only part of the psyche we trust, have been "imposed" on its unconscious products. So, for instance, Warner's principal opponent, Mark Kinkead-Weekes, is irritated by those who talk of what Richardson did "unconsciously": "What gives a work significance is not its material but the nature of its workmanship, the quality of its form, the mastery of its medium, and the nature of the final understanding produced by these."[60] Yet whenever intellect declares itself supreme, we begin to get a situation in which, as Karen Horney writes in one place, "it is no longer mind and feelings but mind versus feelings; no longer mind and body but mind versus body; no longer mind and self but mind versus self."[61] Such splits are found everywhere in Richardson and must be considered when we try to determine the nature of his literary vision. Clarissa is the heroine of the mind--rejecting her feelings, denying her body, and railing against "this vile, this hated self" (III, 321).

Despite its ideals, our culture remains so distrustful of human nature that the suggestion that man is basically "good" in any sense is usually dismissed as sentimentality. In light of this, Third Force psychology is a more radical humanism than the one Warner attacks, a daring revival of some central "sentimental" ideas which social science, another

enlightenment legacy, now enables us to reconsider with greater understanding. For a source of values in the modern world, Maslow posits "an essential biologically based inner nature," consisting of basic human emotions and capacities, which is "either neutral, pre-moral or positively 'good.'"[62] Similarly, Horney assumes a "real self" or "central inner force, common to all human beings and yet unique in each."[63] Both Horney and Maslow view human growth as a constant striving for the self-realization of innate capacities. Moral values evolve as a part of that process, since, Horney reasons, a person cannot "develop his full human potentialities unless he is truthful to himself; unless he is active and productive; unless he relates himself to others in the spirit of mutuality."[64]

Third Force psychologists do not ignore the "evils" of human existence. They simply find it unnecessary to create a hopeless dualism by locating evil in man's inner nature. Maslow concludes, "Destructiveness, sadism, cruelty, malice . . . seem so far to be not intrinsic but rather they seem to be violent reactions <u>against</u> frustration of our intrinsic needs, emotions, and capacities."[65] An individual's inner nature is "weak" in that he "needs favorable conditions for his growth," an atmosphere of human warmth and security that all too often is lacking. However, that "real self" is also strong in that its needs, which include love and belonging, self-esteem and self-actualization, are "inconceivably stubborn and recalcitrant," continually craved wherever they are denied.[66] Horney's whole psychology is devoted to explaining exactly how the psyche is disturbed when the real self is not allowed to develop; and, far

from ignoring the dark side of human experience, she finds serious problems even in places where we are accustomed to see "good," particularly in many aspects of self-effacing behavior.

Therefore, I feel that Third Force psychology frees me from the dualistic view of the self I understand Warner's humanist opponents to hold in spite of their seemingly benign version of man. Belonging to one stream of Enlightenment tradition, they identify the self too completely with the conscious, reasoning mind and so tend to set themselves up, in the attitude Warner so deplores, to be the priestly guardians of reason's humanizing creations, including the works of the highly conscious artist. Third Force psychology, on the other hand, identifies the self with the whole person and returns us to the search, begun in the eighteenth century, for the relation between the reasoning and the feeling self. With its greater faith in innate human potential, it places a high value on the nurturing human environment and on human creativity, but not on the products of reason as a source of salvation.

Believing in the concept of the "real self," I find I differ just as much from Warner as I do from his humanists. We have heard him refer to Clarissa's "self" as a "fiction," a remark I agree with in two senses: it is a literary construct, and it is also, as Warner describes it, a psychological construct analogous to what Horney calls the "idealized self," as I shall show later in this study. But Warner would seem to have other implications in mind. By carefully choosing sentimental phrases such as "the heart becomes the locus of virtue"

to sum up Clarissa's sense of herself (RC, 17), he sets up an example that throws into question the entire humanist concept of a "self." In Structuralist Poetics, Jonathan Culler sums up "what some regard as the most significant consequence of structuralism: its rejection of the notion of the 'subject'":

> . . . once the conscious subject is deprived of its role as source of meaning . . . the self can no longer be identified with consciousness. It is 'dissolved' as its functions are taken up by a variety of interpersonal systems that operate through it. . . . And as it is displaced from its function as centre or source, the self comes to appear more and more as a construct, the result of systems of convention. The discourse of a culture sets limits to the self; the idea of personal identity appears in social contexts; the 'I' is not given but comes to exist, in a mirror stage which starts in infancy, as that which is seen and addressed by others.[67]

Warner shares this premise that the self is no more than a construct.

Both Warner and his humanists--a deconstructive critic and the representatives of traditional contextual criticism--are opponents of the psychological approach, though for two very different reasons. A critic like Kinkead-Weekes, who finds in art a higher order of reality than mimesis makes possible, fears the reductiveness of too much referral to a psychological system outside the text, particularly when this process begins to make the artist look like an ordinary man.[68] Following in the steps of Derrida, Warner follows the structuralist view of reality to its logical extreme and rejects, together, the centered self and the centered text; from his perspective, psychological interpretation is yet another ideological approach, based on a reification of self. Culler explains the

plications of Derrida's work:

> The primary practical effect of this re-orientation is to stress the active, productive nature of reading and writing and to eliminate notions of the literary work as 'representation' and 'expression.' Interpretation is not a matter of recovering some meaning which lies behind the work and serves as a centre governing its structure: it is rather an attempt to participate in and observe the play of possible meanings to which the text gives access. . . . There is nothing to which results ought to correspond; and so, rather than think of interpretation as a game in the world, whose results might be of interest if they approximate some truth outside the game, one must recognize that the activity of writing . . . is the game or play of the world.[69]

rner's study of Clarissa, which treats the text as a game that gages characters, author, and critics in one interpretive ocess, is a very good example of this criticism put into practise.

Warner never spells out his position as explicitly as I have st done for him, but he implies it at every point in his dis-ssion. For example, through his analysis of Clarissa and Love-e as the interpreters of their experiences, he tries to make aware of how difficult it is to separate mimesis from its rception and its use by any given personality. Clarissa enga- in a "mimetic program" (RC, 41). In her letters, she claims tell the "whole story" (I, 2) and to "recite facts only" (I, indicating, says Warner, that the reader will then have "a ry that carries its own completed meaning, a story that is fficiently convincing in its method of narration as to obvi- any need for our interpretation" (RC, 6). In actuality, vever, Clarissa's "apparently neutral act of presentation" is tly woven together with critical analysis and value judgment

into a design that is part of her effort to advance her moral superiority (RC, 12). Lovelace counters with a "mimetic aesthetic," part of the trickery of a man who is a "confessed illusionist" (RC, 41). "I will write it as it was spoken, as if I had retired to put down every sentence as spoken," he claims (III, 195). But Warner sees a close relation between his plotting and his rhetoric: "All Lovelace's arts are arts of imitation. His strategems must seem to be actual events, his performances must seem to be natural behavior, and he works to give his narrative the immediacy of direct presentation. . . . Lovelace knows that a generous scattering of details will create the impression that reality has been faithfully recorded" (RC, 40). He experiences the joy and the peril of making reality "an intelligible text of his own devising" (RC, 41).

These passages, I gather, are intended to make us think also about the author and his mimesis. Like Lovelace, Richardson tricks us into thinking he has given us a representation of reality; and like Clarissa, he wants us to believe that the representation is neutral, whereas it is actually inseparable from his moral interpretation of the world. Such, too, it would seem, will be the fate of the critic of mimesis: she will claim to reconstruct from the text a reality which is only her own construct, interpreting it with a psychology that is primarily a value system. Warner allows us no escape from this dilemma, but only the choice between pedantic seriousness and playfulness in our production of critical meaning.

Again, I doubt that I can successfully answer Warner as long as I am arguing on his terms. Two very different

nises about the nature of the self constitute the ference between us; and I can only build my case on the nise I take from Third Force psychology. However, I do find nformative to observe two things which happen to him when ndertakes to play the game of Clarissa.

Consistent with his belief that critics of Clarissa must se sides, Warner openly sides with Lovelace. Lovelace sym- zes his idea of what human beings are actually like--"ex- or, role-playing, unstable," as opposed to "complete, in- or, stable."[70] A man of many masks, his Lovelace also exhi- "a surprising degree of directness, honesty, and attachment" 33, 38). The "harsh critiques" of this character found in studies, Warner says, "emerge from using Clarissa's cate- es of selfhood, and her values, to measure Lovelace" (RC, . As far as Warner is concerned, we are dealing here with haracter who cannot finally be subjected to psychological ysis:

> . . . Lovelace does not stoop to meditation, though we can do a meditation with his language. The moment we do we must remember that we've modulated into a Clarissean mode: we have centered his self, we have turned his condition into a proposition. . . . For Lovelace escapes into language, displacing himself and his situation not into a form or a space but onto the next page of his letter, or the next moment of the game. Thus no motive is stabilized to explain an action, no clear cause can be found for his effects (RC, 54).

apture the essence of this character, Warner turns to myth suggests the archetype of fire: "By likening Lovelace to , we can intuitively apprehend the coherence of a character at first seems hopelessly contradictory or paradoxical."

destructive fire, Lovelace violates social norms, but as
:onstructive force, he is "relentlessly alive" and has the
ver to release "new and unimagined energies" in Clarissa
:, 65-67).

Loesberg classes Warner among the allegorical interpreters this novel: "His identification of Clarissa with 'humanist .ticism' and Lovelace with deconstructive criticism . . . moves n toward reenacting one aspect of the interpretation he osten-)ly analyzes."[71] This is not entirely fair, since Warner only)ws himself to be subject to the rules of the critical game he defines it. Nevertheless, it is worth noting that in com-ning his Lovelacian stance with a rejection of mimesis, he is rced over so completely into the allegorical camp. Denied ychological motivation, Lovelace spaces himself out into an ea, leaving a good many of his attributes behind in the process. becomes a mythic figure in Warner's eyes, as meaningful to nder as the Clarissa of humanistic myth and at least as sub-ct to critical appraisal as Warner finds Clarissa to be. The manist reader values Clarissa for what he takes to be her tegrity, her ability to remain true to her inmost self--she comes, for him, a myth of the innocence of Being. Warner lues Lovelace, above all, for his mercurial qualities, trans-rming him into a fit image for what Derrida calls "the joyful etzschean affirmation of the play of the world and the nocence of becoming."[72] For me, both myths are fascinating r what they say about human yearnings toward ideal state of ing and of doing; but certainly Warner's is as much a part of ideology as the humanist reader's is.

Secondly, even in Warner's criticism we find evidence for
difficult it is with this novel to drift away freely into
egory , unless one is willing to leave at least half the text
ind; as Copeland says, Richardson's "No-Plan" (which I would
l his mimetic impulse) is always "insistently" returning us
a social and psychological world.[73] In practice, Warner
es extensive use of good psychological perception, without
ch he would not be able to know what Clarissa, with her false
f and her misleading rhetoric, is up to. Even with Lovelace,
ugh he is apologetic about it, he has to admit that he has
etched a psychology" in order to talk about him (RC, 54).
joins Kinkead-Weekes and several other outstanding critics
advancing our understanding of realistic characterization in
rissa even while insisting on other priorities.

But Warner also does lose too much of the text, especially
his analysis of Lovelace. Mythically, Lovelace may be fire,
mimetically, the text insists in all its editions, he is
o a rapist. Now rape may be--and is, in Clarissa--a metaphor
many things, but in a novel where the mimetic impulses are
strong, it is first of all a sexual assault, taking place in
imaginary world that looks enough like the "real" one to
ind us of similar acts outside of texts. In the middle of a
thing exposé of the ways in which Clarissa controls others,
ner's main paragraph on the rape begins like this:

> Lovelace makes a most literal use of fire to drive Clarissa from her room at Mrs. Sinclair's. But beyond this, he designs all these melodramatic scenes to expose Clarissa to the transmuting power of his fire. He, like the alchemist Bachelard quotes, hopes to use his art to "open a body by

> means of fire." He does not wish to destroy Clarissa, though she accuses him of this. He wishes to take her from the enclosure of a father's house and violate the personal enclosure called 'virginity.' He hopes to undo the body's integrity, its system of self-enclosed meanings, and open it to new meanings--his own meanings. And to do this he knows that all the fire of his person will be necessary (RC, 67).

language is no less incredible, surely, than some of the
s Warner, in mock astonishment, quotes from Kinkead-Weekes,
as "Clarissa is miraculously free. . . . She is both
ped; and mysterious, self-existent, unpredictable."[74] Both
ics may be accused of allowing their favorite character to
beyond realism when it suits their ideology to do so.
My dialogues with Warner and Kinkead-Weekes will continue
ughout this study, and I am grateful for all the ideas I
begun to clarify for myself only by arguing against them.
the psychological model I am about to use, I am, of course,
more free than they are from commitment to a system of
ef; but I think I am less likely to end up tying my beliefs
ith the fantasies of either of the two main characters. A
l like Horney's, based on years of observation of how human
gs behave, gives me a greater degree of objectivity than I
d have otherwise as I try to reconstruct the mimetic world
his novel apart from the perceptions of its narrators. And
eas most criticism of Clarissa begins with a preference for
or another of its myths and then descends into the mimetic
d to support the preference, the psychological approach
els me to put mimesis first. I must begin by paying stubborn
ntion to the realistic characterization, letting it anchor

nd listening to what it has to tell me; and only then will
ready to decide what to make of the myths that are
parable from the characters and their conflicts.

Clarissa and the Case for a Horneyan Reading

As our first great psychological novel, a work that imi-
s the inner life and motivational behavior of its characters,
issa invites more psychological criticism than it has
ived to date. Compared to that of other great realistic
ls, the total body of its criticism remains small and con-
s only a modicum of commentary devoted to a thoroughly
hological approach. Although Loesberg divides critical treat-
of Clarissa into the two large categories of allegorical
psychological discussion, the latter term, as he uses it,
only indicate a very general emphasis. Most of this so-
ed psychological criticism, while it produces a number of
able insights, has several major limitations. It is apt to
ude confusing combinations of mythic and mimetic commentary.
often than not it does not really have the psychological
rstanding of character as its primary aim. And because it
ly involves the careful use of a reliable model, the full
cations of its insights are frequently left unexplored.
For example, Dorothy Van Ghent heads Loesberg's list of
orical interpreters, yet her essay on Clarissa is
ally considered, together with portions of Leslie Fiedler's
and Death in the American Novel, to be the ground-breaking
in the psychological discussion of this novel.[75] Both Van
and Fiedler are more interested in mythic pattern than in

metic representation. Their psychological approach tends to nsist of an uncritical mix of Freudian and Jungian reference, d though their broad generalizations about such themes as x and death are often gems in the rough, they are also easily tacked when they are taken as examples of careful psychoana- tic analysis. The enormous difficulties facing anyone who nts to reconcile mythic pattern and realistic content in this vel are well illustrated in these critics and others who llow. Cynthia Wolff's book on Richardson is a case in point: r efforts to understand his major characters in the light of dern ego psychology produce some excellent analysis, but her nultaneous examination of Puritan myths in the novel leads to nsiderable confusion and contradiction, thus lessening the lue of her work as a psychological study.[76]

A great majority of "psychological" treatments, including ose that Loesberg chooses as examples of this category, may re correctly be said to be essays that include substantial ychological commentary in the course of meeting some other ntral aim. A prime example is Kinkead-Weekes, whose many fine sights into character are subordinated to his effort to de- nd Richardson's form by proving him a dramatic writer. Margaret he Doody's A Natural Passion, which Loesberg praises for ccessfully alternating allegorical and psychological dis- ssion,[77] seems to me to be dominated throughout by a primary terest in themes and images.[78] Likewise, some excellent aracter analysis by Watt and Brissenden emerges intermittently the context of broader purposes.[79] Warner, as I have already monstrated, is decidedly a member of the allegorical camp,

ugh he is frequently a good psychological critic in spite himself. Even some of the most consistently psychological ays, such as those of Steven Cohan and Braudy, are dominantly philosophical and literary in their approach.[80]

A small body of Freudian analysis constitutes the only ly psychological approach to Clarissa. Even here, the only tic to date to apply a model thoroughly and consistently to ividual characters is Gerald Levin in Richardson the Novelist, ork that studies the major characters of all three novels and otes considerable space to Richardson's authorial personali-[81] Morris Golden, in Richardson's Characters, works somewhat e loosely with Freudian premises in order to study the racters largely as types ("Bold Young Men," "Girls," etc.).[82] eral shorter essays devoted to some one aspect of Clarissa lude Judith Wilt's argument for Lovelace's impotence during rape scene[83] and John Dussinger's "Clarissa: The Curse the Intellect," the latter a Freudian analysis of Clarissa's racter that ranges from the brilliant to the inane (the ter explains effectively the nature of the character's izoid withdrawal but sets a new low for psychoanalytic icism with such phrases as "clitoral assertion of self").[84]

Let me emphasize that I have benefited enormously from the chological inquiries of all these critics. Reading them as a heyan, I often feel as though I am looking at an unassembled saw puzzle, because I find insights everywhere that fit pre-ly into Horney's theory, such as Wolff's discussion of issa's pride[85] and Golden's emphasis on Lovelace' drive for inance.[86] But at present many such bits of character analysis

ar fragmented, isolated, and incomplete. I hope therefore how that the use of the Horneyan model can help to pull together and give us more complete and coherent portraits he characters and the implied author than we have had here-re.

Paris developed his psychological approach to fiction as a for studying the minds of leading characters and implied ors. His method combines an application of Horneyan theory a careful analysis of the text.[87] Both in its use of a rehensive and incisive system for understanding human nature in its adaption of a psychology particularly well suited to rary phenomena, this Horneyan method offers a number of dis-t advantages for work with Clarissa; and I would like to oduce the method by discussing these advantages.

The best presentation of Horney's psychology is found in final book, Neurosis and Human Growth, which is subtitled Struggle Toward Self-Realization."[88] As that subtitle ies, her study of inner conflict, with its obstacles to n growth, is always carried on with a clear sense of what titutes psychological health. She offers me therefore, first ll, keys to a standard of health and growth, so that when I that I reject Clarissa and Lovelace as models of human lopment, I am able to define more precisely the alternative ve in mind.

As we have already seen, Horney, like other Third Force hologists, believes that each person possesses potentially constructive energies of a "real self" (NHG, 13). -actualization, which occurs when those energies are not

ocked by unhealthy conflict, consists generally of the
ilities to assume responsibility for oneself and one's goals,
work creatively, and to develop good human relationships
HG, 334). A self-actualizing person is in touch with his own
elings and desires. He is not caught up in a "civil war . . .
tween the forces of the inner depths and the forces of defense
d control."[89] He can trust his own impulses and act from them,
spontaneous and expressive, love others for themselves rather
an for the ways in which they meet his needs. He is not ex-
pt from the normal conflicts necessitated by the conditions
human existence, but he is strong enough in his inner person
grow even through pain or frustration. His set of values--what
slow calls "Being-values"--evolves as part of his striving for
lf-realization and is in harmony with the spirit of truth-
lness, openness, and mutuality that makes his growth possible
HG, 15).

In sum, "The self-actualizing person is characterized
ove all by his openness to his own inner being and to the
rld around him."[90] Such openness makes an excellent standard
th which to begin our assessment of Clarissa and Lovelace.
es it characterize either of them in any meaningful way? If
rner is correct that Clarissa functions within a self-enclosed
stem, then realistically she represents a troubled person
ut up in her own defenses, however much she may try to imi-
te spontaneity. If Lovelace has the "surprising degree" of
rectness and honesty that Warner claims for him (RC, 38), this
ould be evidence of a healthily open component in his per-
nality; if, on the other hand, he is as totally insincere as

certain other critics take him to be, this is major evidence of his unhealthy defensiveness. Maslow's Being-values include a number of other qualities Warner finds to admire in Lovelace--uniqueness, aliveness, playfulness, and humor.[91] But this still leaves us with the problem of deciding whether the character is "alive" because he is joyful or because he is anxiety-ridden, whether he is jovial or sadistic in his humor.

The characters found in literature are sometimes images of self-actualization,[92] but more often than not they are individuals who suffer from painful inner conflicts, corresponding to those that Horney identifies in her theory of self-alienation. Self-alienation occurs when defensive strategies for living cut a person off from his real self and from an open response to the world around him. In her analysis of this process, Horney begins with the cause, which she calls "basic anxiety." A child, she insists, can only begin to develop his real human potential in an atmosphere of emotional warmth and security. If, instead, he finds himself among adults who are unable either to perceive or to love him as a unique individual, he experiences basic anxiety, which is "a profound insecurity and vague apprehensiveness . . . [a] feeling of being isolated and helpless in a world conceived as potentially hostile" (NHG, 18). Motivated by anxiety, he gradually develops, first, a system of interpersonal strategies to deal with the bad environment and then an intrapsychic system to replace his lost sense of personal identity. Thus, losing touch with his true self, he constructs a false self in its place. Unless he is fortunate enough to recognize and outgrow his problems in his adult life,

he will continue to live in a state of self-alienation.

Novels do not always allow us to infer validly the childhoods of our characters. But Clarissa does. It provides an unusual amount of information about the family constellation, so that we may easily imagine the child Clarissa, with her timid, self-centered, and overindulgent mother, her irrationally dominating father, and her angry and hostile older siblings. As I shall show in the next chapter, we can examine the effects of her family on Clarissa's development and, from the very first page of the book, trace in all her actions the underlying anxiety.

Unlike Freud, however, Horney, though she believes that defensive strategies are first formed in childhood, does not see later actions as mere repetitions of infantile patterns; nor does she constantly refer back to childhood experiences in order to explain adult behavior. Rather, she focuses on the system which the adult uses to function in the present. She therefore gives us, as Paris points out, not a "diachronic mode of analysis which explains the present in terms of the past," but a "synchronic" mode that "enables us to understand the present structure of the psyche as an inwardly intelligible system and to explain behavior in terms of its function within that system."[93] This synchronic approach has a great advantage for literary criticism because it enables us to work primarily with the character as he exists in the text, rather than with an undue emphasis on the imagined childhood outside the text. Kinkead-Weekes attacks psychological criticism as reductive because, among other things, he feels that it removes the focus from the created character and the dramatic unfolding of the

action.[94] The Horneyan method allows us to keep that focus and thus, I think, is less susceptible to the charge of reductionism than most Freudian approaches.

The early sign of basic anxiety is interpersonal conflict. In healthy human relationships, the various moves one makes with other persons are spontaneous and flexible: the individual may assert himself, yield to others, or choose solitude, according to his needs and the appropriateness of the situation. But for the frightened child in an environment felt to be hostile, the moves become rigid and mutually exclusive. He often tries to simplify his relationships by confining himself to a single direction--he moves aggressively against others, submits to them in a compliant manner, or withdraws into excessive detachment (NHG,19). Established in childhood, these rigid patterns persist as the most visible manifestation of the defensive system and are the basis for Horney's typology of major character trends.

The three basic Horneyan types--expansive, self-effacing, and detached--correspond to the three possible moves in relationships. Having adopted a predominant move, the defensive person tries to turn it into a "major solution" to his conflicts. Detrimental though it is, the rigid pattern gives him some sense of identity, helps to satisfy one intense need, though at the expense of others, and reduces his sense of the danger of other people by giving him a single strategy for dealing with them. Expansive people move aggressively against others, at the expense of tender feelings, and value mastery above all else. Self-effacing people make love their primary value and move

constantly toward others in a submissive way, seeking excessive supplies of affection and approval. Detached people move away from others in order to find their safety in emotional distance; they engage in a quest for freedom at any price. All three types repress their opposing trends, burying their conflict but by no means eliminating it.

Let me emphasize that Horney's types are simple, not simplistic, and are never intended as categories that make for an easy slotting of human beings. Applied to literature, they do not lead to the sort of "inkblot" categorization which constitutes another of Kinkead-Weekes's objections to psychological criticism.[95] They merely allow us to name the phenomena of rigid systems and provide us with clues to the particular strategy an individual has selected in the construction of his false self. When we begin to use them with individual characters, the types lend themselves to infinite combinations and variations. Horney conceives of the defensive system as complex and dynamic, never the same in any two persons; and paradoxically, though they war against the self, defenses may also be said to be unique creations of that self, individually designed for psychic survival. The powerful mimetic characterizations of Clarissa and Lovelace, neither of whom can be easily typed, should help us appreciate that complexity.

Horney's theory of interpersonal conflict is also a most useful tool for analyzing relationships, which becomes one of our main activities in a psychological approach to Clarissa. A quantity of detail lets us study the heroine in all her major family relationships--with father, mother, brother and sister,

uncles and aunt, and former nurse. The relations of the two major correspondents with their confidantes--Clarissa with Anna, and Lovelace with Belford--raise many questions about dominance and submission. Most importantly of all, our entire interpretation of the novel depends on how we understand what goes on in the central relationship of Clarissa and Lovelace. We need to observe closely the strategies they use for dealing with each other and identify the reasons for the confusing signals that each is constantly giving the other.

Through a complex process of internalization, interpersonal conflict leads to intrapsychic conflict. The intrapsychic defensive system develops, Horney tells us, because the early moves in relationships are not enough in themselves to keep the individual from feeling painfully divided (NHG, 19-20). "Isolated and hostile, he can only develop an urgent need to lift himself above others" (NHG, 21). To enable him to move in this illusionary direction, "gradually and unconsciously, the imagination sets to work and creates in his mind an idealized image of himself" (NHG, 22). He endows himself with unrealistic faculties and powers, usually based on fantasies about his major solution to conflict--the aggressive person's idealized self may be a superman, the compliant type's a saint, the detached person's an intellectual genius. Replacing the real self from which he is cut off, the idealized self now gives the individual his feeling of identity; and he embarks on a "search for glory" in order to actualize this image of his own making, an effort that is doomed to failure because it exceeds the bounds of human limitations (NHG, 22-24). In essence, Horney presents

a psychology of pride, particularly appropriate for a novel in which pride is a major theme.

Self-idealization is at the center of a network of defensive strategies which Horney calls the "pride system" (NHG, 111). Believing himself to be his glorified image, the individual begins to make fantastic claims upon other people, expecting to be recognized for all sorts of nonexistent attributes (NHG, 47-51). Equally unrealistic are his "shoulds," the extraordinary demands he makes upon himself in order to mold himself into the perfect being of his imagination (NHG, 64-69). Together, his shoulds and his claims make up a kind of magic bargain with the world: if he faithfully obeys his inner dictates, then other people and even fate itself will surely fulfill the wishes of such a godlike person.

Since his fantasies are impossible, he inevitably starts to hate his actual self for failing to meet his ideals; and so a second false self, the despised self, becomes the dreaded opposite of his proud being. The battle between these two equally unrealistic selves is a major source of inner conflict. If we understand the self-hatred engendered by defensive pride, Horney says, we will know "why the neurotic clings so tenaciously to the glorified version of himself. He must maintain it because he feels only one alternative: to succumb to the terror of self-contempt. There is thus a vicious circle operating between pride and self-contempt, one always reinforcing the other" (NHG, 137). And caught in this tyrannical system, the person is forever opposing the interests of his real self--he experiences himself as a superman or a worm, a saint or a

wretched sinner, but never as a confident human being able to plan, love, and work within reasonable limitations. For this reason, Horney identifies the "central inner conflict" as the one that takes place between the real self and the entire pride system (NHG, 368).

The concept of the idealized image provides an alternative explanation for many of Warner's observations about Clarissa's self. Warner writes, "Clarissa's invention of the self--with a heart, its implanted principles, the role of the paragon, and its careful use of time--is her way of staking a claim on the future. This claim rests on a faith that if she can keep the self aligned with virtue, then her life will pursue a steady and prosperous course" (RC, 23). From a Horneyan perspective, the paragon is the specific form of Clarissa's idealized image, and her rigid time schedule is part of her set of "shoulds," her superhuman effort to make herself a paragon. Exactly as Warner realizes, she makes a bargain with fate, and then faces her greatest psychic crisis when that bargain fails. In my opinion, Warner's only error here is his confusion of the real self, which I contend is not an artificial invention, with the idealized self, which is very definitely an arbitrary construct. Lovelace's concept of himself as the world's greatest contriver of romantic plots is an equally good example of self-glorification.

A psychology of pride makes it possible to explore aspects of Clarissa that are left untouched by Freudian analyses. Several critics have contended that pride, not sex, is the major psychological issue in Richardson's novels, even as an

explanation for sexual behavior;[96] and a Horneyan reading lends solid support to their argument. Horney's extensive discussion of the causes and effects of self-hate (NHG, ch.5) is also of immense value, particularly when we come to examine Clarissa's response to her rape. However, we should be careful here that, in using the familar word "pride," we are not led to make moral and religious judgments, condemning Clarissa and Lovelace as though their self-glorification brands them sinners. Neurotic pride is a desperate attempt to rescue the self, not a moral failing; and through his pride system, destructive though it is, an individual may be doing the very best he can for himself in his situation (witness the bad environment and the terrible dilemmas that Richardson creates for Clarissa!). Our charcters demand an understanding and compassion that is best achieved through a knowledge of our own pride systems.

Analysis of the author is the most controversial aspect of psychological criticism. Once again Kinkead-Weekes is a typical opponent when he attacks what he calls "the idea of the authorial obsession": "The critic fastens on what he takes to be an obsessive tendency of Richardson's subconscious, flourishing under the cover of his moral purpose"; and the resulting analyses, usually emphasizing sex, "are reductive to the point of travesty." Such criticism, Kinkead-Weekes feels, shifts the focus of concern from the dramatic interaction of created characters and onto the personality of Richardson, which may be confused with "the sensibility of the narrator, who is only part of 'Richardson.'" Furthermore, to tear the author's attitudes from his work is a contemptuous act, "for

the concealed implication is that we cannot take him seriously as an artist, and must find his true interest in non-fictive terms."[97]

As I indicated earlier, Horneyan critics confine themselves carefully to the implied author, a personality inferred from the close analysis of the text. Since Horney does not see sex as the primary cause of human conflict, our portraits of implied authors are likely to differ widely from those drawn by Freudians. But we do share the belief that the author's motivations, conscious and unconscious, are a valid part of our analysis because the novel includes his "dramatized consciousness," "a marvelously rich portrayal of a particular kind of consciousness making ethical responses to a variety of human situations."[98] Provided a reader is willing to relinquish his awe of the novel as of a sacred text, he may tolerate, or even appreciate, an author's unresolved conflicts and yet maintain a deep respect for his art.

As an example of the kinds of Horneyan questions we must ask about the Richardson of Clarissa, let us consider that as implied author he is not only the voice of the Editor but also the imagination having this fantasy of a heroine and her seducer. He gives the girl strong compliant tendencies and throws her into the clutches of a powerfully expansive man, only to defeat him and exalt her at the end of the action. Every piece of rhetoric through the final section of the story is devoted to praising Clarissa's self-effacing choices, even though many readers, contemplating her morbid death, uneasily suspect them to be life-denying. Do we not have reason, therefore, to

suspect a conflict within the author himself between aggressive and compliant impulses, culminating in an attempt to justify the compliant solution? Questions such as these will be raised throughout this study and discussed at some length in the final chapter.

Although my analysis is generally confined to Horney's model, her preoccupation with neurosis makes it occasionally helpful to supplement her theory in two areas. As I have already pointed out, it is important to consider the characteristic of self-actualization, even though very little psychic health will be found in Clarissa; and at the other extreme, a novel in which both main characters experience brief episodes of madness will eventually make it necessary for me to make some observations about psychosis and schizoid phenomena. I have already paid tribute to the work of Maslow, on self-actualization. In addition, this study is enriched by the theories of Ernest Schachtel, R. D. Laing, Harry Guntrip, and D. W. Winnicott.

Like Horney, Schachtel concerns himself with the struggle between neurosis and growth and in particular with the individual's feeling perceptions of reality. To help us distinguish unhealthy from healthy perception, he designates "two basic modes of perceptual relatedness": the autocentric, or subject-centered, and the allocentric, or object-centered. "Embedded" in his defenses, the autocentric perceiver can respond to the world only in terms of "objects-of-use" and "objects-to-be-avoided," a condition which deadens his feelings and blocks his view of reality. The allocentric perceiver, in contrast, free from defensiveness, can approach the object world with openness,

receptivity, and lively interest and so experience it more fully and richly.[99] Schachtel has contributed greatly to my concepts of psychic health, and his ideas will be used at several points in the following chapters.

Paris considers the findings of Laing to be "amazingly close" to those of Maslow and Horney.[100] Laing is concerned with the effects of extreme anxiety and with the structure of the false self. His studies of schizophrenia give special attention to the ways in which "forces of violence" within the family cut a person off from his true potentialities and turn him into "a half-crazed creature."[101] Though many consider his notion of a mad culture far too extreme, I think few will deny Clarissa's family, at least, creates a violent atmosphere well calculated to produce schizoid relationships; and Laing will be particularly useful when we come to study the Harlowes.

Two other students of schizophrenia are Guntrip and Winnicott, who are "object-relations" therapists in the tradition of Melanie Klein and W. R. D. Fairbairn. Like all the psychologists I will cite, they begin with the premise of the real self, defined by Guntrip as "the whole basically unitary psyche with its innate potential . . . for self-expression and self-realization in interpersonal relationships."[102] What has impressed these men, from their study of severely schizoid individuals, is the extent to which the psyche is able to bury its latent "true self," putting it "into cold storage with a secret hope of rebirth."[103] The "innermost schizoid core of a depersonalized human being" is lost to future consciousness when the maternal environment fails to support its growth

in early infancy; and it can be almost impossible to reach, even in prolonged therapy. For such a person, defenses of the Horneyan type function to prevent a "total flight" from reality, a withdrawl far more regressive than the one she considers in her theory of detachment.[104] The two models are not easy to reconcile, but nevertheless I will risk some references to Guntrip, in particular, in order to show why Clarissa and Lovelace may be convincingly represented as people who go mad.

For me, Maslow, Horney, and Guntrip, taken together, provide a well-balanced theory of man's nature, one that causes me to be optimistic about human potential and yet realistic about the obstacles that keep so many people from reaching that potential. Maslow's heady optimism reflects his excitement at glimpsing the wonderful possibilities of self-actualization. But Guntrip, though he shares a faith in the real self, is sobered by the difficulties he encounters in his efforts to eradicate psychic illness, warning, "If liberal humanists are naive, as they may well be, it is because they do not face the enormously complicated ways in which fear, aggression, counter-aggression, and more fear for centuries have been woven into the minutest details of all social organization."[105] Horney recognizes the truth of both perspectives. Her underlying philosophy, she declares in the final lines of Neurosis and Human Growth, is an optimistic one, affirmative of life; and this is what makes it possible for her to dignify neurosis by calling it a tragedy: "We see tragic waste in human experiences only if there are constructive strivings and these are wrecked by obstructive or destructive forces" (NHG, 378). In this sense I see Clarissa as

a tragedy of neurotic pride.

All through this chapter I have presupposed a relationship between what one believes about human nature and how one reads literature. The shape the chapter has taken is primarily the result of my struggle to find an adequate approach to the extraordinary tension between myth and mimesis in Clarissa; and I shall now return briefly to that problem in order to suggest, somewhat tentatively, how Third Force psychology may help me resolve it.

We owe our present concept of the split between myth and mimesis to Northrop Frye. In his essay "Myth, Fiction, and Displacement," he argues, "The realistic writer soon finds that the requirements of literary form and plausible content always fight against each other" because "literary shape cannot come from life; it comes only from literary tradition, and so ultimately from myth."[106] Using structural principles derived from Freudian suppositions, Frye thus places myth and realism at opposite poles: myth belongs to the realm of the pleasure principle and wish-fulfilling fantasy, while mimesis obeys the reality principle. Whenever literary myth is "displaced" in the direction of literary realism, human desire is likewise being "displaced" in the direction of reality and morality. However, the pleasure principle still strives for expression, only now in ways that meet the reality-oriented demands of the ego and the moral commands of the superego.[107]

Frye's theory of criticism further illuminates the unavoidable tensions among theme, form, and mimesis in the novel, as discussed at the beginning of this chapter. In his theory,

realistic fiction belongs to the "low mimetic mode," in which the hero is an ordinary human being, "superior neither to other men nor to his environment." The world of the low mimetic mode is an "analogy of experience": its organizing ideas are work, the struggle of man to build within nature, and genesis, the struggle for sexual fulfillment.[108] Because it is made to look like the familiar world of adult experience, it depicts the undesirable more frequently than it does the desirable, as, for instance, when its cities "take . . . the shape of the labyrinthine modern metropolis, where the main emotional stress is on loneliness and lack of communication."[109] (Clarissa's London immediately comes to mind.) That experience does not conform to human wishes is most often the overriding vision of low mimesis, in contradiction to anything myths of desire have to say.

Horneyan psychology helps us recognize that many of the myths of a novel are related to the defensive fantasies of the characters or the implied author and are, in essence, wishes for the fulfillment of neurotic claims and shoulds and magic bargains. Often, too, these unhealthy myths take forms that are widely accepted in the author's culture. Consider, for example, the following allegorical reading of Clarissa, from T. C. Duncan Eaves and Ben D. Kimpel:

> The Lovelace part of our minds can fulfill itself only by dominating our fellows and lowering them in order to put us on at least a relative height; the Clarissa part can learn to be independent of the invidious comparison and to assert its independence even when violated and humiliated. . . . Lovelace throughout, and Clarissa to a lesser degree at first, can be taken as embodying 'the self of imaginative aspiration,' 'the power-craving'; Clarissa's final mood is an ideal example of the

> other pole of tragedy which 'satisfies the counter movement of feeling toward surrender of personal claims and the merging of the ego within a greater power.' 110

If this is a central "mythos" of Clarissa, as the authors are suggesting, it deserves to be demythologized. A Horneyan sees behind this passage all three "major solutions" as Clarissa adopts them at various points in her experience--her expansive pride at the start, her strong impulses to detachment as the conflict intensifies, and her self-effacing submission at the time of her death. But the critical language Eaves and Kimpel use here elevates her conflict to an archetypal level in a way that glorifies her defensive solution, exactly as the novel does. It implies that Lovelace's aggressive violence and her passive submission to suffering are natural to our minds and to the order of the universe, a conclusion that leaves us tangled in myths of a dangerous kind. Horney's ideas are of immense value for liberating ourselves from such myths.

But are all myths derived from defensive fantasies? If we look at Frye's myth-mimesis polarity as Maslovians or Horneyans, rather than as classical Freudians, our concept of human desire alters. Myth continues to concern itself with wish; but if we are right about the real self, our deepest wishes are not banished to Never-Never Land by the belief that instinctual drives and civilization are mutually antagonistic. Scholes and Kellogg call mythic tales "keys to the human psyche in story form."[111] If it is the nature of man to strive toward self-realization, may we not expect to find that desire represented among our myths, especially those that seem to have

universal power to move us deeply? I think we must allow for this possibility; and, incidentally, I also think this revision in our attitude toward desire brings us closer to what Frye seems to believe when we consider the whole body of his criticism.

In several ways, Horney shows us how healthy as well as unhealthy striving may be mirrored in mythic fantasy. We might infer that what she says of dreams may be true of myths as well: "in dreams we are closer to the reality of ourselves . . . they represent attempts to solve our conflicts, either in a neurotic or in a healthy way" (NHG, 349). In her numerous literary references, she reads mythical archetypes as accurate insights into the nature of human conflict: the story of the Fall illustrates for her the loss of the real self because "Adam and Eve lose the innocence of their feelings" (NHG, 376); the tale of the devil's pact symbolizes the destruction a person brings upon himself when he strives for unlimited perfection (NHG,154, 375); a patient learns "the old truth that he must lose himself (his neurotic glorified self) in order to find himself (his true self)" (NHG, 281). And finally, I think we may logically argue that according to her theory myth cannot reflect human conflict at all if the real self is not somehow represented,since her central inner conflict is always the one taking place between that self and the pride system.

Having said all this, however, it remains as difficult for a critic to separate the defensive fantasies of a novel from its "healthy" strain of myth as it must be for a therapist to untangle her patient's healthy and unhealthy impulses.

Two examples from Clarissa illustrate just a few of the problems. Admirers of Clarissa see in her a myth of a woman who will not sacrifice her personal integrity, no matter what happens to her; Warner sees Lovelace as a kind of refining fire, burning away false ideas and opening up self-enclosed meanings. Both myths have a good deal to do with healthy desires, and both are justified by the text as long as we confine ourselves solely to a mythic reading; but both are contradicted in characterization when Clarissa substitutes self-idealization for the integrity of the real self and Lovelace deceives everyone, including himself. Or take the novel's allusions to the Biblical Book of Job. As I shall show in a later chapter, I think Job is a superb example of a myth about self-realization; but I do not think Richardson read it that way, at least not consciously. Rather, he drew parallels between Job and Clarissa to help glorify her suffering, which leaves us with the question of whether the myth retains any power to speak for itself in the context of his interpretation.

For me, it does. Finding mythic elements in the text which remind me of the desires of the real self--Maslow's Being-values--I see the ultimate tension in the text as the one that exists between those desires and the failure of the characters to fulfill them within a world of human conflict. And in an important sense, this gives the work a kind of wholeness for me. In a review of Reading Clarissa, John Traugott concludes that Warner, in spite of himself, "finds the drama at the heart of the work. He would say that a work doesn't have a heart, but it does, and he finds it. He is a laborer in the vineyard and

not, as he supposes, a serpent in the garden."[112] I can imagine that someone reading this chapter might easily say the same of me. In my case, if the center is there, it is because I detect in the novel the presence of the author's real self in the midst of his conflict, perhaps most of all in his gift for the creation of character.

In its major emphases, this study will be devoted to mimetic characterization and to the defensive myths of the characters and author. It assumes that the value of Richardson's novel lies in its successful characterization, not in its mythic structure, and that any worthwhile vision for the reader must come from the empirical psychological experience of the characters. The implied author had the imaginative experiences, but in reference to the kind of meaning with which my Horneyan method deals, he did not know, consciously, what he was writing about; and what he did think he was saying is primarily of interest to it because of the fruitful disparities that issue from it. Belonging to the mimetic world, the analogy of experience, Clarissa is full of potential meaning for us because of its lack of harmony, reflecting the struggles of its author; because of the conflicts of its characters, in their struggle for self-realization; and because of the way in which it continually opens itself to a process of criticism, the struggles of interpretation.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER I

[1] Abraham H. Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being, 2nd ed. (New York: Van Nostrand Rienhold, 1968), p. 83.

[2] William Beatty Warner, Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979).

[3] Leo Braudy, "Penetration and Impenetrability in Clarissa," in New Approaches to Eighteenth-Century Literature, ed. Phillip Harth (New York: Columbia University Press, 1974), p. 204.

[4] Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being, p. 83.

[5] Leslie A. Fiedler, Love and Death in the American Novel, 2nd ed. (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1966), p. 55.

[6] R. F. Brissenden, Virtue in Distress: Studies in the Novel of Sentiment from Richardson to Sade (London: Macmillan, 1974), p. 97.

[7] Leon Edel, The Modern Psychological Novel (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1964), pp. 23, 27.

[8] Fiedler, p. 55.

[9] Brissenden, Virtue in Distress, p. 96.

[10] R. F. Brissenden, Samuel Richardson (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1958), p.9.

[11] Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg, The Nature of Narrative (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), pp. 13-16.

[12] Jonathan Loesberg, "Allegory and Narrative in Clarissa," Novel, 15 (1981), pp. 39-40. See my bibliography for information on all the writers Loesberg cites.

[13] Bernard J. Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction: Studies in Thackeray, Stendhal, George Eliot, Dostoevsky and Conrad (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1974), pp. 6-8.

[14] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 7.

[15] Samuel Richardson, Clarissa: or, The History of a Young Lady, Everyman's Library Edition, 4 vols. (London: Dent, 1962). All references to the novel are from this edition and are indicated in the text by volume and page numbers.

[16] Ian Watt, The Rise of the Novel: Studies in Defoe, Richardson and Fielding (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1957), p. 214.

[17] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, pp. 9-12.

[18] E. M. Forster, Aspects of the Novel (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1955), pp. 66-67.

[19] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 11.

[20] Anna Barbauld, ed., The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson (London, 1804), IV, 180, as quoted in Warner, p. 162.

[21] Samuel Richardson, Letter to Aaron Hill, as quoted in T. C. Duncan Eaves and Ben D. Kimpel, Samuel Richardson: A Biography (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), p. 211.

[22] Eaves and Kimpel, p. 210.

[23] Gerard A. Barker, "Clarissa's 'Command of her Passions': Self-Censorship in the Third Edition," Studies in English Literature, 10 (1970), pp. 525-526, 539.

[24] Gerard A. Barker, "The Complacent Paragon: Exemplary Characterization in Richardson," Studies in English Literature, 9 (1969), pp. 508, 519.

[25] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 8.

[26] Scholes and Kellogg, pp. 232, 236.

[27] Aaron Hill, Letter to Samuel Richardson, 24 July 1744, as quoted in Eaves and Kimpel, p. 206.

[28] Selected Letters of Samuel Richardson, ed. John Carroll (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1964), p. 71, as quoted in Edward Copeland, "Allegory and Analogy in Clarissa: The 'Plan' and the 'No-Plan,'" ELH, 39 (1972), p.255.

[29] Frederick W. Hilles, "The Plan of Clarissa," Philological Quarterly, 45 (1966), pp. 236-248, rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. John Carroll (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969), pp. 80-91.

[30] W. J. Harvey, Character and the Novel (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1965), p. 188.

[31] Copeland, p. 255

[32] Copeland, pp. 255-258.

[33] Copeland, pp. 261-265.

[34] Copeland, p. 265.

[35] Scholes and Kellogg, p. 234.

[36] Ira Konigsberg, "The Tragedy of Clarissa," Modern Language Quarterly, 27 (1966), p. 297.

[37] Scholes and Kellogg, p. 231.

[38] Warner, pp. 31, 77-78.

[39] Watt, p. 338.

[40] Mark Kinkead-Weekes, Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1973), pp.453-456.

[41] Kinkead-Weakes, pp. 462, 502.

[42] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, pp. 14, 24.

[43] Loesberg, pp. 54, 57.

[44] Warner, Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation, pp. xi, 271. Whenever this source is clear, it will be referred to in the text as RC, with page numbers.

[45] Konigsberg, "The Tragedy of Clarissa," p. 290.

[46] Warner, p. 125.

[47] Brissenden, Samuel Richardson, p. 19.

[48] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 63.

[49] Brissenden, Samuel Richardson, p. 20.

[50] Brissenden, Samuel Richardson, p. 25.

[51] Frank Kermode, "Richardson and Fielding," Cambridge Journal, 4 (1950-51), rpt. in Essays on the Eighteenth-Century Novel, ed. Robert Donald Spector (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1965), p.71.

[52] Warner, p. 133.

[53] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 501.

[54] Scholes and Kellogg, p. 259.

[55] Dennis Diderot, Oeuvres Esthétique (Paris, 1965), as quoted in Warner, p. 222.

[56] Brissenden, Virtue in Distress, p. 162.

[57] Brissenden, Virtue in Distress, p. 22. In this section of the chapter, this work will be referred to in the text as VID, with page numbers.

[58] Murray Krieger, Theory of Criticism: A Tradition and its Systems (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976), p. xiii.

[59] Krieger, p. 32.

[60] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 500.

[61] Karen Horney, Neurosis and Human Growth: The Struggle Toward Self-Realization (New York: W. W. Norton, 1950), p.183.

[62] Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being, p.3.

[63] Horney, Neurosis and Human Growth, p.17.

[64] Horney, Neurosis and Human Growth, p. 15.

[65] Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being, p. 3.

[66] Abraham Maslow, Motivation and Personality (New York: Harper and Row, 1954), p. 125. For a summary of Maslow's concept of the self, see Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, pp. 30-43.

[67] Jonathan Culler, Structuralist Poetics: Structuralism, Linguistics and the Study of Literature (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1975), pp.28-29.

[68] See Kinkead-Weekes, "Social Realism, Psychology--and Form," in Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist, pp. 462-502.

[69] Culler, pp. 247-248.

[70] Phrases from Richard Lanham, The Motives of Eloquence: Literary Rhetoric in the Renaissance (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1976), as quoted in Warner, p. 269.

[71] Loesberg, p. 39.

[72] Jacques Derrida, L'Ecriture et la différence (Paris, 1972), p. 427, as quoted in Culler, p. 247.

[73] Copeland, p. 265.

[74] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 502, as quoted in Warner, p. 219.

[75] Dorothy Van Ghent, "On Clarissa Harlowe," in The English Novel: Form and Function (New York: Rinehart, 1953), rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. John Carroll, pp. 49-66; Leslie A. Fiedler, "Richardson and the Tragedy of Seduction," in Love and Death in the American Novel, pp. 44-56.

[76] Cynthia G. Wolff, Samuel Richardson and the Eighteenth-Century Puritan Character (Hamden, Conn: Archon, 1972).

[77] Loesberg, p. 39.

[78] Margaret Anne Doody, A Natural Passion: A Study of the Novels of Samuel Richardson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974).

[79] Watt, "Richardson as Novelist: 'Clarissa,'" in The Rise of the Novel, pp.208-238; Brissenden, "Clarissa: The Sentimental Tragedy," in Virtue in Distress, pp.159-186.

[80] Steven M. Cohan, "Clarissa and the Individuation of Character," ELH, 43 (1976), pp. 163-183; Braudy, "Penetration and Impenetrability in Clarissa," previously cited.

[81] Gerald Levin, Richardson the Novelist: The Psychological Patterns (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1978).

[82] Morris Golden, Richardson's Characters (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1963).

[83] Judith Wilt, "He Could Go No Farther: A Modest Proposal about Lovelace and Clarissa," PMLA, 92 (1977), pp. 19-32.

[84] John A. Dussinger, "Clarissa: The Curse of Intellect," in The Discourse of the Mind in Eighteenth-Century Fiction (The Hague: Mouton, 1974), pp. 77-126.

[85] Wolff, pp. 82-87.

[86] Golden, pp. 11-21.

[87] For Paris's own presentation of his method, see A Psychological Approach to Fiction, chapters I, II, and VIII; and "Third Force Psychology and the Study of Literature, Biography, Criticism, and Culture," The Literary Review, 24 (1981), pp. 181-221.

[88] Horney, Neurosis and Human Growth, previously cited. Hereafter this work will be cited in the text as NHG.

[89] Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being, p. 141.

[90] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 48.

[91] Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being, p. 83.

[92] See Paris's discussion of A Man for All Seasons in "Third Force Psychology and the Study of Literature," pp. 184-189.

[93] Paris, "Third Force Psychology and the Study of Literature," pp. 198-199.

[94] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 484-501.

[95] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 491-493.

[96] See, for example, Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 108, 491; and Eaves and Kimpel, p. 259.

[97] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 462, 490-491.

[98] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 24.

[99] Ernest G. Schachtel, Metamorphosis: On the Development of Affect, Perception, Attention, and Memory (New York: Basic Books, 1959), pp. 83, 166-167, 220-221.

[100] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 293.

[101] R. D. Laing, The Politics of Experience (New York: Ballantine Books, 1967), p. 58.

[102] Harry Guntrip, Psychoanalytic Theory, Therapy, and the Self (New York: Basic Books, 1971), p. 41.

[103] D. W. Winnicott, as quoted in Guntrip, Psychoanalytic Theory, p. 152.

[104] Guntrip, Psychoanalytic Theory, pp. 118, 166.

[105] Guntrip, Psychoanalytic Theory, pp. 137-138.

[106] Northrop Frye, Fables of Identity: Studies in Poetic Mythology (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1963), p. 36.

[107] Bernard J. Paris, Character and Conflict in Jane Austen's Novels: A Psychological Approach (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1978), pp. 13-14.

[108] Northrop Frye, Anatomy of Criticism (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1957), pp. 34, 154.

[109] Frye, Anatomy of Criticism, p. 155.

[110] Eaves and Kimpel, p. 616. The authors are quoting Maud Bodkin, Archetypal Patterns of Poetry (Oxford, 1968), pp. 22-23.

[111] Scholes and Kellogg, p. 220.

[112] John Traugott, "Molesting Clarissa," Novel, 15 (1982), pp. 169-170.

CLARISSA I: THE ROOTS OF A CONFLICT

I. The Mimetic Approach to Clarissa's Character

Clarissa Harlowe's childhood, according to her own account, consisted of nothing but halcyon days. The youngest of three children in a prosperous middle-class family, she was everybody's darling, favored by her parents, her two childless uncles, and especially her paternal grandfather. Unspoiled by their affectionate indulgence, this good and loving child has now blossomed, at eighteen, into a promising womanhood. Her exceptional intelligence, her numerous talents, her beauty, and above all her exemplary virtue have gained her a reputation throughout her little world as the jewel of the Harlowe family and a paragon among young women. She excels in all the feminine accomplishments, including the skills of home management; is pious, charitable, and filled with a wisdom beyond her years; and disciplines herself to a time schedule that leaves every moment of her life well accounted for. She observes every propriety and gently instructs her peers to do the same. Recounting these attributes after her death, her friend Anna concludes, "In short, she was the nearest perfection of any creature I ever knew" (IV, 510).[1]

But as the action of the novel begins, Clarissa's happiness has come to an abrupt end. Her troubles started when her grandfather, upon his death, rewarded her devotion to him by

breaking all precedent and leaving his estate to her. Alarmed by the jealousy this act aroused in her father, uncles, and siblings, she dutifully gave her father full control of her fortune, in a futile attempt to restore peace to her paradise. The Harlowes are a haughty tribe, greedy for wealth and power; and now their eyes are suddenly opened to the realization that this precious daughter must either be a serious threat to their schemes of aggrandizement or a valuable commodity on the marriage market. When her most recent suitor, Robert Lovelace, aristocrat and libertine, offends their pride with his imperious contempt for them, the irascible brother, James, provokes him to a duel and is wounded. In the gloomy aftermath of that violence, Clarissa is informed that she must marry an ugly miser named Solmes, whose estate borders on Harlowe property; and to insure that event the entire clan unites against the hapless heroine.

Then, to everyone's astonishment, the angelic daughter turns rebel. Instead of yielding tearfully to the will of her father, she declares herself morally superior to the low purposes of her family and adamantly refuses to marry a man she hates. The Harlowes respond by subjecting her will to a severe trial. For the first quarter of the novel, she is a prisoner in her own home, subjected to relentless pressure and verbal abuse by one person after another. All those relations who claimed to love her so well turn bitterly against her. Meanwhile, Lovelace, an infamous conniver of plots to ensnare women, lurks about the estate watching his chances. Half in love with him as a rake that her virtue might have power to reform, Clarissa continues a forbidden correspondence that eventually leads to a

clandestine meeting in the garden. She has determined not to accept Lovelace's offer of escape; but he, once he has tempted her to step outside the gate, frightens her into fleeing with him by convincing her that the Harlowe men are coming in armed pursuit. Trapped helplessly between two equally evil destinies, she is thus abducted and exiled forever from family and home.

Reduced in this fashion to the bones of its plot, the early action of Clarissa makes an unlikely beginning for a realistic novel. The classical moralistic perspective dictates the choice of a heroine who is "just too good to be true." Place her in a family that has become, in literary annals, "a byword for cruelty, gloomy hypocrisy, and greed,"[2] and you get the sharp distinction between good and evil that makes for melodrama. The plot derives from a combination of folklore motifs--Clarissa is a Cinderella, a Cordelia, a princess locked in the tower--and Biblical myth--she is Eve, tempted by the wily serpent to commit an act that exiles her from Eden, or a female Job in the hands of Satan. The image of a helpless maiden and an erotic villain in wild flight foreshadows the movement of the Gothic novel.[3] How is the mimetic impulse to dominate such an assemblage of non-realistic elements so as to create a Clarissa who is a complex psychological subject?

The key to Richardson's realistic characterization is his choice of the epistolary technique; and we may begin to consider more specifically what that means as we meet Clarissa in the first volume. Volume one alone contains ninety-nine major letters, mostly exchanges between Clarissa and Anna Howe, as

well as numerous other missives, such as communications between Clarissa and her family, which are copied into the letters. The result is a mass of detail, out of all proportion to what is needed to advance a slender plot, so that consequently the plot is radically diffused, to an extent that once led Samuel Johnson to quip, "If you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself."[4]

To read Clarissa patiently, or better, to enjoy reading Clarissa, one must be even more willing than usual to become absorbed in "a surplus margin of gratuitous life, a sheer excess of material, a fecundity of detail and invention, a delighted submergence in experience for its own sake." In such a novel, W. J. Harvey continues, the characters "overflow" the form of the book to the point where we come to feel that "they are what the novel exists for; it exists to reveal them."[5] Writing "minutely" and "to the moment" are Richardson's phrases for the process that yields his wealth of characterization: "All the letters are written while the hearts of the writers must be supposed to be wholly engaged in their subjects . . . so that they abound . . . with what may be called instantaneous descriptions and reflections" (Preface, I, xiv). Clarissa and Anna, and similarly Lovelace and Belford, faithfully promise to tell everything, as soon as possible after it happens, and also not to conceal from each other their intimate thoughts and feelings about this flow of experience.

The kind of text this epistolary technique gives us is well illustrated in Clarissa's first letter, in which she sends

Anna a lively account of her sister Arabella's behavior during Lovelace's lukewarm courtship of that young lady. Bella's effusive speech, quoted directly, her simpering parade before her mirror, and Clarissa's sly innuendos--"instantaneous descriptions and reflections"--create a satirical portrait that tells us much about the elder sister--and about the younger! Of her purpose, Clarissa writes apologetically:

> Excuse me, my dear, I never was thus particular before; no, not to you. Nor would I now have written thus freely of a sister, but that she makes a merit to my brother of disowning that she ever liked him [Lovelace] . . . and then you will always have me give you minute descriptions, nor suffer me to pass by the air and manner in which things are spoken that are to be taken notice of; rightly observing that air and manner often express more than the accompanying words (I, 5).

Therefore the reader knows from the start that he can count on a full characterization of Clarissa's subjects, their non-verbal as well as their verbal behavior. He also knows, if he is alert, that Clarissa is going to reveal herself in every line she writes, as she does here when she feels guilty about her satirical tone and so has to rationalize it.

Actually, then, there are two mimetic techniques at work in the letters. First, Richardson endows his narrators with his own gifts. Clarissa, Lovelace, and Anna, each in a unique style, are all skilled in literary portraiture and dramatic representation. As dramatists, they often entertain us with spirited scenes that compare with the best of Jane Austen's, and show us why she studied Richardson's craft with so much attention. Clarissa, for instance, is superb when she reconstructs her encounters with the detestable Solmes. The following incident

occurs when, just as she is pleading for her mother's support, in her sister's presence, Solmes arrives and is admitted:

> The man stalked in. His usual walk is by pauses, as if . . . he was telling his steps: and first paid his clumsy respects to my mother; then to my sister; next to me, as if I were already his wife, and therefore to be last in his notice; and sitting down by me, told us in general what weather it was. Very cold he made it; but I was warm enough. Then addressing himself to me; and how do you find it, miss? was his question; and would have taken my hand.
>
> I withdrew it, I believe with disdain enough. My mother frowned. My sister bit her lip.
>
> I could not contain myself: I never was so bold in my life; for I went on with my plea as if Mr. Solmes had not been there.
>
> My mother coloured, and looked at him, at my sister, and at me. My sister's eyes were opener and bigger than ever I saw them before.
>
> The man understood me. He hemmed, and removed from one chair to another.
>
> I went on, supplicating for my mother's favourable report: Nothing but invincible dislike, said I--
>
> What would the girl be at, interrupted my mother? Why, Clary! Is this a subject! Is this!--is this!--is this a time--and again she looked upon Mr. Solmes.
>
> I am sorry, on reflection, that I put my mamma into so much confusion. To be sure it was very saucy in me (I, 105-106).

Such scenes as these draw critical praise for their realism of style and presentation: for "sharp, nervous sentences, colloquial speech-rhythms, sudden swooping details";[6] for "their command of pace . . . their mastery of the intonation and expressiveness of the human voice, and their capture of the flick and sting of the tongue";[7] and for Richardson's "keen visual gift, commonly evident in the physical contacts and gestures of his persons."[8] And it is only through a scene like this, with a few carefully selected words and gestures, that Richardson brings a minor character like Solmes alive for us.

Of first importance, however, is always Richardson's

creation of his narrators, who, though they too may be watched from the "outside" as they participate in their own dramas, are best known to us as the letters take us into their minds. "Reality" in Richardson, Mark Kinkead-Weekes writes, "is to be found in the activity and growth of consciousness above all, as the characters analyse and reveal themselves, one another, and their conflicts, with great subtlety and complexity."[9] Ian Watt considers the major advantage of the epistolary form to be the fact "that letters are the most direct material evidence for the inner life of their writers. . . . It is this minute-by-minute content of consciousness which constitutes what the individual's personality really is . . . : it is only by contact with this consciousness that a reader can participate fully in the life of a fictional character."[10]

Assuming these arguments to be correct, the letters that make up Clarissa are one of the best literary sources imaginable for psychological analysis. Kinkead-Weekes, though he sees the author as far more critically conscious than I do, describes well the aspect of Richardson's technique that invites analysis of a character's unconscious motivation:

> His greatest artfulness . . . lies in his perception of how writing to the moment could be used to reveal things about the characters that they do not know themselves. Precisely to the extent that they write or speak 'in the heat,' they are liable to give themselves away to a reader who pays close and sensitive attention to minutiae. The art is one of the most subtle implication, and requires continual reading between the lines. This is true of scene, where the smallest details of speech, gesture, and behavior are tell-tale indicators of the state of mind and heart. It is true of epistolary style. . . . It is true most of all of introspection, where we have to be especially alive to slips of the tongue,

> and to remarks pointed in one direction that may be very suggestive of another. Even the most collected analysis can say more than the writer meant.[11]

Steven Cohan offers us a preferable substitute for calling this process "reading between the lines": "The epistolary form does not create character within the world of this novel; but with the distance it gives us as readers we can step back from the narrative and isolate the impulses which lie behind Clarissa's or Lovelace's motivations. That is, we use the letters to reconstruct Richardson's imaginary psychology; they have been collated for our purposes."[12] Our realistic characters live most completely for us when, as creative psychological readers, we engage in this reconstructive process, searching for coherent personalities in this vast accumulation of allusive detail.

So, for example, the reader who has met the wise and dignified Miss Clarissa Harlowe and then comes to the passage quoted above, recounting Clary's rudeness during Solmes's visit, has the task of reconciling those two Clarissas in one person. Nor is it enough to say that she is momentarily startled into an uncharacteristic display of impoliteness, for her later reflection is an equally childish and inappropriate response: "I am sorry . . . that I put my mamma into so much confusion. To be sure it was very saucy in me." Clarissa has inconsistent patterns of behavior, which must either mark her as an unrealistic character or be traced to deeper sources of motivation than appear on the surface of the script.

To try to distinguish Richardson's two mimetic techniques, the dramatic scene and interior world of the letter, raises a

serious problem, since obviously the latter contains the former. In a passage like the one we have been considering, "Clarissa is the filter through which all words reach the reader."[13] How are we to judge her a reliable narrator of the words and actions that make up the scene, so that we may be confident that Solmes touched her hand, that her sister's eyes bugged out, or that her mother stammered? What we discover from the whole novel is that Richardson controlled his story-telling convention with great care, so that we never have reason, provided we submit to his conventions, to doubt those kinds of facts. Writers rarely narrate the same events, but when they do, they differ only in the selection of details, unless, of course, they are deluded or deliberately lying, in which case the alert reader is quickly aware of the discrepancy. Therefore, although it is inherently unrealistic to believe that the most acute observer could record the long dialogue scenes accurately, here we must either suspend our disbelief or sacrifice the value of all the powerful dramatic realism in the text.

What Richardson does allow us to do, however, very significantly, is to assess the emotional coloring of the scene and the writer's attempts to slant its interpretation. Richardson knew that intense emotions may distort perception: we may recall particularly the scene in Pamela where the terrified young heroine has her escape blocked by a "nasty grim bull" with "fiery saucer eyes," only to discover a bit later that the pasture contains nothing but "two poor cows."[14] Similarly, Pamela paints Mrs. Jewkes and Colbrand as odious monsters while

they are her jailers but metamorphoses them into ordinary servants once she is safely betrothed to Mr. B. Thus the author's established conventions allow us to distinguish between a "fact" in Clarissa's world--Solmes is awkward and unattractive--and the subjective impression of Clarissa's line, "There was the odious Solmes sitting asquat between my mother and sister, with so much assurance in his looks," especially when she half admits her bias in her next line, "But you know, my dear, that those we love not cannot do anything to please us" (I, 68).

Everything Clarissa has to say about Solmes places him in the worst possible light. "He has but a very ordinary share of understanding, is very illiterate, knows nothing but the value of estates and how to improve them, and what belongs to land-jobbing and husbandry," she complains (I, 33). A very good sort of practical man in somebody else's eyes, we might conclude; the real message here is that his intellect does not match Clarissa's, and Uncle Anthony has some reason to grumble, "He can read and write as well as most gentlemen, I can tell you that. Who told you Mr. Solmes cannot read and write?" (I, 162). As William Warner has convincingly demonstrated, Clarissa is a mimetic writer, but one with a "program" of subtle devices to keep the reader continually on her side.[15] The multiple perspectives of the letters, however, serve to remind the thoughtful reader that there may be more than one side to the story. In this case, Clarissa would have us see Uncle Anthony as yet another fool; but there is a certain no-nonsense quality about his view of things that escapes her analysis and helps us imagine the Harlowe side of the story.

A further important effect of the letter technique is the absorption into characterization, in psychologically meaningful ways, of a number of the elements that are otherwise non-realistic. To some extent, for instance, we may argue that the melodramatic atmosphere of the novel emerges from the imaginations of Clarissa and Lovelace--Clarissa's need to make the battle with her family a contest of good against evil, Lovelace's constant desire to heighten the emotional intensity of his experience, the talent that both have for working on the feelings of their readers. Because Clarissa is so fully characterized, we may analyze, in good Jane Austen fashion, the ways in which her sensibility interferes with her good sense. And if the novel has Gothic overtones, it is in line with the best uses of that tradition, in which the houses the heroine inhabits grow sinister when she externalizes sexual conflict.

In like manner, Richardson's myths about Clarissa are largely transformed into myths she believes about herself and on occasion persuades others to share. Within the letter as mimetic form, Clarissa is not of necessity a paragon--she is a woman who experiences herself as a paragon. She need not be interpreted as a female Job, the innocent sufferer tested by Satanic forces, whatever the author may intend, but rather as a person who enhances the value of her suffering by gradually turning to the Job model and identifying with it. The vast difference here between a thematic and a mimetic reading is important to realize at the start of this Horneyan interpretation; for Clarissa's imaginary images of herself are clues to her idealized image and the structure of her pride system.

In the following pages, therefore, I shall proceed on the premise that Richardson's epistolary and dramatic techniques permit me to read his novel as a work of psychological realism. In this chapter I shall pose as Clarissa's analyst, endeavoring to show that a coherent human being with a complex but consistent pattern of inner conflict may be found in her minute-by-minute flow of consciousness and her dramatic encounters with the people around her. Clarissa is a literary creation, and so, as Gerald Levin reminds us, "such analysis proceeds always by analogy."[16] But I hope that as I use Horney's model to demonstrate how much the conflict looks like those of living persons, Richardson's brilliant characterization, his power to bring an imagined consciousness alive for us, will be appreciated more fully than ever as the splendid achievement that it is.

II. Anxiety and the Early Solution

For me, one of the most poignant features of Clarissa's letters is her effort at self-analysis. Going back over each experience, and returning over and over to the traumatic moments, she tries, with undeniable honesty, to tell what she felt and to understand why she acted as she did. As her life plunges out of control, she searches desperately for a self-knowledge that will save her. We must be extremely careful, it is true, even at the start, as to how we evaluate this inward search and its results. Cynthia Wolff rightly points out that so much "morbid self-consciousness" is itself an indicator of psychic problems.[17] And Rachel Brownstein warns of the seductive appeal for readers:

"Even for the modern reader, feeling for Clarissa involves feeling oneself on the side of the angels, of the scrupulously rigorous introspection that passes, these days, for morality."[18] Still, I think that those readers who know something of the difficult journey from neurotic conflict to a healing knowledge of the self are bound to feel compassion for this eighteenth-century woman as she tries to fathom what she calls "my unexamined heart" (I, 420).

Our sympathy, however, is soon likely to be mingled with frustration. Leslie Fiedler, echoing Dr. Johnson, marvels "that Clarissa, for all her undoubted goodness, somehow never quite manages to tell the exact truth."[19] Her self-searching usually produces remarkably little genuine insight and much self-deceit. Psychologically, she illustrates all too well how tenaciously the defensive pride system functions, enabling one to evade the hard truths about oneself and accept more palatable distortions instead. The essence of her human tragedy is her failure to achieve the self-knowledge she so earnestly desires.

Clarissa's first great piece of self-deception is her myth of the past as Eden, an innocent childhood secure within the bosom of a loving family. Then the day comes when paradise is lost; and she searches within herself for the original sin that brought about her Fall. "We have been till within these few weeks every one of us too happy," she writes. "I was the pride of all my friends, proud myself of their pride, and glorying in my standing." "But oh, my dear! my calamities have humbled me enough, to make me turn my gaudy eye inward; to make me look into myself! And what have I discovered there? Why, my dear

friend, more secret pride and vanity than I could have thought had lain in my unexamined heart" (I, 419-420). She realizes at this point that her whole family is proud and that in a sense they have all fallen together; but she, the brightest and best, seems to herself the most hypocritical, and the one with the farthest to fall because "better things were expected from me than from many others" (I, 487).

Now from the realistic perspective of Horneyan psychology, Clarissa must first of all be dead wrong about her happy childhood. One frequently hears of patients in therapy who, in the face of all evidence, insist that they have the most wonderful parents in the world; like them, Clarissa denies the long history of unhappy relationships which alone can have led to the present parental cruelty. The human approximation of Eden is a home in which a child is surrounded by reliable love and nurturing support. But the kind of inner conflicts that we find in a Clarissa are those that develop when an anxious child attempts to establish his identity in an unfavorable environment, one where the people around him are too deeply absorbed in their own conflicts really to see him or care about him as an individual.[20] In such a home, the "Fall" is an event long past, and the child gets his "paradise" only by remaining "blind." Nor does his blindness have anything to do with "natural" innocence; it consists of the beginnings of his unconscious defensive strategies. Clarissa Harlowe, we may infer, has been one of these self-blinded children.

Clarissa is also wrong about her pride. She is certainly right that she has been unconsciously proud and so contributed

to her own troubles; potentially, she has arrived at a whole new level of awareness about herself. But when she is only able to translate new insights into sin and guilt, the value of her knowledge is lost; and moreover, as we shall see later, subtle new forms of pride then begin to grow. Pride is her "original sin" only in the sense that she "sinned" unknowingly against herself when she abandoned her "real self," her unique center of growth, and set up a false pride system in its place. In Horney's view, she is neither morally responsible for her unconscious activity nor engaged in anything "evil" except in the sense that we may wish to call everything evil which blocks human development. With her false self, she seeks to save herself. In the following exploration of her imagined psyche, we shall see how that false self comes into being.

Clarissa's response to the early events of the novel is enough to make us strongly suspect that, far from dwelling securely in her paradise, she is living with that "profound insecurity and vague apprehensivenss" that Horney calls "basic anxiety" (NHG, 18). The opposite of basic anxiety is what Erik Erikson calls the "early treasure" of a "basic trust in mutuality," the fundamental assumption that "someone is there" to be relied on.[21] In her first crisis, Clarissa exhibits no such trust. After her brother's duel with Lovelace, she enters, against her better judgment, into a secret correspondence with her suitor, in hopes, she says, of heading off further violence; and she imagines her act to be one of reckless heroism: "I, the meanest, at least the youngest, of my father's family, to thrust myself in the gap between such uncontrollable spirits!" (I, 413).

Anna Howe, often her alter ego, reassures her: "As to your first fault, the answering of his letters; it was almost incumbent upon you to assume the guardianship of such a family" (II, 1). But why so? Living under the protection of her father and uncles, in this powerful extended family, why should Clarissa meet the first disaster with the immediate conviction that only she can hold things together? She can only be behaving as an abnormally anxious person who feels her security constantly endangered in an atmosphere of latent hostility. Even as she tries to save her family single-handedly, she feels terribly helpless, describing herself as one "driven to and fro, like a feather in the wind, at the pleasure of the rash, the selfish, and the headstrong!" (I, 413).

The feelings of helplessness, hostility, and isolation that stem from basic anxiety are closely bound up with the three major strategies of interpersonal relationships. If an anxious child unconsciously selects as his main strategy the movement toward other people, "he accepts his own helplessness, and in spite of his estrangement and fears tries to win the affection of others and to lean on them." If he chooses to move primarily against others, "he accepts and takes for granted the hostility around him, and determines, consciously or unconsciously, to fight. . . . He wants to be the stronger and defeat them, partly for his own protection, partly for revenge." Or if he is most inclined to move away from others, he tolerates isolation in order to relieve helplessness and hostility.[22] One fixed strategy, however rigid and limiting, increases his feeling of safety; the one painful emotion which seems most

tolerable is preferred to the agony of being torn apart by all three. In actuality, no emotion is really eliminated from the psyche, though it may be deeply repressed from consciousness.

Of the three basic types of troubled personalities that may develop from these early moves, our novel offers us a few fairly straightforward examples. Anna Howe's suitor, Hickman, is a thoroughly self-effacing person: apparently more in need of her love than of anything else, he trails submissively in her wake and can always be counted on to come groveling back to her, no matter how badly she treats him. Clarissa's brother, James Harlowe, is an expansive man of the subtype that Horney calls "arrogant-vindictive." Insolent, surly, and sadistic, he manifests his drive for mastery by taking control of the family in a way that allows him to "call the shots" about such issues as Clarissa's marriage. Mrs. Harlowe, the mother, although she uses many compliant tactics, is basically a detached person who withdraws as much as possible from active living and wants to avoid all conflicts in the interest of "peace."

What about Clarissa herself? To understand her in terms of our model, it is necessary to realize at the start that Horney's types are only major trends in an essentially dynamic theory of personality. In any well-developed literary character who is depicted as "neurotic" in the Horneyan sense, we may expect to find conflicting trends. However, some literary figures represent the kinds of people who manage to stabilize their conflict through their rigid moves in a single direction,

toward love, mastery, or freedom; they are "consistent" characters in the sense that we can explain most of their behavior in relation to the defensive functions of a single set of trends.[23] A character like Clarissa, on the other hand, never establishes that much equilibrium, except perhaps in very temporary and precarious ways. In such cases, Horney writes,

> . . . reassurance from a great underlying anxiety is sought not in one way only, but in several ways which, moreover, are incompatible with one another. Thus the neurotic person may at the same time be driven imperatively toward dominating everyone and wanting to be loved by everyone, toward complying with others and imposing his will on them, toward detachment from people and a craving for their affection. It is these utterly unsoluble conflicts which are most often the dynamic center of neuroses.[24]

Healthy people handle relationships in flexible and appropriate ways. But "the neurotic is not flexible; he is driven to comply, to fight, to be aloof . . . and he is thrown into a panic if he behaves otherwise. Hence when all three attitudes are present in any strong degree, he is bound to be caught in a severe conflict" (OIC, 46).

All three attitudes--compliance, expansiveness, and detachment--are very strongly present in Clarissa throughout the novel. On the surface, they may appear as inconsistencies in Richardson's characterization; but once we are beneath the surface of this imagined psyche, we find that, just as in a living person, "inconsistencies are as definite an indication of the presence of conflicts as a rise in body temperature is of physical disturbance" (OIC, 35). We shall arrive at a coherent pattern of inner conflict only if we understand how irreconcilable

attitudes are simultaneously immobilizing Clarissa and tearing her apart.

A cursory examination of the book is likely to convince us that our heroine is the epitome of self-effacement. From her opening remark that she wishes she had died "when I had everybody's love and good opinion" (I, 4) until her martyr's death, the appeal of a surrendering love seems to dominate her motivation. Horney lists the "lovable" qualities of the compliant person's idealized image as "unselfishness, goodness, generosity, humility, saintliness, nobility, sympathy" (NHG, 222), all traits repeatedly attributed to Clarissa. You were "so desirous, as you always said, of sliding through life to the end of it unnoted . . . not wishing to be observed even for your silent benevolence," writes Anna after the duel thrusts her friend into the public spotlight (I, 2); and her final description of Clarissa is of one who was "all humility, meekness, self-accusing, others-acquitting" (IV, 510).

Clarissa appears, then, to be living out a saintly self-image, marked particularly by a Christlike devotion to others. She also exhibits many of the less prepossessing characteristics of self-effacement. As we can see from her wish to slide through life unnoticed, she is fearful of aggressive behavior and feels a need to put taboos on her expansive impulses (NHG, 218). In Horney's observation, the "self-accusing, others-acquitting" individual is often one who "will accuse himself rather than others and tend to scrutinize himself or be apologetic in the face of obviously unwarranted criticism or anticipated attack" (OIC, 52). Clarissa dreads friction and fighting. Her

inability to confront others with sustained anger is what makes her so terribly vulnerable to the persecutions of her family, as the more expansive Anna forcefully instructs her: " . . . Had I twenty brother James's, and twenty sister Bell's, not one of them, nor all of them joined together, would dare to treat me as yours presume to treat you." "The person who will bear much shall have much to bear all the world through," Anna's lesson for the meek of heart continues. "The result is this: that I am fitter for this world than you; you for the next than me--that's the difference" (I, 43).

Yet even though self-effacement severely restricts assertiveness and increases helplessness and dependency, it offers many defensive satisfactions. By far the greatest is the person's confused equation of submissive dependence and love. But in addition, as Clarissa may well have learned from observing her mother, "weakness" has its manipulative uses. Especially if he feels that he is weak because he is good, the person feels entitled to make claims on other people, who are expected to shelter and protect him in recognition of his worth. This is exactly what Clarissa demands of her family, as evidence of love she feels she has rightfully earned and should go on receiving--it is the attitude behind such tearful complaints as "What have I to do with such headstrong spirits?" (I, 313) and "Is everyone to take advantage thus of the weakness of my temper?" (I, 481). From the example of her mother, who often handles a crisis by falling ill (I, 22, 411), she sees how suffering can work on people's sympathies; and so, through all her trials, she keeps on trying, unsuccessfully, to get her

family to relent by making them feel her pain.

Even the highest values of a compliant person are suspect because he tends to arrive at them by idealizing the helplessness and insatiable need for love that stem from his anxiety. If he acknowledges how completely downtrodden and abused he feels himself to be, he may hate himself unbearably; but instead, he is most likely to cast himself, in his imagination, as "the noble victim suffering under an ignoble and cruel world" (NHG, 231). Clarissa's inclinations to play this role appear very quickly, incited by the fact that many of her complaints are justified. None of my family, she exclaims, "knows what a heart they have set a-bleeding" (I, 237). Perhaps one of the most fascinating aspects of her characterization, and one that I will trace as we move through the novel, is the slow, insidious growth of her "noble victim" image, to the point where, at the time of her death, she feels fully identified with the archetypes of the outcast Job and the crucified Christ.

Self-effacement in some of its most extreme manifestations will be the central component in Clarissa's final solution; and I think we may soundly infer that it was also her earliest solution. It is certainly not difficult to imagine how the child Clarissa feels herself to be in a weak position within a perilous environment. She is the youngest of three children, and a girl. Her older brother and sister are cold, aggressive, and vindictive. The father, too, is haughty and vengeful, as are most of the adults in the extended Harlowe family. For role models, the child has her passive mother, who encourages submissiveness as the easiest way of avoiding trouble, and her

beloved nurse, Mrs. Norton, a persuasive voice for the ideals of duty and self-sacrifice (I, 195-196). Pressed on one side by her fear of so many aggressive persons and on the other by her desire to please these two mother figures, little Clarissa selects a motto to fit her world: "I will be good and love everyone, and then they will love and protect me, not hurt me" (NP, 82-85).

So good and loving Clarissa becomes--with a vengeance! Rarely has this particular bargain worked so well, or so it would seem for a time. All the selfish hearts in the clan open to her, with her uncles and grandfather vying with her immediate family for her time and attention. "I never, for my part, loved any creature, as I loved you from your infancy till now," writes her Uncle John. Now, however, the bargain is falling apart, and his letter goes on to indicate just how conditional the family's love has been. It is certainly not going to last, he tells Clarissa, if she trusts to her "sharp-pointed wit" as she has of late. "Was this the way you used to make us all adore you, as we did? No, it was your gentleness of heart and manners, that made everybody, even strangers, at first sight, treat you as a lady, and call you a lady, though not born one . . . " (I, 304). Self-effacement gained Clarissa a love that she is warned she will lose if she starts speaking up vindictively--that is, if she begins behaving like the rest of the family! She is now continually accused, as she is here, of "making" the family love her because they claim, not entirely without cause, that she has managed to manipulate their feelings in her favor. And finally, John Harlowe betrays the

connection between the family's "love" of Clarissa and their love of prestige: since her model self-effacement makes a "lady" of her, their possession of her feeds their pride.

Her crowning achievement--and the beginning of her downfall--is to win, through her devotion to her grandfather, the grand prize of patriarchal favoritism. By attaching herself submissively to the strongest person in her world, she guarantees that safety, love, and self-esteem will all be hers for the duration of his lifetime; and the old man does his best to secure those blessings for her, disposing of his estate "in the precious child's favour, who is the delight of my old age, and, I verily think, has contributed by her amiable duty and kind and tender regards, to prolong my life" (I, 21). His will, moreover, is carefully designed to make Clarissa financially and legally independent of her family (I, 54). Thus it is not to the will itself, but rather to her self-effacing attempt to pacify the angry Harlowes, that she owes her future troubles. "To obviate therefore every one's jealousy, I gave up to my father's management . . . not only the estate, but the money bequeathed me . . . contenting myself to take as from his bounty what he was pleased to allow me. . . . And then I hoped I had laid all envy asleep" (I, 55). When she learns to her sorrow that she has not, she refuses to litigate, even though that is the most logical step she could take to free herself from family oppression. On this issue, she remains submissive to the point of masochism: "I will want necessities before I will assert my rights" (I, 238).

Yet in the determination with which Clarissa makes that declaration, we catch a glimpse of something quite different from compliance. For during this period of her life, Clarissa is not consistently, or in many respects even predominantly, self-effacing--that is the whole point of the first volume. From our initial evidence of her trends, we would probably expect her to yield and marry Solmes, sooner rather than later. Her extreme reluctance makes sense, of course, since to marry a man she hates is a serious violation of her love values. But will she sacrifice everyone else's love to that aversion? Won't she be easily intimidated, just as she was with her inheritance? Better yet, isn't she likely to accept this marriage as a noble sacrifice for the good of the whole family? Is she capable of doing anything else, except perhaps dying of a broken heart? Based on their experience of her, the Harlowes follow exactly this line of reasoning. They are astonished, and so is she, at what actually happens.

III. Self-Idealization and the Competing Trends

"I find . . . that they have all an absolute dependence upon what they suppose to be a meekness in my temper," Clarissa tells Anna. "But in this they may be mistaken, for I verily think, upon a strict examination of myself, that I have almost as much in me of my father's as of my mother's family" (I, 37). She is discovering in herself, when under pressure, unexpected tendencies toward Harlowe expansiveness: her stubborn ability to defy the family, her tenacious

devotion to her ideals, her many pert and outspoken replies to verbal abuse, and her bursts of vindictive anger, particularly at James. Anna is skeptical at first--"You are your mother's girl, think what you will" (I, 40)--but before long she is writing to praise the "new" Clarissa--"I am delighted with your spirit. . . . I expected it not from you. Nor did they, I am sure" (I, 415). To her bewildered family and friends, Clarissa seems to have undergone an abrupt change of personality.

In actuality, the change was gradual and has long been evident in its more subtle manifestations. We have already seen that Clarissa, having settled on her early strategy, is not merely good but aggressively good. She wins her grandfather's love and admiration, and everyone else, not surprisingly, steps into line. Exercised with intelligence and grace, her virtue quickly distinguishes her from her kinfolk, whose local reputation is none the best; and soon she is surrounded with adulation, having every reason to think well of herself. With this auspicious state of affairs comes the great temptation which transforms her early self-effacement into what Horney calls the "comprehensive neurotic solution" (NHG, 23). In her mind, she places herself above others, and her idealized self is born. Wolff expresses it well: "We know that if Clarissa is exemplary, she is certainly not unaware of her own goodness. Quite the contrary, she seems consciously to define herself as better than those whom she encounters, and her reactions to the overtures of others consistently betray this self-esteem. . . . She is someone, we feel, only so long as she perceives herself better than someone else."[25]

Wolff's insight corresponds accurately with what Horney says about the process of self-idealization: a person rejects his real self and embraces an idealized version of himself because, still suffering from intense anxiety, he needs a firmer integration, a more definite sense of identity, than his early solution provides (NHG, 20-21). In Clarissa's case, a self-effacing strategy, in itself, could easily reduce her to a "nobody" among her competitive relations and cut her off entirely from personal achievement. In contrast, her idealized self, as long as she is successfully living it out, brings her all sorts of satisfactions. Her devotion to duty gains her the power of having much of the household management in her own hands. By being the model of the sweet, submissive, virtuous young woman, she acquires social prestige. The "silent benevolence" of her charity may make her happy "in the noble consciousness which attends it" (I, 2); but apparently it also wins much public praise. For a short time, she searches for glory and finds it.

However, it is not the presence of an idealized self that constitutes a major shift in Clarissa's defensive trends. Her self-glorification could quite easily develop as part of her self-effacement, since compliant people idealize their "lovable" qualities and are secretly proud of them. What distinguishes Clarissa's behavior from the typical self-effacing pattern is, first, her aggressive pursuit of her ideals, in spite of a conflicting tendency to efface herself, and, secondly, as Wolff says, her conscious sense of her superiority. Paradoxically, we find that opposite her long list of self-effacing traits, we can

draw up another, nearly as extensive, of her expansive traits.

Among several subtypes of expansive persons, all of whom make the mastery of life their supreme goal, Horney names the perfectionist. In her sense of the term, the perfectionist is someone who selects for himself a set of high standards and then identifies with them completely. His method of achieving mastery is through "the flawless excellence of the whole conduct of life" (NHG, 196). Hence he must function with extremely rigid inner dictates, his "shoulds" (NHG, 64-85); duty is the most important word in his moral vocabulary. As long as he is convinced that he is living up to his standards, he openly experiences himself as a superior being. He is particularly prone to be judgmental, imposing his standards of perfection on other people and then despising everyone who fails to meet his expectations.

"The flawless excellence of the whole conduct of life"--what better way to describe the personal program that has won Clarissa her paragon status? Adopting the moral and social standards of her society in their most idealized form, she makes it her profession to incorporate them into her conduct. Anna's last letter (IV, 490-510) is a good summary of the intended program, even if we suspect that her memory has exaggerated Clarissa's actual perfections. The paragon must observe every detail of proper feminine deportment, in spirit as well as in letter. She must excel in every accomplishment. She must of course be free of all improper pride and affectation: "There is but one pride pardonable; that of being above doing a base

or dishonourable action" (IV, 492). Yet her perfection earns her the right to correct others, which she always does with a gentle dignity (IV, 499). Every moment of her time is strictly accounted for (IV, 506-508). Nothing emphasizes the rigidity of Clarissa's system better than Anna's personal reflection on it: "And indeed, as I used to tell her, greatly as I admired her in all her methods, I could not bring myself to this, might I have had the world for my reward" (IV, 509).

In volume one, Anna gives us a good example of the perfectionist in action when she recalls how Clarissa once wrote a letter impersonating an anonymous elderly lady, in order to warn a strict mother against severe treatment of her daughter (I, 295). Here is an exceptionally high-handed and contradictory act--a young girl who preaches respect for parental authority takes it upon herself to reproach a parent, a girl who claims always to have "an open and free heart" (II, 202) works surreptitiously through an anonymous letter. Yet Clarissa's self-righteous identification with her standards permits such behavior, leading her to interfere in what is obviously none of her business. She does not avoid conflict, however. Anna's reminder of the incident, now communicated to Mrs. Howe, makes Clarissa very uneasy. Tell your mother, she writes back anxiously, that Mrs. Norton helped me with that letter, "that I may not be thought to arrogate to myself a discretion which does not belong to me" and that she may not condemn me "if I myself should act unworthy of the advice I was supposed to give" (I, 299). With her self-effacing side, she fears her impudence; but above all she dreads the self-hatred she will feel if she ever violates her own perfectionistic code.

When two trends like compliance and perfectionism become equally compulsive, the position of the person "is comparable to that of a servant who is dependent on two masters who give contradictory commands, both expecting blind obedience."[26] Clarissa's early compliance is deeply ingrained in her character. Moreover, because her values are based on what her society expects of virtuous women, she faces the dilemma of having a perfectionistic devotion to a self-effacing code. By living out her values, she has found a way to mastery and power, but that power can only be exercised beneath the persona of a meek and gentle female. She must somehow be assertively submissive without feeling either insolent or hypocritical. Compliance offends her perfectionistic pride, especially if she considers the dominant person her moral inferior (and Clarissa judges nearly everyone, including all the men she knows, to be morally inferior!). On the other hand, non-compliance, particularly any disobedience to patriarchal dictates, shakes the very foundations of her perfectionism and leaves her wide open to self-hatred and guilt.

Under optimum circumstances, in the days of her grandfather's favor, Clarissa managed to keep her contradictory trends in delicate balance. She was able to be obedient and dutiful and yet feel serenely superior, without any pronounced signs of conflict. Later, when she precipitously placed her inheritance in her father's power, she acted partly in panic, regressing to a childlike compliance when her proud position became suddenly fraught with danger. Nevertheless, she was at least capable of making a definite decision because unquestionably, to her mind, this was her duty as a daughter; she submitted to

her father exactly as she had to her grandfather, no doubt secretly hoping for similar rewards. Since she did not seriously undermine her self-image, her conflict remained limited.

There was a conflict, though, according to her later account of the thoughts that accompanied that decision. She longed for the power to do good that would come with independence, yet she dampened that impulse with such reasoning as "We should not aim at all we have power to do" and "Is not vanity, or secret love of praise, a principal motive with me at the bottom?" She was terrified of an assertive gesture that would give her full responsibility for her own life: "If I set up for myself, puffed up with every one's good opinion, may I not be left to myself?" But her greatest terror was the same one that she now faces in the Solmes crisis, the danger of violating her code: "And then, left to myself, should I take a wrong step, though with ever so good an intention, how many should I have to triumph over me, how few to pity me! The more of the one, and the fewer of the other, for having aimed at excelling" (I, 92). Under pressure, Horney tells us, a person may "abandon his predominant attitude in favor of the other extreme--but this change would not have taken place if there had been no conflicts to begin with" (OIC, 45).

At any rate, by the time we meet Clarissa in the first volume, she is living primarily by her perfectionistic bargain; and it is a hard one, a much more demanding agreement with fate than the simple determination to be loving and good. No one, she has vowed, will ever get her to take a single step that is "in the least derogatory to the most punctilious honour" (I, 472),

which we may translate as, "I will never do anything wrong, and then nobody can hurt me." Over and over, she rejects what she considers to be her mother's fawning meekness and offers in its place the "wisdom" of a perfectionist stance: "If we assume a dignity in what we say and do, and take care not to disgrace by arrogance our own assumption, everybody will treat us with respect and deference" (I, 245). Though she still has powerful self-effacing tendencies, her perfectionistic self determines her greatest conscious goals and desires: "I had much rather have reason to think others unkind, than that they should have any to think me undutiful. . . . Steadiness of mind . . . when we are absolutely convinced of being in the right . . . brings great credit to the possessor of it" (I, 93). Even her refusal to resume control of her estate--"I will want necessities before I will assert my rights"--is not as submissive as it sounds, but rather rings with stubborn adherence to the principles she has based on her "shoulds."

For the perfectionist, Horney identifies three breaking points: getting caught between contradictory shoulds, being forced to recognize an error of his own making, and finding his "bargain" with life broken by "undeserved" bad fortune (NHG, 197). By the end of the first volume, Clarissa has crashed into all these rocks. She is forced to choose between what she regards as two supreme duties: to obey her father's authority by marrying Solmes, or to uphold her standards for a good marriage, which require that she have a husband she can love and respect (and therefore one to whom she can submit without injuring her pride). Repelled by a suitor she considers morally

and intellectually her inferior, and convinced that her father is putting selfish aggrandizement ahead of true virtue, she decides that resistance is the higher duty. In the face of such daring self-assertion, it then becomes all the more vital that she be absolutely her idealized self, untarnished by the slightest error. Instead, her abduction seems to prove that she unwittingly made her dreaded single mistake in keeping up the correspondence with Lovelace; and though she will try to reason that idea away, she never really forgives herself. Her proud faith in her own infallibility has received a fatal blow. And so has her faith in the justice of existence, for even before her fall, she has learned that no amount of dignified superiority will guarantee honor and respect at the hands of other people.

The battle between compliance and perfectionism continues to rage in Clarissa throughout the novel. Moreover, it becomes increasingly complicated by yet another set of trends. Caught in the crossfire of her conflict, she shows a growing tendency toward detachment--what Horney calls "the appeal of freedom" (NHG, Ch. 11). In fact, her movements in this third direction are at times so pronounced that some critics take it to be her major solution. "Clarissa explores . . . the self-willed isolation of the individual that insures security against the world," Leo Braudy writes. "Almost everything that happens to Clarissa she perceives to be a diminishment of her freedom."[27] Jonathan Loesberg focuses particularly on the contemplative Clarissa, who needs, most of all, an inviolable "free space" in which to reflect on her experiences. In the end, he says, Clarissa's fear of "the blur of experience" becomes so great that she

detaches herself totally from active living: "Merely, she wants to withdraw from the world, to be able to maintain her virtue by dying and no longer being faced with the need for action."[28]

The only thing really wrong with these statements is the critics' urge to reduce Clarissa's conflict to a single major factor, as emphasized by Loesberg's "merely." Indeed, most studies of her are incomplete rather than incorrect, stressing one set of trends at the expense of the other two. We can only make sense of her full portrait and especially her self-willed death, if we keep in mind that she is always trying to move in several irreconcilable directions at once. I will discuss that death and the extreme withdrawal that does accompany it in a later chapter. Meanwhile, let us consider the role detachment plays in the initial phases of her conflict.

Clarissa's isolation is partially forced upon her, since through most of the novel she is virtually imprisoned, first by her family and then by Lovelace. But of choice she often intensifies it. Margaret Anne Doody shows how the extensive imagery of enclosed rooms, doors, walls, locks, and mazes reflects Clarissa's psychological states--"the frustration of an effort to communicate, the endeavor to remain separated from another person, the attempt to erect or break down psychological barriers. . . . [29] Often, especially at the start, we find Clarissa hurling herself against these barriers, pleading for the return of love and understanding. At other times, though, she locks herself away and displays a passion for privacy that is symbolized by her efforts to hide her letters from the eyes of

others. The very activity of letter-writing, Anthony Kearney feels, "reinforces that idea of her essential apartness from other people."[30]

There is a very good reason why Clarissa is increasingly attracted to a strategy of withdrawal from other persons and from action. What exactly, Horney asks in her exploration of the detached solution, does "freedom" mean to the individual who makes it his most important goal? In answering that question, she emphasizes that detachment "has a most significant positive meaning: the keeping intact of his inner life" (NHG, 275). The person wants "freedom from involvement, influence, pressure, from the shackles of ambition and competition" in order to keep his inner integrity "unsoiled and untarnished," a preoccupation which may finally reflect, beneath everything else, "an anxious concern . . . about his real self" (NHG, 280-281). More immediately, however, the need for absolute purity of heart--spotless integrity--suggests that concern for the real self is very much confused in the detached person's mind with the need to protect the idealized self at all cost, even to the point of giving up much of the outer world; and this is what I think we see, first of all, in Clarissa's case.

In all her relationships, Clarissa's pride severely limits her capacity for emotional closeness. For one thing, as Horney points out, "detachment and superiority are almost invariably linked" (OIC, 79): the more determined Clarissa becomes to place herself above others, where she is unable to experience them as equals, the more she isolates herself from them, at the expense of her need to love and be loved. But in her desperate need

to be her glorified self in order to keep her only sense of identity, she is also very much afraid of relationships, because she senses that everyone around her wants to use her in ways that are sure to damage her image, at least in her own eyes. Marriage, which would permanently subordinate her to another person, is especially frightening; and even before the present crisis, she has found reasons to reject every suitor, finding in each some moral flaw (I, 13, 19). Now her repeated plea is to be allowed to consign herself to spinsterhood, a fate she would really prefer to her present entanglements. We shall learn more about her troubled relationships in the next chapter.

According to Loesberg, "Because Clarissa fears that the blur of experience can obscure significance, she desires a pure passivity that will not taint her with action."[31] Psychologically, we may make a similar kind of statement: because, under the pressures of having to make choices or carry out decisions, she may so easily do something to embarrass her proud self, she longs more and more to be free from the necessity of having to act at all. Even being unjustly blamed for the duel is enough to make her wish for death (I, 4), a wish that recurs periodically throughout the novel. At another point, she wishes hers were a Catholic family, so that a nunnery might be her source of escape (I, 62). "How willingly would I run away from myself, and what most concerns me, if I could!" she exclaims (I, 282). With the nightmare of her abduction, her fate justifies her worst fears: she made only a simple error of misjudgement in agreeing to meet Lovelace, but that was enough to ruin her forever in the eyes of her society. To have to act, to be in the world at all, in fact, is

so dangerous that she eventually comes to regard the earth as an alien place for such as she (III, 383).

The connection between Clarissa's idealized self and her sense of personal integrity is of special importance when we consider that, among critics, her integrity is generally taken to be her most admirable quality. Watt comes to a typical conclusion: "Clarissa at first fails in the eyes of the world because she does not use others as means, but eventually she proves that no individual and no institution can destroy the inner inviolability of the human personality.[32] Similarly, R. F. Brissenden praises her for "her simple desire to live her own life, to be true to her own sense of justice, her refusal to allow herself to be used by others.[33] Such confusion of a symptom of detachment with a healthy striving for individuality is understandable and may even contain an element of truth, since Horney finds in detached persons "an essential sincerity, an innocence in their innermost thoughts and feelings which are not to be bribed or corrupted by the lure of power, success, flattery, or 'love'" (NHG, 280). But with Clarissa we cannot overlook the fact that in the end the preservation of integrity and a morbid withdrawal from life go together.

Morbid detachment plays a part, as well, in her self-sufficiency, another trait critics often praise. Fighting without allies, says Watt, "she is the heroic representative of all that is free and positive in the new individualism, and especially of the spiritual independence which was associated with Puritanism."[34] Much more accurately, I believe, Howard Anderson sees her "costly

self-reliance" as a fatal rejection of mutual dependence and trust.[35] We must, of course, allow for the fact that Richardson has gone to great lengths to shut her off from reliable sources of help; but this does not adequately account for many of her decisions to "go it alone," beginning with her secret correspondence with Lovelance, and ending when she purchases her own coffin because "I love to do everything for myself that I can do." (IV, 255). To explain the paradox of her passivity and her self-sufficiency making up part of the same set of trends, I would add that her self-sufficiency is more of an attitude than an actuality, since she remains incapable of any such constructive assertiveness as taking control of her own estate.

In his understanding of these aspects of Clarissa's behavior, William Warner comes closer to an accurate psychological interpretation, in my opinion, than most critics, because he has an approximate concept of the role played by her idealized self. Commenting on her declaration, "Let me wrap myself about in the mantle of my own integrity, and take comfort in my unfaulty intention" (II, 168), he writes, "With these words Clarissa reasserts her singleness, her purity, her unity. . . . The gesture has a double action: it hides the self from other eyes, in the same gesture by which it dresses itself for those eyes. It draws back, in reliance upon itself, while it puts itself forward as doing so."[36] I see a similar pattern: she expresses a detached impulse to pull away from the conflict; but in moving to protect her idealized image, she also promotes it, clothing herself in it like a garment in order to restore the feeling of identity she is in danger of losing.

To help clarify the complex combination of trends I am suggesting for Clarissa, let me offer for comparison one of Horney's examples of a person in whom all three sets of impulses are strong:

> The predominating aspect of X's conflict was compliance--a great need for affection and approval, to be taken care of, to be sympathetic, generous, considerate, loving. Second in prominence was detachment, with the usual aversion to joining groups, emphasis on independence, fear of ties, sensitivity to coercion. The detachment constantly clashed with the need for human intimacy and created repeated disturbances in his relations with women. Aggressive drives, too, were quite apparent, manifesting themselves in his having to be first in any situation, in dominating others indirectly, occasionally exploiting them, and tolerating no interference. Naturally these tendencies detracted considerably from his capacity for love and friendship, and clashed as well with his detachment.

Unconscious of his drives, Horney continues, this individual "had fabricated an idealized image that was a composite of three figures"--he was a great lover and friend, a gifted philosopher, and an outstanding leader, all at once. He is an example of how the idealized image "represents a kind of artistic creation in which opposites appear reconciled" (OIC, 104-105).

Similarly, Clarissa's idealized self contains representative elements from all her trends. As a perfectionist, she is a shining example of the virtuous life, moving "like the sun" in an "admirable course" that illuminates all below her (I, 287). Yet for all her moral rectitude, she is humble, sensitive, and loving, a saintly being willing to suffer for the sins of others. Detachment serves to heighten her sense of specialness and give her image its final touches--a cool serenity, freedom from earthly desires, patient endurance through all her trials. Among its

several defensive purposes, this glorified self gives Clarissa her only sense of unity: integrity, for her, in the final analysis, means being able to keep it intact.

When we look at her actual self, however, we see a very different Clarissa from the one she believes herself to be. The disparate trends prove to be unified only in her imagination. In the conflict that the letters reveal, the open pride of the perfectionist is a constant threat to her humble, submissive self. Conversely, the self-effacing Clarissa humiliates the expansive Clarissa whenever she displays her excessive modesty or her morbid dependency. And detachment is at odds with both these trends, creating an emotional distance that is directly opposed to her needs for love and a passivity that works against her need to have power over her own life. Driven by her idealized self to move in all these directions at once, in reality she cannot possibly do so. She is sure to fail and then to hate herself for failing.

> Tell me, my dear Miss Howe, tell me truly, if your unbiassed heart does not despise me? It must! for your mind and mine were ever one; and I despise myself!--and well I may: for could the giddiest and most inconsiderate girl in England have done worse than I shall appear to have done in the eye of the world? . . . Better things were expected of me than from many others. . . . You don't know, nor can you imagine, my dear, how I am mortified--how much I am sunk in my own opinion--I that was proposed for an example, truly, to others! (I, 487).

With this outburst, Clarissa concludes her account of how Lovelace has successfully abducted her. As the first volume of her story ends, she is faced for the first time with a situation in which she has clearly failed to live up to the paragon role;

and so she speaks as her "despised self." Just as she has unrealistically exalted herself, so she now disparages herself for her error, out of all proportion to the real extent of her responsibility. She is caught in the "vicious circle" of pride and self-contempt (NHG, 137).

As the novel progresses, Richardson provides us with a fascinating representation of how Clarissa's pride system functions under severe and prolonged stress. Of equal interest is his detailed creation of her personal relationships, which allows us to discuss extensively the role of pride in interpersonal conflict. In the following sections of this study, I shall pursue these two subjects concurrently: I shall focus on Clarissa's major relationships--with her family, with Anna Howe, and most importantly with Lovelace--and as I do so, I shall also try to keep her inner conflict and its development continually before us. Then, when we come to the death scene in volume four, I shall show how her manner of dying becomes the last great creation of her pride, welding all her disparate trends together for one final act of self-glorification.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER II

[1] Samuel Richardson, Clarissa: or, The History of a Young Lady, Everyman's Library Edition, 4 vols. (London: Dent, 1962). All references to the novel are from this edition and are indicated in the text by volume and page numbers.

[2] Mark Kinkead-Weekes, Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1973), p. 126.

[3] See Frederick S. Frank, "From Boudoir to Castle Crypt: Richardson and the Gothic Novel," Revue Des Langues Vivantes, 41 (1975), pp. 49-59.

[4] Samuel Johnson, as quoted in Arnold Kettle, An Introduction to the English Novel: Defoe to the Present (New York: Harper and Row, 1968), p.62.

[5] W. J. Harvey, Character and the Novel (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1965), pp. 56, 188, as quoted and discussed in Bernard J. Paris, A. Psychological Approach to Fiction (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1974), pp.3-4.

[6] Kettle, P. 62.

[7] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 403.

[8] George Sherburn, "'Writing to the Moment': One Aspect," in Restoration and Eighteenth Century Literature (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1963), rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. John Carroll (Englewood Cliffs, N. J. : Prentice-Hall, 1969), p. 160.

[9] Kinkead-Weeks, p. 481.

[10] Ian Watt, The Rise of the Novel (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1957), pp. 191-192.

[11] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 410.

[12] Steven M. Cohan, "Clarissa and the Individuation of Character," ELH, 43 (1976), p. 181.

[13] Fred Kaplan, "'Our Short Story': The Narrative Devices of Clarissa," Studies in English Literature, 11 (1971), p. 556.

[14] Samuel Richardson, Pamela or Virtue Rewarded (New York: W. W. Norton, 1958), pp. 157-158.

[15] William Beatty Warner, Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), pp. 5-14.

[16] Gerald Levin, Richardson the Novelist: The Psychological Patterns (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1978), p. 10.

[17] Cynthia G. Wolff, Samuel Richardson and the Eighteenth-Century Puritan Character (Hamden, Conn.: Archon, 1972), p.9.

[18] Rachel Mayer Brownstein, "Book Review: Richardson the Novelist: The Psychological Patterns, by Gerald Levin," Literature and Psychology, 29 (1979), p. 63.

[19] Leslie A. Fiedler, Love and Death in the American Novel, 2nd ed. (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1966), p.46.

[20] Karen Horney, Neurosis and Human Growth (New York: W. W. Norton, 1950), p. 18. Hereafter this work is cited in the text as NHG.

[21] Erik H. Erikson, Young Man Luther: A Study in Psychoanalysis and History (New York: W. W. Norton, 1962), p. 118.

[22] Karen Horney, Our Inner Conflicts: A Constructive Theory of Neurosis (New York: W. W. Norton, 1945), pp. 42-43. Hereafter this work is cited as OIC in the text.

[23] See, for example, my study of Dickens' Esther Summerson. Esther is a complex character, but she is a thoroughly self-effacing type. Her conflicting trends are repressed from consciousness, and she makes no radical changes in her solution, simply becoming even more rigidly compliant as her crisis deepens. "The Lost Self of Esther Summerson: A Horneyan Interpretation of Bleak House," The Literary Review, 24 (1981), pp. 252-278.

[24] Karen Horney, The Neurotic Personality of Our Time (New York: W. W. Norton, 1937), p.86. Hereafter this work is cited as NP in the text.

[25] Wolff, pp. 83-84.

[26] Karen Horney, Self-Analysis (New York: W. W. Norton, 1942), p.64.

[27] Leo Braudy, "Penetration and Impenetrability in Clarissa," in New Approaches to Eighteenth-Century Literature, ed. Phillip Harth (New York: Columbia University Press, 1974), pp. 186, 189.

[28] Jonathan Loesberg, "Allegory and Narrative in Clarissa," Novel, 15 (1981), pp. 44, 48.

[29] Margaret Anne Doody, A Natural Passion: A Study of the Novels of Samuel Richardson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974), pp. 188-215.

[30] Anthony Kearney, Samuel Richardson: Clarissa (London: Arnold, 1975), p. 17.

[31] Loesberg, p. 44.

[32] Watt, p. 225.

[33] R. F. Brissenden, Virtue in Distress (London: Macmillan, 1974), p. 165.

[34] Watt, p. 222.

[35] Howard Anderson, "Answers to the Author of Clarissa: Theme and Narrative Technique in Tom Jones and Tristram Shandy," Philological Quarterly, 51 (1972), pp. 859-861.

[36] Warner, p. 26.

CLARISSA II: THE EARLY RELATIONSHIPS

I. Clarissa and Her Family

"Something is strangely wrong somewhere!" Clarissa muses in her growing despair. "To make parents, the most indulgent till now, seem cruel in a child's eye; and a daughter, till within these few weeks, thought unexceptionably dutiful, appear, in their judgment, a rebel!" (I, 330).[1] Something is certainly wrong, since good parents do not turn hostile and rejecting over night, nor do children rebel out of the blue. It is clear, by now, however, that Clarissa's "rebellion" is not inexplicable behavior but may be seen as fully motivated once we understand the underlying conflict. For the rest of the Harlowe family, there are two possibilities: either Richardson has made them flat characters with merely functional roles in a melodramatic plot, or he has developed them more sufficiently than is readily apparent, so that a sudden change like the one Clarissa perceives here becomes her own illusion. I believe the latter to be the case.

One critic in particular, Diana Spearman, does not find the Harlowes believable. Writing in opposition to Christopher Hill's well-known essay, "Clarissa Harlowe and Her Times," which assumes the social realism of this bourgeois family,[2] Spearman judges sociological factors in the novel to be negligible. "Clarissa has nothing to do with the social structure"

and "could never have been effective as social criticism, because the Harlowe family are so extraordinary. It is not only that they are not living characters, but that their actions contradict the motives which Richardson gives them." Why, for instance, she wants to know, if their predominant concern is their upward mobility, are they so foolish as to turn away Lovelace, heir to vast wealth and a peerage? Nor can she believe the nature of the family contentions: "Although there was plenty of violence in eighteenth-century life, it was not the kind of violence encountered in Clarissa." She accepts the inner reality of the two main characters, finding Clarissa quite convincing and Lovelace "a real psychological case," though "quite unreal" as a landlord, gentleman or lover. It is the dramatic representation that is flawed, in her opinion: "The quarrels between Clarissa and her sister are the quarrels of kitchenmaids, not young ladies"; and all in all, "The conduct of everyone in the first part . . . is highly improbable from start to finish."[3]

Although Spearman is right to insist that the Harlowes are not typical of eighteenth-century country landowners, this in itself does not make them less realistic as characters. In fact, Scholes and Kellogg assert, in comparing Richardson and Fielding, that "the psychological is more mimetic than the sociological" because "characterization by sociological situation involves an inevitable generalizing process," leading to illustrative characterization and allegory.[4] Richardson, despite his allegorical intentions, is always inclined to follow his psychological impulses in the direction of complex, individualized characters. Because he uses the letter form with its potential

for entering minds, Mark Kinkead-Weekes argues convincingly, "every character in Richardson is basically complex; and how far the potentiality of a particular one is developed will be a function of the space available, rather than the nature of the imaginative process that is at work."[5] As. E. M. Forster says of Jane Austen's fiction, all the characters are either round or "capable of rotundity."[6]

Kinkead-Weekes notes, as example, the tremendous difference that exists between James Harlowe and a character like Fielding's Blifil in Tom Jones. Though James "looks like a stage villain on the surface," we soon become aware of the deeper motivations; and "he can be given letters near the end that reveal a complex and suffering character."[7] As I shall demonstrate more completely in a moment, close attention to psychological motivation answers the question Spearman raises about the Harlowe's treatment of Lovelace. What looks like a flaw in characterization at the level of superficial explanation--the Harlowes are greedy social climbers, yet they refuse a rich, aristocratic son-in-law--proves to be consistency on the author's part when we realize that we are dealing with a family dominated by several vindictive personalities. Lovelace is spurned because he has offended the pride of those Harlowes, James especially, who are motivated in everything, including their greed, by a love of revenge.

Of special importance is the question Spearman raises about the depiction of family violence. At the level of plot, we cannot deny that the situation bears somewhat the same relation to its age that the action of a soap opera would to ours. But the way in which a latent violence pervades the emotions and

attitudes of the Harlowes, as they begin to emerge for us as realistic characters, is another matter. From Anna's opening letter, which uses the word several times, violence is a major motif in Clarissa: two duels, the one in which Lovelace injures James and the one in which Colonel Morden kills Lovelace, frame the action, with the rape of Clarissa at midpoint between them. More subtle forms of violence are found in most of the relationships in Richardson's world; and, while they suggest a preoccupation on his part, they also prove to be psychologically appropriate for the kinds of characters he chooses to represent.

R. D. Laing best defines what violence, in its broadest sense, means in the context of human relationships. In The Politics of Experience, he writes, "Love and violence, properly speaking, are polar opposites. Love lets the other be, but with affection and concern. Violence attempts to constrain the other's freedom, to force him to act in the way we desire, but with ultimate lack of concern, with indifference to the other's own existence or destiny."[8] Like Horney, Laing sees much so-called parental "love" as negligent or manipulative behavior, destructive to the potentialities of the child's real self. A person not loved for who he is, feels himself to be an "it," not an "I" related to a "Thou." At its most damaging, a family structure formed of such depersonalized relationships may, according to Laing's theory, incite the "craziness" of the schizoid personality in one or more of its members.[9]

One of the most provocative critics of Clarissa, Leo Braudy, suggests that the Harlowes bear an amazing resemblance to the families of schizophrenics, as studied by Laing and

A. Esterson in Sanity, Madness and the Family:

> The social and economic pressures felt by the Harlowes are translated into a pressure upon the one member of the family they believe to be the weakest and most tractable, like Cordelia and Cinderella, a younger daughter. The bond of the Harlowes is their anger against a world they believe is about to attack them. By isolating one person and identifying all the family's problems with that person's actions or refusal to act, the rest of the family is saved from insecurity and conflict. Through the example of the Harlowes we can see how the structure of the modern nuclear family may have been insensibly created as a response to otherwise intolerable social and economic realities.[10]

Though we may not wish to accept this theory totally, several implications are worth our consideration. First, Richardson does represent the troubled Harlowes within a specific cultural setting, one that is successfully mimetic at least insofar as its psychological impact on individuals is concerned. To adapt an example from Horney, who found the relation between culture and neurosis extremely important, "it is only under definite cultural conditions" that we will find a "self-sacrificing" mother like Clarissa's.[11] Secondly, anxiety, though exacerbated rather than caused by social and economic factors, must be taken as the ultimate motive for the behavior of all the Harlowe family members. And finally, if we are seriously to imagine this group of people as a real family, we do want to examine their unconscious need to scapegoat one of their members, and to try to determine the extent of the damage to that member, Clarissa.

Certainly the Harlowes, as members of the rising middle class, seem to be part of a socioeconomic atmosphere that breeds I-it relationships. "Nowhere in the eighteenth century," says

Kinkead-Weeks, "is there such a penetrating analysis of the worst tendencies of bourgeois ambition."[12] Preoccupied with money, property, and status, these people seem incapable of perceiving others in any way except as "objects-of-use."[13] The prevailing attitude toward children is summed up in James Harlowe's cynical metaphor: "A man who has sons brings up chickens for his own table . . . whereas daughters are chickens brought up for the tables of other men" (I, 54); Clarissa, who bridles when her brother spouts this bit of wisdom, has nevertheless run up against the fact that she is regarded basically as a commodity, the property first of her father and later of her husband. Thinking of each other primarily as competitors, the siblings, Clarissa included, live together in a state of hostile tension.[14]

Several of Laing's terms for unhealthy family structures apply well to the Harlowes. As a group, they form a tightly knit unit, or "closed nexus," which functions according to a "family phantasy system."[15] The family fantasy, in its conscious manifestations, is the obsession with improving socioeconomic status, what Clarissa calls "the darling view some of us have long had of raising a family" (I, 53). All the Harlowes are expected to devote their energies to that goal; and Clarissa has hitherto secured her position in the system because her moral and social virtues are thought to contribute to the dignity of the whole group. When she seems inclined to marry Lovelace, the family enemy, and then spurns Solmes and his neighboring estate, she not only sacrifices that position, but upsets the family equilibrium as well. In such a crisis, Laing says, "three or four

persons in a closed nexus will maintain a status quo which suits them, forming a collusive alliance to neutralize anyone who threatens its stability."[16] "We are an embattled phalanx," Clarissa's Uncle John informs her. "We are not to be pierced by your persuasions and invincible persistence" (I, 154). Led by James and Arabella, and keeping a watchful eye on its less willing members, the family thus become militant, proceeding to treat Clarissa as though she were a terrible threat to their mutual security.

Laing, writing up his detailed case studies, could scarcely do a more exhaustive exploration than the one Richardson has provided of Clarissa in all the various patterns of her family relationships: Clarissa-mother, Clarissa-both parents, Clarissa-brother and sister, Clarissa-father and brother, etc.[17] Through the letters and the dramatic scenes they contain, we observe the strategies with which she attempts to regain control in each encounter, as well as the maneuvers the others use in turn to keep their "collusive alliance" firm against her. Five hundred pages of this material can leave us feeling as though we have passed through a nightmare, exactly Laing's metaphor for what it is like to be part of a family fantasy.[18]

I do not mean to suggest, however, that we regard Clarissa as a mere victim of some evil system for which the other Harlowes are responsible. We are talking about a group of people, all troubled human beings, who use their myth about themselves as one defense against anxiety. Clarissa is a Harlowe. More than the others, perhaps, she comes to realize she is living inside a nightmare and fights to wake up, a struggle that well deserves

our compassion. On the other hand, she participates in the family fantasy as fully as anyone else, whether as paragon or as scapegoat. William Warner illustrates how she dominates her brother and sister with "a display of passive virtue" or "a god-like authority,"[19] a fact that should not surprise us given what we know of her idealized self-image. Caught in conflicting needs, she longs to break out of the family system, but also to control it, to reshape the fantasy so that everyone will strive for spiritual rather than social heights.

Two extremely important factors play the biggest role in determining the structure of the Harlowe family. The first is the predominance, among the more powerful members, of the subtype of expansive behavior that Horney names "the arrogant-vindictive solution."[20] Arrogant-vindictive individuals identify with their pride in a sadistic manner, having as their main motivation in life the need to gain a vindictive triumph over other people. They are governed by impulses of revenge stemming, Horney feels, from childhood humiliations (NHG, 27); and this vindictiveness becomes a way of life to the extent that even their own prominence and success are chiefly valued as a means of shaming others. Of the Harlowes, Clarissa's father is clearly a vindictive person, though his illness has driven him to a sour detachment; so are his two brothers, John and Anthony; so, as an epitome of the type, is his son and heir, James; and so, also, in her spiteful little way, is his daughter Arabella.

All this vindictiveness suggests that if we trace the idea of a common Harlowe family fantasy to unconscious levels, we find it to be a fantasy of revenge. The Harlowes wish to rise

because by doing so they will shame all those below them. Their treatment of both Lovelace and Clarissa becomes comprehensible when we understand that they are seeking to humiliate two people who have offended their pride: Lovelace, the aristocrat, who openly despises them as a family "sprung up from a dunghill" (I, 170); and the proud daughter, Clarissa, who all too obviously places herself above them. Although a marriage between these two would have advantages for the family, it is far more of a threat because it would mean a radical shift in family power, affirming Clarissa's superiority and putting her in a position to ignore, condescend, or dictate, as she chose. The Harlowe alliance, therefore, has the double purpose of avenging pride and maintaining power. It also serves to unite a group of hostile people who might find it extremely difficult to co-exist if they did not direct all their vindictiveness toward such objects as the threatening stranger or the family scapegoat.

The second major factor in the structure of this family, and one that also involves the issue of power, is the particular nature of its patriarchal organization. The point would seem to be not so much that the Harlowes function as a patriarchy, but that, at the time of the story, the traditional foundations of their system have been badly shaken. To begin with, there is the grandfather's shocking will, which, in bypassing all the sons, the grandson, and the elder granddaughter, represents a complete inversion of power. Then, added to the loss of the old patriarch and the bitterness he leaves behind him, the failure of Clarissa's father to establish himself firmly as the new head of the family creates an unstable atmosphere. The elder James

Harlowe once had "lively spirits" that are now "turned inward," ostensibly due to a severe case of gout, leaving him ill-tempered and depressed (I, 99, 133). Having withdrawn from active living without relinquishing his desire for power and revenge, he has handed over many of his patriarchal prerogatives to his only son, young James, and, when the battle against Clarissa begins, willingly permits that youth to lead the family campaign. Although several critics have effectively demonstrated that customs of the period did often assign great importance to elder sons,[21] this does not alter the fact that the family is deeply confused by James's assumption of power and his methods of exercising it.

With these points in mind, let us consider how Clarissa experiences her family. Her father is, for the most part, an invisible presence, inspiring awe, but also arousing her unconscious anger at his detachment. Her closest bond is with her mother, and not surprisingly, since their self-effacing traits make them much alike and distinguish them sharply from the other Harlowes. Yet in this period of crisis, she becomes more and more distressed at Mrs. Harlowe's passive personality--the mother's inability to protect her favorite child, her willingness to let the others manipulate her, her docile submission to her husband. The idea that her parents' union is an unhappy one figures significantly in Clarissa's own aversion to marriage. As for her siblings, her greatest source of frustration--in her mind, in fact, the cause of all her problems--is James and his undeserved authority; and the collusive alliance she most resents is the one James and Arabella form against her.

James's portrait is the most negative of any in the novel, since he is as arrogant and sadistic as Lovelace (a fact, incidentally, which makes them natural enemies) without any of the latter's humor, courage, or charm. "But my brother! what excuses can be made for his haughty and morose temper? He is really, my dear, I am sorry to have occasion to say it, an ill-tempered young man, and treats my mother sometimes--indeed he is not dutiful" (I, 23). James is contemptuous of everyone but particularly so of women. Anna Howe, apparently once courted by him (I, 24), judges him to be the sort of arrogant male who, basically cowardly beneath his bravado, is particularly given to humiliating weaker persons (I, 248). According to her, his "natural imperiousness and fierce and uncontrollable temper" have made him many enemies and thus far prevented his marriage (I, 1, 41); and for her part, she declares with typical frankness, she considers him to be "the most intolerable creature that I ever conversed with" (I, 41).

With her perfectionistic insistence on the exercise of rightful authority, Clarissa is much perturbed over the deference her father and uncles pay to James. "'How will my <u>son</u>, how will my <u>nephew</u>, take this or that measure? What will <u>he</u> say to it? Let us consult <u>him</u> about it;' are references always previous to every resolution taken by his superiors, whose will ought to be his" (I, 23). However, despite her notion of "ought," this situation was not unique in the eighteenth century, as Cynthia Wolff explains:

> . . . H. J. Habakkuk describes a cumulative tendency . . . to focus power and importance in the family on the oldest son. This change was effected by a form of inheritance arrangement called the 'strict settlement.' The aim of this innovation was to insure that the family estate should pass from generation

> to generation; and the function of the strict settlement . . . was to prevent a legatee from obtaining absolute ownership of an estate and then selling off some portion of it. According to this procedure, a grandfather would settle his estate on the oldest son of his own oldest son. In such an arrangement the father would be bypassed; and his claim in the estate of his own father would be reduced to that of a life tenant, receiving income from the property but unable to sell or mortgage it for any period longer than his own life.

The son's increased power led to "the gradual undermining of the authority and importance of the role of the father," and "the strong paternalism of traditional family government began to disappear."[22]

Therefore, it is entirely possible that James, in addition to being "both feared and courted by the whole family" because of his "violent temper" (I, 58), was also deferred to as the anticipated heir of the estate which went instead to Clarissa; she implies as much when she says, "My grandfather's will . . . lopped off one branch of my brother's expectations" (I, 54). More than that, it insulted his pride and threatened to erode his power. He, the rightful heir, has been bypassed in favor of a younger female, who may now become increasingly independent and powerful (suppose, for instance, his uncles decide to follow his grandfather's example in their wills?) (I, 53). Clarissa never has any doubt but what her real enemy among the Harlowes is her brother, but she also never quite grasps why he plots her downfall as he does. Though she knows his general nature, she underestimates the strength of the jealous vindictiveness he now directs against her, a drive for revenge that in the long run will undermine his best economic interests.

Writing of James's youthful ambition, Clarissa also reveals something of what their relationship has been like prior to the present quarrel:

> With this view he gave himself airs very early: "That his grandfather and uncles were his stewards . . . that daughters were but encumbrances and drawbacks upon a family." And this low and familiar expression was often in his mouth, and uttered always with the self-complaisance which an imagined happy thought can be supposed to give the speaker: to wit, "that a man who has sons brings up chickens for his own table" (though I once made his comparison stagger with him by asking him if the sons, to make it hold, were to have their necks wrung off?), "whereas daughters are chickens brought up for the tables of other men." This . . . used to put my sister out of all patience . . . she was then often proposing to me to make a party in our own favour against my brother's rapacious views . . . while I was for considering the liberties he took of this sort as the effect of a temporary pleasantry, which in a young man not naturally good-humoured, I was glad to see, or as foible that deserved raillery but no other notice (I, 54).

In a marvelous bit of description, this passage captures James's customary manner, as Clarissa intends it should. It also reveals more than she intends it should of her perfectionistic contempt for her brother's behavior. Analyzing these few lines closely, Warner makes them a superb example of how she narrates with adverse presentation, explicit judgment, irony and wit, indirect slight, and condescending generosity, all designed to expose James's reprehensible conduct--and her own merit.[23] Condescension is the most frequent tone she adopts when speaking of either sibling; but she is quite capable, on occasion, of matching their vindictiveness, as shown here by her retort about sons having their necks wrung. There are definitely two sides to the story of this relationship.

Nowhere is Clarissa's emotional dishonesty more evident than when she writes to James, right in the middle of their feud, "No sister can love a brother better than I love you" (I, 220). Since there is not a shred of evidence elsewhere for any such affection, we can only assume she speaks from her self-effacing values ("I am the kind of person who loves all her family deeply"). To be more honest, she would probably have to admit that she dislikes her brother heartily. In every respect--morally, intellectually, temperamentally--she considers herself to be his superior and thus naturally entitled to be preferred over him. Especially infuriating to her are the privileges he receives solely on the basis of his male prerogatives. Why was a college education wasted on him? "I am truly sorry to have cause to say," she tells him (Clarissa is always regretfully critical!), "that I have heard it often remarked, that your uncontrolled passions are not a credit to your liberal education" (I,138). Or again, provoked to sarcasm, she spews, "Give me leave to tell you, sir, that if humanity were a branch of your studies at the university, it has not found a genius in you for mastering it" (I, 257). Anger, jealousy, sibling rivalry, sexual envy--all these feelings so alien to her self-image surface whenever she is forced to confront "my unbrotherly accuser" (I, 29).

Her choice of that phrase, incidentally, is a meaningful clue to how the two siblings have cast themselves in the little drama they are enacting. If Clarissa is a female Job--perfect, upright, and eschewing evil, suffering undeservedly--then James is Job's Satan, the accuser before the patriarchal throne, permitted to try her in order to prove that she is righteous only

from lack of previous temptation. For James is not vengeful in his own eyes; together, he and Arabella self-righteously expose what they take to be their younger sister's true nature. Her sudden change of personality, they reason, only confirms her previous hypocrisy. As Bella puts it to Clarissa, "We all, indeed, once thought your temper soft and amiable: but why was it? You never was contradicted before. You always had your own way. But no sooner do you meet with opposition in your wishes . . . but you show what you are" (I, 140). James's great psychological satisfaction, and Arabella's too, is the vindictive triumph they achieve when they convince the family that its favoritism has been misplaced on an unworthy object.

Richardson gives Clarissa and James some of the most highly charged confrontations in the novel, often far too melodramatic for modern taste and yet full of realistic touches. In one of their most vehement exchanges, James rushes in just after overhearing Clarissa tell Solmes she will be sealed in the family vault before she will marry him:

> He bolted upon me so unexpectedly, that I was surprised. He took my hand, and grasped it with violence. Return, pretty miss, said he; return, if you please. You shall not yet be bricked up. Your instigating brother shall save you from that! O thou fallen angel, said he, peering up to my downcast face--such a sweetness here!--and such an obstinacy there! tapping my neck. O thou true woman--though so young. But you shall not have your rake: remember that; in a loud whisper, as if he would be decently indecent before the man. You shall be redeemed, and this worthy gentleman, raising his voice, will be so good as to redeem you from ruin--and hereafter you will bless him, or have reason to bless him, for his condescension: that was the brutal brother's word!

"If you govern everybody else, you shall not govern me," Clarissa storms in reply, whereupon James "tossed my hand from him with a whirl that pained my very shoulder. I wept, and held my other hand to the part" (I, 381). In this incident, James's violent attitude toward his sister is evident in every word and gesture: the alarming intrusion; the bold examination of her as of an object; the "brutal" language designed to shame her; and the "accidental" infliction of pain. Not unreasonably, Clarissa wins our admiration for her valiant resistance to his control and makes it difficult for us to see her as anything but an innocent victim.

In the encounters between Clarissa and her elder sister, Arabella, it is easier to remain aware of the faults on both sides. Portrayed as incessantly spiteful, Arabella is as unattractive and every bit as vindictive as James but lacks the ability to acquire much power in her own right. Her mode of operation is disclosed in the "daughters-as-chickens" passage when Clarissa remarks, "My sister . . . was then often proposing to me to make up a party in our own favour against my brother's rapacious views" (I, 54); that is, feeling unable to attain a strong position in the family on her own, Bella tries to take advantage of the tendency of three siblings to ally themselves two against one. She fails with Clarissa, who of course considers herself above any such dealings, but succeeds in forming a pact with James, based on their mutual need for revenge.

The first to be courted by Lovelace, Bella is furious with Clarissa for stealing him from her (though the reader knows he only used the elder sister to get to the younger). But the

deeper source of her jealousy is Clarissa's favored role in the family. To borrow a term from TA psychology, Bella, after hoarding a store of grievances for years, is now "cashing in her chips." Her spite is frequently that of a tormenting ten-year-old: "Specious little witch! she called me. . . . Hindered from playing your little, whining tricks; curling, like a serpent about your mamma; and making her cry to deny you anything your little obstinate heart was set upon" (I, 217). Clarissa, she claims, has an "artful" way of making her siblings feel "like cyphers": "How often, said she, have I and my brother been talking upon a subject and had everybody's attention till you came in with your bewitching meek pride, and humble significance; and then have we either been stopped by references to Miss Clary's opinion, forsooth . . . or must have talked on unattended to by everybody" (I, 216). "Had you been less a darling, you would not, perhaps, have been so graceless," she writes, in vindictive satisfaction, after the rape, "but I never in my life saw a cockered favourite come to good" (IV, 83).

Clarissa is astonished at her sister's notions of past offenses. "I cannot go so far back into our childish follies," she replies. "Little did I think of how long standing this your late-shown antipathy is" (I, 217). Perhaps she has not been paying very good attention, according to the evidence in Anna Howe's recollections. Anna tells how Clarissa, having risen early to direct the business of the household, then retreats to her orderly dressing room and quickly reappears, flawlessly dressed to receive company. "Long after her . . . down would come rustling and bustling the tawdry and awkward Bella, disordering more

her native disorderliness at the sight of her serene sister, by her sullen envy, to see herself so much surpassed with such little pains" (IV, 498). On her grandfather's estate, Clarissa transforms herself, on occasion, into "a most elegant dairymaid," while her mother admires and her sister watches "with speechless envy." "Now and then, however, the pouting creature would suffer extorted and sparing praise to burst open her lips; though looking at the same time like Saul meditating the pointed javelin at the heart of David"; but Clarissa is "too superior to take notice of her gloom" (IV, 497-498).

Reconstructing a less slanted version of these scenes, we can see how Clarissa is able to express her contempt for Bella without saying or doing anything to tarnish her own image. None of Bella's complaints are entirely without foundation. Clarissa is quite capable of reducing others to "cyphers" in those moments when her serene superiority cancels their sense of worth. Given her perfectionistic parade of compliant virtues, "meek pride" and "humble significance" are very apt phrases to describe her conduct. For as her conflict has grown, she has been sending the people around her a very mixed set of signals--she is humble with them while believing herself better than they are, and gives them a lesson in morality whenever she puts their needs before her own. In the long run, the most likely response of other persons to such behavior is confusion and anger, as Bella is only the first to show.

Some of the first narration is devoted to exchanges between the sisters; and in my experience one of the shocks of rereading those early pages is to realize how much arrogance

and vindictiveness Clarissa herself expresses in recounting those scenes. We are unlikely to notice this at first because, as Warner observes, Clarissa controls tone and commentary in a way that wins her "an astonishing superiority over her sister."[24] But upon closer analysis, we can isolate the numerous belittling descriptions of Bella that Clarissa slips in, usually with an apology to Anna for saying something so unlike herself: "Then my poor sister is not naturally good-humoured. This is too well known a truth for me to endeavour to conceal it, especially from you" (I, 7). Or again, "The poor Bella has, you know, a plump high-fed face, if I may be allowed the expression. You, I know, will forgive me for this liberty of speech sooner than I can forgive myself" (I, 30). Even more effective for her purposes are the many bits of ironic commentary. She tells of Bella's first reaction to Lovelace: "'So handsome a man!--O her beloved Clary!' (for then she was ready to love me dearly from the overflowings of her good humour on his account!)" (I, 5). Later, Clarissa voices an opinion about Lovelace, and "my sister particularly was pleased with this answer, and confirmed it to be just; with a compliment to my judgment--for it was hers" (I, 10). In all this, the writer knows her reader well, for barbed wit is Anna's specialty and she will enjoy it thoroughly (as too, perhaps, will Richardson's readers!)

The long dialogues of the sisters' arguments are wonderful dramatic scenes, which Spearman undervalues terribly when she calls them "the quarrels of kitchenmaids, not of young ladies."[25] Both girls, it is true, are too angry to be polite, and Bella frequently betrays an impulse to strike out physically;

yet Richardson is unerring in his depiction of two vindictive siblings, each using the tone most calculated to humiliate the other. Here is Bella quizzing Clarissa about her use of money:

> What then have you done with the sums given you from infancy to squander? Let me ask you (affecting archness) has, has, has Lovelace, has your rake, put it out at interest for you?
>
> Oh, that my sister would not make me blush for her! It is, however, out at interest! And I hope it will bring me interest upon interest! Better than to lie useless in my cabinet.
>
> She understood me, she said. . . . I hid not my light under a bushel, she would say that for me. But was it not a little hard upon me, to be kept from blazing on a Sunday? And to be hindered from my charitable ostentations?
>
> This, indeed, Bella, is cruel in you, who have so largely contributed to my confinement. But go on. You'll be out of breath by and by. I cannot wish to be able to return this usage. Poor Bella! And I believe I smiled a little too contemptuously for a sister to a sister (I, 218).

In their next round, Bella tries to make Clarissa admit that she prefers Lovelace before everything, even parental authority:

> Hush, Bella. . . . I will say as you say in everything; and that's the way to please you.
>
> Then say, Lovelace is a villain.
>
> So I will, when I think him so.
>
> Then you don't think him so?
>
> Indeed I don't. You did not always, Bella.
>
> And what, Clary, mean you by that? (bristling up to me). Tell me what you mean by that reflection?
>
> Tell me why you call it a reflection? What did I say! (I, 225).

As Wolff notes, Clarissa "never refrains from reopening the wound" of Bella's loss of Lovelace.[26] She does not, indeed, regard her sister as capable of being hurt in the way that she herself, a sensitive being, can be: "Bella has not a feeling heart. The highest joy in this life she is not capable of: but then she saves herself many griefs by her impenetrableness" (I, 218).

All in all, in Clarissa's eyes, Bella is mean, foolish, and morally obtuse; and Clarissa's major weapon is the effort to make her feel the full extent of her inadequacy. As for Bella, she goes for the jugular every time, determined to destroy, once and for all, Clarissa's idealized image and replace it with quite a different person--little Clary, the spoiled brat, the whiner, the faker, who poses as a do-gooder on Sunday and then sneaks off into the bushes with Lovelace on Monday.

The major cause of Bella's jealousy is her assumption that Clarissa is her mother's darling, petted and indulged while her siblings are ignored. The basis of this accusation seems to be a certain closeness the mother and younger daughter share because of their similarities in temperament; if any two people in this family are capable of sharing affection, it should be they. Therefore, it is a final sorry commentary on the Harlowes to discover how negative this relationship actually is. Clarissa does receive from her mother affection of a sort, but she is forced to pay a very high price for it.

According to Clarissa, Mrs. Harlowe has "a gentle and sensible mind, which from the beginning, on all occasions, sacrificed its own inward satisfaction to outward peace" (I, 22). Significantly, the daughter also considers herself "gentle" and "sensible" (i.e., sensitive) and accustomed to personal sacrifice. Her mother is the role model for her self-effacing behavior. When Anna Howe advises, "You are your mother's girl, think what you will," she means, "You are self-effacing and can't help it" (I, 40). And of all the events that serve to arouse Clarissa's conflict and alter its expression, none is more important than

her mother's failure to protect her from the rising animosity of the other Harlowes, for it forces her to realize that the compliant system may not work. In a key passage, she reflects:

> . . . yet would she [the mother] but exert that authority which the superiority of her fine talents gives her, all these family feuds might perhaps be extinguished in their but yet beginnings, especially as she may be assured that all fitting concessions shall be made by me . . . for the sake of so excellent and so indulgent a mother.
>
> For if I may say to you, my dear, what I would not to any other person living, it is my opinion that had she been of a temper that would have borne less, she would have had ten times less to bear than she has had. . . .
>
> Upon my word, I am sometimes tempted to think that we may make the world allow for and respect us as we please, if we can but be sturdy in our wills, and set out accordingly. It is but being the less beloved for it, that's all . . . (I, 22-23).

Self-effacement can make one weak . . . other people take advantage of you . . . maybe assertiveness is a better deal . . . maybe love is dispensable after all. . . . These are shattering ideas for Clarissa, definite signs that her carefully structured solution is about to come apart; and adding to the psychic shock is a frightening realization about her relationship with her mother. For isn't there a reason why she is suddenly willing to devalue love right at this point? Though she carefully evades the emotional impact of it, she has become resentfully aware that Mrs. Harlowe is not about to defend her, the "beloved" child, come what may. Moreover, she has violated her own notion of proper respect for parents by permitting herself to judge her mother so explicitly. The old bond between them is being rapidly severed, leaving Clarissa with a profound sense of alienation from the love she has known in the past.

If indeed she has known any, even with her mother. Despite her expedient compliance, Mrs. Harlowe appears to be a cold, detached person, always motivated by a need for peace--her personal peace--not love. Not only has Clarissa adopted her self-effacing strategies, confusing them with love, but it also looks as if her mother has given her a very clear message, "Be good, be submissive, and then I will love you." Love has a price tag, and Clarissa pays. She purchases her mother's affection through giving her the best of both worlds--she submits to her as no one else will, giving Mrs. Harlowe the satisfaction of having at least one subordinate; and yet she takes upon herself the management of the household, which lets the mother enjoy the freedom of passivity, though not, in all probability, without the silent reproach of the daughter's superior performance.

Because she is loved only conditionally, Clarissa is very anxious about holding on to maternal affection, very hungry for maternal approval. "I had rather all the world should be angry with me than my mamma!" she exclaims, though her mother's anger would seem to be far safer than that of anyone else in her world (I, 104). During one of Solmes's first visits, she overflows with gratitude because Mrs. Harlowe makes a single gesture to ease her embarrassment: "Make tea, child, said my kind mamma: sit by me, love, and make tea. . . . My mother was all kindness and condescension. I asked her once if she were pleased with the tea? She said softly (and again called me dear) she was pleased with all I did. I was very proud of this encouraging goodness" (I, 68-69). Only, it seems to me, by positing an inner

conflict that goes back to basic anxiety in the parent-child relationship, can we reconcile this Clarissa, happy for a crumb of self-esteem, with the serene paragon we meet on other occasions.

In the scenes between mother and daughter, we quickly realize that even Mrs. Harlowe's kindness is manipulative--and so does Clarissa, who is no innocent when it comes to detecting hidden motives. When the mother enters with smiles and embraces, the daughter sobs her appreciation for the "truly maternal goodness," yet she comments, "My mother saw the bitter pill wanted gilding" (I, 70). Mrs. Harlowe then proceeds to solicit Clarissa's obedience with a typical self-effacing tactic, appeal to her own sacrifices and suffering:

> You know, my dear, what I every day forgo, and undergo, for the sake of peace. Your papa is a very good man and means well; but he will not be controlled nor yet persuaded. You have seemed to pity me sometimes that I am obliged to give up every point. . . . You are a dutiful, a prudent, and a wise child, she was pleased to say, in hope, no doubt, to make me so: you would not add, I am sure, to my trouble: you would not willfully break that peace which cost your mother so much to preserve (I, 70).

Don't let my tenderness be wasted on you, she charges Clarissa, who learns a few moments later how completely her mother has gone over to the enemy side: "But to be bid, on the blessing of a mother so dearly beloved, so truly reverenced, to think of being Mrs. Solmes--what a denunciation was that!" (I, 71).

As the crisis grows, Mrs. Harlowe increases her self-pitying efforts to arouse her daughter's guilt. "You were once all my comfort, Clarissa," she mourns, "you made all my hardships

tolerable: but now!" (I, 119). She accuses Clarissa of putting her in an untenable position with the rest of the Harlowes, who remain doubtful of her true allegiance: "I am charged with dividing the family into two parts; I and my youngest daughter standing against my husband . . . " (I, 98). "You don't know what I have suffered" becomes her refrain, accompanied by the image of herself as a "fond and indulgent mother, praying night and day" for the "peace and union of her family" (I, 209). As a last resort, she declares herself unwell and takes to her chamber, leaving her daughter to think her own undutifulness is the cause. "Every evil that happens in this house is owing to me!" Clarissa broods (I, 411-412).

Except for an occasional "quick" response (I, 78), Clarissa's arguments with her mother are free from all the pertness and sarcasm she uses with Arabella. She weeps, she pleads, and if really provoked, she sulks. On one occasion when she grows "sullenly silent," resentfully meditating that "my mother . . . was not obliged to marry against her liking," Mrs. Harlowe insists on taking her silence as assent, exclaiming, "Now my good child, now, my Clary, do I love you!" "Did not this seem to border upon cruelty, my dear, in so indulgent a mother?" Clarissa asks Anna. "It would be wicked (would it not!) to suppose my mother capable of art--but she is put upon it; and obliged to take methods to which her heart is naturally above stooping" (I, 81). As with all the family members, Clarissa is thus forced to acknowledge the violence of Mrs. Harlowe's methods of control; but she never stops rationalizing it, preferring to comfort herself with the idea that her mother cannot act freely. Nothing, however,

consoles her for the message Mrs. Harlowe (counting, like the rest, on her child's ultimate submissiveness) gets through all too clearly: "Love will be withheld unless you do as we demand."

Father and mother collaborate in one particularly cruel piece of psychological blackmail. Typically, Mrs. Harlowe speaks for Mr. Harlowe, who adamantly refuses, through most of the quarrel, to come anywhere near his daughter:

> Your father's heart, I tell you once more, is in it [the proposed marriage]: he has declared that he had rather have no daughter in you, than one he cannot dispose of for your own good. . . . He has pleaded, poor man! that his frequent gouty paroxysms (every fit more threatening than the former) give him no extraordinary prospects, either of wordly happiness, or of long days: and he hopes that you, who have been supposed to have contributed to the lengthening of your grandfather's life, will not, by your disobedience, shorten your father's (I, 99).

This is an excellent passage to illustrate how Richardson can bring to life, in a couple of sentences, a character he does not choose to develop. Eaves and Kimpel complain of Mr. Harlowe, "He was necessary to the plot, but Richardson had not created him as a character, had not imagined him. . . . The father is the only character in Clarissa who is entirely inadequate for the role he has to play, and the fact that he is present largely in name leaves a serious gap in the first two volumes."[27] On the contrary, I think he is the best example we have of the essential complexity of every Richardsonian character. From the glimpse we have here, we imagine him brooding incessantly over the wrong dealt him in his dead father's will, jealous perhaps of Clarissa's displaced affection and bitter over her disloyalty. He knows how to hurt her; he knows, too, that a plea of

suffering is a message his wife is likely to deliver. And the foolish arrogance of his domineering attitude is exposed when he sputters, "I won't have a daughter I can't dispose of for her own good."

For a different reason, R. F. Brissenden also praises Mr. Harlowe as a creation, finding him "a figure of tremendous psychological force": ". . . Clarissa rarely sees him. But he is still a terrifying symbol of parental authority: she receives his commands like distant thunderings from Mount Sinai, and the curse he hurls after her as she flees with Lovelace haunts her to her deathbed."[28] "Mr. Harlowe is proxy for God," Dorothy Van Ghent suggests, in the same vein.[29] He is, true enough, only we must be extremely careful to distinguish between two fathers here, the dramatic personality who inhabits Clarissa's outer world and the awesome patriarchal presence of her inner world.

These two figures stand in sharp contrast to one another. Of the "real" flesh-and-blood father I would say, in defense of Richardson's meager characterization, that his major significance for Clarissa resides in the fact that he isn't there, that he cuts himself off from her, physically and emotionally. While remaining, his wife says, "needlessly jealous . . . of the prerogatives of his sex, as to me, and still ten times more jealous of the authority of a father" (I, 80), he has, or so Clarissa believes, unwisely abdicated in favor of James. Just as she does with her mother, Clarissa is forever rationalizing his inadequacy by repeating the standard family line about his ill health; but there is much to suggest that she resents his behavior to the point of unconscious rage. The same thought about both parents

haunts her--if they had exercised their rightful authority in the family, they would have shielded her from James's revenge and none of these miserable events would have happened. It is not authority which angers Clarissa; it is people who prove unworthy of it and yet continue to dominate her.

In light of this analysis, the father whose "awful presence" at the family tribunal frightens her even in anticipation (I, 439), whose curse is a psychic blow from which she never recovers (II, 169), who can make her exclaim, "I had deserved annihilation had I suffered my father to kneel in vain (II, 166)--this "father" has very little to do with reality. Like her own idealized being, he is an imaginary construct, a projection of the patriarchal authority essential to her perfectionist vision of the world. To him, her rightful protector, she cries in her helplessness and receives in answer the "fearful curse": "that you may meet your punishment both here and hereafter, by means of the very wretch in whom you have chosen to place your wicked confidence" (II, 170). The real father, of course, utters those words, but here is where the difference becomes most vital. While the real father has failed her, she has failed the idealized father. Perhaps the latter situation is more bearable. At any rate, so powerful is the patriarch who rules over her imaginative version of the family that "his" curse has magic potency and will decide her fate, she is certain, unless it is removed.

For Laing, the important point about the psychology of the family is that "the family as a system is internalized," that is, the outside, including the mutual fantasies the family is living out, is "mapped" onto the inner world of the individual

member. It then undergoes various imaginative transformations and is re-projected back onto the outer world of interpersonal relationships, including sets of relations other than those of the family.[30] Loosely adapting this concept to our Horneyan perspective, we find interesting correspondences between Clarissa's personal pride system and her internalized family system--together they form, in fact, one huge, indivisible defensive fantasy. At one pole of her subjective experience stands the Idealized Family, the Harlowes as Clarissa insists they ought to be: the all-powerful yet benign father; the wise, gracious, queenly mother, reigning with gentle authority; the sweet and companionable sister; the noble brother, his younger sister's able defender; and in the center Clarissa herself as Virtue, shining in all her glory. At the other extreme, the Despised Family wickedly torture their scorned and helpless victim. In between lies the whole dreadful muddle of troubled relationships--"knots," Laing likes to call them--from which Clarissa can never manage to extricate herself. Loving her family in the ideal, unconsciously hating them for what they actually are, she oscillates between two skewed interpretations of the real situations, unable to see these people as they are.

The genius of Richardson's method is the way it allows us to see "outside" and "inside" simultaneously. The Harlowes may seem very real to us, as I trust they have in the preceding analysis, and yet impress us, too, as figures in a nightmare. Take, for instance, the effect of several people I have not tried to include here, the various members of the extended family. Aunt Hervey, Uncle John, and Uncle Anthony (the latter

especially) all have their moments of effective characterization; but they also seem at times like duplicated images in a dream, doublings and triplings of the malignant parental powers. The kindly old nurse, Mrs. Norton, inhabits Clarissa's psyche like the "good mother" split off from the "bad mother" (a rather sinister goodness if we consider how she urges this child she helped raise to live out the ideal) (I, 196). Finally, always hovering somewhere about Harlowe Place, there is the ghost of the dead grandfather, the man who destroyed Clarissa through trying to rescue her and whose past bounty is the measure of her present scarcity.

"The choice in phantasy," Laing writes, "comes to be to suffocate to death inside, or to risk exposing one's self to whatever terrors there may be outside"--Clarissa's dilemma, exactly. He then adds a nightmarish "knot": "But as soon as one goes through a door in a space that is now inside, one is back right inside the inside one took inside from the outside in order to get outside what one was inside."[31] Many critics have noted how Clarissa exchanges one "prison," Harlowe Place, for another even more sinister, Mrs. Sinclair's brothel, and how we experience both houses as oppressive psychological space.[32] The reasons for this effect are complex, but none is more important, I suggest, than the fact that wherever Clarissa goes, she must take her family fantasy with her. In some very obvious ways, she does project it into all her relationships, complicating, most particularly, her already complex involvement with Lovelace by imposing upon it patterns of conflict that originated with father and brother. To the end she searches for good parents and

finds only the doctor and landlady who help her die comfortably.

Is Clarissa so severely damaged by her family as to be on the brink of schizophrenia? Braudy, whom I cited earlier for his thought-provoking use of Laing, answers the question this way: "But one aspect of Clarissa's character prevents her from being a case: her assertion of will and freedom. . . . What is schizophrenic in the younger daughters of weak will described by Laing and Esterson defines itself in Richardson, thanks to the strength of Clarissa's will, as a psychic ideology."[33] To this, from one of my favorite critics, I can only say, "Nonsense!" Clarissa is a very unstable personality. Before the disastrous family quarrel, she is not a "case" because her pride system successfully holds things together--she is neurotic but not psychotic. Now, as one of my friends always says of such experiences, "Everything nailed down is coming loose!" I cannot further address the question of her schizoid personality until we consider how she handles the stress of abduction, exile and rape. But we may be very sure that from here on how she functions depends, not on the strength of her will, but on the ingenuity of her pride system.

II. Clarissa and Anna

"This is too well known a truth for me to endeavor to conceal it, especially from you. . . ." "For I may say to you, my dear, what I would not to any other person living. . . . " "You, I know, will forgive me for this liberty of speech sooner than I

can forgive myself. . . . " (I, 7, 22, 30). As we have listened to Clarissa confess her secret judgments about her family, we have been all the while in the position of reading someone else's private mail. We have felt the presence of "my dear Anna Howe," have consulted her upon occasion, and realize that Clarissa must have a much better relationship than any we have found for her thus far in this other woman who may be confided in so freely. Let us now turn our attention, then, to the nature of their friendship.

For the reader who is growing claustrophobic among the Harlowes, a letter from Anna Howe is an open window with a fresh breeze. Anna is a pert and lively young woman, the literary ancestress of such spirited heroines as Austen's Elizabeth Bennett. In some obvious ways she is a functional character, serving as the necessary confidante and frequently as a foil for Clarissa. However, she is also a wonderful creation in her own right, a well-rounded character and one who, through the numerous ways in which her letters influence the plot, remains part of the dramatic action throughout the novel. Warm-hearted, willful, outspoken and witty, she is as delightful a contrast as we could ask for to Clarissa's sober dutifulness and stiff perfectionism.

Bewitched by this refreshing personality, we may be tempted to conclude, as not a few critics do, that Anna is a psychologically normal, or, more positively, a genuinely healthy individual. Anthony Kearney, for one, strikes this note, summing up her character as "boldly forthright," "perceptive," and "confident and pragmatic," and taking her motto to be, "There are few things which cannot be settled by vigorous action." With

her "bravado and energy," he says, she has all the "possibilities for survival" which Clarissa lacks: "Unlike Clarissa, Anna, if in a similar position, would stand up to her parents, would resume her estates, would marry Lovelace (after the abduction) and take him to court (after the rape)." Although the two women share the problems of difficult parents and the threat of unsuitable marriages, Kearney insists these are only superficial parallels. "Anna's freedoms with her mother and Hickman celebrate a kind of play"; her arguments with her mother "are really only a game; a battle of wits, rather than a serious matter. The words fly but there is no real animosity beneath the verbal give and take." In creating the Howes, "Richardson offers us an alternative world to Harlowe Place; a world of attractive freedoms and indulgences, where mothers treat their daughters as equals, and where vivacity and wit have free rein."[34]

Kearney makes a number of good points that are not to be dismissed. Healthier, at least, than Clarissa Anna is most certainly; we are unlikely to find anyone discussing her marginal sanity. She is indeed the advocate of assertive behavior, forever counseling her friend to take the one course of positive action open to her and regain control of her estate. "Were it to me, I would resume it. Indeed I would," she declares. How would she handle James and Bella? "Were it me . . . I would be in my own mansion. . . . I would set up my own chariot. I would visit them when they deserved it. But when my brother and sister gave themselves airs, I would let them know that I was their sister, and not their servant: and, if that did not do, I would shut my gates against them; and bid them go and be company for

each other" (I, 125). Her concept of getting things accomplished is free of Clarissa's compulsiveness, as she shows in the wonderful sentence with which she ends her account of her friend's meticulous time schedule, "Greatly as I admired her in all her methods, I could not bring myself to this, might I have had the world for my reward" (IV, 509).

There are two problems here, however, if we are taking Anna seriously as a psychologically realistic character. First, we are giving her credit for constructive assertiveness mostly on the basis, not of what she <u>does</u>, but of what she says she <u>would</u> do, "Were it me. . . . " Nothing is easier, even for the most passive among us, than to decide exactly what one would do if one stood in the other fellow's shoes and faced his problems. In Anna's case, if we look for what she actually does, we find that she does amazingly little, except talk. She threatens rebellion but disobeys her mother only in a single point, the secret correspondence with Clarissa. She heaps verbal abuse on her obsequious suitor, Hickman, but never breaks with him and eventually chooses a dull but safe marriage. Particularly significant is the fact that, though she is always on the verge of some drastic action to rescue Clarissa, she makes no move whatsoever. At the level of plot, there is a simple reason for this, of course--the heroine must not be rescued if there is to be a story. But Richardson remains consistent in his character motivation as well. Vocal but much less capable of independent action than she cares to admit, Anna acquires much of her advantage over Clarissa simply because she does not have Clarissa's problems; and it is difficult to say how she would actually bear

up in a similar crisis.

The second problem is the improbability of a human situation such as the one Kearney imagines for the Howe household, one in which the "words fly" without any "real animosity." Psychologically, there is no such thing as a perpetual family spat free of hostility--or a wit as barbed as Anna's without vindictive impulses behind it. True, she delivers many of her gibes "in fun"--her "agreeable raillery," Clarissa calls it (I, 134); but most of the time, the line between her "fun" and her hostility is pretty difficult to draw. In her imaginative involvement with Clarissa's woes, she fantasies all sorts of ways of "getting even" with the Harlowe camp, such as a good dunking for Arabella's conniving servant:

> Pray--pray--I pray you now, my dearest friend, contrive to send your Betty Barnes to me! Does the Coventry Act extend to women, know ye? The <u>least</u> I will do, shall be to send her home well soused in and dragged through our deepest horse-pond. I'll engage, if I get her hither, that she shall keep the anniversary of her deliverance as long as she lives (I, 339).

The fun in this, I suggest, including our amusement as readers, is primarily the vindictive pleasure most of us enjoy to some extent in imagining someone who has "asked for it" getting what she deserves. The trouble with Anna is that she wants to see everyone who deserves it, get it; and in particular we must consider, as we will in a moment, why she is especially hostile toward the Harlowes and what that has to do with her own intimate relationships. However much we enjoy her, I think we must initially conclude that she falls quite short of being a model for healthy attitudes.

As for the extraordinarily close bond between the two young women, this also invites far too positive a response. Thus Katharine Rogers, for example, writes:

> The friendship between Clarissa and Anna is plainly the most significant and satisfying in either woman's life. It is free of petty rivalry, for Anna admires Clarissa without envy and illustrates in her friend's troubles the reckless generosity which was conventionally restricted to the "nobler Sex." Disproving Lovelace's sneer, she is ready to jeopardize her reputation for Clarissa's sake--as important a sacrifice as an eighteenth-century lady could make. . . . So sufficient is their friendship . . . that Anna and Clarissa both claim with obvious sincerity that they would prefer not to marry. . . . [35]

This is probably a pretty good statement of Richardson's intent, which here meets with the full approval of a feminist critic; quite evidently the author meant to exemplify the high quality of friendship women like Clarissa and Anna may achieve (I, xiii). In his mind, it seems likely, most of Anna's vindictiveness was merely proof of her passionate concern for her friend. By making the confidante sincere in her love, frank in her admiration, utterly unshakable in her devotion to Clarissa, he found, too, one of his best devices for keeping his reader's sympathies engaged on the side of the paragon.

And unquestionably someone in Clarissa's position is much better off with a friend like Anna than she would be without her. In this relationship, feeling accepted, she is able to be less defensive and to have a sense of "being herself" in the presence of an equal. She is free to open her mind to the other woman, which gives her the relief of expressing her conflicts; and she has the enormous human satisfaction of being listened to

with sympathy by someone who shares similar problems. When all her other relationships fall apart, this one, except for one brief misunderstanding, seems to hold firm, so that even after the rape she is able to believe that at least one person loves her for herself, not just her social worth.

Nevertheless, there are also many occasions when Clarissa's friendship with Anna is unhelpful or even destructive. Ironically the same mutual problems that unite these two prevent a truly healthy relationship. Just because each is always turning to the other out of a tremendous need to express a conflict, whether through confession, self-vindication, admonition, or empathy, neither is able to see the other for what she is, without all the projections that tend to turn her into a mirror image of self. Instead of being really free from defensive behavior, their friendship comes to have a number of defensive functions; and I think that despite its wholesome side effects, it is best described as a "collusive alliance" in Laing's sense of the term, that is, a bond based on mutual self-deception and the desire of each to confirm the other in a false position.[36] Let me, at least, suggest this hypothesis and present what I see to be the psychological evidence that supports it.

A major basis for the friendship seems to be mutual anxiety. In the Clarissa-Anna letters, this anxiety is most evident in two preoccupations--fear of irrational parental authority, and fear of men and marriage--which in turn show the helplessness and hostility both women feel before the forces controlling, or threatening to control, their lives. Within the family, each has the conviction, born of panic, that she, and only she, is capable

of shaping the future with wise decisions. Together, they become, in our eyes, two frightened and lonely women uniting against the world, but in their own, two exceptional young women allied in virtuous protest against the foolishness they see all around them.

Anna has a close--in fact, a rather stifling--but thorny relationship with her widowed mother. While Clarissa's tragedy is unfolding, the Howes are involved in two major contentions: whether Anna will marry Hickman as her mother wishes, and whether Mrs. Howe will allow Anna to aid Clarissa, or even to correspond with her once she is exiled from home. Minor skirmishes compared to the Harlowes' all-out war, these quarrels nevertheless cannot be dismissed as a mere "battle of wits";[37] for they are important power struggles between mother and daughter, testing Anna's boasted capacity for independent action. Mrs. Howe, though far kindlier than Clarissa's parents, has a strong urge to dominate and is determined to exercise it with her only child. When Anna begs, before the abduction, to be allowed to offer Clarissa refuge in their home, her mother flatly refuses: "She says she was <u>always</u> of the opinion that daughters should implicitly submit to the will of their parents in the great article of marriage" (I, 416). "I thought I was not quite so powerless when I was set upon carrying a point as I find myself to be," Anna reflects bitterly. But she has no alternative plan and can only get revenge for her defeat by taking it out on Hickman ("Somebody shall fare never the better for this double-meant policy of my mother, I do assure you"), a response that holds small comfort for Clarissa (I, 416-417).

The Howes' worst quarrel even has a touch of physical violence, which receives added emphasis from Anna's dramatic account of it:

> . . . I think I must tell you. Yet how shall I? I feel my cheek glow with mingled shame and indignation. Know then, my dear, that I have been, as I may say--that I have been beaten--indeed 'tis true. My mother thought fit to slap my hands to get from me a sheet of a letter she caught me writing to you; which I tore, because she should not read it, and burnt it before her face. . . .
>
> Mr. Hickman came in presently after. I would not see him. I am either too much a woman to be beat, or too much a child to have an humble servant--so I told my mother. What can one oppose but sullens, when it would be unpardonable so much as to think of lifting up a finger?
>
> In the Harlowe style, She will be obeyed, she says. . . . (II, 119).

Now it is quite possible, with a passage like this, to follow Kearney's example and see it as the comic counterpoint to Clarissa's tragic family experience: Mrs. Howe's motherly cuff is warm-blooded and natural, we might say, as opposed to the cold, cruel shoves James Harlowe gives his sister. It is also possible to draw the more disturbing conclusion that the slap, minor though it is, belongs in the same category with all the other impulses to physical violence, potential or accomplished, that run through the novel--James's shoves, Arabella's and Mrs. Harlowe's arrested urges to strike Clarissa, Anna's desire to douse Betty, Lovelace's habit of beating his servants, and finally the rape itself. From fantasy and imperceptible motion to shocking violation, all these impulses reflect the determination of one person to control another by any means possible, usually based on socially sanctioned claims of superiority, of parent over child, elder over younger, master over servant, man over

woman. With a difference in degree only, Anna and Clarissa both suffer when they find themselves on the receiving end of these violent attitudes.

Anna's quarrels with her mother are comic because she usually chooses to narrate them comically, opening the scene following her "beating," for example, with, "I went down, but most gloriously in the sullens" (II, 120). Yet her shame, on this occasion, comes through as very real and not very funny. She herself, we should note, makes the connection between her situation and Clarissa's when she says her mother demands obedience "in the Harlowe style," a particularly meaningful remark considering her ill-concealed animosity toward the Harlowes and all they stand for. Caught, just as Clarissa is, in a culture in which dependent young women are likely to be exploited by those who "love" them best, Anna tends to respond to her own situation with a mixture of resignation and helpless laughter, while projecting all her rage into her imaginative participation in her friend's persecution. "Don't be so much concerned over my mother and me," she begs Clarissa. "We shall do well enough together--now a falling out, now a falling in" (II, 131). So, too, she and Hickman will eventually get along okay--everything will be endurable, at least. A life of conventional mediocrity is the fate she unsuccessfully resists, one less tragic than Clarissa's but still very sad for a woman of her energies.

Whenever Anna feels the weight of her mother's domination, she recalls her parents' unhappy marriage, tending, as she does so, to blame her mother and identify herself with her dead father. In Mrs. Howe's eyes, she explains resentfully, she is her

"papa's girl" if she shows the slightest signs of opposing maternal will:

> She was very sensible, surely, of the violence of my poor father's temper, that she can so long remember that, when acts of tenderness and affection seem quite forgotten. Some daughters would be tempted to think that control sat very heavy upon a mother who can endeavour to exert the power she has over a child, and regret, for years after death, that she had not the same over a husband. . . . he was a fond father, and perhaps would have been as tender a husband had not my mother and he been too much of one temper to agree (II, 117).

What "some daughters would be tempted to think," she then proceeds to think just a bit indirectly, "setting my mother out of the question, because she is my mother" and adopting the male point of view on the general issue: "I do assure you, my dear, were I a man . . . I would not have one of these managing wives on any consideration. I would make it a matter of serious inquiry beforehand, whether my mistress's qualifications . . . were masculine or feminine ones. . . . Indeed, my dear, I do not think a man-woman a pretty character at all." A woman should stay in "her proper sphere" where, "amiably useful" and "respectably necessary," she may be "the mistress-wheel of the family," for "whatever you think of your Anna Howe, I would not have her be the master-wheel" (II, 118-119).

Coming from Anna, this is a most curious passage; unless she transforms for a time into a mere mouthpiece for Richardson's sexual theories, which style and tone certainly do not indicate, no passage could better point up her confusion and conflict. Elsewhere, this same girl complains constantly that women are "mere babies," "perverse fools," and "creeping

slaves" in marriage, "wire-drawn, and ensnared, like silly birds into a state of bondage or vile subordination" (I, 131, 249). "Well may your father love your mother, as you say he does," she tells Clarissa sarcastically, "A wife who has no will but his!" (I, 248). That same dry sarcasm is frequently directed against masculine superiority: "I took great notice of him, as I do of all the noble lords of the creation, in their peculiarities . . . " (I, 126). And Anna herself loves power quite enough to rank her among the "man-woman" types who, it is true, are always judged negatively in Richardson's novels. "This girl's a devilish rake in her heart," concludes Lovelace. "Had she been a man, and one of us, she'd have outdone us all in enterprise and spirit. . . . She . . . would have sworn and cursed, and committed rapes, and played the devil" (II, 365; III, 80).

The portrait is complex but thoroughly consistent. Anna has aggressive impulses, considered "masculine" in her society, and is frightened of acting on them, sexual identity being one source of that anxiety. For this reason, she is especially ambivalent about men and marriage. To be married means to spend the rest of one's days under the power--quite possibly, if one is not incredibly lucky, under the irrational power--of one man. Anna fears this, but she also fears herself; just because her impulses keep her always on the verge of some such rash action as rushing off to London to rescue Clarissa, she longs for control almost as much as she dreads it. Her ambivalence with regard to strong men comes through very clearly in her conflicting responses to Lovelace; for though she despises this vile rake who goes about subduing women, she is also very

much attracted to his bold, lively manner. Being courted by him, she imagines, would be "one continual game at raquet," in contrast to Hickman's "whining, creeping, submissive courtship" (II, 104).

The latter, however, is what she settles for, entertaining herself by teasing her poor suitor mercilessly and then despising him all the more when he meekly endures it. "I thought he would have cried," she comments after one such session, adding, "I believe, my dear, we all love your blustering fellows best; could we but direct the bluster, and bid it roar when, and at whom, we pleased" (I, 332). With no solution to this contradictory desire in sight, Hickman offers her a boring but safe relationship; and Anna, anxiety-ridden, opts for safety. In this she has Clarissa's encouragement at every juncture. Sharing both fears, of the danger of marriage and of independence, Clarissa finds what she positively interprets as Hickman's "humanity and gentleness" to be tremendously appealing (I, 278), faced as she is with the alarming alternatives of Lovelace and Solmes. And quite possibly, given her temperament, a marriage between herself and Hickman could lead to tranquil happiness, which is obviously not a good reason for her ardent pleas in favor of Anna's union with him. This is only one example of the many ways in which the needs of one friend distort her perception when she sets out to give advice to the other.

We are now in a position to examine more closely the nature of the Clarissa-Anna alliance, in order to determine exactly what defensive advantages each woman derives from it. Two important clues are found in a few lines that Anna writes

when, shortly after the abduction, she sends Clarissa money concealed in a book, only to have it returned:

> I am sorry you sent back my Norris. But you must be allowed to do as you please. So must I in my turn. We must neither of us perhaps expect absolutely of the other what is the rightest to be done; and yet few folks, so young as we are, better know what that rightest is. I cannot separate myself from you; although I gave a double instance of my vanity in joining myself with you in this particular assertion (II, 176-177).

"I cannot separate myself from you" is a favorite refrain for both women, their myth of sharing a single identity. When Mrs. Howe expresses the wish that her daughter had more of Clarissa's "sweet obligingness," Anna tells her friend, "No matter; the praise was yours. You are me, and I enjoyed it" (I, 43). In another place she meditates on the nature of their letters: "I never wrote to please myself, but I pleased you. A very good reason why--we have but one mind between us--only, that sometimes you are a little too grave, methinks; I, no doubt, a little too flippant in your opinion" (I, 128). This sense of oneness is asserted all the more passionately after the rape shatters their entire system, with Clarissa crying out to Anna as "my dearer self (for what is now my self?)" and Anna proclaiming, "My own soul is not dearer to me than my Clarissa Harlowe! Nay, she is my soul--for now I have none . . . " (III, 387, 419). Doubtlessly meant to be taken as evidence of their great love, this theme has the opposite effect in a psychological reading; for love depends on a clear sense of the boundaries separating self from other, without which the other is experienced as only a mirror image.

The other major myth of this relationship is seen in Anna's designation of the two of them as ethically exceptional young people, knowing better than most what is right. In the passage above, Anna gives us a good idea of what this mutual deception means to her when she apologizes for being so vain as to class herself with Clarissa in this respect and uses their shared identity as her excuse. Fearing her aggressive impulses as she does, she gets one of her strongest feelings of protection from her identification with Clarissa's perfectionistic self-control. The clearest statement to this effect comes at the end of her final letter, where she says of Clarissa, "She honoured me with the title of the sister of her heart: but I was only so in the love I bore her . . . and in my love of virtue; for, otherwise, I am of a high and haughty temper . . . and very violent in my passions" (IV, 510). Only when closely guided by her friend's advice and example, Anna feels, can she be virtuous, a state that is very confused in her mind, as it is also in Clarissa's, with being safe.

Given Anna's vested interest in her friend's perfectionism, we now have a psychological as well as a functional explanation for one of her favorite occupations in her letters, the promotion of Clarissa's idealized image. Though many claim admiration for the paragon, no one else feeds Clarissa's pride as she does. Here, for instance, is her opinion of her friend's superiority over James and Arabella:

> It must have long been a mortification to them . . . to be so much eclipsed by a younger sister. Such a sun in a family, where there are none but faint twinklers, how could they bear it! Why, my dear,

> they must look at you as a prodigy among them: and prodigies, you know, though they obtain our admiration, never attract our love. The distance between you and them is immense. Their eyes ache to look up at you. What shades does your full day of merit cast upon them! (I, 125).

Significantly, Clarissa, though she often rebukes Anna for her negative reflections on the Harlowes, never expresses anything more than faint embarrassment over this sort of praise, seeming for the most part to accept it as her due.

Anna's participation in Clarissa's search for glory explains much of her vicarious involvement in the heroine's long ordeal, and also much of her loyal devotion, since her pride too is jeopardized if Clarissa has erred. Her reliance on her friend's superior judgment explains in part why she never effectively aids her, for she is afraid to act without the permission Clarissa never grants (I, 449). Instead of doing anything, therefore, she helps to weave the myth of the paragon's necessary suffering: "ADVERSITY is <u>your</u> SHINING-TIME," she proclaims, and I, who always looked upon you "as one set aloft to be admired and imitated," can only grieve to see your pain (II, 282). With the rape, her whole world nearly crumbles; but once she is assured of the purity of Clarissa's intentions, her adoration is greater than ever. If you will just come now and live near us, she promises, "You shall chalk out every path that I will set my foot in; nor will I turn aside either to the right hand or to the left" (IV, 44). The Anna Hickman of later years, we may imagine, will keep that promise to a ghost.

In a somewhat different way, Anna also becomes for Clarissa a projection of the idealized self. Continually confronted

with such ardent devotion, such a flow of praise to confirm and nourish her proud position, Clarissa willingly accepts the idea that Anna is an inseparable part of herself. While she is secure in her role, she has no need, as Anna does, to vest her pride in anyone else, but after the abduction it is a very different story. Then Anna, who has so much faith in her, becomes the touchstone for keeping faith with herself: "I will forfeit all my hopes of happiness in this world, rather than forfeit her good opinion, and that she should think me giddy, unsteady, or precipitate" (III, 142). And in the self-hatred that follows her rape, she totally dissociates her idealized image from herself, experiencing it only through the other woman: "Self, then, be banished from <u>self</u> one moment . . . to inquire after a <u>dearer</u> object, my beloved Anna Howe!--whose mind, all robed in spotless white, charms and irradiates . . ." (III, 321).

For other reasons, too, Clarissa needs to feel that she and her friend are one merged personality. Finding it extremely difficult to be directly assertive, she is no sooner under pressure than she turns to Anna, almost as to a magical source of strength: "Help me, dear Miss Howe, to a little of your charming spirit; I never more wanted it" (I, 33). Whenever she does prove capable of an expansive move, she recounts it for Anna's approval and is always rewarded with the other's eager encouragement: "I am delighted with your spirit. . . . I expected it not from you" (I, 415). Shared also, unconsciously, is the vindictive side of Anna's "spirit," which serves Clarissa in two respects: she is sure of an appreciative audience for her own brand of subtle, apologetic sarcasm; and she can secretly enjoy her friend's more direct

hostility, provided she either rationalizes it as "agreeable raillery" (I, 134) or includes a gentle rebuke in her next letter. Therefore we see repeatedly such pieces of cooperative revenge as Clarissa quoting her reproof of the servant, Betty--"If thou really thinkest thou dost not [take liberties with me], thy ignorance is more to be pitied than thy pertness resented"--and Anna replying with her fantasy of dragging Betty through the pond (I, 321, 339).

As part of their endeavors to help each other, Clarissa and Anna have a special pact--they have promised to be absolutely frank with each other on every occasion and also to feel free, or indeed, obliged, to point out each other's faults. This openness, like so much else in their relationship, parodies a healthy characteristic, in this case the ability to be "transparently real" with the other person;[38] because so many unhealthy things are going on in these two women, their desired transparency is clouded considerably. To begin with, it is desired for all the wrong reasons. Anna's need for vicarious experience gives her requests for candid confessions a voyeuristic quality: "Nothing less than the knowledge of the inmost recesses of your heart, can satisfy my love and my friendship" (I, 188). But Clarissa gives us the central motive behind the pact when she writes, "For methinks I would so conduct myself as not to give reason even for an adversary to censure me; and how shall so weak and so young a creature avoid the censure of such, if my friend will not hold a looking-glass before me to let me see my imperfections?" (I, 48). In spite of potential wounds to her pride, she risks Anna's corrections because they help insure her against taking the

fatal step she so dreads, just as Anna tolerates hers out of the need to have someone keep a check on her aggressive impulses.

Nevertheless, this kind of "honesty" often strains their relationship in exactly the ways one would expect. Feelings are hurt when faults are pointed out, and the resulting anger is not always communicated so honestly. So, for example, stung by Anna's half-teasing warning that she is in love with Lovelace, Clarissa spends a long passage airing her feelings with characteristic indirection. It looks, she says, as if "the eager-eyed observer has been formerly touched herself, and would triumph that her friend had been no more able to escape than she." Then, catching a hint of her own vindictive tone, she hastily continues, "If I meant by this a reflection, by way of revenge, it is but a revenge, my dear, in the soft sense of the word. . . . Although at the time your reproof may pain me a little; yet on recollection, when I find in it more of the cautioning friend, than of the satirizing observer, I shall be all gratitude upon it." Presumably in jest, she adds, "You frequently remind me, by an excellent example, your own, to me, that I must not spare you!" (I, 190). This and a good deal more to the same effect fills four paragraphs, whereas what she really wants to tell her friendly advisor on this occasion could be pretty well expressed in three concise phrases: "You're another!"--"You needn't be so nasty about it!"--and "I'll get you yet!"

As for Clarissa's part of the pact, nowhere does she more clearly betray her tendency to externalize her own shortcomings than in her willingness to lecture Anna. She chides her friend

for assuming "the air of a diviner" (I, 92), even though the wisdom of prescience is one of the gifts she claims for herself (I, 188). She scolds her continually "for the severe, the very severe things you mention of our family, to the disparagement of their morals" (I, 299), which are almost always the same things she has said herself, only stated more bluntly. With unintentional irony, she continues to rebuke Anna for the slightest disobedience of her mother's will long after she herself has been exiled for a far greater act of defiance. To all this Anna submits almost masochistically, but she also takes advantage of their pact to return tit for tat: "I will treat you as freely as you treat me, and yet will never think an apology necessary to you for my freedom" (II, 131).

Still another weakness in the relationship is the failure of both, on numerous occasions, to give each other sound advice. We have already seen how Clarissa's efforts to persuade Anna to marry Hickman have more to do with her own fantasies of a "good" man than with any perception of Anna's real needs. In turn, Anna's many ambivalent attitudes--towards parents, towards men, towards aggression and submission, security and freedom--make her the poorest of counselors for the kinds of problems Clarissa faces. Much of the time she simply mirrors her friend's conflict without producing a single clue to a helpful solution, as Clarissa points out to her in one frustrated response:

> Had you, my dear, been witness to my different emotions, as I read your letter, when, in one place, you advise me of my danger, if I am carried to my uncle's; in another, when you own you could not bear what I bear, and would do anything rather than marry the man you hate: yet, in another, represent to me

> my reputation suffering in the world's eye . . . were I to take a rash step . . . had you, I say, been witness of my different emotions as I read; now leaning this way; now that; now perplexed; now apprehensive; now angry at one, then at another; now resolving; now doubting; you ... would have had reason to believe that, had you given your advice in any determined or positive manner, I had been ready to have been concluded by it (I, 290-291).

Occasionally, however, Anna does give excellent advice, if only she could see her way clearly enough to persist in it. Realizing the danger in the attitude Clarissa takes toward Lovelace after the abduction, she warns, "Methinks I see the man hesitating, and looking like the fool you paint him, under your corrective superiority! But he is not a fool. Don't put him upon mingling resentment with his love" (II, 44). This is precisely what Clarissa needs to be told, but the effect is lost when, in subsequent letters, Anna repeats the warning half the time and calls Lovelace a fool herself the other half!

The sudden clarity of Anna's vision in this particular instance, blinded as she usually is in Clarissa's sunlight, makes one pause to wonder how she knows what she knows. What enables her to grasp so accurately the effect of Clarissa's "corrective superiority" on Lovelace as to intuit his humiliation and resentment? To me it seems most likely that she has a moment of imaginative identification with this man who is so like herself in temperament and who, also like her, expects Clarissa to be both idol and lover. Projecting herself into his situation, she experiences what she has never let herself feel directly--her own shame and anger before her friend's cold, haughty perfectionism, and the resentment that mingles with her own love.

One incident in the novel, a brief but alarming rupture in the women's relationship, bears out the idea that the dark side of Anna's devotion is repressed rage. Immediately after the rape, Clarissa scribbles a short, incoherent note to her confidante, indicating what has happened but giving none of the circumstances. Not knowing that Clarissa never received her letter disclosing the true nature of the brothel, and therefore believing her friend must have returned willingly from her refuge in Hampstead to Mrs. Sinclair's, Anna replies with an explosion of vindictiveness: "Your peace is destroyed! I wonder not at it: since now you must reproach yourself for a credulity so ill-placed. I doubt your intellect was touched before you left Hampstead; or you would never have let him find you out there. . . . " She recollects how often she has warned Clarissa against secretly loving her seducer and then closes with a vicious reminder of their pact: "You have taught me never to spare the fault for the friend's sake; and that a great error ought rather to be more inexcusable in the person we value . . . because it is a reflection upon our choice of that person, and tends to be a breach of the love of mind; and to expose us to the world for our partiality" (III, 348-350).

I had to look carefully at your letter to make sure it wasn't signed by another A. H., is Clarissa's dejected answer to this outburst. "For surely, thought I, this is my sister Arabella's style: surely Miss Howe . . . could never repeat so sharply upon her friend, words written in the bitterness of spirit . . . " (III, 350). And she is right--Anna sounds exactly like Arabella, and behaves as if she too, after years of sullenly submitting to Clarissa's

superiority, relishes her chance to fling all the lessons back in the paragon's face. At very least, her impetuous conclusions, which contradict everything she has believed until now about her friend's character, show us once again that anxiety, not trust, is the basis of this relationship. Having vested so much of her pride in another person instead of developing her own sense of self-esteem, Anna actually increases her insecurity through the very maneuver that was intended to alleviate it. For, if Clarissa really falls into sin, an event over which Anna has no control, then in a sense Anna falls too. Presumably the breach heals as soon as the misunderstanding is cleared up, but quite conceivably the damage remains, contributing to Anna's increased rigidity and Clarissa's growing sense of total isolation.

Their alliance, in any case, endures to the grave and beyond. Clarissa dies kissing her friend's picture and murmuring, "Sweet and ever-amiable friend--companion--sister--lover!" (IV, 340). Here and elsewhere, there are undeniably homoerotic overtones to the friendship, but like all the other sexual impulses in the novel, these are a complex part of all the other patterns of conflict. Morris Golden suggests that Anna's passionate attachment to Clarissa is a displacement of her "'natural' submissiveness to a man"[39] whereas my interpretation implies that, given her conflicts, even her submission to a man would be likely to be "unnatural," having more to do with safety needs than with sexual desire. For both women the fantasy of running away and living together may substitute for the dream of a marriage to someone beloved, strong, and safe, since both have come to the desperate conclusion that the latter is an impossibility. In other

words, the picture we get is not one of deep homosexual attraction blocked by social convention, but, again, of two people clinging to each other in mutual anxiety.

Of the two, Anna is more in touch with her sexuality, quite capable of imagining, for instance, as she does on more than one occasion, what an affair with Lovelace would be like: "For his turbulence . . . must keep a woman's passion alive; and at last tire her into a non-resistance that shall make her as passive as a tyrant husband would wish her to be" (II, 103). Yielding to love looks exciting but also very dangerous; only with this other woman does Anna dare seek closeness and risk submission. Clarissa faces a similar dilemma, except that she is more deeply repressed sexually, colder and more detached emotionally. Strong feelings of every kind alarm her, including those that exist between Anna and herself. To Anna's impetuous pleas to be allowed to join her in London, she responds: "Why, why, my dear, will you frighten me with your flaming love? Distress is distress, to a weak heart, whether it arise from friendship or enmity"; and again, "You pain me, my dearest Miss Howe, by the ardour of your noble friendship" (II, 237; III, 478). In her passionate possessiveness, Anna is far too much like Lovelace for Clarissa's comfort; we are left with the uneasy impression that the Anna of the letters, beaming her admiration and devotion from afar, wins more love from her friend than would the sustained presence of Anna in the flesh.

The main influence of the pride system on human relationships, Horney writes, is its reinforcement of basic anxiety. Intended to defend against anxiety and help reduce it, pride instead

increases the individual's fear of others by making him more vulnerable to their ability to hurt him. At the same time, "others becomes overimportant . . . he needs them for a direct confirmation of the fictitious values he has arrogated to himself (admiration, approval, love). . . . The pride system brings a fundamental incongruity into his human relations: he feels remote from other people, is most uncertain with regard to them, is afraid of them, hostile to them, and yet needs them in ways vital to him." There is no substitute in human relations, she advises, "for that inner certainty with reference to others which is possessed by a person who is realistically aware of himself and others as themselves, and who is not swayed in his estimate of them by all kinds of compulsive needs" (NHG, 295-298).

All Clarissa's relationships, but especially the "friendship" with Anna, illustrate the truth of these observations. What I have chosen to call the "collusive alliance" between these two women is their attempt to confirm each other in the fictitious values of the pride system. Lacking the realistic awareness of themselves of which Horney speaks, they are tragically unable, most of the time, really to see each other at all. To repeat Clarissa's metaphor, if my friend must be the mirror in which I see my imperfections, if I must compulsively demand her corrections, even though they anger me, in order to feel secure, then I am apt to have what I ask for--a mirror image of myself, but not a true friendship with a human being distinctly different from me. We must continue to grant, I think, that, given all their circumstances, Clarissa and Anna are better off with their alliance than without it, since without it both would be all the

more isolated. The reader may be compassionately aware of all that these women suffer within a culture which fosters neurosis and yet refuse to "buy into" the claims they try to make for their friendship, author-sanctioned claims that contradict the novel's representational truth.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER III

[1] Samuel Richardson, Clarissa: or, The History of a Young Lady, Everyman's Library Edition, 4 vols. (London: Dent, 1962). All references to the novel are from this edition and are indicated in the text by volume and page numbers.

[2] Christopher Hill, "Clarissa Harlowe and Her Times," Essays in Criticism, 5 (1955), pp. 315-340, rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. John Carroll (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969), pp. 102-123.

[3] Diana Spearman, The Novel and Society (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1966), pp. 174, 182-183, 187-190, 197-199.

[4] Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg, The Nature of Narrative (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), p. 101.

[5] Mark Kinkead-Weeks, Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1973), p. 425.

[6] E. M. Forster, Aspects of the Novel (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1955). p. 74.

[7] Kinkead-Weeks, p. 425.

[8] R. D. Laing, The Politics of Experience (New York: Ballantine Books, 1967), p. 58.

[9] This thesis is developed in much of Laing's work, but see particularly The Politics of the Family and Other Essays (New York: Random House, 1969); and R. D. Laing and A. Esterson, Sanity, Madness, and the Family (New York: Basic Books, 1964).

[10] Leo Braudy, "Penetration and Impenetrability in Clarissa," in New Approaches to Eighteenth-Century Literature, ed. Phillip Harth (New York: Columbia University Press, 1974), pp. 196-197.

[11] Karen Horney, The Neurotic Personality of Our Time (New York: W. W. Norton, 1937), p. 8.

[12] Kinkead-Weeks, p. 126.

[13] Ernest G. Schachtel, Metamorphosis (New York: Basic Books, 1959), p. 167.

[14] See Karen Horney's commentary on competitiveness and relationships in "Culture and Neurosis," The Neurotic Personality pf Our Time, pp. 240-247.

[15] R. D. Laing, Self and Others (London: Tavistock Publications, 1961), pp. 24-27.

[16] Laing, Self and Others, p. 141.

[17] Laing, Sanity, Madness, and the Family, p.6.

[18] Laing, The Politics of the Family, p.82

[19] William Beatty Warner, Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), pp. 4, 13.

[20] Karen Horney, Neurosis and Human Growth (New York: W. W. Norton, 1950), p. 197. Hereafter this work is cited in the text as NHG.

[21] For a good summary of this argument, see Cynthia G. Wolff, Samuel Richardson and the Eighteenth-Century Puritan Character (Hamden, Conn.: Archon, 1972), pp. 92-93.

[22] Wolff, pp. 92-93. See also Christopher Hill, "Clarissa Harlowe and Her Times," in Samuel Richardson, ed. Carroll, pp. 102-123.

[23] Warner, pp. 11-12.

[24] Warner, pp. 8-9.

[25] Spearman, p. 174.

[26] Wolff, p. 84.

[27] T. C. Duncan Eaves and Ben D. Kimpel. Samuel Richardson: A Biography (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), pp. 250-251.

[28] R. F. Brissenden, Samuel Richardson (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1958), pp. 29-30.

[29] Dorothy Van Ghent, "On Clarissa Harlowe," in The English Novel: Form and Function (New York: Rinehart, 1953), rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. Carroll, p. 63.

[30] Laing, The Politics of the Family, pp. 3-11.

[31] Laing, Self and Others, p. 27.

[32] For examples, see Margaret Anne Doody, "A Fine and Private Place," in A Natural Passion: A Study of the Novels of Samuel Richardson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974), pp. 188-215; and Judith Wilt, "He Could Go No Farther: A Modest Proposal about Lovelance and Clarissa," PMLA, 92 (1977), pp. 19-32.

[33] Braudy, p. 197.

[34] Anthony Kearney, Samuel Richardson: Clarissa (London: Arnold, 1975), pp. 37-39.

[35] Katharine M. Rogers, "Sensitive Feminism vs. Conventional Sympathy: Richardson and Fielding on Women," Novel, 9 (1976), p. 262.

[36] Laing, Self and Others, pp. 90, 102-103.

[37] Kearney, p. 39.

[38] Carl R. Rogers, On Becoming a Person (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1961), p. 51.

[39] Morris Golden, Richardson's Characters (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1963), p. 51.

ROBERT LOVELACE: THE MAN BEHIND THE MASKS

I. Lovelace: The Man and the Myth

Clarissa shares her story with--in fact, more often than not is "upstaged" by--the wonderfully complex and fascinating Robert Lovelace. He writes 168 letters to her 165,[1] letters that convey to us most of the action from the time of Clarissa's abduction until her final escape. And not only is he the writer of action-packed narrative, but he is also the inventor of actions and the chief actor in the plots he creates. Richardson poured into him an energy that is the very life of this novel--we cannot imagine Clarissa without the vitality of Lovelace, and his consequent power over the reader gave the didactic author many qualms. What Richardson the moralist intended was a portrait of one libertine which would serve as a warning against all rakes (Preface, I, xv). What issued forth, instead, from the pen of Richardson, the creator of character, is one of the greatest literary portrayals of a self in conflict.

However, because of the effects that the tensions between myth and mimesis in this novel have upon his characterization, it is no easy task to delineate the psychologically realistic Lovelace. First of all, there is the problem of moral allegory: how far did Richardson, in his attempts to exemplify his villain,

move in the direction of making him an unbelievable type? Ian Watt states the central issue: "We object not so much to his exemplary viciousness as to its artificial, self-conscious and single-minded quality. . . . the artificial and composite elements in Lovelace's character cannot be denied . . . ."[2] In a similar vein, Eaves and Kimpel discuss the possibility that Richardson's conscious desire to have a villain with "probable and logical motives" led "to over-motivation, to additions and explanations which rather weaken than strengthen the inherent credibility of Lovelace's actions."[3] "And what my motive, dost thou ask?" Lovelace writes, in "Roman style," to Belford, in his very first letter, before proceeding to spell out the feelings of love, pride and revenge that are to account for his wish to abduct Clarissa (I, 148-152).[4]

But as with other aspects of Richardson's conscious exemplification, critics generally agree that mimesis so greatly outweighs these flaws in Lovelace as to make them relatively superficial. If Lovelace is annoyingly artificial at moments, on the other hand there is "much else that is convincingly human about him," Watt continues, in his well-known essay on Clarissa.[5] Morris Golden begins his study of Richardson's "bold young men," which includes Lovelace as the "best-realized character," by arguing for the primacy of the author's "direct perception of psychological reality": "Whatever moral arguments he claims to be making are purely superimposed."[6] Mark Kinkead-Weekes provides one of the best defenses for a mimetic approach by locating the character's artificial qualities in his narrative style: "The 'Roman' thee-ing and thou-ing, the posturings, the

rhetorical bursts of 'passion,' the quotations from plays, all have the effect of artifice; and promote the suspicion that Lovelace is putting on a mask which represents what he thinks he is, or wants to be, rather than his true or full nature."[7]

All this commentary provides helpful support for a realistic interpretation of Lovelace, but it does not touch on the more troublesome questions raised by the novel's mythic dimensions.[8] Dorothy Van Ghent, insisting that we must be aware of "the mythical resonances" of Lovelace's character if we are to appreciate Clarissa "in its fulness of implication," writes, "There can be no doubt that Richardson and contemporary audiences saw him as an embodiment of 'splendid sin,'" a Lucifer.[9] His Satanic role is clearly indicated by the language of the novel: he is the "grand tempter" (II, 207), "the Beelzebub" (II, 235), "a poisonous serpent" (IV, 276), one under "Cain's curse . . . a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth" (IV, 277). Drawing numerous parallels to Paradise Lost, various critics point to his pride and his craving for power,[10] his role as the tempter and tester of virtue,[11] and his love of disguise and false identity[12]--all traits associated with the several Biblical manifestations of Satan.

Less explicit but equally convincing is his identification with Don Juan. Leslie Fiedler makes the main comparison: " . . . like the older archetype, Lovelace embodies contempt for religion, aristocratic charm, and an absolute, almost magical, ability to compel love; and like his predecessor, he is a swordsman and libertine--dangerous thoughts in his head, a naked blade in his hand. . . . Both are caricatures of the courtly lover, whom they

portray as a glib but essentially brutal sexual aggressor."[13] In his Freudian reading, Gerald Levin finds in Lovelace the attributes of a Don Juan figure who is "in flight from pleasure and all love objects, driven by the mania of continual conquest and wishing to make the woman suffer for seeking sexual fulfillment."[14] Both archetypes, Satan and Don Juan, identify this character as someone larger than life, an incarnation of vast irrational forces from the collective unconscious.

Mythic and mimetic readings of Lovelace are both valid; our difficulties begin whenever we attempt to combine them in a single piece of analysis. For example, Cynthia Wolff weakens her excellent psychological insights into his character, some of the best to date, by mingling them uncritically with Satanic parallels. At one point she declares that "there is no real Lovelace behind the mask . . . the mask itself is Lovelace," giving him a formlessness and lack of identity which he shares with the souls of the damned. A page later, however, there is someone behind the mask after all: " . . . his most characteristic form of behavior is to mask anger, just as he dissimulates all incipient feeling, for the purpose of manipulating others." This remark would seem to explain much of his behavior in terms of a common human defense, but for Wolff it is one of the ways in which he "seems quite inhuman in his vice." Similarly, the fact that he "is incapable of entering into <u>any</u> meaningful relationship "links his plight to that of fallen angels," and his drive for power makes him "an embodiment of unrestrained will." Although there is potential value in these links between mimesis and myth, in Wolff's discussion they only lead us to a moral judgment:

Lovelace, finally, "seems less a muscular stallion than a poisonous swollen toad, stuffed with the corruption of his own selfish desires."[15]

Because of Lovelace's archetypal function, most of his critics feel compelled to be either for him or against him. Wolff favors a primary reading of the text, that is, one that agrees with Richardson's conscious intent: she will proceed from condemnation of Lovelace's selfishness to praise of Clarissa's selflessness.[16] An example of the opposite response is found in Erick Kahler, whose antithetical reading sides with Lovelace against Clarissa: "Despite all of his sinfulness, despite his base intrigues and acts of violence, he is fundamentally more human than she." Though Lovelace was meant to be a devil, says Kahler, we feel instead his human vulnerability in all his wickedness. "The tricks of the dandy, the Don Juan, the master of intrigue fail him; the bravado becomes desperation, the seducer a hounded, suffering human being." And to bring this about, it takes "an antagonist as narrow-minded and unfeeling as Clarissa"![17] Whereas Wolff sees Clarissa finding a new self at the end of the action,[18] Kahler denies that she has the "slightest inkling" of new insight. In his opinion, Lovelace is the one for whom "a breakthrough to self-knowledge takes place."[19]

Both of these essays contain valuable psychological truths about Lovelace and yet from a realistic perspective neither vision of him is satisfactory. While we may react against Wolff's moral accusations with renewed compassion for Lovelace's human weaknesses, Kahler's one-sided sympathies serve rather to remind us that Richardson may have been upset by similar Lovelacian

readers with some justification. In spite of their inclinations toward mimetic readings, Wolff and Kahler, and others whom they represent, fail to liberate themselves from a fantasy the novel encourages--the division of people into angels and devils, the human and the inhuman. A Horneyan reading, on the other hand, makes it possible to synthesize insights from these and other critics and at the same time avoid the moral dichotomy. I shall assume that Lovelace is every bit as human as Clarissa and that his human vulnerability should indeed arouse our sympathy, even as hers does. But I shall also assume that he is a person with an inner conflict, just as she is, and is not to be judged superior--more free, say, or more healthy--in his open rebelliousness. We begin to transcend the polarities of the novel when we realize that we are dealing with two pride systems which are not as diametrically opposed as they appear to be.

Lovelace's complexities lend themselves to a multitude of interpretations and at first appear to be full of contradictions, which has led William Warner to conclude that we cannot analyze his character in terms of motives.[20] If we are to have a mimetic reading of the whole novel, we need the Horneyan model to enable us to draw a psychological portrait of Lovelace that is comprehensive and coherent. With this model, we can first of all establish his humanity. Replying to a remark by Sir Leslie Stephen that Lovelace "seems to possess more vitality than most living men," Eaves and Kimpel write, "If Sir Leslie meant merely that no real man ever acted as Lovelace acted, we suspect he was wrong, but the question is not so important as whether Richardson was able to put into Lovelace characteristics which the

reader can recognize, on the basis of his own experience, as human." They then add, "We cannot prove that he did--each reader must decide for himself."[21] But surely evidence of the humanness of experience need not be that subjective. Lovelace's humanity is demonstrable, I believe, because he has the same conflicts that Horney found in living men and women and because her model makes sense of every aspect of his conflict.

Finally, Horney helps us establish a link between the realistic and the Satanic visions of Lovelace without becoming trapped in a dualistic morality. For her, the various literary myths of the devil and of those who sell him their souls are human voices talking about pride and self-hate. Here, for example, is how she ends one discussion of self-contempt: "Surveying self-hate and its ravaging force, we cannot help but see in it a great tragedy, perhaps the greatest tragedy of the human mind. Man in reaching out for the Infinite and Absolute also starts destroying himself. When he makes a pact with the devil, who promises him glory, he has to go to hell--to the hell within himself."[22] "The hell within himself" is where Lovelace goes; and it is not inhuman selfishness but the terribly human battle between self-hatred and self-glorification that sends him there.

II. The Mask of Revenge

We do not have to look far for evidence of the trends that point to Lovelace's "search for glory." We may, for instance, apply to this behavior the two general characteristics that Horney names for such trends: "their compulsive nature and their

imaginative character" (NHG, 29). His whole career of seduction and revenge is compulsive, as demonstrated by the fact that he cannot give up his plot against Clarissa even when he realizes that it is opposed to his best interests and his deepest wishes. This compulsiveness is an initial clue to the anxiety that underlies his seeming boldness and confidence, as Gillian Beer recognizes: " . . . he reveals the pathological extent of his ontological insecurity (in R. D. Laing's term) by his dread of 'acting out of character,' that is, ceasing to be a Rake."[23] Secondly, Lovelace's letters allow us to enter the world of fantasy out of which his grandiose plots emerge. Here we encounter a series of wild daydreams in which he himself always plays a glorious role, triumphant over everyone and the sole center of attention; his flights of imagination are, indeed, so extreme that we may wonder, as Horney does in similar cases, how borderline the sanity of such a man must be (NHG, 34). Golden scarcely exaggerates when he calls Lovelace "Richardson's prime psychotic."[24]

In the many passages of criticism that are in accord with a Horneyan view of Lovelace, the key words are pride and power. For example, Eaves and Kimpel, dissatisfied with certain Freudian readings of Richardson, protest, "But Lovelace's 'sadism' is not so much a desire to torture as a desire to dominate; it is more closely related to pride than to cruelty."[25] R. F. Brissenden has similar doubts about the primary role that sex plays in Lovelace's motivations: "Lovelace's desire for Clarissa is by no means a simple sexual one: it is more important for him to humiliate her than it is for him to possess and enjoy her physically--sex is the means by which he demonstrates his power over

other people."[26] And Kinkead-Weekes concurs:

> We gather from the Belford letters that his rake's career springs from a jilting by his first love, in a romantic and poetic affair that he now mocks effectively enough. Yet it reveals a lasting pattern. His 'love' had little interest in the real woman; it was largely a projection of his ego; and the chief pleasure it gave was the exercise of power. The real hurt when he was jilted for a coronet was not to his feelings but his pride. . . . For this he has vowed revenge on the whole sex.[27]

Golden, too, in declaring him mad, focuses on his fantasies of superiority and dominance.[28]

These two characteristics--a manifest pride and a love of power--clearly identify Lovelace as an expansive person. Therefore, after having been introduced to expansive traits in several other characters, we are now able to study this type thoroughly. He is a person, first of all, who consciously experiences himself as a superior being and thus is openly arrogant and aggressive (NHG, 189). His primary need is for mastery: control of every situation, of his own destiny, and especially of other people (NHG, 192). In his human relationships, he moves against people. His belief that he can conquer life is his major defense against anxiety, while his greatest fear is "his dread of anything connoting helplessness" (NHG, 192).

In his letters to Belford, Lovelace expresses what it feels like to be his proud self, often in fantastic metaphors: he is "my eagleship" (II, 253); "the greatest conquerer in the world" (II, 250); king and emperor of his friends (I, 152); a seducer who may commit "a rape worthy of Jupiter" (I, 175); or a being "as big as an elephant and ten times wiser," able "to snuff the

moon with my proboscis" (II, 114). He loves to imagine what he might be if he were not preoccupied with his love affairs:

> I cannot but admire myself strangely; for certainly, with this active soul, I should have made a very great figure in whatever station I had filled. But had I been a prince!--To be sure I should have made a most noble prince! I should have led up a military dance equal to that of the great Macedonian. I should have added kingdom to kingdom, and despoiled all my neighbor sovereigns, in order to have obtained the name of Robert the Great (III, 26).

The idealized image "tends to make the person arrogant, in the original meaning of the word; for arrogance . . . means to arrogate to oneself qualities that one does not have, or that one has potentially but not factually."[29] Feeling like a ruler, a warrior, a god, Lovelace actually has nothing to show for his life except a chain of sordid seductions.

Whereas Clarissa's motto is, "If I always do right, no one can hurt me," Lovelace's seems to be, "If I have power, no one can hurt me.[30] Obsessive repetitions of the phrase "in my power" and recurring images of control are found throughout his letters. His very role as a writer and receiver of letters, Steven Cohan points out, is characterized by this compulsive drive for mastery: "He not only writes to Belford, but revises Anna's and Clarissa's letters, intercepts and reads others, witholds them at his discretion, in an attempt to have an all-embracing, all-knowledgeable and all-controlling self."[31] He will be second to no one. How, he asks at one point, could he stand to be under obligation to a tenant?--"I, who think I have a right to break every man's head I pass by, if I like not his looks, to bear this!" (II, 67). "In other words," Horney says of patients

with similar attitudes, "nobody can hurt me with impunity but I can hurt everybody with impunity" (NHG, 205). When Clarissa's death pushes him to the breaking point and his family struggles to protect him from himself, his furious protest is, "I will not be controlled" (IV, 378). We shall continue to see, throughout our discussion, how the need for mastery is prominent in every aspect of his behavior.

Like Clarissa, Lovelace must ultimately be understood in terms of several sets of conflicting trends. Most obviously, however, he has strong arrogant-vindictive impulses like his adversary James Harlowe. That is, he is one for whom vindictiveness has become a central motivating force, a major expression of his more comprehensive need for mastery (NHG, 197). Such a person reveals his drive to humiliate others and triumph over them in a variety of ways. He may be extremely competitive, always trying to drag his rivals down to defeat. He is given to exploiting others, even to the point where his treatment of them is openly sadistic. He is apt to be deeply distrustful of other people and cynical in his view of human nature. His intellectual abilities may be devoted to plans to outwit others for the sake of revenge. In his most intensely vindictive moments, he may have spells of violent rage. All this, and in fact just about every line that Horney writes about the arrogant-vindictive solution, applies in some way to Lovelace (NHG, 197-205).

In his opening letter, Lovelace writes gleefully of his love of revenge and the satisfaction he finds in gratifying that impulse (I, 150-151). Here he first expresses his longing for a vindictive triumph over the Harlowes, especially James, in

retaliation for their humiliating rejection of him as Clarissa's suitor. He dreams of having "all the rascals and rascalesses of the family come creeping to me: I prescribing to them; and bringing that sordidly-imperious brother to kneel at the footstool of my throne" (I, 148). The same letter also tells of the unfaithfulness of his first love, a "quality-jilt," "whose infidelity I have vowed to revenge upon as many of the sex as shall come into my power" (I, 145). Though we may feel that Richardson is forcing his character to be too explicit at the outset, these declarations are consistent with Lovelace's needs throughout the book. Socially, he is driven to humiliate the Harlowes and people like them; sexually, he is always seeking to degrade women. In addition, he threatens to punish the servants for taking part in his own plots (II, 275), Anna for attempting to tell Clarissa the truth (III, 14), the prostitutes for over-stepping his commands (IV, 90), and his own family for opposing him on Clarissa's behalf (IV, 87). His habit of "affectionately" regarding his best friend, Jack Belford, as awkward, homely, and stupid is scarcely free of a touch of cruelty. It is difficult, indeed, to think of anyone in the story whom he does not, at one time or another, want to shame or defeat.

Thus Lovelace exhibits an attitude of permanent vindictiveness in his relations with other people. Here, in one of those passages that reads as though she had him in mind, is Horney's summary of the behavior such an attitude produces:

> In subtle and gross ways, with or without realizing it, he humiliates others and exploits them. He may use women for the satisfaction of his sexual needs with utter disregard for their feelings. With a

> seemingly 'naive' egocentricity, he will use people as a means to an end. He frequently makes and maintains contacts exclusively on the basis of their serving his need for triumph: people he can use as steppingstones in his career, influential women he can conquer and subdue, followers who give him blind recognition and augment his power. He is a past master in frustrating others--frustrating their small and big hopes, their needs for attention, reassurance, time, company, enjoyment . . . (NHG, 199).

As a libertine, Lovelace gets the satisfaction of being both masterful and vindictive with women: "I love, when I dig a pit, to have my prey tumble in with secure feet and open eyes; then a man can look down upon her, with an O-ho, charmer, how came you there?" (II, 102). Glibly indifferent about those who die in childbirth (II, 148), contemptuous of the ones he forces into prostitution, he successively dehumanizes each of his victims. Clarissa first appears on his horizon as the highest object of conquest he has ever attempted. Seducing her will be his crowning achievement: "To carry off such a girl as this, in spite of all her watchful and implacable friends; and in spite of a prudence and reserve that I never met with in any of the sex: what a triumph! What a triumph over the whole sex!" (I, 150). Meanwhile, his friends, regarded by him as fellow rakes of inferior talent, serve as audience for his grand exploits, and as vassals whom he may summon on the spur of the moment to assist him in his schemes. Yet in all this melodrama, the reader comes to know a believable man whose greatest human tragedy is that he uses and hurts people who really care about him. "We never had such pleasure in his company before," his cousin Charlotte writes plaintively of a brief halcyon visit before the final disaster. "If he would be good, and as he ought to be, no man

would be better beloved by relations than he" (III, 422).

Horney finds that the arrogant-vindictive person is particularly inclined to hold a pessimistic view of human nature and to see the world as a jungle where only the fittest survive (NHG, 199; OIC, 64). "He is convinced that everybody at bottom is malevolent and crooked, that friendly gestures are hypocritical, that it is only wisdom to regard everyone with distrust unless he has been proved honest" (NHG, 199). In remarkably similar language, Brissenden sums up Lovelace's ideology: "Lovelace . . . is a skeptic. He believes that man is innately selfish, an intelligent animal who cloaks his savagery, lusts and cruelty beneath the conventions of morality. He trusts no one. Most people, in his view, are hypocrites, frightened to acknowledge the emotional realities of the situations they are in. . . . "[32] As psychological defenses, these attitudes are externalizations of Lovelace's own impulses, through the process of projecting his vindictiveness onto others, and also rationalizations that help him evade feeling guilty for the way he treats other persons. To exclaim "What a vile corruptible rogue is human nature!" when he traps someone into participating in his plots is to prove that everyone else is just as bad as he is (II, 102). Women may be dehumanized with less compunction on his part if these creatures "created for only temporary purposes" have little humanity to begin with--"We have held that women have no souls. I am a very Jew in this point, and willing to believe they have not" (III, 407; II, 474). Cynical toward society, he can always excuse his own anti-social actions by calling attention to the crimes of greater men: "I have not the art of the

least artful of any of our Christian princes, who every day are guilty of ten times worse breaches of faith. . . . While I, a poor, single, harmless, prowler; at least comparatively harmless . . . steal but one poor lamb; and every mouth is opened, every hand is lifted against me" (IV, 451).

Psychological awareness, incidentally, of what he is up to in arguments like this one, may make the reader less likely to "buy into" his thinking. "He values intellectual honesty almost more than anything else," Brissenden continues, in the passage just quoted, "and many of the views he advances on politics, social morality, marriage and related matters, though stated cynically, are basically sensible."[33] Perhaps so. But they are never uttered apart from efforts to justify his personal behavior. If his own nature is corrupt, he reasons, then he is only doing "what is natural" for a young man of his temperament; and if other human beings are evil, he is treating them as they deserve. The fact that this reasoning is often found on the dark side of eighteenth-century enlightenment--as it is in Sade, for example--does not make it any less a feature of Lovelace's individual conflict.

Intellect, per se, rather than intellectual honesty, is what Lovelace esteems highly, particularly in the form of what he calls "my plotting genius" (II, 33). "There is nothing," he declares, "upon which I value myself so much as upon my inventions" (II, 64). The novel itself is a sustained example of what he means by this, since the plot and his plot are inextricably woven together until the catastrophic ending, when all events are beyond his control. With his intricate schemes, he

successfully abducts Clarissa and manipulates the Harlowes into unwittingly cooperating with his plans. He fools Clarissa into actually choosing Mrs. Sinclair's house of prostitution as her abode (here is how he can make a woman jump into a pit with her eyes open); and then he really opens his bag of tricks, entertaining Jack, and us, with accounts of plot after plot designed to tempt her virtue. Contriving to be ill, as a ploy to make her show her love for him, he communicates his plan, typically, through an imaginary conversation with Jack in which the latter is stupidly uncomprehending of Lovelacian genius:

> Well but, Lovelace, how the deuce wilt thou, with that full health and vigour of constitution, and with that bloom in thy face, make anybody believe thou art sick?
> How! Why, take a few grains of ipecacuanha; enough to make me reach [retch] like a fury.
> Good! But how wilt thou manage to bring up blood, and not hurt thyself?
> Foolish fellow! Are there not pigeons and chickens in every poulterer's shop?
> Cry thy mercy (II, 427-428).

Whether this strikes us as funny or foolish, it is scarcely proof of genius, but this is Lovelace's blind spot--he can see his own plots as humorous but never as merely silly.

Feeling isolated and hostile, the arrogant-vindictive person must prove to himself his extraordinary worth: "Hence his pride in his intellectual powers reaches unusual dimensions: pride in vigilance, in outwitting everybody, in foresight, in planning" (NHG, 204). Lovelace's plotting is his method of being in control of every situation. It is, in another form, the same "gift" of foresight of which Clarissa is so proud, because to plot the future successfully is to know what will occur. (The

fact that Lovelace's plots, at least the ones we get to see, rarely come off as planned seems to escape his observation.) With his talent for accurate, though usually unintegrated, self-observation, he himself clearly establishes the link between his plotting and his pride, and expresses his underlying fear to Jack: "If I give up my contrivances, my joy in stratagem, and plot, and invention, I shall be but a common man: such another dull heavy creature as thyself" (III, 229).

Outbursts of rage are the most notable indication of vindictive impulses (NHG, 198). We find some references in the novel to Lovelace's explosive temper, such as the running joke about the servant William and his missing teeth--"the teth which your Honner was pleased to bett out with your Honner's fyste" (III, 22)--and Clarissa's account of hearing him curse "like a trooper" at the cook and waiters (I, 506). The one detailed description of his rage is the account of his response to the news of her death, when he tears about the room shouting execrations, smashing his own forehead, and striking the friend who tries to restrain him (IV, 343). Clarissa concludes very early in their acquaintance "that he is violent in his temper; yet artful; I am afraid vindictive too" (I, 200).

But that little "yet artful" is a very telling phrase, suggesting that his violence often remains concealed. Until that psychotic outburst over Clarissa's death, his rage seems almost totally confined to scenes with servants and prostitutes, situations, in other words, where it would be socially acceptabe for a man of his class to display temper; and even in these situations there is usually the significant difference between putting

on an act to frighten others into obedience and the total loss of self-control. The ill-concealed fury that we find in arrogant-vindictive figures elsewhere in literature--in Captain Ahab, say, or Bronte's Heathcliff--is very untypical behavior for Lovelace. Much, in fact, that I have said about his personality up to now creates a misleading picture until it is qualified by my observation of another predominant set of traits.

II. The Mask of Charm and Wit

In describing Lovelace as an expansive man with arrogant-vindictive impulses, I have passed, without comment, over two essential features of his character that do not fit this type. One of these is the experience many people in the novel have of knowing him as a most agreeable man, lively, charming, and witty; the other is the prevailing tone of the letters, so often written, it seems, in high good humor, which over the years has won him the hearts of a great many readers. The two characteristics are closely related, for what we need to know is how people in and out of the novel have come to have a liking for an individual who thus far sounds very unpleasant.

Actually the text provides an answer to this question very early in volume I, through a conversation between Anna Howe and a Mrs. Fortescue. Mrs. Fortescue told how she once heard Lovelace "compare himself to Julius Caesar, who performed great actions by day and wrote them down at night. And valued himself that he only wanted Caesar's out-setting to make a figure among his contemporaries." She then went on, Anna tells Clarissa, to

describe how he said it: "He spoke this indeed, she says, with an air of pleasantry; for she observed, and so have we, that he has the art of acknowledging his vanity with so much humour that it sets him above the contempt which is due to vanity and self-opinion, and at the same time half persuades those who hear him that he really deserves the exaltation he gives himself" (I, 50). This single sentence captures the Lovelacian manner, identifying the combination of humorous exuberance and disarming cockiness that is found throughout his letters. When you meet him in the midst of the Harlowes, Kinkead-Weekes suggests, "His gaiety, his apparent candour, his wit and charm, even his rakehell insouciance and energy, are like suddenly coming across a portrait of Charles II among a gallery of Breughels."[34]

Consider, for example, the full effect of the following passage, from which I previously quoted isolated phrases to demonstrate Lovelace's expansiveness. He is rejoicing over his success in luring Clarissa to Mrs. Sinclair's:

> What a matchless plotter thy friend! Stand by and let me swell!--I am already as big as an elephant, and ten times wiser!--mightier too by far! Have I not reason to snuff the moon with my proboscis? Lord help thee for a poor, for a very poor creature! Wonder not that I despise thee heartily; since the man who is disposed immoderately to exalt himself cannot do it but by despising everybody else in proportion (II, 114).

A bit earlier in the same letter, he asks, "Who could forbear smiling to see my charmer, like a farcical dean and chapter, choose what was before chosen for her?" (II, 113). Who can, when he hits upon so apt a simile? And who can help smiling here at the youthful absurdity of the elephant image? Is either Jack or

the reader likely to be upset at the good-natured insult? And who could be more disarmed than the psychological critic to find Lovelace cheerfully acknowledging exactly how it is that proud people despise others? Nor should we be too sure, as we chuckle over the displacement of the part of the anatomy aimed at the moon, that we are getting a last Freudian laugh. Lovelace is fond of sly double entendres; in fact, a few lines later he produces one for yet another laugh at Clarissa among the prostitutes: "I have already been so good as to send up a list of books to be procured for the lady's closet, mostly at second-hand. And thou knowest that the women there are all well read" (II, 115).

We experience Lovelace, then, even in some of his most vindictive moments, as outrageously amusing, which is also how he experiences himself: "I cannot be grave six minutes together . . . and should not forbear to cut a joke, were I upon the scaffold" (III, 495). Nothing is sacred. When his uncle, Lord M., appears to be dying, he wonders how he will manage to be serious at the funeral: "All is placid, easy, serene, in my countenance. Sorrow cannot sit half an hour together upon it. Nay, I believe that Lord M.'s recovery, should it happen, would not affect me above a quarter of an hour" (III, 277). After Clarissa's rape and traumatic arrest, Belford sends him one of her Biblical meditations, containing the lines "For the arrows of the Almighty are within me . . . the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me" (IV, 6-7). Lovelace writes back, "I cannot help expressing my pleasure that by one or two verses of it (the arrow, Jack, and what she feared being come upon her!), I am encouraged to hope . . . that the dear creature is in the way to be a mamma" (IV,38).

With this kind of language, he seeks to reduce the rape itself to a farcical action and transform the whole sordid affair into a comedy with a happy ending. "Never any thing equall'd the Humour of that man," wrote Lady Bradshaigh, the most famous of Richardson's troublesome readers. "I wish I cou'd help laughing at him. I often check myself, as if he cou'd see me."[35]

Therefore, powerful and predominant though Lovelace's arrogance and vindictiveness are, they are not usually visible on the face he turns to society, nor, we suspect, on the one that he chooses to see in the mirror. Nor are they found on the stylistic surface of his letters, where even "revenge" is a jolly word. This public Lovelace displays a different type of expansiveness, which Horney calls narcissistic in the sense of being "in love with one's idealized image" and strongly identified with it. The narcissist is characterized by youthfulness, buoyancy, resiliency, and charm. "He may speak incessantly of his exploits or of his wonderful qualities and needs endless confirmation of his estimate of himself in the form of admiration and devotion. His feeling of mastery lies in his conviction that there is nothing he cannot do and no one he cannot win" (NHG, 194). He ignores or rationalizes his flaws and refuses to acknowledge his personal limitations, though beneath all this apparent self-confidence "there are undercurrents of despondency and pessimism" that may surface when life fails to meet his expectations (NHG, 195-196).

An excellent example of the narcissistic Lovelace in action, exercising his buoyancy and charm, is the scene in Mrs. Smith's shop (IV, 124-133). Attempting, despite her pleas, to see Clarissa once more after her final escape from him, he comes to

London and takes a chair to the Smiths', where she has found refuge; but she has anticipated his move and slipped away in a coach. Always suspicious of stratagems, Lovelace shoves past the distressed proprietors to explore the apartments, banging on doors, peering through keyholes, singing, and responding with clever retorts to the protests of those who trail after him. When his search proves vain, he returns, undaunted, to the shop, where he proceeds to poke fun at everyone in sight. He grabs the Smiths' man Joseph around the neck and pretends he is about to remove his teeth, as a new supply for the hapless Will. Planting himself behind the counter, with a chuckle at the ostentatiousness of its carved canopy, he declares himself new in the trade and starts waiting on the customers. True to form, he flirts with a pretty lady, whose footman he tries to fit with a pair of gloves much too tight: "The fellow had no strength for laughing: and Joseph was mightily pleased, in hopes, I suppose, I would borrow a few of Andrew's teeth, to keep him in countenance: and Father and Mother Smith, like all the world, as the jest was turned from themselves, seemed diverted with the humour." Soon he has all his audience laughing, sends the lady away embarrassed but smiling, and departs himself as a voice behind him exclaims, "A pleasant gentleman, I warrant him!" (IV, 131-133).

Having described this scene to Jack, in his best dramatic style, Lovelace goes on to analyze the motives for his performance:

> I give thee this impudent account of myself that thou mayst rave at me, and call me hardened, and what thou wilt. For, in the first place, I, who had been so lately ill, was glad I was alive; and then

> I was so balked by my charmer's unexpected absence, and so ruffled by that, and by the bluff treatment of Father John, that I had no other way to avoid being out of humour with all I met with. Moreover I was rejoiced to find, by the lady's absence, and by her going out at six in the morning, that it was impossible she should be so ill as thou representest her to be; and this gave me still higher spirits. Then I know the sex always love cheerful and humorous fellows. The dear creature herself used to be pleased with my gay temper and lively manner; and had she been told that I was blubbering for her in the back shop, she would have despised me still more than she does.
>
> Furthermore, I was sensible that the people of the house must needs have a terrible notion of me, as a savage, bloody-minded, obdurate fellow; a perfect woman-eater . . . and it was but policy to show them what a harmless pleasant fellow I am (IV, 133).

Putting aside, for the moment, the questions of why Lovelace delights in self-analysis and how trustworthy his observations are, we should note that this curious passage raises more questions than it answers because the postulated motives conflict. He claims that a) he was in high spirits because he was so glad to be alive; b) he was in a bad temper which he concealed by acting lively; c) hope for Clarissa's recovery put him in an even better mood; d) he was cheerful to please the women, including the absent Clarissa, who mustn't hear that he cried (implying that he really felt like "blubbering"); and finally e) his good humor was actually a calculated policy. Since all these reasons can hardly be equally true, he appears confused and ambivalent, not really able to explain his "high" even though he wants to believe that he controls it.

The narcissistic role is Lovelace's preferred solution to his conflict, but, though he clings to it tenaciously to the very end of the action, it is an extremely precarious position for him. As seen in the passages above, vindictiveness (the vicious edge

to his teasing, the urge to punch Father John Smith) and self-effacement (the impulse to break down and cry) battle just beneath the surface, too close to consciousness to be fully denied. Lovelace is aware that in his excited state he does not exactly feel spontaneously happy. What he does feel like, and this is the key to understanding how his solution works for him, is an actor--filled with contradictory emotions, he is nevertheless able to select the ones that fit the moment and play those to his audience.

Many recent critics have observed that Lovelace constantly behaves as though his natural milieu were the world of the theatre. "He is forever adjusting his masks and roles according to the exigencies of the moment," Warner notes;[36] and Kinkead-Weekes elaborates: "Lovelace is an incurable playactor, and is also his own primary audience, satisfying his own inner needs by his performance before it has anything to do with anyone else. Even at his most passionate moments, he cannot help making what he feels into a role, watching himself playing it, and often improving the performance as he goes along."[37] And he is a playwright and director as well, producing his own scripts for future events and asserting "the desire for dramatic control over other people."[38]

The text provides abundance support for these conclusions. At the start of the action, Lovelace lurks about the Harlowe estate in disguises, assuming four different ones in a single day (I, 446). To gain Clarissa's presence at Mrs. Moore's, he casts and costumes himself as an elderly gentleman, even dividing his account of that escapade into Acts One and Two

(III, 30) and labeling Clarissa's hysterical reaction a "violent tragedy speech" (III, 45). She sees him as "so much of the actor, that he seems able to enter into any character; and his muscles and features appear entirely under obedience to his wicked will" (III, 360). With his friends before they meet Clarissa at Mrs. Sinclair's (II, 215-216), with Dorcas before his induced illness (II, 435), with the imposter Tomlinson (III, 123), and with his make-believe relatives (III, 185-187), he is the drama coach, rehearsing them in their scenes and working out signals to control them once they are "on stage." He goes over their lines, directs their facial expression, and even blocks out their movements.[39] Elsewhere he directs himself: "I charged my eyes to languish and sparkle by turns: I talked to my knees, telling them how they must bend; and, in the language of a charming describer, acted my part in fancy, as well as spoke it to myself" (IV, 124). "Lovelace wants total artistic control over his life's play,"[40] which he imagines as a comedy starring himself and Clarissa, to be called The Quarrelsome Lovers (II, 271).

What are the psychological implications of these preferences for the theatrical? Obviously, the drive for mastery remains central: as writer, director, or actor, Lovelace commands every situation and attempts to control the direction of events, the actions of other people, and, perhaps most importantly, his own unruly impulses. Always vigilantly in charge of every move he himself makes, paradoxically he is never really in control at all. He is a compulsive, driven man, whose liveliness is manic rather than healthy because he is alieanted from the "alive center" of his real self (NHG, 158). "Some neurotics may display

a scintillating vivacity and a false spontaneity. . . . But these feelings do not come out of any depth; they are not in them. They live in a world of their own imagination and respond superficially to whatever captures their fancy or hurts their pride. Often the need to impress people is in the foreground. . . . Chameleonlike, they always play some role in life . . . and, like good actors, produce the feelings that go with the roles" (NHG, 164-165). "He is the perfect Proteus," Clarissa says of Lovelace. "I can but write according to the shape he assumes at the time" (II, 82).

From his own point of view, although he knows himself to be an actor when he is carrying out his plots, Lovelace claims to be basically open and sincere where it counts, which for him is primarily in masculine relationships: "I never lied to man, and hardly ever said truth to woman" (IV, 445). He always insists to Jack that he is at heart no hypocrite but an honest man, or, to use his favorite word, an "ingenuous" one, as he proves by filling his letter with moments of candid self-revelation. In the letters, if we take his word for it, we should be "backstage," where the mask is removed and the real Lovelace steps forth. Are we? An admirer like Warner thinks so: "Lovelace's art can coexist with a surprising degree of directness, honesty, and attachment."[41] So accurately, too, can he hit upon the truth about himself or others that he often startles psychological critics, in particular, by anticipating us; as Jonathan Loesberg has pointed out: "Critics . . . often end up discussing something very like Lovelace's quite conscious view of the situation . . . Lovelace is always 'where you are'. . . ."[42]

The trouble is that, though there are many flashes of truth as Lovelace's mind darts in every direction, there is no sustained truthfulness. What is glimpsed momentarily is never faced honestly nor integrated into any self-knowledge that can change the tragic direction of his life. Furthermore, even telling the truth can sometimes have a defensive function, as we see from a particularly revealing passage in the final volume. The subject is the treatment of servants. Belford has complained that although he treats his kindly instead of knocking their teeth out, they only take advantage of him; and in reply Lovelace, probably correctly, accuses him of indirectly courting praise for a self-righteous compliance. The masterful approach, Lovelace proceeds to argue, is the superior one:

> Now to me, who never did anything I was ashamed to own, and who have more ingenuousness than ever man had; who can call a villainy by its right name, though practiced by myself, and (by my own readiness to reproach myself) anticipate all reproach from others; who am not such a hypocrite as to wish the world to think me other or better than I am--It is my part to look a servant into his duty, if I can: nor will I keep one who knows not how to take me by a nod or a wink; and who, when I smile, shall not be all transport; when I frown, all terror (IV, 162-163).

By placing his "ingenuousness" in this context, he shows us the part it plays in his system. For him, it is part of the open expansiveness he prefers over the hidden pride of self-effacement. Its confessional aspect has a special function, just as he states: he will be the first to name all his faults, a perfect technique for keeping his accusers on the defensive. This works well with Jack Belford, who accepts the professed ingenuousness admiringly (IV, 94) and never quite manages to get a step ahead of it;

and it may easily fool readers as well if we fail to recognize that the honest, straight-forward gentleman exists only as another facet of Lovelace's adored self-image.

As a narcissist, then, Lovelace puts on his idealized self as though it were a mask; when we look at him closely, the vivacity, the charm, the wit, the candor prove to be all glittering surface, covering feelings of a very different sort. Toward the end of the action, he frequently confesses how strained his buoyancy feels: "I struggle and struggle, and try to buffet down my cruel reflections as they rise: and when I cannot, I am forced, as I have often said, to try to make myself laugh, that I may not cry" (IV, 262). Perhaps we might say, then, in order to reconcile the narcissistic and arrogant-vindictive sides of Lovelace, that behind the laughing mask, we find the angry, vengeful man.

Paradoxically, however, we get an equally valid insight if we reverse the images. If we look again at a line like "Then shall I have all the rascals and rascalesses of the family come creeping to me" with attention to tone, we don't find the feeling of rage coming through. The mask is angry, but the face behind the mask is smiling at the word he just coined. I think it is generally accurate to say that we know about Lovelace's vindictiveness in the novel primarily because he acts it out in the games he plays rather than because he expresses it directly. Since he plays his vengeful roles obsessively in each seduction plot, we still have no reason to deny that his vindictive trends are very powerful. But in his experience of them, he may be compared to a real actor who constantly gets himself cast, let's say, as a Hitler type: here too we would suspect an underlying need for revenge,

but we would not necessarily conclude that the actor feels himself to be Hitler. On stage, he can reveal his emotions openly and yet deny that they are his; and so, I think, does Lovelace. While we may correctly see both of his selves as part of a false system, he believes his real self to be the person we have called the narcissist, a jolly chap who entertains himself by plotting revenge.

I shall return to the psychology of the actor, as it relates to our character, a bit later. Meanwhile, our portrait of Lovelace remains perplexing and incomplete. We have looked at two of his faces, and both now seem masklike, concealing deeper conflicts. We shall now consider two more--one that has already been glancing at us from the text, about to burst into tears; and another, cynical and expressionless, that watches all the others from the distance.

III. The Masks of Feeling and Detachment

How loveless (the eighteenth-century pronunciation of his name) is Lovelace? Kinkead-Weekes offers yet another variation of our metaphor: "There is visible behind the rake's mask a face that can but will not express humane feeling. . . . Much of his writing is an attempt to clamp back the rake's mask, with its fixed heartless grin, to hide the human expression from its owner's eye. . . . For there is a part of him that is not loveless, which might have become actualised."[43] Setting aside for the moment the judgment of what is human or humane, let us ask ourselves whether we can glimpse, through the mask of Lovelace's

language, any of those softer emotions which we have found to be so highly valued by self-effacing people.

To the extent that our character remains true to his expansive solution, we should expect to find Kinkead-Weekes' sense of a mask clamped tightly over all tender feelings to be an apt description. The greatest fear this type of person has is of anything that suggests weakness and helplessness. Although he has self-effacing trends, he hates them in himself and fights to keep them rigidly excluded from his consciousness (NHG, 192, 204). The vindictive person, especially, is likely to feel unloved and unlovable, and to respond by choking off all his positive feelings (NHG, 202-203). He is equally intolerant of compliant traits in other people (NHG. 207). In his need to defend himself against others, he shuts himself off from human warmth and affection, which make him feel vulnerable (NHG, 210). Horney foreshadows the fate of a Lovelace when she warns, "If, however, a hurt does penetrate through the protective layer of invulnerability, then the pain becomes intolerable. In addition to his pride being hurt . . . he also suffers the humiliating blow of having 'allowed' something or somebody to hurt him (NHG. 205)."

Tenderness, warmth, compassion, the capacity for spontaneous self-abandonment--against these and related feelings, Lovelace has a whole battery of defenses. Three methods of crushing and shutting out the unwanted emotions predominate: in his writing, he uses language defensively in order to subvert genuine feelings as they arise; in his role as a lover, he substitutes sentimentality for real feeling; and in all his relationships, he externalizes self-effacing trends, ridiculing and rejecting them

wherever he finds or imagines them in other people.

Language fascinates Lovelace, and small wonder, considering the innumerable distortions of experience his verbal skills make possible. "Language," Ernest Schachtel writes, "can open or obscure the world." Whenever words are divorced from experience, instead of being evocative of it, "language bars access to the world, obscures the objects, leads to autocentric perception of familiar clichés rather than to allocentric perception of reality."[44] Paradoxically, with Lovelace much original expression, the opposite of cliché , functions just as autocentrically; but, also paradoxically, this imaginative man is surprisingly inclined to cliché. Let us consider briefly two examples of his defensive uses of language.

The first is from the letter in which he retells the story, obtained through his servant, of Clarissa's first escape and of how she wept as she walked along the road to Hampstead. Imagining that scene, he comments:

> I am glad she wept so much, because no heart bursts (be the occasion for sorrow what it will) which has that kindly relief. Hence I hardly ever am moved at the sight of these pellucid fugitives in a fine woman. How often, in the past twelve hours, have I wished that I could cry most confoundedly! (III, 29).

The remark begins with a note of pity: "I am glad she had the relief of tears." But since Lovelace will not face the fact that he caused those tears, personal sympathy immediately dissolves into the generalization that no heart will break if a person is able to cry. The second statement increases the emotional distance through both language and logic: the words that obscure

the object when tears are transformed into "pellucid fugitives"; and the implied reasoning, "Crying is good for a woman. Therefore I don't have to feel any pity." Thus a highly charged experience is defused by being abstracted so that "Clarissa weeping" is changed to "pellucid fugitives in a fine woman." The final sentence--"I wished that I could cry"--betrays how autocentric his response has become, while the "most confoundedly" signals that the rakish mask is securely in place.

Another good illustration of Lovelace's evasive language is a passage written shortly after the fire plot, when, enraged and terrified, Clarissa has secluded herself. Once more Lovelace is in danger of being touched by her suffering:

> It were better for herself, as well as for me, that she had not made so much ado about nothing. I must keep my anger alive, lest it sink into compassion. Love and compassion, be the provocation ever so great, are hard to be separated; while anger converts what would be pity, without it, into resentment. Nothing can be lovely in a man's eye with which he is thoroughly displeased (II, 514).

Here a cliché, with a comic allusion--"so much ado about nothing"--provides a safe verbal reduction of Clarissa's hysteria. The pseudo-wisdom of proverbial generalizations (ironically resembling those of Lord M., which Lovelace detests) continues to attenuate emotions and turn them into abstractions. Again we have the "ingenuous" Lovelace at work, pulling the rug from under us by confessing that he is manipulating his own feelings, and trying to prove in the process how much he is master of his own psyche. His choice of the word "sink" is particularly revealing because it locates compassion, associated

with self-effacement, below anger, an expansive reaction. In both selections we have examined, the whole thrust of his language is to tame those emotions that create vulnerability, bringing them under control.

Hence, for Lovelace, real feelings of warmth and tenderness would seem to be closest to the surface in those moments when he is most actively guarding against them. Conversely, any open declarations of "soft" emotions, such as his frequent claims that he is moved to tears, are very suspect. They are accounted for by contradictory needs, for though he must remain invulnerable, he must also, in his idealized role of Lover, be a man of great sensibility. Enter Lovelace the Actor, who can summon tears at will. In a heated argument with Clarissa at Hampstead, he plays the Man of Feeling with Mrs. Moore and her friends for audience: "One word more, my dearest creature! Charming even in your anger! O my fond soul! said I, turning half round, and pulling out my handkerchief. I believe, Jack, my eyes did glisten a little. I have no doubt but they did. The women pitied me" (III, 47). In private, remembering how a pathetic Clarissa has pleaded for herself as "the poor fatherless girl," he performs for himself and Jack:

> What's the matter with me? Whence this dewdrop? A tear! As I hope to be saved, it is a tear, Jack! Very ready methinks! Only on reciting! But her lovely image was before me, in the very attitude she spoke the words. And indeed, at the time she spoke them, these lines of Shakespeare came into my head: "Thy heart is big. Get thee apart, and weep! . . . "(II, 481).

Conflicting images of the idealized self contribute to the mixed

tone of these lines--the rakish Lovelace laughs at the emotional display which the feeling Lovelace dignifies with the Shakespearean quote.

As Brissenden shows in his discussion of Clarissa, Lovelace is a character who puts the doctrine of sentimentalism to a severe test.[45] He is the best illustration imaginable of how easily sentiment degenerates into sentimentality--of the manufacture of superficial feelings for defensive purposes and also of the manipulative value of such emotional indulgence. The fact that his real feelings are held back while false ones are assumed only adds to the disturbing effect. "Lovelace provides a scarifying comment on the complacent assumption that all men are naturally good--but at the same time he presents a pathetic picture of a man struggling against his better feelings. . . . The shocking thing, as far as certain eighteenth-century beliefs were concerned, is that the better feelings are defeated."[46] They are defeated, Horney would say, not because of any inherent duality of human nature but because for a Lovelace every "soft" impulse registers as negatively self-effacing and so threatens the system on which his sense of identity depends.

It is in his attitude towards the compliant trends in others that we become most aware of how terrifying self-effacement is for him. Judith Wilt, in the context of a different psychological approach, identifies the two kinds of people Lovelace fears to become and the imaginary space they inhabit:" . . . he has defined his space so that all movements are down, down to the bestial womanhood inside himself, or down to tyrannized Hickmanhood."[47] Accepting the sexual polarity of his culture, he

concludes that women are naturally self-effacing, men naturally expansive. Gentle, timid men like Anna's suitor, Hickman, are despicable.

Women in Lovelace's society are traditionally compliant and consequently socially dependent. Contemplating the position of women, therefore, arouses his anxieties about helplessness and makes him fearful of anything "feminine" in his own personality. How he handles this is best illustrated in a curious passage in which he is trying to figure out why he is often so inhibited in Clarissa's presence:

> But I was originally a bashful mortal. Indeed I am bashful still with regard to this lady--bashful, yet know the sex so well! But that indeed is the reason that I know it so well. For, Jack, I have had abundant cause, when I looked into myself, by way of comparison with the other sex, to conclude that a bashful man has a good deal of the soul of a woman; and so, like Tiresias, can tell what they think, and what they drive at, as well as themselves (II, 55).

Any number of implications may be drawn from this self-proclaimed androgyny, but from our perspective it appears to be a clever piece of rationalization aimed at converting a detected personal weakness into a strength. A compliant trait--shyness--is associated with the feminine and threatens Lovelace's expansive masculine image. To our surprise, he accepts rather than denies this trait, but to what purpose? Not so suprisingly, he concludes that by having feminine impulses, he can understand women better and so increase his power to control them, thus making the realm of the feminine safer territory. As with every other bit of self-analysis he engages in, his new insight is made to serve his

defensive solution. The "knowledge" of women that fills his letters is nearly always stereotyped, contemptuous, and manipulative, such as "If you would have a woman do one thing you must always propose another" (II, 101) and "All women are cowards at bottom: only violent where they may" (III, 304).

On another occasion when Lovelace is feeling "bashful," he likens himself to "the spiritless Hickman" and Clarissa to Anna Howe (II, 381). Hickman functions as Lovelace's foil. "I believe Mr. Hickman treads no crooked paths, but he hobbles most ungracefully in a straight one," is Anna's terse assessment of her suitor (II, 177). Meek to the point of obsequiousness, Hickman carries on a "whining, creeping, submissive courtship" that she despises and loves to ridicule (I, 244; II, 104); and Lovelace shares her scorn. Having intercepted one of her letters, he reads how Hickman, blushing and trembling, has humbly begged to be allowed to rescue Clarissa, and exclaims sarcastically, "How valiant is all this! Women love brave men; and no wonder that his tears, his trembling, and his prostration, gave him high reputation with the meek Miss Howe" (III, 173).

Interestingly, when he meets Hickman, Lovelace associates him with Jack Belford: "He seems to me to be so set, so prim, so affected, so mincing, yet so clouterly in his person . . . that thou never beheldest such another except in a pier-glass" (III, 485). A stronger character than Hickman, Belford nevertheless does resemble him and tends to be quite self-effacing, especially as a compliant follower in his relationship with Lovelace.[48] Lovelace's perpetual ridicule of Jack's awkwardness, diffidence, and solemnity, which intensifies as Belford begins to reform

under Clarissa's influence, seems to defend against his fear that some day he too, like his alter ego, may allow his self-effacing trends to surface and reduce him to impotent goodness. When Belford complains that his kindness to his servants does not produce obedience, Lovelace accuses him of self-righteousness and hypocrisy: "Thou art continually giving thyself high praise . . . , gently and artfully blaming thyself for qualities thou wouldst at the same time have to be thought . . . praiseworthy. . . . Yet art thou always unhappy in thy attempts of this kind, and never canst make us who know thee believe that to be a virtue in thee which is but the effect of constitutional phlegm and absurdity" (IV, 162).

In discussing the typical expansive person, Horney identifies perfectly the sort of ploy that Lovelace is using here:

> He sees around him many compliant people who pretend to be more loving, more sympathetic, more generous than they actually are. And in this regard he is indeed more honest. . . . But his need to justify his own coldness forces him to take a further step. He tends to deny that a wish to be helpful, or a friendly act, is ever genuine. . . . This move puts him on top of the heap. It makes him appear to himself as the one person who is above common hypocrisy (NHG, 207).

Lovelace's deep ambivalence towards Belford and Hickman, then, is a sure sign of the intensity of his inner conflict. "We understand now that in others he [the expansive person] despised not only the pretense of love but their compliance, their self-degrading, their helpless hankering after love. In short he despised in them the very self-effacing trends he hates and despises in himself" (NHG. 207).

Because his conflict is so intense, Lovelace, like Clarissa, develops a strong need for detachment. Evidence of his detached trends is not immediately obvious and even seems quite unlikely: he is an active man, not one who withdraws from life; and he continually confronts others in preference to standing apart from them. We should note, however, that for Horney the crucial factor in detachment is the emotional distance between the self and others (NHG, 264; OIC, 75). In a broad sense, arrogant-vindictive people are by definition emotionally detached because of their cold, unfeeling attitude towards others (NHG, 266). Despite his sexual energy and active aggression, the Lovelace who rapes a drugged Clarissa under Mrs. Sinclair's supervision acts, not with hot passion, but with chilling detachment. He is not as different as we would think from some of the seemingly colder villains of literature, such as James's Gilbert Osmond in The Portrait of a Lady.

Another common factor in detachment is the inclination to be a spectator of self: "What all detached persons have in common . . . is their capacity to look at themselves with a kind of objective interest, as one would look at a work of art. . . . They may often, therefore, be excellent observers of the processes going on within themselves" (OIC, 74-75). This trend in Lovelace helps to explain why he so often turns commentator on his own psychic processes and how he has such uncanny accuracy in certain of his insights. More often than not, though, as I have shown elsewhere, he is subtly, sometimes even grossly, wrong in his observations, or quickly distorts the painfully accurate ones to make them more palatable to his pride.

Furthermore, as Horney warns, "In the case of the neurotic the mind is never a friendly, concerned spectator," but is coldly detached or even "openly faultfinding, gleeful, sadistic" (NHG, 183). As he obsessively records his every action, Lovelace may enjoy being his own audience, but he must also endure living continually in the floodlight of his own observation. Sadistic self-observation is also often externalized (NHG, 183): the person may turn his penetrating gaze onto the faults of others, as Lovelace does with Belford; or he may have a paranoid sense of being under the hateful surveillance of others, as Lovelace has when, after his psychotic episode, he imagines that for life he will be "the sport of enemies! the laughter of fools! (IV, 441).

Becoming a spectator of self is one manifestation of the neurotic's belief in the supremacy of the mind: "While feelings--because unruly--are suspects to be controlled, the mind--imagination and reason--expands like a genie from a bottle" (NHG, 183). Lovelace's writing shows him engaged in a massive process of intellectualization, which shifts his conflicts into the areas of thinking and verbalizing; and of rationalization, which subjugates reason to pride, and logic to a faith in the infallibility of his own premises (NHG, 184). We have already seen several excellent examples of his faulty premises and specious arguments, all efforts to justify himself and the dangerous course he is taking. He seeks to alleviate guilt by "proving" that he is not really such a bad fellow, that he could be a lot worse, that others are just as bad as he is. His long twisted arguments in favor of his "trial" of Clarissa (see, for example, II, 38-42)

always collapse into a tragic contradiction that he fails to perceive: he must prove Clarissa woman, not angel, before he can love her, but yet he will despise her if she does prove to be a woman (that is, capable of sexual passion). He tries to control his future with her by predicting how it must unfold--any woman will eventually forgive sexual advances, nobody dies of rape, he can always marry her when he chooses, etc. With each phase of the action, the gap widens between Lovelace's isolated "reasoning" mind and the stubborn reality that will not conform to it.

Detachment gives Lovelace an ironic perspective on experience, to such an extent that his letters become the major vehicle within the text for the expression of irony. When we consider him as a functional character, we see that one of the main reasons he undermines the scheme of the book is because his irony gives him far too much power to heap effective ridicule on Clarissa's values. In his psychological characterization, irony is another of his important defenses, which he uses both as an outlet for vindictiveness and as a distancing device. He is especially likely to start ridiculing others just when they stand the best chance of exercising an influence over him or getting close to him emotionally: a long passage making Clarissa look like a silly innocent comes right at the point where he has lost her for good (III, 316-317); all the efforts of his family to get him to do right by Clarissa are written up as dramatic scenes in which they look absurd (III, 392-403); and his last meeting with his best friend is devoted to laughing at Jack's moral conversion--"Ah, Belford, Belford, thou hast a confounded

parcel of briers and thorns to trample over barefoot, before religion will illumine these gloomy features" (IV, 485).

The most extreme aspect of his detachment is the extent to which he inhabits a fantasy world. Since his "active" life in the novel, the seduction of Clarissa, consists in the acting out of a colossal fantasy, the main difference between him and more completely withdrawn dreamers would seem to be his ability to bring his daydreams to life. In addition, however, he pours enormous energy into wild fantasies that never have any material reality. Most of these involve women and seduction: dreams of living with the perfectly devoted wife or mistress, of his future life with a submissive Clarissa, of seducing Anna and living with both women at once, of Clarissa with "a twin Lovelace at each charming breast" (II, 477). As this last duplication of himself suggests, the fantasies are totally egocentric, imaginary fulfillments of his desire for a world where he is lord and master, and the sole object of feminine devotion. They are often vengeful, too, such as the one, almost carried out, of luring Mrs. Moore and her friends to London in order to subject them to a gang rape (III, 215-216). Wildest of all is his plan for raping Mrs. Howe and Anna on shipboard, during their trip to the Isle of Wight, a long daydream in which he ends up on trial for his crimes:

> . . . how bravely shall we enter a court, I at the head of you, dressed out each man, as if to his wedding-appearance! You are sure of all the women, old and young, of your side. What brave fellows! What fine gentlemen! There goes a handsome man! meaning me, to be sure! Who could find in their hearts to hang such a gentleman as that! whispers one lady. . . . I know I shall get off for one --were it but for family sake: and being a handsome fellow, I shall have a dozen or two of young maidens,

> all dressed in white, go to court to beg my life. And what a pretty show they will make, with their white hoods, white gowns, white petticoats, white scarves, white gloves, kneeling for me, with their white handkerchiefs at their eyes, in two pretty rows, as his majesty walks through them, and nods my pardon for their sakes! (II, 422, 424).

In this fantasy of vindictive triumph and self-vindication, all Lovelace's enemies are routed, and his sins are obliterated by the whiteness of innocent adoration. Imagination is truly his genie, summoned to grant his every wish.

Though frequently disguised by his humor, Lovelace's fantasy life borders on the psychotic and indicates a schizoid detachment. The clue as to how, nevertheless, his expansive system continues to function is found, I think, in his predilection for being the actor. In an important essay on the psychology of actors, Ronald Hayman, drawing on the research of D. W. Winnicott and R. D. Laing, speculates that actors have much in common with schizophrenics, who are torn between contradictory needs to reveal and conceal:

> . . . splitting of what feels like the real self from what feels like the unreal self is characteristic of schizophrenic behavior. . . . The split, for the schizophrenic, can come to feel like a separation between the self and the body. The real self is held back so much that it comes to feel disembodied, while the body becomes the centre of what Winnicott calls 'the false self'. The disembodied self is then withdrawn from contact with other people, confined to purely mental activity, while the body feels as though it is capable of acting independently, without compromising the integrity of the real self. . . . The real self remains detached, elusive, uncommitted, and the schizophrenic may well be priding himself in the absolute honesty he is maintaining in communing with it. The persona assumed by the false self is an amalgam of part selves, collected from different sources and undeveloped or only partially developed.

Maintaining his sanity in spite of similar tendencies, the actor expresses these part selves from behind his mask or role. "He is concealing himself behind the character but simultaneously revealing more of himself than he could normally reveal in his off-stage life. . . . The controlling intelligence remains uncommitted, while the voice and the body do what the character has to do."[49]

Always on stage, Lovelace is forever concealing himself within the roles he fashions--the Rake, the Revenger, the Lover, the Man of Sensibility, etc. With the detached intelligence serving as director, he forces his body and emotions to assume these roles ("I charged my eyes to languish and sparkle by turns; I talked to my knees, telling them how they must bend") (IV, 124). What he actually succeeds in doing is acting out all his false or partial selves; that is, in Horneyan terms, he creates his masks from various aspects of his idealized or his despised self. In so doing, he reveals to us all the conflicts that are disturbing him. He is making a terrible compromise, in terms of human health, but it keeps him from falling apart completely. When he is caught up in any given role, he finds a temporary equilibrium. He engages in the defensive fragmentation of self that Horney calls compartmentalization, which eases conflict by disconnecting it (NHG, 179). And the detached mind, watching the show from the wings, believes itself in possession of a god-like control, thus maintaining a semblance of unity in what is actually a radically divided self (NHG, 183-184).

IV. Lovelace and Sexuality

No analysis of Lovelace can be complete until we deal directly with the problems of his sexual behavior. This task brings us face to face with all the difficult questions--psychological, ethical, and philosophical--raised by the sadomasochism in this novel. Comparing Richardson and Sade, Brissenden declares, ". . . it is in Clarissa that we find the closest parallel to the situation in La Philosophie dans le Boudoir. . . . The implications of Clarissa, like the implications of everything Sade wrote, are saddening and disturbing."[50] They are so, above all, because Lovelace and Clarissa confront us so directly with the apparent pleasure of inflicting and enduring suffering and with all the unhealthy yet intractable bonds of the sadomasochistic relationship. I shall deal with many aspects of the problem in subsequent chapters; but I should like to establish here a Horneyan perspective on Lovelace's sadistic and masochistic traits that will show how his sexual behavior functions as a part of his inner conflict.

Most of Richardson's psychologically-oriented critics make some sort of case for a Freudian interpretation of Lovelace centered upon his sadomasochism. Watt identifies him as "the sadistic and sexual male" whose complement is Clarissa, "the masochistic and asexual female."[51] Likewise, Frederick Frank, who is interested in how Lovelace's cruelty anticipates that of later Gothic protagonists, emphasizes his sadism: "In his twisted mind, the only true form of love is expressed in that moment of ecstatic hatred for the partner which comes over the male during

intercourse and releases that urge to kill the woman during the act of copulation."[52] Golden, while acknowledging sadism as a part of Lovelace's drive for dominance, also finds in him "the complementary guilt feelings that at times are extreme enough to constitute masochism." Golden rather vaguely relates this conflict to "androgynous male-female urges,"[53] as does Judith Wilt, who finds within Lovelace a "woman-internal" that longs for abasement.[54]

In Richardson the Novelist, the most precise and thorough Freudian study to date, Levin reminds us that, according to Freud, "fantasies sadistic in form may be masochistic in their gratification."[55] For him, the key to understanding Lovelace, and also Richardson, is found in the dynamics of moral masochism--Freud's theory that, through a regression to the Oedipus complex, adult conflicts may become resexualized in a way that results in the ego eagerly seeking suffering, for its own sake, from the superego or parental figures. Lovelace and Mr. B., of Pamela, also exhibit a related phenomenon, feminine masochism, in which the male imagines himself suffering in the passive situations characteristic of women.[56] In Lovelace's imagination, Clarissa becomes "a punishing mother who he thinks has charmed him, and now seeks to destroy him";[57] and as a masochist, he deliberately invites her punishment. His fantasies and his voyeurism also reveal his deep identification with her as his victim, whereby, in his underlying masochistic fantasy, he suffers with her.[58] In the reactivated Oedipal situation, the welter of contradictory desires originally involving the mother--needs to possess her, to punish her love for the father, to be punished by her for his own

forbidden love--account for his ambivalent treatment of Clarissa. "Lovelace's professed need to prove the virtue of his 'beloved' is, psychoanalytically, a disguised wish to prove the virtue of the mother. . . . The wife-mother of Lovelace's fantasies is simultaneously degraded and proved an angel."[59]

Unquestionably, to my mind, a Freudian approach works well with Clarissa. Bernard Paris writes, "The major personality theories tend to focus on different stages of psychological evolution, and no one theory will suffice for all occasions."[60] With this novel, we have a situation where at least two theories, Freud's and Horney's, are needed to illuminate the full range of psychoanalytic material the book makes available to us; and I have often had to resist the temptation to try to use both models at once, although in a later discussion of the Clarissa-Lovelace relationship, in Chapter Six, I will make some limited Freudian references, including some to Horney's early work with feminine psychology. By no means, therefore, should the following analysis be construed as an argument against alternative readings such as Levin's, which I would recommend to anyone interested in a psychological understanding of Richardson. What a Horneyan reading can do, while it cannot touch on every important aspect of Lovelace's sexuality, is to show how sexual attitudes are related to his whole pride system and so open up a more holistic interpretation of his personality than critics have hitherto provided.

In her approach to sex and neurosis, Horney presupposes that "all is not sexuality that looks like it" (NP, 134). For her, sexual problems are the effects, rather than the causes, of

intrapsychic conflict,[61] one expression among many of the individual's disturbances (NHG, 303). Sexuality may become more a matter of pride than of pleasure (NHG, 301). Sexual intercourse may be proof of being wanted for the compliant person, one more situation in which to demonstrate mastery for the expansive person, the only bridge to others for some detached people (OIC, 61; NHG, 301). "Sexual activities become not only a release of sexual tensions but also of manifold non-sexual psychic tensions. They can be a vehicle to drain self-contempt (in masochistic activities) or a means to act out self-torment by sexual degrading or tormenting of others (sadistic practices). They form one of the most frequent ways of allaying anxiety" (NHG, 301). She is extremely skeptical of the notion that anyone acquires pleasure directly from pain; rather, she argues, the satisfaction always comes from some release or defense that suffering makes possible (NP, 222-225). Recognizing that sadism is closely linked to vindictiveness and masochism to self-effacement, she refuses to associate these trends with sexual gender: "Self-effacement has nothing to do with femininity nor aggressive arrogance with masculinity" (NHG, 247).

Regarding sadism, specifically, Horney contends that "for all so-called sadistic trends vindictive needs are the crucial motivating force" (NHG, 199). As we have seen, the vindictive individual feels unloved and unlovable, a conviction that stems from the same bad childhood experiences which created his lifelong thirst for revenge (NHG, 202). "His general attitude toward love usually is a derogating, debunking one. . . . Sexual relations may be important to him, provided he can give free range to

his sadistic impulses" (NHG, 304-305). Lovelace has a metaphor for his philosophy of love: "We begin, when boys, with birds, and, when grown up, go on to women; and both, perhaps, in turn, experience our sportive cruelty" (II, 245). The stimulation, too, which Lovelace derives from the sexual chase, fits the pattern of vindictive behavior: "All his pursuits serve as well to gratify his hunger for thrills and excitement. . . . The emotional life of the sadistic person is empty. Almost all feelings except those of anger and triumph have been choked off. He is so dead that he needs those sharp stimuli to feel alive" (OIC, 207). However much he may talk of love, Lovelace, by Horney's definition, remains sadly "loveless" in his sexual life: "Love, whatever else it may mean, always implies surrender, giving in to the lover, as well as to one's own feelings. . . . Phenomenologically, the two sensations of sadistic thrill and sexual abandon are entirely different in nature" (NP, 145; OIC, 200).

In Horney's version of the sadist's intrapsychic conflict, the idealized self and the despised self replace Freud's superego and ego. We cannot understand the destructiveness and arrogance of the sadist, she says, unless we recognize his hopelessness:

> While he violates the most elementary requirements of human decency, he at the same time harbors within himself an idealized image of particularly high and rigid moral standards. He is one of those . . . who, despairing of ever being able to measure up to such standards, have consciously or unconsciously resolved to be as "bad" as possible. He may succeed in being "bad" and wallow in it with a kind of desperate delight. But by doing so the chasm between the idealized image and the actual self becomes unbridgeable. He feels beyond repair and beyond forgiveness. His hopelessness becomes deeper and he develops the recklessness of a person who has nothing to lose (OIC, 203-204).

His sadistic humiliation of others externalizes his self-contempt but also, in one of the vicious circles of neurosis, deepens his hopelessness. In another defensive move, he may be driven to demand of others the rigid morality he defies by his own behavior. "In reality he tries to enforce upon the partner the impossible task of realizing his--the sadist's--idealized image" (OIC, 205).

This may sound strange, since it suggests that self-contempt and self-idealization are being simultaneously projected on the partner. Yet this is exactly what Lovelace seems to do with Clarissa. He worships her as an incarnation of Virtue at the same time that he despises her as a woman; for example, the same passage that exalts her as his Gloriana contains a sadistic warning that her "angry twirls" delight him and may tempt him to provoke her all the more (II, 223). In essence he is treating her with the same ambivalence which, in his search for glory, he has come to feel toward himself. His dual response to her as a good and a bad woman continues to have significant ramifications, however; and some combination of Freudian and Horneyan interpretations would give us the fullest understanding of this aspect of his conflict. Very relevant here, for instance, are certain parallels that Levin draws between Lovelace and the Don Juan figure, whose powerful superego seeks to punish women for seeking sexual fulfillment and who becomes sadistic when his self-esteem is threatened.[62] These and other Freudian insights do not differ greatly from Horney's and supplement them well, provided we keep two Horneyan premises central: that it is the present character structure with its adult conflicts, and not its infantile

origins in the Oedipus complex, that is of major consequence; and that sexual gender alone does not determine Lovelace's projections, since a woman might have equally powerful impulses to glorify or humiliate men (NW, 79-87; NP, 168-169).

While his vindictive trends exclude the possibility of opening to mutual love, Lovelace's narcissism leads him to overvalue love and sex, specifically a conquering love. When a narcissist chooses this outlet for his drive for mastery, "his pride is then invested in being the ideal lover and in being irresistible. Women who are easily available do not appeal to him. He must prove his mastery by conquering those who, for whatever reasons , are difficult to attain" (NHG, 305). Clarissa would lose much of her sexual appeal for Lovelace were she not, socially and morally, his ultimate challenge.

I should emphasize at this point that Horney interpreted narcissistic phenomena differently from Freud. Whereas for Freud the term means self-love and self-directed libido, for her it remains one more expression of self-alienation. Narcissism is "essentially self-inflation. Psychic inflation, like economic inflation, means presenting greater values than really exist. . . . Hence self-esteem and self-inflation are mutually exclusive" (NW, 89, 99). In the words of one of her patients, "The 'narcissistic' impulse is toward the development of a phony self."[63] Not self-love, then, but another facet of lovelessness appears in Lovelace's narcissism.

Just as his vindictive impulses account for his sadism, so his tendencies toward self-effacement account for his masochism. The appeal of the self-effacing solution is surrendering love,

with sexual masochism as its most extreme expression: "This urge for total surrender by means of self-degradation seems to account more fully than other explanations for the masochistic perversion" (NHG, 251). We shall consider in a later chapter the extent to which Clarissa's desire for such a surrender amounts to a complicity in the events that decide her fate. But Lovelace too shares the craving, so opposed to his expansive drives, to abandon himself totally. We see it, as Levin indicates, in his identification with Clarissa's suffering; and at times he expresses it more explicitly, particularly in one "strange wild" speech with which he frightens Clarissa:

> O charmer of my heart! . . . take me, take me to yourself; mould me as you please; I am wax in your hands; give me your own impression, and seal me for ever yours. We were born for each other!--you to make me happy, and save a soul--I am all error, all crime. . . . Include me in your terms; prescribe to me; promise for me as you please; put a halter about my neck and lead me by it, upon condition of forgiveness on that disgraceful penance, and of a prostration as servile, to your father's presence . . . (II, 80).

At the heart of such abject surrender, Horney believes, there is the longing for love. Lovelace senses that the breaking of his pride is necessary if he and Clarissa are to come together; but from the extremity of his need to conquer her completely, he can only imagine the opposite extremity, that of being passionately enslaved (NHG, 246). Also, the masochist seeks to lose himself in love as an escape from his conflict. "The specific masochistic way of lulling psychic pains is to intensify them and wholly surrender to them. By wallowing in humiliation his pain of self-contempt is narcotized and may then be turned

into a gratifying experience" (NW, 272). From within the vicious circle of his pride and self-contempt, Lovelace has irreconcilable wishes--for total power over Clarissa and for absolute enslavement by her. It is this vicious circle, in Horney's view, that best explains his sadomasochism.

His detachment also has important implications for his sexual attitudes. In an excellent article on the heroes of early English fiction, Patricia Spacks makes him a prime example of the "frightened male" who is exceedingly vulnerable in his dominant role and whose very act of dominance is a distancing mechanism:

> . . . he [Lovelace] fears intimacy, keeping men and women alike at a distance by his insistent concentration on his irresistible forcefulness. His fear of commitment, of closeness, of sexual sobriety echoes his fear--which he admits more openly--of epistolary seriousness. . . . he tells Belford that he laughs in order not to weep, but the laughter seems a tic, a mechanism declaring his psychic disorder while protecting its possessor against the horrors of relationship.

This combination of dominance and detachment accounts for his fearful retreat from the idea of marriage: "His fantasy of marriage is of the loss of personal control; the danger of lost control looms everywhere in his relations with women." Spacks is another critic who finds Lovelace withdrawn almost to the point of psychosis: "His need for isolation amounts to a need for self-destruction. . . . A man compelled by his terrors and his defenses against them, he is doomed to alienation."[64]

If Lovelace is "in love" in any sense, it is only with a fantastic illusion. Schachtel writes, "The person who cannot

love another as she or he really is, tends particularly to create . . . images which may have hardly anything to do with the beloved on whom they are projected. This is the quality of 'love' described by Proust in the narrator's relation to Albertine and in Swann's to Odette. Both seek an image built out of their own needs, and are rudely awakened from their dreams when the real person bears no resemblance to the image."[65] Like the idealized self, this "idealized other" must finally evoke more hatred than love because she is unattainable and unreal.

V. Toward a Coherent Interpretation of Lovelace

Robert Lovelace is a complex and confusing character, "who at first seems hopelessly contradictory" and who "is forever adjusting his masks and roles according to the exigencies of the moment.[66] He has not been easy to analyze and may even now appear to be several persons rather than one. This is not because of inconsistent characterization, in my opinion, but rather because he is a literary representation of the kind of individual who is caught in an intense inner conflict for which he can find no stable solution.

Like Clarissa, Lovelace has fashioned as his idealized self a bizarre composition of irreconcilable elements (in one place Horney refers to the idealized image as "a bit of psychosis woven into the texture of neurosis") (OIC, 97). Each set of trends makes its contributions. At his most expansive, he is a heroic warrior or an emperor, though in reality these are empty metaphors applied to a man whose "imagination can't ever seem to

get beyond the bedroom.[67] His "bad" vindictive self poses as the Greatest Rake of All Times. The narcissist is the perfect gentleman ("He imagines himself, I find, to be a very polite man, and cannot bear to be thought otherwise," Clarissa says) (II, 89); the feeling self, reduced to sentimentality, is a wonderful lover; the detached self is a brilliant writer and theatrical director. There is even, among all these, a man of virtue, whom he seems to believe he may easily become any day he chooses. Pulled in every direction by these images and a thousand variations of them, it is small wonder that he impresses others as a Proteus.

Lovelace definitely clings, insofar as he is able, to an expansive solution, but even within that solution he is uncertain of who he is. Inclined to be extremely vindictive yet fearful of those impulses, he fashions for himself, within the libertine world, a role of aggressive love and revenge which, because it is always being rather consciously acted, can also always to some extent be denied. In society at large, he prefers to be seen as good-natured and charming, but since this is an attitude he must always consciously control, taking care to conceal the conflict that seethes just below the surface, it too feels like only a mask. Indeed, all his impulses are poorly repressed and hence available to be acted out, often in the rapid succession that leaves Clarissa so painfully bewildered. Powerful self-effacing trends, especially, may be expressed by the Lover when he is "on stage" without the terror that the actor himself would feel otherwise.

His detached trends are his most dangerous. More extreme than the neurotic tendencies with which Horney is usually concerned, they are much closer to the schizoid phenomena studied by Laing, Winnicott, Harry Guntrip, and others; that is, there is a strong impulse to withdraw, not only from active human relations, but from all object relations, from reality into psychotic fantasy. Guntrip could be writing of Lovelace when he says, "This fundamental detachment is often masked and hidden under a facade of compulsive sociability, incessant talking, and hectic activity. . . . Patients will say 'I feel vaguely that I'm play-acting and that my life isn't real'."[68] Yet acting is what keeps Lovelace, to some extent, at least, in touch with the object world. Even though it is experienced as a series of artificial roles, his individualized solution, by keeping him in aggressive contact with others, prevents any complete withdrawal from reality. Also, through acting out so much of his inner conflict, he has the relief of expressing pent-up emotions that would otherwise be totally confined to the realm of fantasy. Nevertheless, he is imagined as a man in a most precarious state of psychic existence.

How do we account for the psychological development of a Lovelace? Unfortunately, in contrast to the wealth of early experience we have been able to infer for Clarissa, we know next to nothing of his childhood, only the eighteenth-century commonplace that he was spoiled in his aristocratic home and is thus an example of faulty education. Nevertheless, there is something poignant in Lovelace's one vigorous protest against that upbringing: "Why, why did my mother bring me up to bear no control?

Why was I so educated, as that to my very tutors it was a request that I should not know what contradiction or disappointment was? Ought she not to have known what cruelty there was in her kindness?" (IV, 442-443). In context this reads even more forcefully as a cry from the heart, because it is uttered after his psychotic episode, during which he has finally lost all self-control and rages against external controls. Despite its brevity, the passage points accurately to the kind of childhood that would explain his vindictive drives--the cruelty of his mother's underlying indifference and neglect, read accurately as a lack of genuine affection by the sensitive child (NHG, 202). "It is a combination of . . . two processes--powerful impulse and insufficient checks--that accounts for the magnitude of vindictiveness" (NHG, 198).

One other negative influence is identified--his aging uncle, Lord M., who, as the chief authority figure in his life, exercises a blustering and largely ineffectual control over him. Lovelace all too easily detects in him the kind of irrational authority that is highly ambivalent about youthful vices, secretly relishing what it claims to condemn. Confined with the old man, he reports, "He makes me sit hours together entertaining him with my rogueries . . . and yet, whenever he has the gout, he prays night and morning with his chaplain. But what must his notions of religion be, who, after he has nosed and mumbled over his responses, can give a sigh or groan of satisfaction, as if he thought he had made up with Heaven; and return with a new appetite to my stories?" (III, 389). Lord M., then, is the model for the hypocrisy Lovelace despises so heartily and yet emulates

with his own false faces. The old peer loves proverbs, calling them "the wisdom of whole nations and ages collected into a small compass" (III, 322). "I was early suffocated with his wisdom of nations," Lovelace complains; but it looks as if this is where he himself learned to retreat into the shallow wisdom of clichés. At any rate, his uncle is a major object of his vindictiveness; and the old man's illness elicits from him a barrage of facetious comments and "humorous" fantasies of committing a murder (III, 320, 393).

The information is scant, but it does allow us to imagine a likely pattern of development for Lovelace's multiple solutions. Most probably, as spoiled child, he was first of all narcissistic, which would help explain why that solution always seems to dominate his conscious self-image. Very early, however, the bad elements in his environment--an ambivalent mother and perhaps her early death, a missing father, an inadequate father substitute--began to frustrate his claims to being highly favored, turning him in the direction of arrogant-vindictiveness. When he is a young man, we might further imagine, rejection by his first lover, his "quality-jilt" who left him for someone of better rank (I, 145-146), reawakens the rage that began in childhood; the women he seduces and their families are now the conscious objects of his revenge, unconsciously representing his mother and his home. Because his dangerous games arouse so much interpersonal and intrapsychic conflict, he must then develop his many tactics of detachment. But neurotic detachment, however much it may appeal to him, cannot provide him with a stable final solution, due to the danger he is always in of withdrawing

completely from the object world.

Though it is so difficult to know which, if any, of Lovelace's inadequate solutions to call his predominant one, Horney's description of how the narcissist may fall apart under adverse circumstances best fits what happens to him after Clarissa's death: "Up to a point his resilience gives him a capacity to bounce, but on the other hand repeated failures in enterprises or in human relations--rejections--may also crush him altogether. The self-hate and self-contempt . . . may then operate in full force. He may go into depressions, psychotic episodes, or even kill himself" (NHG, 195). Lovelace's inability to conquer Clarissa was both a failed enterprise and a rejection, and a psychotic episode is his first response:

> I had no distinct ideas, but of dark and confused misery: it was all remorse and horror indeed! Thoughts of hanging, drowning, shooting; then rage, violence, mischief, and despair took their turns with me. My lucid intervals still worse, giving me to reflect upon what I was the hour before, and what I was likely to be the next, and perhaps for life--the sport of enemies! the laughter of fools! and the hanging-sleeved, go-carted property of hired slaves; who were perhaps to find their account in manacling, and (abhorred thought!) in personally abusing me by blows and stripes! (IV, 441).

In his madness, his vindictiveness rages without restraint. He has bizarre and paranoid fantasies of life as a madman, a nightmare of chaos within and brutal confinement without. Repressed masochism surfaces as the fantasy builds to his horrified fascination with thoughts of being beaten. It is as though, with all his defenses removed, we can now look directly into his psyche and see his proud and despised selves in their darkest

manifestations, as cruel murderer and bloody victim.

Yet when the crisis is past, we find he still has something of the old "resiliency" of his pride system. One of Richardson's best psychological intuitions, which he will also follow in Clarissa's case, is to show how, following a severe crisis, a person can still revive his defensive structures in order to put himself back together again, though often in an even more rigid and destructive way. After sending Belford the account of his strange sickness, quoted above, Lovelace immediately demands it back. Some "gloomy impulse," he says, compelled him to write it, but now his mind is completely changed, "wholly illuminated by gay hopes and rising prospects" (IV, 442). After a brief reunion with his friend in London, Belford writes to Lord M., "Mr. Lovelace is too well recovered. . . . I never saw him more gay, lively, and handsome." With his favorite mask in place again, he is his old narcissistic self, entertaining his companions "with such an infinite run of humour and raillery, that we had nothing to do but to laugh at what he said and at one another." "I threw a bur upon his coat now and then," adds Jack, "but none would stick" (IV, 483). Even more than in the past, the liveliness is too manic; and what is really happening is that Lovelace is saying a final farewell before he goes to Europe and virtually commits suicide by throwing himself in Colonel Morden's way, provoking the duel that might otherwise have been avoided.

"We see tragic waste in human experience" when "there are constructive, creative strivings and these are wrecked by obstructive or destructive forces" (NHG, 378). In this Horneyan sense, Clarissa is as much a tragedy of its "villain" as of its "heroine."

What is saddest about Lovelace, I think, is the vision of so much energy misdirected and wasted. "While grandiose achievements are illusory, the potentialities underlying them are often real," Horney writes (OIC, 108); and the novel takes that attitude toward Lovelace, with repeated references to what a man of such "uncommon talents" might have been--"Whatever he had turned his head to he would have excelled in, or been (or done things) extraordinary" (II, 107). Instead, in his anxiety, he sets out to actualize his idealized self and "arrogates to himself infinite powers, losing his soul and suffering the torments of hell in his self-hate" (NHG, 376). Hating himself and unable to love others, he is, in the end, as pathetically loveless as his name suggests.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIV. LIBRARIES
31293000894109

THESIS
P52

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
3 1293 00089 4091

LIBRARY
Michigan State
University

MSU
LIBRARIES

RETURNING MATERIALS:
Place in book drop to remove this checkout from your record. FINES will be charged if book is returned after the date stamped below.

24-4846

NOTES FOR CHAPTER IV

[1] For basic statistics on the letters, see Bertil Romberg, Studies in the Narrative Technique of the First-Person Novel (Stockholm: Almquist and Wiksell, 1962), pp. 178-180.

[2] Ian Watt, The Rise of the Novel (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1957), p. 214.

[3] T. C. Duncan Eaves and Ben D. Kimpel, Samuel Richardson: A Biography (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), pp. 266-267.

[4] Samuel Richardson, Clarissa: or, The History of a Young Lady, Everyman's Library Edition, 4 vols. (London: Dent, 1962). All references to the novel are from this edition and are indicated in the text by volume and page numbers.

[5] Watt, pp. 214-215.

[6] Morris Golden, Richardson's Characters (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1963), pp. 1-2, 5.

[7] Mark Kinkead-Weekes, Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1973), p. 153.

[8] Although at some points in this study I have used the words allegory and myth synonymously to refer to all systems of comparison within the text, I prefer to distinguish, as I do here, between allegory as a system of obvious one-to-one correspondences between detail and meaning; and myth as a complex system of symbolic constructs, in which any given detail may be rich in multiple meanings.

[9] Dorothy Van Ghent, "On Clarissa Harlowe," in The English Novel: Form and Function (New York: Rinehart, 1953), rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. John Carroll (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969), p. 55.

[10] Allan Wendt, "Clarissa's Coffin," Philological Quarterly, 39 (1961), p. 493.

[11] John A. Dussinger, "Conscience and the Pattern of Christian Perfection in Clarissa," PMLA, 81 (1966), p. 238.

[12] Gillian Beer, "Richardson, Milton, and the Status of Evil," Review of English Studies, 19 (1968), pp. 267-269.

[13] Leslie A. Fiedler, Love and Death in the American Novel, 2nd ed. (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1966), p.48.

[14] Gerald Levin, Richardson the Novelist: The Psychological Patterns (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1978), p. 67.

[15] Cynthia G. Wolff, Samuel Richardson and the Eighteenth-Century Puritan Character (Hamden, Conn.: Archon, 1972), pp.103-111.

[16] Wolff, p. 171.

[17] Erick Kahler, The Inward Turn of Narrative (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1973), pp. 156-160.

[18] Wolff, p. 162.

[19] Kahler, pp. 165-166.

[20] William Beatty Warner, Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), p.54.

[21] Eaves amd Kimpel, p. 253. The authors quote from Sir Leslie Stephen, "Richardson's Novels," Cornhill Magazine, 17 (1868), pp. 66-68.

[22] Karen Horney, Neurosis and Human Growth (New York: W. W. Norton, 1950), p. 154. Hereafter this work is cited in the text as NHG.

[23] Beer, p. 267.

[24] Golden, p. 23.

[25] Eaves and Kimpel, p. 259.

[26] R. F. Brissenden, Virtue in Distress (London: Macmillan, 1974), p. 165.

[27] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 146-147.

[28] Golden, pp. 17-21.

[29] Karen Horney, Our Inner Conflicts (New York: W. W. Norton, 1945), p. 97. Hereafter this work is cited in the text as OIC.

[30] Karen Horney, The Neurotic Personality of Our Time (New York: W. W. Norton, 1937), p. 84. Hereafter this work is cited in the text as NP.

[31] Steven M. Cohan, "Clarissa and the Individuation of Character," ELH, 43 (1976), p. 176.

[32] Brissenden, Virtue in Distress, p. 171.

[33] Brissenden, Virtue in Distress, p. 171.

[34] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 142.

[35] Lady Dorothy Bradshaigh, in letters and marginalia, as quoted in Eaves and Kimpel, pp. 233-234.

[36] Warner, p. 33.

[37] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 156.

[38] William J. Palmer, "Two Dramatists: Lovelace and Richardson in Clarissa," Studies in the Novel: North Texas State, 5, (1973), p. 7.

[39] For an excellent illustration of passages from Lovelace's letters analyzed as directing scenes, see Palmer, p. 9.

[40] Cohan, p. 179.

[41] Warner, p. 38.

[42] Jonathan Loesberg, "Allegory and Narrative in Clarissa," Novel, 15 (1981), p. 54.

[43] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 187.

[44] Ernest G. Schachtel, Metamorphosis (New York: Basic Books, 1959), p. 189.

[45] Brissenden, Virtue in Distress, pp. 171-186.

[46] Brissenden, Virtue in Distress, p. 185.

[47] Judith Wilt, "He Could Go No Farther: A Modest Proposal about Lovelace and Clarissa," PMLA, 91 (1977), p. 24.

[48] See Eleanor Rust Mattern, "Samuel Richardson and Feminism: A Study of the Secondary Relationships in Clarissa," diss. Michigan State University 1979, p. 120. Mattern examines in detail Lovelace' relationships to both Hickman and Belford (pp. 100-176). Her recognition of the self-effacement in both characters fits well with my study, though she betrays a strong bias in favor of compliant solutions.

[49] Ronald Hayman, "The Actor's Motives," in The Set-Up: An Anatomy of the English Theatre Today (London: Eyre Methuen, 1973), rpt. in The Making of Theatre: From Drama to Performance, ed. Robert W. Corrigan (Glenview, Ill.: Scott Foresman, 1981), pp. 156-158.

[50] Brissenden, Virtue in Distress, pp. 288-289.

[51] Watt, p. 232.

[52] Frederick S. Frank, "From Boudoir to Castle Crypt: Richardson and the Gothic Novel," Revue Des Langues Vivantes, 41 (1975), p. 57.

[53] Golden, pp. 23-25.

[54] Wilt, p. 22.

[55] Levin, p. 28.

[56] Levin, pp. 18, 159.

[57] Levin, p. 73.

[58] Levin, pp. 19, 72.

[59] Levin, pp. 76-77.

[60] Bernard J. Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1974), p. 28.

[61] Karen Horney, New Ways in Psychoanalysis (New York: W. W. Norton, 1939), p. 10. Hereafter this work is cited in the text as NW.

[62] Levin, pp. 67, 162-163.

[63] Karen Horney, Self-Analysis (New York: W. W. Norton, 1942), p. 22.

[64] Patricia Meyer Spacks, "Early Fiction and the Frightened Male," Novel, 8 (1974), pp. 10-11.

[65] Schachtel, p. 230.

[66] Warner, pp. 33, 65-66.

[67] Loesberg, p. 47.

[68] Harry Guntrip, Schizoid Phenomena, Object Relations and the Self (New York: International Universities Press, 1969), p. 63.

CLARISSA AND LOVELACE I
THE GAME OF PRIDE

I. Game Metaphors in Clarissa

While offering us insights into a spectrum of human experiences, Richardson's novel has one overriding preoccupation--the relationship between Clarissa Harlowe and Robert Lovelace. At the point where we are introduced to the action, James's violent provocation of Lovelace has already turned a formal courtship into a clandestine correspondence; and throughout the first volume, even though our attention is focused on the Harlowe quarrel, we are always aware of Lovelace in the background, weaving his plots of seduction and revenge. The first quarter of the story climaxes with the flight of the pair from Harlowe Place; and from that moment until Clarissa's last escape after the rape, a total of some 850 pages in the Everyman edition, the author concentrates almost exclusively on the emotional conflicts and dramatic contentions of these two potential lovers. Nor does the finality of their separation mark the end of their struggle, which can only conclude when the heroine's death confirms the hopelessness of Lovelace's dreams of possessing her, body and soul.

Lovelace's plots and strategems and his treatment of the whole affair as play provide the author with his best devices for involving readers in an action of such incredible length. For this reason, one interesting way to look at the novel is to

imagine it as an intricate game, which has the possession of Clarissa by one of the three players--Lovelace, Solmes as Harlowe agent, or herself--as its goal. Craftily manipulating the Harlowes to serve his ends "like so many underground moles" (I, 494),[1] Lovelace quickly narrows the field to two contenders. From the abduction on, each phase of the action is determined either by one of the acts of trickery which comprise his major moves or by Clarissa's desperate counter moves.

At the beginning, Lovelace plays with zest and assurance. Having persuaded Clarissa to meet him outside the garden gate, he frightens her into fleeing with him by cueing his accomplice, the servant Joseph, planted on the other side of the wall, to cry out as though he were summoning the Harlowe men to armed pursuit (I, 484, 489). "Securely mine!--mine for ever!" Lovelace crows, as though the game were won already (I, 493); but of course he would not really have it be over so soon, for, loving the "seduction progress" more than "the crowning act" (II, 337), he finds prolonged opposition essential to his pleasure. Therefore Clarissa's first transparent efforts to outwit him, through her decision to go to London because he seems indifferent to it, only contribute to his amusement, since she walks straight into his trap and unwittingly chooses "what was before chosen for her," the disguised brothel for her lodgings (II, 94, 113). Using Mrs. Sinclair's establishment as a place where he can take his time, he becomes increasingly entranced with the experiments he invents to test the virtue of his beloved, each one a little more alarmingly seductive than the last. This segment of the action builds until the fire plot (an actual fire, but

deliberately set according to Lovelace's instructions) drives Clarissa from her room in dishabille and so terrifies her that she manages to make her first escape.

From this point on, the "game" grows increasingly sinister, as Lovelace's playfulness acquires a frenzied quality. All along there have been numerous signs that he is not nearly so much in control as he likes to think he is; and now, though he easily detects Clarissa at Hampstead and has a merry time sneaking back into her presence disguised as a gouty old gentleman, he is shaken by her genuine resolution to leave him. Adding to his apprehension of a losing battle is Anna's intercepted letter, which, had it reached Clarissa, would have ruined his entire master plot by revealing the real identities of Mrs. Sinclair and Captain Tomlinson. The joy of the chase fades, and in its place is the need to win at all costs. In his greatest performance as an illusionist, Lovelace creates the false Lady Betty and Cousin Montague to lure Clarissa back to London, where, with the prostitutes to egg him on, he rapes the drugged virgin in what is supposed to be a triumphant victory over all her sex.

It proves, instead, to be a disastrous defeat. What Lovelace wants from Clarissa cannot be satisfied by her maidenhead alone, a worthless prize when she can rise, as she does, from her disgrace to claim a proud triumph of spirit. "What a devil are all my plots come to!" her seducer bemoans, "What do they end in, but one grand plot upon myself" (III, 298). Yet still plotting, he has just written a new set of instructions to the phony Captain Tomlinson when he gets word that Clarissa, in disguise herself this time, has escaped him once more

(III, 303-315). Once he discovers her hiding place at the Smiths', he terrifies her with his schemes to see her, until he drives her to play, in her despair, one brilliant trick of her own. The letter reads, "Sir,--I have good news to tell you. I am setting out with all diligence for my father's house. I am bid to hope that he will receive his poor penitent with a goodness peculiar to himself. . . . You may possibly in time see me at my father's; at least, if it be not your own fault" (IV, 157). In ecstasy, Lovelace dashes off to his own estate to await the comic ending of the affair his script has always called for, only to receive at last the explanation, through Belford: "A religious meaning is couched under it. . . . ' Read but for my father's house, heaven,' said she . . . "(IV, 213). Betting that he will be completely obtuse to spiritual allegory, Clarissa thus outwits Lovelace in what is, symbolically, the last play in their long game--death is her trump.

A cluster of metaphorical references at the beginning of the second volume establishes the centrality of the game image in this novel. In her first letter to Clarissa following the abduction, Anna claims a privileged position on the sideline for herself and the reader: "A stander-by may see more of the game than one that plays" (II, 7). However, the ambiguity of that statement quickly becomes evident when we try even to determine, from all the variations of the metaphor that are zinging past us, just what kind of game we are called to view. A stimulating sexual match, Anna thinks at one point, in which "Lovelace keeps up the ball with a witness, and all his address and conversation is one continual game of racquet" (II, 104).

No, contradicts her next letter, Clarissa is not even a player, but only "the tennis ball of two violent spirits," Lovelace and James. Likewise, Lovelace chooses to think of Clarissa not as competitor but as object, making her "the game" in his preferred metaphor of the hunt (II, 29-30). Clarissa, for her part, meditating on Lovelace as Proteus and chameleon, conjures something resembling a nightmarish chessboard, on which one is not even sure of the opponent's color: "Would to Heaven I were not to play! For I think, after all, I am held to a desperate game" (II, 82).

A number of other metaphors in the novel are closely related to the image of the game and share its ambiguities. All the theater analogies, for example, with their shifting references to the comic and the tragic, link Lovelace's delight in "play" to his fascination with "the play." Metaphors of the hunt, the chase, and the laying of snares are part of an extensive imagery of entrapment, ranging from bird cages and spider webs to prisons and tombs; Clarissa uses them to express her helplessness, her sense of being her captor's prey, while Lovelace weaves his elaborate rakish fantasies of bringing "this single lark" to his lure, "pursuing a winding game" through all the "delicacies of intrigue," or even perhaps being caught at last himself in the "whimsical web" of fate (I, 29-30, 182). More subtly, the labyrinthine structure[2] combines with certain house and garden images to give us the metaphor of the maze, an action in which the bewildered players never quite reach the happiness that seems to await them on the other side of the hedge or beyond the locked door.

Rich in possibilities for commentary, the game metaphor is explored in several of the best recent analyses of Clarissa. William Warner writes extensively of Lovelace's many kinds of "play": his wit, his "game-plan" to master the heroine, the moments when he "must wear the fool's cap and be the lowly jester," and his resemblance to a figure in a ballet: "His life becomes a kind of dance around Clarissa, with every pirouette a graph of their interplay." In this novel, Warner argues, "only Lovelace can detach himself from his experience through his use of the jest and the game."[3] He does so, for instance, when, as "a kind of therapy for the loss of Clarissa" after the rape, he tells the "amusing parody" which begins, "For the world, Jack, is but a great fair . . . and . . . all its toys but tinselled hobby-horses." Suppose, he continues, a "pretty little miss," tripping about that fair, spies one of the rides, a "one go-up the other go-down picture-of-the-world vehicle," pops into it "when none of her friends are near her," and then, made dizzy by the heights, falls "and so dashes out her pretty little brains." Though she be very pretty and very good, "descended from a pretty little family upwards of one hundred years' gentility," will her loss, Lovelace wants to know, be any greater than "the losing of any ordinary child, of any less considerable family"? (III, 316-317). By placing a nameless Clarissa in a country-fair world of "untidy randomness," where she is subject to "the grim economy of the wheel of fortune" like everyone else, Lovelace, in Warner's interpretation, "deconstructs" her self-conscious, somber, meaningful story of her seduction. Warner grants that the parodist is also trying to defend himself

against the charge of having ruined a woman of renown but still insists that Lovelace's joie de vivre is the novel's positive contrast to Clarissa's denials of life.[4]

Another fascinating version of the game theme is found in Nancy K. Miller's discussion of "fictions of innocence lost," the term she uses to identify the common thematic structure of Clarissa, the major eighteenth-century French novels, and the novels of Henry James.[5] In all these works, she says, we find "worldly people"--experienced sophisticates who function "within a public system of values and gestures"--seeking to engage "the innocent "--unintiated persons who, because of their "imperfect linguistic competence," "do not know how to interpret the very signals regulating their circuit." Perceiving the world through a set of illusions, that is, "untested notions of the self, and the status of that self in relation to others," innocents like Clarissa are apt to be stripped of those illusions, manipulated, or even destroyed when they encounter the "semiological practice and prowess" of the worldly Lovelaces. Yet innocence also has the power to retaliate:

> . . . the innocents of the world end by making victims of the worldly . . . [who] learn that they have been betrayed by their own failure to decode, to recognize a level of feeling, a notion of the self that goes beyond the overvalued, inflexible strategies of social discourse. The clichés of social relations that had allowed them to play with innocence--if the kind of game playing that includes rape can still be called a game--are finally found wanting. Thus Lovelace finds himself revising his thinking: "I admire her more than ever; and my love for her is less personal, as I may say, more intellectual than ever I thought it could be to woman." But this reevaluation of the rules of the game . . . comes too late for all players.

In Clarissa, finally, as in Les Liaisons dangereuses and Wings of the Dove, "the realities of worldliness are shown to be shallow and dysfunctional; subverted by the 'stupendous' gestures of the passion of innocence."[6]

For a third example, Leo Braudy's essay, built around one of the significant patterns of word-play in the novel, may be included here. Braudy meditates on Richardson's repetitions of pen, penetration, and impenetrable, which link the verbal and sexual encounters of Clarissa and Lovelace: "The woman with the pen confronts the man with the penis."[7] Taking his clue from the interrelations of these words, he states the novel's central meaning in a way that emphasizes the game-playing strategies of the characters: " . . . the poles of penetration and impenetrability express most clearly what I take to be Richardson's main theme: the efforts of individuals to discover and define themselves by their efforts to penetrate, control, and even destroy others, while they remain impenetrable themselves."[8] Fear of sexual penetration, and fear of linguistic fragmentation (since "language helps one to possess the potentially fragmented self and keep it whole") express anxiety over the loss of identity and "a general fear of relationship and vulnerability that characterize both Clarissa and Lovelace." In Braudy's version, Clarissa wins the game as it is structured, "by reducing her individual human nature to a purified personal identity," by establishing her self-sufficiency and impenetrability, and by successfully puncturing Lovelace's sense of self. But it is a grim victory, achieved only with the aid of an anti-physical mysticism that denies the body, sexuality, and relationship:

"Clarissa's world is a dead end, and the only thing to do is quickly to get out of it."[9]

Placed in comparison, the Warner, Miller, and Braudy interpretations of Richardson's "game" interest me for their similarities, variations, and incongruities. All oriented to structuralism, they have, nevertheless, important psychological implications; for the three writers agree in making Clarissa's self-construct and the responses it provokes from Lovelace the essence of the game. Warner finds Clarissa, beneath the mantle of her innocence, to be "an assemblage and repetition of all her world's values" and Lovelace to be the subversive "other" whose necessary role is the continual displacement of her rigid self and lifeless values.[10] But Miller suggests, in effect, an inverse process of displacement, one in which it is Lovelace who represents an inflexible social structure and Clarissa who causes a disruptive shift in his worldly code. The first reading is Lovelacian and antithetical, granting, in its analysis of the polarity of the novel, a privileged position to "experience"; the latter reading identifies concisely the role of "innocence" in a primary reading.[11] Finally, in contrast to both these approaches, Braudy's reading, the most psychological of the three, finds the two main characters remarkably similar, especially in their underlying anxieties; to explain the effect of polar opposition, he suggests, " . . . the relationship between Clarissa and Lovelace develops into a set of polarized self-images because the characters believe those responses are increasingly appropriate to the situations in which they find themselves."[12]

II. Innocence and Experience

Braudy's reading is, I believe, the most accurate one and corresponds closely to my Horneyan interpretation of the relationship, which I shall call "the game of pride." More alike than different in their basic anxiety, their intense conflicts, and their precarious pride systems, Clarissa and Lovelace assume opposite positions in order to play out a defensive fantasy, and if, from a psychological vantage point, we continue to call those positions "innocence" and "experience," other meaningful ambiguities emerge. Let me illustrate this by taking a closer look at how the game is set up at the very beginning of the novel. In order to pin down two very slippery abstractions, I will define innocence as the possession of an unknown self and an unknowing attitude toward social relationships, and experience as the possession of a known, worldly self and a knowledge of social relationships.[13]

At the start, Clarissa and Lovelace enter into what is, to all intents and purposes, a perfectly proper courtship. Returning from abroad, Lovelace hears of Clarissa's reputation and consents--or perhaps contrives--to have her Uncle Anthony introduce him to the family, only to discover that the "blundering uncle" intends him, not for "the divinity," but for "a mere mortal" (Arabella) (I, 145). He solves this difficulty by accepting Bella's coy refusal of his first proposal (her "consenting negatives," Clarissa calls them) (I, 8) as a definite rejection and then promptly sends Lord M. to initiate formally his wooing of the younger sister (I, 10). In his son's absence, Mr. Harlowe

consents, but with great hesitation--Lovelace is a sexually immoral man, he appears to be a spendthrift, he and James are old enemies from college days. Of all of this Clarissa, when she agrees to receive her suitor as a common guest and correspond with him to the extent of reading letters about his travels, is fully aware (I, 10-12).

Now just what, we need to ask, is innocent (unknowing) or experienced (knowing) about this first phase of the relationship? Does Lovelace really enter the courtship with good intentions which, were it not for James's hatred, might lead to matrimony, or is he plotting seduction from the very start? Or again, if not yet quite to the point of actively plotting, is he nevertheless aware, in the self-knowledge gained from his rakish experience, of what is likely to happen as soon as he sets out to win a paragon like Clarissa from a family like the Harlowes? As for Clarissa, since she does know a good deal about this man from the very beginning, what, precisely, is the nature of the innocence she later claims for herself? Is she so sheltered that a rake's reputation is relatively meaningless to her? Is she actually deeply attracted to Lovelace, as Anna will claim, without being able to know her true feelings? Neither set of questions is easy to answer.

Concerning Lovelace's early intentions, the text is unclear, Warner believes, because the author changed his mind about his character's motivation. When he brought out the first edition, Richardson interpreted the opening events in Lovelace's favor: "And in his first Letter to his Friend, he acknowledges honourable love; and has no Intention of other, till he finds

[Clarissa] in his power. . . . At the time of his courting her . . . he meant her no evil." Revised, however, the initial letter to Belford indicates the possibility of seduction, prompting the author to admonish one of Lovelace's admirers, "And did you not perceive, that in the very first Letter . . . all those Seeds of Wickedness were thick sown which sprouted up into Action afterwards in his Character?--Pride, Revenge, a Love of Intrigue, Plot, Contrivance!"[14] Thus the revised edition tends to make Lovelace a villain from the very beginning, whereas in the first edition he proceeds honestly until the Harlowes block his way, decides on a trial of Clarissa's virtue only after he has abducted her, and is at last impelled to more violent measures "by the momentum of their struggle." In Warner's opinion, this earlier account is the better one:

> This hypothetical early version would have been Lovelace's "tragedy" as much as Clarissa's. It would have disclosed a more volatile notion of events and a more fluid conception of character. . . . Richardson's revision of Lovelace's character has the effect of taming this radical contingency. Now the final catastrophe of the rape has its origin in Lovelace's initial designs on Clarissa. What finally happens is now made to appear preordained.[15]

The change is part of a "rigid, malevolent view" that Richardson comes to hold toward Lovelace's character.[16]

Here as elsewhere, Warner is persuasive in his demonstration of Richardson's shifting attitudes and provides us with invaluable evidence of the implied author's conflict. His study leaves little doubt that the Richardson of the revised editions did at times hostilely reject his own created character, in an effort to dissociate from him completely and to clarify the

moral purpose of the novel beyond all doubt. As Eaves and Kimpel observe, the infamous additions to Lovelace's first letter (I, 144-152) are an example of "gratuitous motivation, where the author seems to explain too much, and from outside."[17] Unquestionably, the transparent moral judgments and the lack of subtlety in some of the modifications are aesthetic flaws in the text; and so too is the confusing tension between comic and tragic action, produced, as in this example of Lovelace's initial intentions, by the layering, within the text, of Richardson's "successive acts of interpretation."[18]

Yet I think Richardson is more subject to blame for his inept use of his later understanding of Lovelace, a loss of artistic control resulting from his attempts to be his own critic, than he is for any fundamental changes that seriously flaw consistent characterization; and there are even good grounds for arguing that his later view of Lovelace's early motivation is the more accurate one. By the time the author completes the first edition of his novel, he has given his character a detailed history. Lovelace is now known to be an experienced libertine with a distinct philosophy, an habitual set of attitudes toward women, and a peculiar pattern of seduction, all ingrained traits long before he meets Clarissa. How honest and honorable can this man be, then, at the beginning of his courtship? At most, he may be self-deceptively convinced of his good intentions, willfully ignoring for a short while his impulses to destroy yet another virtuous woman and revenge himself on one more foolish family. Though we may refuse to forgive Richardson for clobbering us with the motives of pride and revenge, we can

scarcely fault him for realizing that the "seeds" of Lovelace's future behavior were "thick sown" at the very start.

Richardson's growing awareness of his character as a man gripped by compulsive drives, from which no sudden conversion is conceivable, is much more congruent with Lovelace's total personality than is Warner's desire for "a more fluid conception of character" and an open-ended action. Under healthy circumstances, human beings may be spontaneous, open to all the rich possibilities of their existence. But Lovelace cannot be "fluid," because fluidity is the exact opposite of the rigid defensive structures governing his behavior. His inner conflict, not an outer force ("the momentum of their struggle"), is what drives him to the calculated rape of a drugged woman whom he claims to love. Although he may have been influenced by eighteenth-century notions of fixed character,[19] Richardson is justified, in the light of modern psychology, when he denies Lovelace the freedom of an indeterminate fate.

I remarked a moment ago that Warner, as a Lovelacian reader, sides with "experience," but this is somewhat misleading; for what he really desires in Lovelace is a radical innocence--"the innocence of becoming,"[20] or the eternal innocence of the trickster, who also possesses a special kind of wisdom. Psychologically, too, we may find Lovelace, in terms of our definition, more innocent than otherwise, but in a considerably less laudable way. For all his worldly knowledge, Lovelace is dismayingly unknowing when it comes to understanding himself and others. To a great extent, this is what keeps his first letter from being a serious flaw in his characterization; while he glories in his

pride and revenge, he has no concept whatsoever of how these words may refer to destructive traits in his personality. If innocence is "a set of illusions, a prefabricated scenario imposed upon the world, a fantasy grid,"[21] then Lovelace deserves to be called innocent. He wears a "mask of experience," but ironically his lack of self-knowledge and his inability to perceive other people apart from his fantasies make him as vulnerable, in a sense, as the uninitiated maidens who are his supposed opposites.

And if his logical polar opposite is a dewy-eyed virgin, Clarissa would not seem to be the best choice to provide that polarity. Just as it is necessary to make some fundamental qualifications of Lovelace's "experience," so too we need to examine carefully Clarissa's claims to innocence. For me, another of the shocks of rereading the opening pages of the novel has been my new consciousness of a sophisticated Clarissa, not at all ignorant of the language of her social circuit. An excellent example is found in her very first bit of narrative, which is her account of Lovelace's sham courting of Arabella. Here it is Bella who is innocent (albeit willfully so, no doubt) and Clarissa who is able to detect the truth behind appearances. When Bella construes her suitor's reticence as bashfulness, Clarissa exclaims incredulously to Anna, "Bashfulness in Mr. Lovelace, my dear! Indeed, gay and lively as he is, he has not the <u>look</u> of an impudent man. But I fancy it is many, many years ago since he was bashful" (I, 6). Well aware that "consenting negatives" are the socially expected reply to a first proposal because "too ready a consent" may leave the man dissatisfied

with his conquest, she knows immediately that Lovelace must have deliberately misread Bella's signals (I, 8). With this knowledge tucked away, she is not inclined to feel flattered when the handsome aristocrat turns his attentions to her: "I immediately answered that I did not like him at all; he seemed to have too good an opinion both of his person and parts to have any great regard to his wife, let him marry whom he would" (I, 10). We are on the tenth page of the novel, and Clarissa has read Lovelace so accurately that she sums him up in a single sentence!

On the whole, Clarissa seems quite capable of sizing people up, detecting their unconscious motives, and knowing how to handle them, provided her own unconscious needs do not get in the way. To repeat Horney's key statement about human relationships, "Observation and critical intelligence are no substitute for that inner certainty with reference to others which is possessed by a person who is realistically aware of himself as himself and others as themselves, and who is not swayed in his estimate of them by all kinds of compulsive needs."[22] Clarissa has observation and critical intelligence; she does not have realistic self-awareness, and that lack, especially in her dealings with Lovelace, will dangerously distort her perceptions over and over again. Even when she finds herself outside her circuit, in the libertine world of sexual experience where she does not know the signs, a clear-headed estimate of others, unclouded by the need to preserve an image, would give her at least a chance to detect the truth about Lovelace's plots and choose some course of practical action.

Clarissa's "innocence," then, has little to do with childish ignorance but is rather the effect of her prepossession for seeing the world in the light of her self-images--her saintly compassion, her purity of mind, her dedication to duty, her devotion to lofty ideals, etc. On a vital question of self-knowledge, the real nature of her feelings for Lovelace, we see how her "shoulds," the inner dictates of her proud self (NHG, 65), interfere with her desire to be completely honest with herself (which in her case is also a "should"). "I wrote my heart, at the time," she swears, when Anna teasingly points to hints of love in her letters, and if my conduct has "a faulty appearance," it is because I had to bear in mind "what it became a person of my sex and character to be and to do . . . where the imputed love is thought an undutiful, and therefore criminal, passion. . . . I am sure you will excuse my desire of appearing at those times the person I ought to be" (I, 190-191). Two letters later, she confesses, "I like him better than I ever thought I should like him; and those faults considered, better perhaps than I ought to like him" (I, 203). The important word here is that recurring "ought," indicative of the difficulty she has in acknowledging any emotions that she believes she should not have.

Clarissa wears a "mask of innocence," which is simply my metaphorical way of saying that her false self is composed of innocent virtues satisfying to her self-effacing and perfectionistic trends; Lovelace's "mask of experience," the pose of the worldly-wise rake, gratifies his narcissistic and vindictive needs. Although under stress these false selves will be all the more exaggerated, the two characters cannot be taken as polar

opposites in a realistic reading. Their likenesses count at least as much as their differences. Both appear knowledgeable in terms of our definition: each devotes endless pages to introspection, however different in tone and intent; each is a practiced "reader" of the signs of a major social circuit. Lovelace, of course, has the sexual experience Clarissa lacks, but we would do well to question the myth (which, incidentally, is his favorite fiction) of the transformative power of sexual knowledge.[23] Whatever ways of knowing we grant to either of them, both, in the final analysis, are appallingly innocent, moving about in a world of illusions. Of the fate of innocent females in eighteenth-century and Jamesian novels, Miller writes, "The innocents are stripped of their illusions when they learn that they are not desired as they thought they were. And what they learn constitutes a wound to their definition of self."[24] That statement fits Lovelace quite as well as it does Clarissa.

Their relationship is, therefore, a well-matched game of pride. With his genius for characterization, Richardson shows us what is likely to happen when two people who have developed their idealized selves to an extraordinary degree become sexually involved. To put it most simply, the two proud selves need each other in ways that have little to do with genuine passion and love. Assuming, from the height of her standards, an angelic position for her version of the game, Clarissa looks upon Lovelace as someone whom she may have the power to reform; she wishes to force him to repentance and pull him up to her level. But Lovelace, pouring all his vindictiveness into his fantasies of triumphing over superior women, with Clarissa as the

grand prize, imagines for himself the satanic power to pull her down and prove her fallible. The "winner" will be the one who is able to break the pride of the other.

III. Two Pride Systems in Conflict

A good epigraph for our discussion of the Clarissa-Lovelace relationship would be Horney's dictum, "Neurotic pride is the enemy of love" (NHG, 246). "For the healthy person," Horney writes, "love and true humility go together" (NHG, 246). The genuinely loving person accepts and values the other as a separate, unique self and is able, through his capacity both to give love and to receive it, to enter the kind of mutual dependency that makes a close relationship possible. His love does not involve either a sadistic desire to break the pride of the other person or a masochistic surrender of the self to the point of enslavement. Often mistaken for signs of overwhelming passion, such needs are part of the vindictive and morbidly dependent trends, respectively, and are actually very far removed from healthy qualities of sexual openness and self-surrender.

From the moment of the abduction, Lovelace and Clarissa are irrevocably thrown together, the one momentarily triumphant, the other badly wounded in her self-esteem. Both are exceedingly vulnerable, because each has tremendous power to hurt the pride of the other--and each is inclined to make use of that power. This is what determines the moves and countermoves of their game: each time one asserts pride, the other responds with pain, anger, and self-hatred and then retaliates, fighting to

get even and to defend his or her jeopardized self-image. They are caught in another of those "vicious circles" which for Horney characterize the pride system in all its manifestations, so that with each confrontation their alienation from each other increases. Since the length of their contest makes it impossible to examine every round of this game, I shall devote the remainder of this chapter to the early encounters--the first few turns of the circle--and in the process shall try to show how these represent the whole pattern of the relationship.

The abduction is a terrible blow to Clarissa's pride because, in agreeing to meet Lovelace, she takes the fatal misstep she has dreaded for so long. Her expressions of self-hatred are immediate and numerous: she is mortified; she despises herself; she is sunk in her own opinion and "stung . . . by inward reproach" (I, 486-487). She now ridicules as "my foolish and busy prescience" the "gift" of foresight which convinced her she was heading off trouble by continuing the forbidden correspondence (I, 486). In her depressed mood, her idealized self is experienced as someone other than who she is at present, so that, for example, she promises not to betray to Lovelace any weaknesses unworthy of Anna's friendship, of the female sex, or of "my former self" (II, 45). Grieving for that self, she finds her only comfort in her innocent intentions: "Had I not to console myself that my error is not owing to wicked precipitation, I should be the most miserable of all creatures. As it is, I am enough punished in the loss of my character, more valuable to me than my life" (II, 9).

Having convinced herself that her sin is venial, Clarissa is able to deflect much of her anger away from herself and onto Lovelace. "And what vexes me more," she tells Anna, "is, that it is plain to me now, by all his behavior, that he had as great confidence in my weakness as I had in my own strength. And so, in a point entirely relative to my honour, he has triumphed; for he has not been mistaken in me, while I have in myself" (I, 486-487). A look of smug triumph, faintly detected (or perhaps, she admits, only fancied) on his face so infuriates her, reminding her as it does of her weakness, that she can hardly bear to be in his presence (II, 47). Shame, not fear, preoccupies her during this period; and she meets daily with fresh humiliations, such as having to pose as Lovelace's sister in the lodgings at St. Albans: "So, my dear, your frank, your open-hearted friend, was forced to countenance this tale . . . "(I, 496). Whether he can really break her pride becomes for her the one agonizing question--"Has he not made a fool, an egregious fool of me?" or "Can it be your opinion that he intends to humble me down to the level of his mean pride?" (II, 27, 45).

Lovelace, meanwhile, does exult in his triumph, exactly as Clarissa suspects: "How it swells my pride to have been able to outwit such a vigilant charmer! I am taller by half a yard in my imagination than I was. I look down upon everybody now. . . . In short, my whole soul is joy" (I, 515). Psychologically, what he experiences is best described by Ernest Schachtel's term "magic joy," a false sense of elation attributed to the "overestimation" of an event that seems to promise to transform the future. This so-called "joy" is an "egocentric activity without openness to

others." It is closely connected to feelings of triumph and to the secret conviction that one has successfully made a magic bargain with fate; and it is accompanied, too, by a fear of "the precariousness and perilousness" of the magically induced state, the old terror of the envy of the gods--or a more realistic fear of the envy of those one has risen above.[25]

Lovelace is not one to admit a fear of anyone's envy, divine or human. Nevertheless, it is easy to detect the many points where his manic delight is shallow and strained. He himself admits that his joy is less than perfect, that "it receives some abatement from my disgusted pride." Isn't Clarissa with him only because of the persecutions of her family and because perhaps she finds him preferable to Solmes? Having abducted her against her will, how can he ever know whether she loves him enough to choose him freely? "For, let me tell thee, dearly as I love her, if I thought there was but a shadow of a doubt in her mind, whether she preferred me to any man living, I would show her no mercy" (I, 494). This is only the first of many double binds that Lovelace gets himself into with his plotting, so that his own frustration and anxiety are slowly building in conjunction with Clarissa's. With his magical control over the drama of his life, he plans to produce for himself the perfect love affair; but no sooner has he begun than all his unconscious feelings--his lack of real self-esteem, his sense of being unlovable, his dread of being emotionally close to others, his obsessive vindictiveness and rage toward women--are aroused and start to pull him in their contrary directions.

Of these conflicts and the dangers they portend for her future, Clarissa has not the slightest inkling, not only because Lovelace masks his feelings so successfully, but also because, instead of attempting to understand the man who has her in his power, she is totally absorbed in her efforts to restore her pride. The manner she adopts with Lovelace is well illustrated by a little incident that occurs during one of their first days together. Telling Anna how she heard Lovelace, below, deliver "a hearty curse upon the cook and waiters," she comments sarcastically, "This is another of his perfections" and then proceeds to describe the way in which she "ventured afterwards to check him for his free words":

> . . . It is a sad life, said I, these innkeepers live, Mr. Lovelace.
>
> No; pretty well, I believe. But why, madam, think you that fellows who eat and drink at other men's cost, or they are sorry innkeepers, should be entitled to pity?
>
> Because of the soldiers they are obliged to quarter; who are generally, I believe, wretched profligates. Bless me! said I, how I heard one of them swear and curse just now at a modest meek man. . . . Well do they make it a proverb: Like a trooper.
>
> He bit his lip; arose; turned upon his heel; stepped to the glass; and looking confidently abashed, if I may so say, Ay, madam, said he, these troopers are sad swearing fellows.

Nor does she have the restraint to quit there; she next delivers a little sermon on swearing as "a most unmanly vice" which "proclaims the profligate's want of power and his wickedness at the same time," stinging words to fire at a man who curses in order to prove his power (I, 506-507).

Clarissa's rightful position, she believes, which she must firmly reestablish in the wake of her humiliation, is above

Lovelace: "I have the vanity to think my soul his soul's superior" (II, 168). All her behavior is now calculated to send this message. Of one of their first arguments, Lovelace writes, "Her whole air throughout this debate expressed a majestic kind of indignation, which implied a believed superiority of talents over the person to whom she spoke" (II, 14). Placing herself so high, she refuses to tolerate Lovelace's pride and finds plenty of opportunities to make him feel low. Of his impatient requests for her company, she writes, "The man seems pleased with his own volubility; and, whenever he has collected together abundance of smooth things, he wants me to find an ear for them! Yet he need not; for I don't often gratify him either with giving him the praise for his verboseness or showing the pleasure in it that he would be fond of" (II, 25). On another occasion, she accuses him of lacking the decorum that should belong to a man of his position:

> He imagines himself, I find, to be a very polite man, and cannot bear to be thought otherwise. He put up his lip--I am sorry for it, madam--a man of breeding, a man of politeness, give me leave to say (colouring), is much more of a black swan with you, than with any lady I ever met with.
>
> Then that is your misfortune, Mr. Lovelace, as well as mine, at present. Every woman of discernment, I am confident . . . would say as I say (I had a mind to mortify a pride that I am sure deserves to be mortified); that your politeness is not regular, nor constant. It is not habit. It is too much seen by fits and starts and sallies, and those not spontaneous. You must be reminded into them.
>
> O Lord! O Lord! Poor I--was the light, yet the half-angry wretch's self-pitying expression! (II, 89).

Such accounts as these prompt Anna to give a caution Clarissa would do well to heed: "Methinks I see the man hesitating, and looking like the fool you paint him, under your corrective

superiority! But he is not a fool. Don't put him upon mingling resentment with his love" (II, 44). Whether or not the reader sides with Clarissa, it must strike us all that she is acting without circumspection in a highly volatile situation. In Cynthia Wolff's judgment, "Clarissa's unfortunate stance is one of peevish self-righteousness. . . . The air of confident superiority that had dominated so much of her relationship with her family becomes now petty, captious, and querulous when her position is no longer secure."[26] Erick Kahler, one of Clarissa's more antagonistic commentators, also puts it well: "Throughout . . . she acts toward Lovelace like an insufferable governess dealing with a naughty pupil. . . . And her rigidity in turn arouses his worst impulses."[27] Much more sympathetic, Mark Kinkead-Weekes nevertheless admits that "her behavior is often the most unwise possible in her special situation, without her realising it, and she continually makes things worse for herself."[28]

"Only," Kinkead-Weekes immediately adds, "given the integrity of her character, could she or should she have behaved otherwise?"[29] Kahler suggests one course of action she might have taken: though she rightfully distrusts her "rescuer," he says, Lovelace does have a passion for her, and we can imagine how other literary heroines "would have known how to seize upon that feeling and use it to tame him by more feminine wiles."[30] But even if this were not contrary to Clarissa's character, it would be bad advice; for Lovelace is far too experienced with women to be beguiled. It does, however, also seem possible to imagine that someone in Clarissa's situation, desiring to maintain integrity, might be open and honest, or even angry, without

such unbearable haughtiness; she might also, without violating her values, choose to be tactful and discreet, while focusing her energies on the problem of finding a rational solution to her difficulties.

As he does so often, Lovelace, in a momentary flash of insight, articulates the real situation when he asks, "Why will she, by her pride, awaken mine?" (II, 15). We can see, in the examples quoted above, how, despite his suave responses, he is often angered by her contemptuous attitude; he bites his lip in vexation or covers his irritation with a flippant reply, but his letters show he does not forget. Recounting her rebuke of his cursing, he humorously exaggerates the incident to the point where he must not even say, "By my soul!"; but then he adds a telling reflection on her claims to superior moral perception: "Would she not have me think I have a precious soul as well as she?" "Is it prudent, thinkest thou, in her circumstances" he continues," . . . repeatedly to tell me, 'That she is every hour more and more dissatisfied with herself and me? That I am not one who improve upon her in my conversation and address? . . . That I shall make Mrs. Sorlings's house more agreeable by my absence?--And go to Berks, to town, or wherever I will (to the devil, I suppose), with all her heart?'" Complaining that she has made him look like an "abject slave," he ends his gleefully indignant tirade on an ominous note, "But I could have told her something that would have humbled her pretty pride at the instant, had she been in a proper place, and proper company about her" (II, 30-32). The perverse distortion of Clarissa's sense of "proper" is deliberate; Lovelace is thinking of how

easily her moral stance, the foundation of her pride, may be destroyed in the London brothel.

In sum, Clarissa could scarcely make a worse move, if she does not want to play Lovelace's game, than to challenge his pride as she does. In one sense, she gives him exactly what he asks for--he plays to affirm his proud superiority, and no woman has ever invited him to a more stimulating contest than this one. In another sense, even he knows dimly, from the start, that he is heading for a tragedy he does not want, with an emotional attachment already too deep to allow him to bear it complacently. Challenged, however, he cannot refuse to play, and, true to Clarissa's realization that she is "held to a desperate game" (II, 82), he is the one who defines the rules in such a way that both of them must eventually lose.

IV. The Question of the Genuine Proposals

During the early phase of the relationship, much of the reader's sense of watching an excitingly close game comes from the effect of a series of proposal scenes. There are five such scenes included in the narrative of the stay at St. Albans and the first days in London: Lovelace's "bashful" first offer of marriage (II, 28-29, 32-33); his wildly passionate proposal, which frightens Clarissa (II, 75-81, 98-99); his first clear and direct offer, in response to Clarissa's tears (II, 135-143); his repeated proposals when Clarissa falls ill after hearing of her father's curse (II, 175-176, 182-184); and yet another explicit offer of his hand after the arrival in London (II, 209-213).

All five scenes have a similar pattern. In each case, Clarissa describes an emotionally charged encounter between the two of them which culminates with Lovelace "popping the question." Knowing full well that their eventual marriage is the only socially acceptable way out of her present situation, and also more attracted to this man than her pride will allow her to admit, she is never determined to refuse him; and yet she lets each opportunity go by without ever getting beyond those "consenting negatives" that so amused her when Arabella resorted to them. Lovelace always manages to propose when she is feeling upset and off-balance, or, as Warner puts it, "just moments after she has pivoted away," leaving us with the impression "that their timing is off, that they are out of 'synch,' . . . that they approach and withdraw from each other so that they never touch a midpoint of acknowledged love at the same moment."[31] For all five incidents, we then get Lovelace's account, confessing each time that the proposal was not premeditated and expressing the relief he felt when Clarissa allowed him to escape so easily.

In addressing the important question of how all these "near misses" are motivated, two critical opponents, Warner and Kinkead-Weekes, agree in calling the latter three of the above scenes "genuine proposals"--genuine in the sense that Lovelace is surprised "by the unexpected power of his own feelings"[32] into proposing "with complete earnestness."[33] Both critics take these proposals to be the moments in the text when the potential tragedy might have been avoided; and they both accuse the author of trying to obscure these moments in his revision.[34] Curiously enough, it is Kinkead-Weekes, the humanist critic,

who makes the harsher comments about Clarissa's behavior in these scenes. Even though he believes that her adherence to her feminine code plays an important part in her failure to answer Lovelace with a clear affirmative, he nevertheless finds the decisive motives for her refusals in her pride, her "disingenuousness," and her "emotional cowardice and dishonesty."[35]

Warner, however, continues to be Lovelace's most ardent defender. As "the inventor of the particular game that comes to mediate all the action in Clarissa," Lovelace "consciously commits himself to the terms and consequences of this mutual struggle"; "his way of operating engenders something shared and mutual. . . . he acknowledges, with every story and gesture, that he needs the other person."[36] These aspects of Lovelace's nature, together with the comic potential that he brings to the text, make the proposal scenes the crucial turning points of the action:

> Several factors help make these moments that can go either way--toward marriage or death: a spirit of fair play, which leads Lovelace to enter the ebb and flow of struggle willing to marry Clarissa should she win the "game" he has set going; an opening toward comedy and love that counterbalances the current of suffering and fatality in the text; and finally, those important moments when Lovelace creates in imagination a Clarissa with so much beauty that he loses the power to resist her.[37]

Warner does not, as we might anticipate from his comments elsewhere, place the blame for the tragic outcome on Clarissa; rather, in his long analysis of the third proposal (II, 135-143), he shows how each character "adopts a rigid pose" in order "to hold the other at a distance" and how, through sudden "lapses" in their ability to understand each other's motives, they

"swerve away from the opening toward comedy and spare themselves the burden and anxiety of seriously entertaining an alternative to the whole mode of struggle both have adopted."[38]

In order to arrive at a reading of the proposal scenes that agrees with the rest of my psychological interpretation, I must first of all question the thesis Warner and Kinkead-Weekes share: on at least three occasions, Lovelace feels a surge of real passion for Clarissa and proposes with full sincerity. My fellow critics base this conclusion on solid textual evidence. Describing the first of these "genuine" events, Clarissa admits that Lovelace "in words the most clear and explicit, tendered himself to my acceptance" (II, 138), while he, for his part, ponders how a man could obey "an involuntary impulse, in defiance of premeditation, and of all his own proud schemes": "Was the devil in me! I no more intended all this ecstatic nonsense than I thought the same moment of flying in the air! All power is with this charming creature" (II, 142). The proposal he makes in the wake of Mr. Harlowe's curse is even more forthright: "He has offered himself to my acceptance in so unreserved a manner, that I am concerned I have written so freely and so diffidently of him," Clarissa confesses; "I was in earnest in my vows to marry," swears Lovelace, "and my ardour to urge the present time was a real ardour" (II, 175, 184). Like an orator who ends up on the wrong side of the argument, he says of the third occasion, "so I in earnest pressed without reserve for matrimony in the progress of my harangue, which state I little thought of urging upon her with so much strength and explicitness" (II, 213).

The trouble with this evidence is that we are asked to take Lovelace at his word in every instance--he is deeply moved and in earnest because he says he is, either to Clarissa or to Belford. We have found it necessary with this text to believe most of the accounts the characters give us of "outer" events (Lovelace did propose each time, in whatever words he recollects having used) but not their interpretations of their subjective experience, unless what they tell us squares with all the unconscious motivation the novel allows us to detect. Especially with Lovelace, we shall be rather more naive than Clarissa if we fail to consider his protean nature at every point, and as limited as she is in our understanding if we do not check all his thoughts against our full knowledge of his personality. The genuineness of the proposals is suspect because he is so rarely in touch with his feelings and so generally incapable of being sincere, even with himself.

Considered psychologically, the traits Warner claims for Lovelace--his capacity for attachment to the other person and his commitment to the terms of the game he structures--are more ambiguous than the critic would have us believe. The problem with the first point should be immediately evident in Warner's language, quoted above: Lovelace "needs" the "other" because he cannot have his game without a second player, and yet the "other" remains largely unreal, a beautiful product of his imagination. If, of course, one accepts Warner's presupposition that the self is primarily a construct within an interpersonal system, it becomes possible to speak of how Lovelace offers Clarissa a "gift" in his recreation of her.[39] Based on the premises of

this study, on the other hand, Lovelace has adopted an "auto-centric perspective" that blocks his perception of another unique human self: "He is looking for something in the other person rather than looking at the other person," fully and openly.[40]

From the start, Lovelace casts Clarissa in the imaginary roles of his goddess, his charmer, or his Gloriana (II, 19-22), indicating his tremendous need to idealize her, to project upon her myriad fantasies of the perfect lover who will complement his own marvelous being. Predominant among these fantasies is the notion that she has the power to cast a strange spell over him and summons him to new heights of love and devotion; and I suggest it is this drama he plays out in the proposal scenes, where, according to his reflections, he succumbs to "the sudden gust of passion" (II, 99) or spouts "ecstatic nonsense" against his will (II, 142). Like unrealistic self-images, idealizations of the "other" tend to be composed of all sorts of irreconcilable elements. When we attempt to reconstruct Lovelace's "game," in order to identify precisely the terms of his commitment to it, we find he has invented an impossible set of rules because his partner, opponent, and prize is the imaginary Clarissa, from whom he is trying to win simultaneous satisfaction for a number of contradictory desires. It is these conflicting wants, more than anything else, that close off the comic possibility of a happy ending to this affair, for Lovelace is likely to be unhappy, and therefore to make Clarissa so, regardless of the direction of events.

An expert rationalizer of his motives, Lovelace decides that what he is really doing is running a very fair test of

Clarissa's virtue. While insisting that he worships her and already acquits her in his heart, he places her on trial by setting up a series of questions: "Has her virtue ever been proved? . . . Has she been capable of error? . . . Is then the divine Clarissa capable of loving a man whom she ought not to love? And is she capable of affectation? And is her virtue founded in pride? And, if the answer to these questions be affirmative, must she not then be a woman?" (II, 36-38). After all, since she has already made enough of a mistake to cast a shadow of doubt over her angelic goodness, there is a chance she may yet prove capable of being seduced, and if by him, why not by others? How, then, can he marry her, until he knows for sure? "The wife of Caesar must not be suspected! Caesar was not a prouder man than Lovelace." Following this line of reasoning, he comes out exactly where he wants to be, with a justification for his plots: "Are not provocations and temptations the tests of virtue?" (II, 38-39). No matter what the outcome of the trial, though, he plans to live happily ever after, either with the defeated Clarissa as his mistress or the vindicated Clarissa as his "angel of a wife" (II, 41).

But if Clarissa does pass the test, her pride will remain unbroken, making it extremely unlikely that he, in his pride, can endure a union with her. "But it is so discouraging a thing to have my monitress so very good! . . . Now, as I am thinking, if I could pull her down a little nearer to my own level; . . . could prevail upon her to do something that would argue imperfection, something to repent of . . . the comfort would be mutual, and the remorse not all on one side" (II, 69).

Then, too, there is a sexual problem, bound up with cultural notions Clarissa and Lovelace share: to get her to slip is to "awaken the woman in her" (II, 42), to bring her alive sexually, whereas if she retains her moral purity, she cannot be sexually responsive and a shadow falls across the image of a contentedly reformed Lovelace.

On the other hand, suppose he does succeed in breaking her pride? Kinkead-Weekes believes this to be his most satisfying fantasy:

> His dearest dream, to persuade her to live with him unmarried, completely fascinates him because it would fulfill all his urges. It would satisfy his pride since it would demonstrate that she cared more for him than for anyone or anything else. It would satisfy his power-longings because he could treat her as he liked. . . . It would satisfy his revenge on Women, and on the Harlowes, a mighty victory over the feminine code and the bourgeoisie. It would suit his volatile nature, keeping love interesting and 'new.' . . . Last, but perhaps most important, it would guarantee his view of life, his confidence in and his valuation of himself. It is his tragedy that he should believe, as we never do because we do not share his assumptions, that all this is a real possibility.[41]

The problem here is that Lovelace, idealizing Clarissa as he does, will almost certainly cease to "love" her, whatever that may mean to him, if she loses for him the atmosphere of divinity that now envelops her. A fallen Clarissa, submitting to the role of mistress, would be devalued in his eyes, becoming just one more female victim, and would no longer be a fit object for his pride. And while he longs to pull the virtuous woman down, he also wants to have her raise him up and prove, through her love, that he has not been so very bad after all. In sum, in the pattern of so many self-alienated people, Lovelace wants everything both ways: he

wants women to be better than men--and just as bad as they are; he wants Clarissa to be both perfect and imperfect; he wants to control and to be controlled, to have his own pride intact and to have it broken.

This conflict, I believe, best accounts for what goes on in all the proposal scenes. It appears most clearly in the second of the five scenes (II, 75-81), which Warner and Kinkead-Weekes do not include, for a reason we shall take note of in a moment, among the "genuine" proposals. On this occasion, after a very lively argument, Lovelace begins a self-pitying complaint about all he has suffered for Clarissa's sake, provoking her to a direct attack: "For what--pray hear me out, sir . . . have you suffered in, but your pride?" She is startled by his "strangely wild and fervent" reply:

> Darkness, light; light, darkness; by my soul!--just as you please to have it. O charmer of my heart! . . . take me, take me to yourself; mould me as you please; I am wax in your hands; give me your own impression, and seal me for ever yours. We were born for each other!--you to make me happy, and save a soul--I am all error, all crime. . . . Include me in your terms; prescribe to me; promise for me as you please; put a halter about my neck and lead me by it, upon condition of forgiveness on that disgraceful penance, and of a prostration as servile, to your father's presence . . . and I will beg his consent at his feet. (II, 80).

What is troublesome about this scene is that it is one of Richardson's "restorations" to the third edition of the novel, an added letter intended, Warner argues, to help detract from the comic potential of the genuine proposals that follow it. Though it resembles the others, this "counterfeit proposal scene" contains some subtle differences. Clarissa is allowed a

greater degree of detachment and control than she has in the later scenes, "so there does not seem to be any genuine potential for a sudden reorganization of this independent woman into Lovelace's bride." Lovelace, who at other times experiences "awe, stillness, and passivity" before the overpowering beauty with which he endows Clarissa, becomes here "a ranter," using "all the overinflated language of the heroic drama to proclaim Clarissa's powers and offer himself to her." With "this fantastic language," "Richardson does his best to show his readers that Lovelace is not the man to make a suitable husband for a nice girl like Clarissa."[42]

But here once again I find the author perhaps too self-consciously explicit in his motivation, but not inconsistent in his extended characterization. On the whole, the added scene is a strong one, containing some of the best dramatic dialogue in the novel (II, 78-79). Since Lovelace uses overinflated language throughout his letters, the only surprise here is the sudden abandon with which he thrusts aside his usual public restraint and gives himself totally to his melodramatic role. We should also note that the language of his next proposal (the first of the genuine ones) is scarcely less ecstatic (II, 141-142).

What I find convincing in the above passage is the way in which Lovelace, in response to Clarissa's assault on his pride, answers with a fantasy of self-degradation and sexual enslavement. Earlier, I referred to this same scene to illustrate the masochistic aspect of his repressed self-effacement.[43] I am now suggesting that in this inserted scene Richardson accurately depicts the conflict behind the unmeditated proposals. In his

compulsive repetition of words he does not intend, Lovelace, who expresses so many impulses by acting them out, flirts with his desire to surrender to love. In effect, he includes in his multifaceted game his own very heady version of Russian roulette, gambling with the thrilling danger of letting Clarissa win: " . . . like the fly buzzing about the bright taper, I had like to have singed the silken wings of my liberty. Never was man in greater danger of being caught in his own snares; all my views anticipated; all my schemes untried. . . . It is I, not she, at this rate, that must fail in the arduous trial" (II, 140, 142).

Marriage is not necessarily what he risks, since he is in a position to evade any promises he makes and still move toward seduction or rape if he chooses. But if Clarissa did reply to his proposals with a clear affirmative, all his rationalizations for carrying out her trial would collapse, because once she freely committed herself to him, his honor, not her chastity, would be what was put to the test. At least while they remain at St. Albans, she might either force his hand or, as he confesses at one point, choose to leave him, "having more friends in that house than I had" (II, 98). Thus she is not yet helpless, and her failure to act decisively is crucial to the direction of the action.

Though Lovelace gambles with his fate, he is not being quite so rash as he pretends, for he learns very quickly that the odds are in his favor. There is a justifiable logic to the five proposals as we now have them in the standard edition: he begins cautiously and then grows progressively more "sincere" as Clarissa unwittingly demonstrates how, under a variety of

circumstances, she is unable to say yes. The first barrier to her acceptance of him is her determination to continue to obey her feminine code, despite Anna's caution, "Punctilio is out of doors the moment you are out of your father's house" (I, 450). So the first time Lovelace proposes, with "a bashfulness which sat very awkwardly upon him," she answers with silence and blushes, asking later, "How was it possible I could encourage, with very ready signs of approbation, such an early proposal?" (II, 28-29). Similarly, after the third proposal, she still feels obliged "to adhere to my seeming negative" (II, 138). Both times she is upset because Lovelace, given a reply that is less than a denial, does not press her to change her mind, "which any other man in his situation, I should think, would have done" (II, 29, 138). He, meanwhile, prefers to represent her as coy: "The pretty trifler let me off as easily as I could have wished" (II, 142).

These scenes remind us, as doubtlessly they do Clarissa, of Lovelace's courtship of Bella. In part, the effect is ironic--the woman who judged her sister so smugly now finds herself in a similar situation and, unable to free herself from the dictates of her code, even though it is inappropriate to her situation, must, to her chagrin, behave much as her sister did. More sympathetically, however, we should also remember that Clarissa's doubts about her suitor originated in that first glimpse she had of his hypocrisy. In her present hesitation, she searches desperately for evidence of his sincerity; and knowing her suspicions to be well founded, we can hardly fault her for that.

Still, the impression remains that offended pride, more than anything else, governs her reaction to each proposal. In every instance--and this suggests good timing, whether intuitive or deliberately manipulative, on Lovelace's part--the offer of marriage catches her in a moment of disequilibrium, when, irritated or embarrassed by something that has just occurred, she experiences a loss of control and then the immediate sting of humiliation. For example, the second scene begins with Lovelace hinting that she needs the help of a man to regain possession of her estate. Do you mean I should employ a lawyer? Clarissa asks with feigned innocence and then blushes with shame when he cries, "No . . . except you would make me the lawyer": "Had he said me at first, I should have been above the affectation of mentioning a lawyer" (II, 76). The third proposal is first couched, she tells us, in "recriminating" language: "Can you, madam, consent to honour with your hand a wretch whom you have never yet obliged with one voluntary favour?" Torn "between resentment and shame," she bursts into tears, whereupon he embraces her ardently and repeats his offer in clear, unreserved terms. "But what could I say to this?" she agonizes later. "Extorted from him, as it seemed to me, rather as the effect of his compassion than of his love? What could I say? I paused, I looked silly--I am sure I looked very silly" (II, 137-138). Later, Lovelace gets his best chance to be safely sincere when she lies ill after her father's curse, humiliated to the point of severe depression (II, 175, 184).

Manfred Mackenzie describes certain of Henry James's characters as being "invariably surprised into . . . the consciousness

of an unready, naive, deficient, unacceptable, incomplete, disadvantaged, vulnerable, even abject self. . . . their recognition that they have fallen short of their better selves, that they have been caught in a false position with respect to their cherished self-conceptions, amounts to a kind of shame-shock."[44] Read "idealized selves" for "better selves," and we have a description of what happens to Clarissa in these moments of proposal. The shock of shame, the feeling of being her despised self, paralyzes her so that she fails to halt Lovelace's game of chance and instead becomes increasingly vulnerable to his machinations.

For all the reasons I have given, then, I do not believe that any of the proposal scenes should be in a special category labeled "genuine." In each scene, I find the behavior of the characters to be consistent, provided we take into account the complexity of their motivations; and taken together with confrontations the pair have during their stay at St. Albans, all the scenes fit a developing pattern in the relationship, in which each character can be counted on to put pride before feeling and common sense.

Kinkead-Weekes, in discussing the proposals, reaches an interesting point in his development of Clarissa's psychology because he is brought to acknowledge, as he does very honestly, the "subtle ways" in which her values are "connected with her pride." Yet he still continues to emphasize how much "integrity and responsibility" she exercises in her rejections of Lovelace.[45] Like all readers who choose to accept Richardson's fantasies about Clarissa, he will now go on to look upon her discovery of

her pride as an educational process, leading eventually to spiritual growth.

As for Warner, I think perhaps his preference for Lovelace's fantasies shows up again when he makes a curious error in his synopsis of the proposal scenes: he identifies the last "genuine" one as taking place when Lovelace "returns to St. Albans after an absence of only one day."[46] Actually, it is to London that Lovelace returns at that point in the action (II, 209-210); and whether or not this mistake is a Freudian slip, it looks amusingly like one in the context of Warner's criticism. For it is in accord with a pattern of psychological movement in the text which we might call "the Lovelacian wish," a kind of counterclockwise motion opposing the flow of the action in time--if only London were still St. Albans; if only the possibilities of St. Albans could be carried to London; if only, somehow, we could reverse this vicious circle, this vortex that is pulling us under. "At certain moments," Warner writes in a Nietzschean conclusion to his discussion of the novel's comic potential, "the self can, through a movement of violence to the old self, gain access to an entirely new life, just as a new fire can be built on the ashes of an old fire which it transcends absolutely."[47] Ah, if only. . . .

I do not despise the wish or consider it to be, in its essence, the impossible dream; together with Clarissa's corresponding wish to be purged of the old self in the fires of suffering, it is what moves me most deeply in this novel. Both wishes, I believe, express the desire to cast off false self-images and rigid defenses, and return to the lost vitality of

the real self. The vision of Horneyan psychology is that this may happen, but not suddenly or miraculously (though even as a partial accomplishment it often feels like a miracle to those of us who have suffered from neurosis). To find the real self, one has to disentangle it slowly from the false self, a process of self-knowledge that takes place in the course of time and under circumstances tragically unavailable to our two young characters. Whatever chances there may have been at St. Albans to call off their desperate game, there will be virtually none once they cross the threshold of the disguised brothel; for the vicious circle of their proud interaction now sucks them into a world of illusion where they are more out of touch than ever with themselves, with each other, and with any stabilizing reality.

V. Moving the Game to Mrs. Sinclair's

Mr. Thomas Doleman, having "taken pains in his inquiries" to find London lodgings for his friend Lovelace, sends an inviting description of "good accomodations in Dover Street, at a widow's, the relict of an officer in the guards." This widow rents two houses, joined by a large passageway: "The inner house is the genteelest, and is very elegantly furnished; but you may have the use of a very handsome parlour in the outer house if you choose to look into the street." Though the landlady "has a masculine air, and is a little forbidding at first," Doleman declares her to be reputable, good-humored, and kindly to her husband's nieces, the "two agreeable maiden gentlewomen"

who are her companions. A clergyman's family last had her lodgings and liked them well enough to outstay the original lease: "She bragged that this was the way of all the lodgers she ever had, who stayed with her four times as long as they at first intended." Finding all this appealing, Clarissa, after testing Lovelace a bit and seeing "no visible preference" in his reactions, agrees to the new location (II, 109-112).

"Thou knowest the widow; thou knowest her nieces; thou knowest the lodgings," Lovelace gloats, as he unveils the plot to Belford. "And didst thou ever read a letter more artfully couched than this of Tom Doleman?" (II, 113). There is, as Anna Howe eventually discovers, no Dover Street. The widow, the frightful "Mrs. Sinclair," is a madam, and her nieces, Sally and Polly, are two prostitutes originally seduced by Lovelace. The house is a brothel, presenting a respectable facade to the street while its interior is securely shut away from the eyes of the world; apparently Mrs. Sinclair specializes in elite seductions that produce, from among those "lodgers" who stay so much longer than they ever intended, very high-class prostitutes. Lovelace is carrying Clarissa into a world of sinister illusion, where nothing is what it appears to be.

Within this prison of unreality, Lovelace creates false contacts with the outside world, effectively cutting Clarissa off from her past and closing off her future. The continuing threat of a Captain Singleton, presumed to be lurking about as a spy from her brother, is all his invention, a device to increase her fearful dependence on himself (II, 135, 279, 340). Keeping alive the fiction that they will soon marry, he

negotiates, through a Captain Mennell, for a Mrs. Fretchville's house--only there is no Mrs. Fretchville, and "Mennell," nephew of the helpful Doleman, eventually hastens Lovelace's decision to blow up that plot by "resigning" out of pity for Clarissa (II, 213, 267, 401). As this hope fades for Clarissa, another appears in the form of one Captain Tomlinson, introduced to her as an emissary from her Uncle John Harlowe (II, 441 ff.). This dignified gentleman proves to be a great comfort to her, as he labors to reconcile her with her family and promises, if she consents to marry Lovelace, that Uncle John shall come to give her away. Not until her final escape does she learn, through her uncle's housekeeper, that "master is acquented with no sitch man" (III, 334)--coached by Lovelace, one Patrick McDonald, forger and smuggler, has given this great performance.

Another set of phony identities and "accidental" incidents are created to carry forward Lovelace's plan to "try" Clarissa (i.e., seduce her if she can possibly be seduced) by throwing the two of them together in intimate situations. In one abortive plot, Clarissa indignantly refuses to share her room for the night with a visiting "heiress," Miss Partington, and so thwarts Lovelace's scheme (à la Pamela's Mr. B) for switching places with his beloved's bedfellow (II, 216-218, 231-232). Yet another disguised prostitute, Dorcas Wykes, though she too fails to win the privilege of sleeping with Clarissa, is a useful spy, decoy, and guard in her role as "Mrs. Lovelace's" assigned maid (II, 189). "Let me see what a mixture of grief and surprise may be beat up together in thy pudden-face," says Lovelace, as he directs her role in the little ipecacuanha drama, the induced

illness with which he startles Clarissa into expressing affectionate concern for him (II, 434-437). On the night the cook-maid "accidentally" sets the window-curtains on fire, it is Dorcas who screams the alarm at Clarissa's door and then obligingly disappears, leaving her terrified mistress in the arms of her gallant "rescuer." (II, 499 ff.).

The combined effect of all these schemes is, for Lovelace, the magical transformation of his existence into the fantasy realm of his desires. Among the numerous defensive satisfactions he derives from this feat, the greatest is the illusion of total control, a godlike power over Clarissa's fate and his own. Letting Belford in on the secret of Captain Mennell's true identity, he writes:

> And I have changed his name by virtue of my own single authority. Knowest thou not that I am a great namefather? Preferments I bestow, both military and civil. I give estates, and take them away, at my pleasure. Quality too I create. And by a still more valuable prerogative, I degrade by virtue of my own imperial will, without any other act of forfeiture than for my own convenience. What a poor thing is a monarch to me! (II,267).

Such passages show him acting out childish dreams of omnipotence: he chooses from limitless possibilities, he manipulates others with ease, he reverses events at will. With "so many contrivances rising up and crowding upon me for preference" (II, 425), he becomes quite drunk on the very boundlessness of all his imagination sets before him.

For his more detached propensities, the situation affords the delicious irony of watching Clarissa act unknowingly before his own all-knowing gaze. Although their game is not really a

struggle between innocence and experience, we should note that Lovelace, in order to enhance his sense of power, would very much like to define it in those terms. Having thrust his opponent into a position of helpless ignorance, he is now free to regard her as "a dear silly soul" who depends too much "upon the goodness of her own heart" and possesses "knowledge by theory only" (III, 64). In fact, the ironic perspective is a denial that any real struggle is going on at all: it allows Lovelace to pose as the amused spectator and sophisticated critic of his little drama and to share that superior stance with his worldly confidante, Belford (or you, or me), who will surely understand that the whole business is nothing more than people "at (a) play."

In his illusionary world, he also seems to consider himself released from the danger of violating his honor, which was what made a possible engagement so risky for him during the days at St. Albans. In London his proposals continue until Clarissa does finally, in all her intents, if not in so many words, commit herself to the marriage. But now promises need no longer involve honor for Lovelace because nothing is real to begin with. Clarissa will marry him when Mrs. Fretchville's house, a non-existent dwelling, is ready; the wedding will take place when her uncle's friend, a fabrication, arrives with her uncle, an event that will never occur. Fantasy leaves him wonderfully free--free from the necessities of cause and effect; free from commitment; free from the relentless movement of time; free, in short, to indulge his "loving" feelings without having to fear the results.

We see how essential it is to him to keep his magical realm inviolable at the point where he discovers, in Anna Howe's letters, the threat of an intrusion from the real world. Until he gets a look at the letters, he is apparently unaware of the strong bond between the two women and the extent of Anna's influence over Clarissa, both of which arouse his jealousy. Anna is competition--a rival lover and a fellow plotter. "Is it not as clear to thee, Jack, as it is to me, that I should have carried my point long ago, but for this vixen?" he grumbles (II, 369). His greatest frustration comes from reading Anna's line, "I hope you have no cause to repent returning my Norris--it is forthcoming on demand"; she refers to the money she sent in a book by Norris, but Lovelace does not know this and reads it as evidence of some secret plot they are hatching. "I will not be out-Norrised," he cries, in a declaration of war against this feminine alliance (II, 364, 371, 455). In imaginative retaliation, he dreams of seducing both women and even, in the wildest of all his comic endings, of eventually marrying his daughter by Anna to his son by Clarissa! (II, 369; III, 251).

Caught like a fly in the web of Lovelace's art, Clarissa is now much more helpless; and we may feel we are past the point where we can speak of the part she is playing in her own fate. Yet still her manifest pride continues to make things worse for her, forever provoking Lovelace to greater extremes and blocking from her consciousness the ways in which, even at this stage, she might act on her own behalf. Her attitude toward Mrs. Sinclair and the "nieces" is one excellent example of the effects of her perverse behavior. Unbeknown to her, of course,

these women are her most dangerous enemies because, as enraged social outcasts, they identify with the darkest aspect of Lovelace's conflict, the desire to destroy a woman who makes herself a symbol of moral rectitude. Therefore when Clarissa comes among them behaving "as an empress would look and behave among her vassals," she arouses their vindictiveness to the full, so that they do their utmost to insure her downfall. "How do these creatures endeavor to stimulate me!" Lovelace exclaims. "I might have had her before now, if I would. If I would treat her as flesh and blood, I should find her such. They thought I knew, if any man living did, that if a man made a goddess of a woman, she would assume the goddess" (II, 207-208).

Clarissa's reactions to the disguised prostitutes also show how her pride interferes with sound intuitive judgment. During her first days in her new surroundings, she notices strange glances being exchanged among the people around her: "Only that circumstances . . . encouraged not the notion, or I should have been apt to think that the young ladies and Mr. Lovelace were of longer acquaintance than of yesterday." But she is unable to sort out these initial impressions without relating them to her self-image:

> You know, my dear, that I have an open and free heart; and, naturally, have as open and free a countenance; at least my complimenters have told me so. At once, where I like, I mingle minds without reserve, encouraging reciprocal freedoms, and am forward to dissipate diffidences. But with these two nieces of the widow I never can be intimate--I don't know why.

For one so open and honest, she is being, she fears, much "too rash" in her "censures" of new acquaintances, a failing she

continues to take herself to task for when, having begun in this fashion to screen out the disturbing phenomena, she gradually finds she likes the women better. The result of her guilty reflections is a new "should": "I will make it a rule to myself for the future, never to judge peremptorily on first appearances." (II, 202, 224). Though it would be encouraging if we could take this statement as evidence of her growth toward a less judgmental attitude, it seems rather to issue from her fear of looking like a suspicious, distrustful person. It is also a good example of how a "should" is an unwise absolute, since, with the prostitutes, her first intuitive judgment was correct.

That fear is only one aspect of what is now taking place with Clarissa's defensive system: namely, she is being forced to cling all the more desperately to her glorified self in order to keep from being overwhelmed by her deepening self-contempt (NHG, 137). Depressed after a letter from her Cousin Morden details all the reasons why she and Lovelace could never be happy together, she broods once more on her "one devious step," which "has led me so far out of my path, that I am in a wilderness of doubt and error; and never, never, never, shall find my way out of it" (II, 263). The sight of Lovelace's buoyant narcissism adds to her feelings of being worthless and rejected: "His bountiful temper and gay heart attach every one to him; and I am but a cypher, to give him significance, and myself pain" (II, 264).

Self-hatred, and not constructive insight, is the determining factor in what many readers see as the spiritual turning point for her--her discovery of her pride. The key passage is a

confession to Anna, written at a moment when, after an angry confrontation with Lovelace, she is struggling against despondency and contemplating flight:

> You, my dear, could not be a stranger to my most secret failings. . . . What a pride did I take in the applause of every one! What a pride even in supposing I had not that pride! Which concealed itself from my unexamining heart under the specious veil of humility. . . . So desirous, in short, to be considered as an example! A vanity which my partial admirers put into my head! And so secure in my own virtue!

Her hope is that God, "the all-gracious Inflicter," will consider her punished enough, "since now, I verily think, I more despise myself for my presumptuous self-security, as well as vanity, than ever I secretly vaunted myself on my good inclinations" (II, 378-379). She is right about her paradoxical "humble pride" ("I took my moral superiority humbly for granted," Horney quotes one patient as saying)(NHG, 223); but her self-ridiculing tone suggests that her new knowledge only increases her guilt, intensifying her efforts to pacify an idealized self strangely dissociated from this vision of former pride.

Moreover, her penitent reflection does not alter her behavior, as we see in the scene that immediately follows it. Lovelace describes how she catches him off guard by coming down one morning defiantly dressed to go out on her own. Embarrassed because her contemptuous disregard of him exposes him further "to the derision of the women below," he persuades her to enter the dining-room for a dish of tea.

> I was perfectly disconcerted. I hemmed, and was going to speak several times; but knew not in what

> key. Who's modest now, thought I! Who's insolent now! How a tyrant of a woman confounds a bashful man! She was acting Miss Howe, I thought; and I the spiritless Hickman.
>
> At last, I will begin, thought I.
>
> She a dish--I a dish.
>
> Sip, her eyes her own, she; like a haughty and imperious sovereign, conscious of dignity, every look a favour.
>
> Sip, like her vassal, I; lips and hands trembling, and not knowing that I sipped or tasted.
>
> I was--I was--I sipped--(drawing in my breath and the liquor together, though I scalded my mouth with it) I was in hopes, madam--

At this point Dorcas enters and receives Clarissa's exclusive attention:

> What weather is it, Dorcas? Said she, as regardless of me as if I had not been present.
>
> A little lowering, madam. The sun is gone in. It was very fine half an hour ago.
>
> I had no patience. Up I rose. Down went the teacup, saucer and all. Confound the weather, the sunshine, and the wench! Begone for a devil, when I am speaking to your lady, and have so little opportunity given me.
>
> Up rose the saucy-face, half-frightened; and snatched from the window her gloves and fan.
>
> You must not go, madam!--seizing her hand--by my soul you must not--
>
> Must not, sir! But I must. You can curse your maid in my absence, as well as if I were present--except--except--you intend for me, what you direct at her.

At the climax of the scene, Lovelace throws himself at Clarissa's feet in another of his displays of passionate submission, while she delivers a haughty denunciation: "My soul is above thee, man! with both her hands pushing me from her! Urge me not to tell thee, how sincerely I think my soul above thee! Thou hast, in mine, a proud, a too proud heart to contend with! Leave me, and leave me for ever!" (II, 380-383).

Another of Richardson's superb pieces of dramatic writing, this scene should be read for its "subtext," the unspoken intentions controlling the words and actions of each character. On the more immediate level, Clarissa is struggling to rid herself of Lovelace's control and will succeed if she is able to get her foot out the door; as part of her technique, she tries to reduce him to insignificance, treating him as if he were not even present (and with a vengeful pleasure, too, we might suspect, in making him feel like a "cypher"). She also continues to ease her wounded pride (most recently wounded by the discovery of its own existence) by experiencing her superiority over him. "During the course of the novel," one critic claims, "she develops from 'secret pride' and an 'unexamined heart' . . . to triumphant pride and a known heart";[48] and while I do not see this as a positive spiritual development, it is certainly the direction she now seeks to move in. However foolishly vain she may have been, she reasons, however blindly she stumbled into error, she is innocent of Lovelace's kind of intentional evil and rightfully proud in her rejection of it.

Behind all that he says and does in the "tea-cup scene," Lovelace's aim is to block Clarissa's exit from the house and reassert his control over her, ends he eventually achieves when his "clasping emotion" frightens her into retreating, faint and trembling, to her room (II, 383). Fantasy, however, not fear, remains thus far his best weapon from among his techniques of psychological warfare. Typecast for her role in his play, Clarissa is unable to make any move that he cannot instantly transform into a melodramatic scene. To her great shame and

frustration, she is doubly trapped, inside the house and inside his script, which, because she participates so well, is also her script.

House and fantasy are identified with each other in any number of ways, both metaphorically and psychologically. The invention of Mrs. Sinclair's was Richardson's most brilliant stroke in the creation of a fictional world in which "outer" reality successfully mirrors inner conflict and so allows the author to capture, in the manner of the modern psychological novel, "the very atmosphere of the mind"[49]--or in this case, of two minds. The two connected buildings of the brothel present us, in effect, with a startlingly accurate image of a schizoid personality, with the exterior house representing the public persona and the interior house, concealed and largely "disconnected," representing the inner world of private fantasy. And because of the way in which Lovelace has deliberately selected a locale and reshaped it to conform to his daydreams, there is no sharp division between realistic image and metaphor insofar as the mirroring of his mind is concerned: the house is first of all very much what it is, and then, quite naturally, becomes something more.

For Clarissa, the metaphor is no less appropriate psychologically. In an earlier chapter, I suggested that all Clarissa's efforts to escape her pride system (Horney) and her family fantasy (Laing) are doomed to failure; no matter how hard she tries to escape herself and her past, she always ends up back on the "inside."[50] "The bursting of one barrier leads only to further imprisonment," Margaret Anne Doody writes in her chapter on house imagery in Clarissa. "Throughout the novel, Richardson

develops the idea of increasing compression, of walls closing in, in an effect of claustrophobic horror."[51] Although her present abode is an unnatural environment for Clarissa, it still reflects, just as Harlowe House did, the "dark mental maze" of her conflicts.[52] Rachel Brownstein observes how, in her houses, her rooms and even the "armor" of her clothing, Clarissa seeks a "defensible space" that tends to "falsify" and "restrict" more than it protects.[53] And a similar set of images, suggestive of reality as prison, mirror Lovelace's subjective experience; for he is just as trapped as Clarissa within the rigid bounds of the false self, despite the illusory boundlessness of his dreams.

In choosing to develop this chapter around the metaphor of the well-matched game, I have sought to show how much neurotic pride exists on both sides of the Clarissa-Lovelace relationship, making it mutually destructive. Theirs is a power struggle, as this section of the text clearly indicates through the numerous repetitions of the word "power";[54] and I find the basis for that struggle in the expansive defenses of the two personalities, Clarissa's overriding perfectionism and Lovelace's narcissism and vindictiveness. Like all self-alienated persons, these two have difficulty understanding human relations in any terms except those of power, of controlling or submitting to being controlled. Neither can endure subordination to the other; indeed, because each proud self is defined in a way that denies the other's right to exist, neither can yield while the other's pride remains unbroken without feeling cancelled out of existence. Hence the conflict we have been watching in its early development

moves rapidly toward an impasse, "the meeting of an irresistible force and an immovable obstacle."[55]

There is, however, a rather obvious modification to be made to the suggestion that a human encounter which begins with abduction and ends with rape is best imagined as an even contest. Socially, a terrible imbalance of power favors Lovelace, the male, in a situation that could only take place in a society dominated by masculine prerogatives. Socially, Clarissa is a victim of rape, never a willing sexual partner; and a court of law, were her case ever to receive a just trial, could only proclaim her innocence and declare Lovelace's guilt. None of this can be ignored, and it naturally accounts for much of the sympathy Clarissa receives from her readers.

Yet I must continue to insist that we cannot deal adequately with the many vital human issues raised in this novel, including the rape, until our vision transcends the book's warring opposites--male and female, guilt and innocence, oppressor and victim, immorality and morality. The aspect of the problem that concerns me at this point is well represented in Wolff's chapter on Clarissa and Lovelace. Wolff emphasizes, as I do, the progressive destructiveness of the relationship: "Caged together with neither rules of decorum nor sympathetic friends to mediate between them, they grow increasingly bitter in their demands and accusations; and the incompatibility of their separate images of themselves and of the world destroys whatever relationship they may previously have had." She also finds Clarissa growing, "with each new humiliation," "more fixed and more rigid" in her "pattern of self-deluding righteousness."[56] Watching how each

self-deceived person "ironically defeats himself in the very act of attempting to overcome the other," we might, she says, be tempted to see "a parity between Clarissa's and Lovelace's positions."

> However, here the similarity ends; for Clarissa, despite her evident faults, still appeals to an order which Richardson would identify with moral righteousness. She is mistaken in her proud illusions of converting Lovelace, but she would at least convert him to a morally coherent set of values; whereas Lovelace is not only deluded in his estimation of Clarissa's strength, but adds to this mistake in judgment the more serious error of moving consistently away from any notion of goodness. Beneath the superficial barrage of peevishness and the generally berating tone, there runs in all of Clarissa's objections the consistent theme of her desire to return to order and justice; and it is Lovelace's inability to conform in this respect that poses the crucial obstacle.[57]

Wolff thus shifts the weight of responsibility back onto Lovelace before proceeding to chart the course of Clarissa's moral purification and growth.

For my part, I prefer to pursue the implications of a psychological parity. Growing up amid much hypocrisy and lack of love, in both cases, Clarissa and Lovelace have chosen very different, and yet oddly complementary, ways to compensate and defend. Lovelace is a rebel, who acts out many of his needs to master life by challenging the values of his society and yet still judges himself, very often, in the light of those same values. No less rebellious at heart, Clarissa finds her road to mastery--and revenge--in her fantasy of living out to perfection all of society's unrealized ideals. Her solution fascinates Lovelace; lacking moral moorings, he projects a number of repressed longings into his worship of her angelic image, while at the same

time he remains deeply distrustful of her. Quite likely also, as Brian Downs has suggested, she is attracted to him because of qualities she lacks in herself--"energy and concentration upon the active execution of purpose,"[58] as well as apparent freedom from suffocating social restraints. Read symbolically, Clarissa and Lovelace appear as two halves of a whole; read realistically, each projects parts of the self onto the other, externalizing unwanted trends but also seeking in the other a missing sense of personal wholeness.

The game of pride is not yet over, and I could easily extend the metaphor through the remaining phases of the relationship. Instead, in a chapter focused on the rape, I shall shift my emphasis back to the causes behind the defensive game-playing and particularly to the anxiety that Clarissa and Lovelace experience, about sexuality and, even deeper, about all forms of human relatedness.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER V

[1] Samuel Richardson, Clarissa: or, The History of a Young Lady, Everyman's Library Edition, 4 vols. (London: Dent, 1962). All references to the novel are from this edition and are indicated in the text by volume and page numbers.

[2] Frederick W. Hilles, "The Plan of Clarissa," Philological Quarterly, 45 (1966), rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. John Carroll (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969), p. 91.

[3] William Beatty Warner, Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), pp. 36, 54, 57.

[4] Warner, pp. 113-120.

[5] Nancy K. Miller, "Novels of Innocence: Fictions of Loss," Eighteenth-Century Studies, 11 (1977), pp. 325-339.

[6] Miller, pp. 325-334. Miller's definition of worldliness is taken from Peter Brooks, The Novel of Worldliness (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1969), p. 4.

[7] Leo Braudy, "Penetration and Impenetrability in Clarissa," in New Approaches to Eighteenth-Century Literature, ed. Phillip Harth (New York: Columbia University Press, 1974), pp. 185, 202.

[8] Braudy, p. 186.

[9] Braudy, pp. 190, 200-205.

[10] Warner, pp. 26, 28-32.

[11] Unlike Warner, Miller does not identify emotionally with either side of the argument she analyzes. She does, however, proceed to demonstrate how all the novels she discusses conclude, for the reader, with a vision of experience: "There is no hope in these novels of returning to 'le vert paradis des amours enfantines.' Everyone knows too much for that. . . . Survival in the world requires an aptitude for the ordinary language of reality, a feeling for the sociolect. . . . We enter the world through these novels, fictions of loss from which we retrieve and interpret our experience." Miller, pp. 334-335, 339.

[12] Braudy, pp. 190-191.

[13] See Miller's footnote, p. 335.

[14] Selected Letters of Samuel Richardson, ed. John Carroll (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1964), nos. 81-82, 92, as quoted in Warner, p. 157.

[15] Warner, p. 157.

[16] Warner, p. 199.

[17] T. C. Duncan Eaves and Ben D. Kimpel, Samuel Richardson: A Biography (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), p. 267.

[18] Warner, p. 78.

[19] See Patricia Meyer Spacks, Imagining a Self: Autobiography and Novel in Eighteenth-Century England (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1976), pp. 8-9.

[20] See my discussion of Warner as a Lovelacian reader in chapter 1, pp. 45-48.

[21] Miller, p. 330.

[22] Karen Horney, Neurosis and Human Growth (New York: W. W. Norton, 1950), p. 295. Hereafter this work will be cited in the text as NHG.

[23] See Miller, p. 327.

[24] Miller, p. 329.

[25] Ernest G. Schachtel, Metamorphosis (New York: Basic Books, 1959), pp. 40-42.

[26] Cynthia G. Wolff, Samuel Richardson and the Eighteenth-Century Puritan Character (Hamden, Conn.: Archon, 1972), pp. 114-115.

[27] Erick Kahler, The Inward Turn of Narrative (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1973), pp. 161, 163.

[28] Mark Kinkead-Weekes, Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1973), pp. 182-183.

[29] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 183.

[30] Kahler, p. 161.

[31] Warner, pp. 82-83, 85.

[32] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 190.

[33] Warner, p. 201.

[34] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 195-196; Warner, pp. 196-218.

[35] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 192-194.

[36] Warner, pp. 37-39.

[37] Warner, pp. 201-202.

[38] Warner, p. 84.

[39] Warner, p. 38.

[40] Schachtel, p. 175.

[41] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 182.

[42] Warner, pp. 201-205.

[43] See chapter 4 of this study, pp. 229-231.

[44] Manfred Mackenzie, Communities of Honor and Love in Henry James (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1976), pp. 34-35.

[45] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 194.

[46] Warner, p. 201.

[47] Warner, p. 86.

[48] Anthony Winner, "Richardson's Lovelace: Character and Prediction," Texas Studies in Literature and Language, 14 (1972), p.54.

[49] Leon Edel, The Modern Psychological Novel (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1964), p.11.

[50] See chapter 3 of this study, pp. 150-151.

[51] Margaret Anne Doody, A Natural Passion: A Study of the Novels of Samuel Richardson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974), pp. 188, 193.

[52] Doody, p. 190.

[53] Rachel Mayer Brownstein, "'An Examplar to Her Sex': Richardson's Clarissa," Yale Review, 67 (1977), pp. 30-33.

[54] Examples of this pattern of repetition are found in vol. I, pp. 485, 498, 503, 514-516; and vol. II, pp. 10-11, 15, 31-32, 73, 81, 134, 142, 158, 175.

[55] Leslie A. Fiedler, Love and Death in the American Novel, 2nd ed. (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1966), p. 48.

[56] Wolff, pp. 114-115.

[57] Wolff, pp. 116-117.

[58] Brian W. Downs, Richardson (London: Cass, 1969), p.128.

CLARISSA AND LOVELACE II
THE FEAR OF RELATIONSHIP

"We are both great watchers of each other's eyes; and indeed seem to be more than half afraid of each other" (II, 93).[1] When Clarissa writes this line, she seems able, just for a moment, to step back and view Lovelace and herself, not as seducer and victim, but as two vulnerable, frightened human beings, tensely alert and guarded in each other's presence. Her words link the themes I have chosen for my two chapters on this relationship, capturing the image of the intensely watchful players of the game of pride and at the same time expressing the fear they have of each other. In the following discussion, I shall explore possible psychological sources of the fear of sexuality that I find in both characters and then shall relate that fear to the more comprehensive anxiety that shuts them off from all close relationships.

I have already devoted some attention to the sexual components of Lovelace's conflict. Without necessarily ruling out useful Freudian explanations of his conduct, I suggested ways in which his vindictive and self-effacing impulses may help to account for his sadomasochism.[2] Of special importance to this chapter is his emotional detachment, which Patricia Spacks sees as a fear of intimacy with men and women alike;[3] and I shall be returning to that subject and to her theory later in the chapter. First, however, I shall begin with an emphasis on Clarissa's

sexuality, which I have not yet touched on except in passing references, and shall then proceed to examine the sexual dimensions of her relationship with Lovelace, a subject which must culminate in a discussion of the rape. Horney's psychology continues to be my major guide; but due to the nature of the material covered in this chapter, I shall make some use of Freudian sources, in ways that I hope will supplement her model rather than detract from it.

I. Clarissa's Sexual Conflicts

In psychoanalytic analyses, Clarissa is commonly taken to be "the masochistic and asexual female," complement of "the sadistic and sexual male," Lovelace.[4] In her conscious attitudes, she appears as a frigid woman, whose "chastity is not a normal attitude, but a deep terror of sex."[5] Unconsciously, "she is a victim who expresses her suffering in terms strongly tinged with masochistic sensuality, and who represses her normal erotic impulses and narcissistically enjoys the preparations for her approaching Liebestod."[6] As a masochist, she collaborates secretly with Lovelace, finds a gloomy satisfaction in her role as his victim, and finally accepts her rape "with fatalistic abhorrence as part of the terrible passion which must accompany any martyrdom."[7] Several critics also suggest that in the midst of her nightmare at Mrs. Sinclair's she has a conscious experience of her masochism and retreats in guilt and horror, finding this new awareness more intolerable than the rape itself.[8]

In reply to such negative interpretations, her defenders have sought to detect more healthy impulses. Elizabeth Brophy contends, for instance, that she rejects Solmes because he repulses her physically, in a way that Lovelace definitely does not: "Richardson makes it clear that Clarissa, in reaching this decision, far from denying her sexuality, is acutely conscious of it."[9] Mark Kinkead-Weekes locates her admission of her sexual nature in her metaphor of a "damask rose" destroyed by a "canker-worm," the theme of one of her mad scribblings after the rape (III, 207); through this image, he feels, she affirms her potential fertility, growth, and warmth, which Lovelace has poisoned, and proves that "her idea of sex is deeper and more human than his." Although it is true that everything in her culture has taught her "to think of her body as a fortress locked against attack," the real issue, so far as Kinkead-Weekes is concerned, continues to be her need to protect the "sacredness" of her "innermost self."[10]

Because I consider Clarissa to be so very unhealthy psychologically, I am naturally inclined to share the bleaker view. The question for me is not so much whether she is frigid and masochistic, but why she has these sexual problems along with her other conflicts. And while I agree that her need to protect her inner self is one of her most important motives, I continue to see this, in her case, not as a healthy impulse but as a sign of her growing detachment. The self locked up in the fortress of the body--this image from Kinkead-Weekes' analysis seizes my attention because it is so similar to those Harry Guntrip and D. W. Winnicott encounter over and over in the dreams

and fantasies of schizoid patients.[11] Clarissa's need to lock her body against attack and her need to guard her integrity are closely related and have a direct bearing on all her responses to sex.

From the start of the novel, Clarissa is fearful of marriage and much inclined to deny her traditional sexual role by remaining single. Theoretically, she has as high ideals for the marital state as for everything else, which she articulates when she wants to persuade Anna to have Hickman: "Marriage is the highest state of friendship: if happy, it lessens our cares by dividing them, at the same time that it doubles our pleasures by a mutual participation" (II, 192-193). When she contemplates her own situation, though, she is more pessimistic:

> Marriage is a very solemn engagement, enough to make a young creature's heart ache, with the best prospects, when she thinks seriously of it! To be given up to a strange man; to be ingrafted into a strange family; to give up her very name, as a mark of becoming his absolute and dependent property; to be obliged to prefer this strange man . . . to everybody: and his humours to all her own. . . . A thousand things may happen to make that state but barely tolerable, where it is entered into with mutual affection: what must it then be, where the husband can have no confidence in the love of his wife..? (I, 152-153).

Before Solmes and Lovelace come on the scene, she has already rejected at least four suitors for failing to meet her moral standards (I, 13, 19, 64); and these two new ones make her long to be free of all men: "Could there be any way to escape this Solmes, a breach with Lovelace might make way for the single life to take place, which I so much prefer: and then I would defy the sex. For I see nothing but trouble and vexation that they

bring upon ours: and when once entered, one is obliged to go on with them, treading, with tender feet, upon thorns, and sharper thorns, to the end of a painful journey" (I, 454). To Anna, she confides her secret dread of "the marriage intimacies," which are "(permit me to say to you, my friend, what the purest, although with apprehension, must think of) so very intimate" (II, 167).

It might seem as though Clarissa is simply holding out for the true love she has not found; but even that possibility has her frightened and confused. Her distrust of the marriage relationship originates in her observations of her mother's unhappiness at the hands of a brutally domineering husband--and her mother married for love (I, 81). Would anyone wish to marry, Clarissa asks, "who sees a wife of such a temper and blessed with such an understanding as my mother is noted for" deprived of power and forced to act against her will? (I, 74). Her mother's fate convinces her that even the romantic love match may, in the long run, amount to the woman's sacrifice of her personal identity; and so when Lovelace begins to arouse romantic stirrings in her, she is not hopeful but all the more afraid.

In her early writings on sexuality, Karen Horney devoted considerable attention to frigidity as a symptom of a woman's determined rejection of her sexuality, "the flight from womanhood."[12] Although during that phase of her career (in the 1920's) she was still preoccupied with oedipal causes for such phenomena, her attention was also drawn to the effects of culture: "Our whole civilization is a masculine civilization," she observed, and ". . . historically the relation of the sexes

may be crudely described as that of master and slave." (FP, 55, 69). Within such a culture, a woman may, from her childhood, feel she has a good reason to envy men, because, "no matter how much the individual woman may be treasured as a mother or as a lover, it is always the male who will be considered more valuable on human and spiritual grounds" (FP, 82). Thus, "exposed from birth onward to the suggestion . . . of her inferiority," a woman may well wish to be a man or may unconsciously identify with men (FP, 69). Though she is likely to disparage men, she may also lose faith in the value of her own sex and come to share "the masculine disregard for women" (FP, 75).

It is not difficult to see how these observations might apply to Anna Howe, but are they at all relevant to Clarissa? Earlier, I suggested that Anna expresses attitudes toward men and marriage which Clarissa shares but is more reluctant to voice.[13] Clarissa's envy of masculine prerogatives emerges clearly in her hostility toward her brother and her efforts to establish her moral superiority over him. Moreover, we should recall once again the tempting opportunity she has sacrificed: as her grandfather's heir she has displaced James, and she might, had she dared to choose such a course, have lived a single and independent life on her own estate, exercising masculine freedoms and privileges. The fact that she did not so choose, for self-effacing reasons, should not obliterate the significance of the conflict she has faced and the part that sex role identification played in it.

For quite clearly, in Clarissa's mind, and indeed in the minds of all the characters in Richardson's world, self-effacement

equates with the feminine and expansiveness with the masculine. Horney herself recognized the tendency of our society to make those associations, though she insists emphatically that the two solutions are not biologically connected to gender.[14] In Clarissa's case, to be compliant is to be like her mother, while to be aggressive is to take after her father (I, 37); hence the self-assertiveness she finds herself capable of when threatened cannot help but be, to some extent, a denial of her femininity, even though, ironically, it is her femininity she acts to defend. When she becomes her own protector, she does at last what she had struggled so hard to avoid doing--she defies her father's authority and usurps one of his rights, to her psychological peril.

In a complex way, Clarissa's perfectionism involves both her effort to embrace her womanhood and her flight from it through identification with the masculine role. Insecure in her identity, she has sought to transform herself into a feminine ideal that has little to do with what real women are, but is, rather, the symbol for a whole set of values and attitudes toward women. Of Clarissa as archetype and moral paradigm, Leslie Fiedler writes: "The imposition of the Clarissa-image on the young girl represents an insidious form of enslavement; all the idealizations of the female from the earliest days of courtly love had been in fact devices to deprive her of freedom and self-determination, but this last represents the final attempt to imprison woman within a myth of Woman."[15]

The realistic Clarissa incorporates the cultural myth into her personal idealized image. Loyal in her devotion to the values of the Father, she also successfully shames men by demonstrating

how deplorably they fail in attaining their own ideals. And she comes to despise the members of her sex as well, for falling so far short of a spiritual image, for being sexual females. In a moment we shall look more closely at the insidious cultural concepts of women that encourage her to deny her femininity in this particular manner.

First, however, more needs to be said about the role self-effacement plays in Clarissa's sexual conflict. We know that her earliest "solution" to a threatening human environment (composed primarily of aggressive males--grandfather, father, uncles, elder brother) was to be uniformly good and submissive. Her more expansive perfectionistic stance was adopted only after she discovered how goodness could be power in her situation; and because her glorified self is predominantly a saintly version of the compliant female, the new solution did not cancel the old one, but created instead an internal war between competing trends.[16] Up to this point, in discussing her relationship with Lovelace, I have emphasized her bid for mastery, her open pride, and her infuriating perfectionism. Where, then, does the compliant side of her conflict, it if remains as strong as I have insisted, come into the picture?

Clarissa is said to be masochistic, to enjoy suffering--an "enjoyment" Horney understands in terms of self-effacing values and defenses (NHG, 245-247). The possible satisfactions to be found in suffering are multiple.[17] When it accompanies self-recrimination, it may be a defense against being accused and/or accusing others. ("I have cleared them [my family] of blame and taken it all upon myself!" is one of Clarissa's first

reactions to her abduction) (I, 487). Suffering is also a way of making demands on others, of winning their pity, a maneuver Clarissa learned from her mother and tries very hard to use with her family, though without success. Or the sufferer may be expressing accusations against others, as we shall see when we come to consider our heroine's manner of dying. But most important of all, where suffering and sex become associated, is the need for surrendering love. Of the person who is "magnetically" attracted to insulting behavior, Horney says:

> He craves to surrender himself body and soul, but can do so only if his pride is bent or broken. In other words the initial offense is not so much intriguing because it hurts as because it opens the possibility for self-riddance and self-surrender. To use a patient's words: "The person who shakes my pride from under me releases me from my arrogance and pride." Or: "If he can insult me, then I am just an ordinary human being"--and, one might add, "only then can I love" (NHG, 246).

I have already called attention to such a craving for total surrender in Lovelace and have suggested that it is one of the keys to understanding the dynamics of his sadomasochism.[18] Lovelace appears to take pleasure both in suffering and in inflicting suffering, or, to use Horney's language, in prostrating his pride before the other person and also in degrading her, breaking her pride. In terms of his intrapsychic conflict, we may understand the presence of the two traits as projections of his repressed hunger for love, on the one hand, and, on the other, his vindictive lovelessness. In terms of his interpersonal conflict, as it now culminates in his relationship with Clarissa, the related needs are to surrender his own pride and

force her to yield up hers, with perhaps the deepest unconscious message of his behavior being, "Only then can we love."

Clarissa quite obviously channels her needs for self-surrender into her fantasies of suffering for the sins of others and finally into martyrdom. The more difficult question is the extent of her unconscious collusion in Lovelace's sexual fantasies, once we have differentiated her character from his fantasies. Insofar as he wants her to humiliate him--to break his pride, in Horney's theory, or to become the "punishing mother," in Gerald Levin's Freudian interpretation[19]--she definitely collaborates with him: she would subdue him in order to turn him into a morally good man if she could. Does she also, as her compliant self, secretly long to be subdued by him? Knowing that the impulses to complete surrender are so strong within her, we would anticipate that she does; but direct evidence for such a desire is difficult to ascertain because she is so rigorously defended against it.

In his favorite daydream, Lovelace imagines life with a totally submissive Clarissa as his mistress. In one version of his fantasy, he pictures himself reclining on a sofa, with "the sweet rogue . . . wholly in my power, moving up slowly to me, at my beck, with heaving sighs, half-pronounced upbraidings from murmuring lips, . . . and quickening her pace at my Come hither, dearest!" Declaring "And now shall thy humbled pride confess its obligations to me," he at last vows to marry her, throwing the "bashful passive" into transports and drawing from her a vow of lifetime devotion (II, 251-252). Another scenario has her persuaded to share with him "the life of honour"; while she is

busy bearing "every year a charming boy," he himself is "now and then . . . indulging with a new object, in order to bring him back with greater delight to his charming Clarissa" (II, 496-497). Whatever the variations, however, the dream is of a lover who lives for him alone, fulfilling his every wish: "I would have her think every moment lost, that is not passed with me: sing to me, read to me, play to me when I pleased; no joy so great as in obeying me. When I should be inclined to love, overwhelm me with it . . . steal into my presence with silence; out of it, if not noticed, on tiptoe. Be a lady easy to all my pleasure. . . " (II, 416).

In other words, he fancies an idealized sexual relationship between himself, the masterful male, and a thoroughly self-effacing female. For the realistic description of this culturally familiar pattern, we may turn to Horney's essay, "Morbid Dependency" (NHG, Ch. 10), which also portrays, but with a difference, the type of woman Lovelace has in mind:

> The first characteristic to strike us is such a woman's total absorption in the relationship. The partner becomes the sole center of her existence. Everything revolves around him. Her mood depends upon whether his attitude toward her is more positive or negative. She does not dare make any plans lest she might miss a call or an evening with him. Her thoughts are centered on understanding or helping him. Her endeavors are directed toward measuring up to what she feels he expects. She has but one fear--that of antagonizing and losing him (NHG, 247).

But her devotion is unlikely to make her preferred partner, an arrogant-vindictive type, happy for long. "Although he does everything to make her dependent upon him, her clinging to him terrifies and repels him. He is afraid and contemptuous of any

weakness in himself and despises it in her." When she proves compulsively helpful and "understanding," he in turn senses her feeling morally superior and feels provoked to tear down the pretenses involved. . . . So she starts to see him as a brute and he her as a moral prig." Their sexual life is most apt to be a "cat-and-mouse play of attracting and repulsing, binding and withdrawing." Despising her "for her softness and for her caginess and indirectness," he becomes skillful at frustrating her, even to the point of flaunting his sexual affairs with other women, while she alternates between a helpless despondency and a continuing need for surrender through self-degradation. "Vicious circles which bring out the worst in both keep operating, and can result only in mutual tormenting" (NHG, 248-251).

Such a relationship is not the one that develops in Clarissa, and yet, as the dark side of Lovelace's dream, it is somehow very present; if we think of our two characters as we read Horney's example, we see how much potential there is for the affair to take this direction, were it not for the powerful check on Clarissa's compliance that comes from her competing trends. As it is, we have only oblique hints of her temptation to take this route to self-surrender.

Despite Richardson's stubborn insistence that he intended her to be "in liking only" (IV, 558), Clarissa, amid a thousand protests, apparently reaches a point of being consciously "in love" with her seducer, though she never ceases to oppose those feelings with every act of will and judgment. At the end of a Sunday when Lovelace has accompanied her to St. Paul's she declares, "I think I could prefer him to all the men I ever

knew, were he but to be always what he has been this day" (II, 225). Some days later, startled by his induced illness into a display of affectionate concern, she is forced to confess, "This surprise . . . has taught me more than I knew of myself." The lesson disturbs her greatly:

> But, O my dearest friend, am I not guilty of a punishable fault, were I to love this man of errors? And has not my own heart deceived me, when I thought I did not? And what must be that, love that has not some degree of purity for its object? . . . Nevertheless let me tell you . . . that if again he give me cause to resume distance and reserve, I hope my reason will gather strength enough from his imperfections to enable me to keep my passions under (II, 438-439).

After the fire plot, which she experiences as an attempted rape, she is quite explicit about having been hurt by someone she loves. "If I had never valued him" she tells Captain Tomlinson, "he never would have had it in his power to insult me; nor could I, if I had never regarded him, have taken to heart as I do, the insult . . . so undeservedly, so ungratefully given. . . " (III, 137).

"And what must be that, love that has not some degree of purity for its object?" In some way she cannot account for, Clarissa feels bound to a man who has treated her sadistically--with his deceptions, his teasing, his insolence, and his sexual indignities. "My Egyptian bondage," she calls it at one point, wondering whether, if she escaped, she should only, "like the Israelites of old . . . be so weak as to wish to return" to it (II, 345). Her ambivalence toward actually getting away from Lovelace is important to note, since it answers the criticism that her failure to do so more quickly and effectively, simply

by slipping away and going straight to a magistrate, is a weakness in the plot.[20] And when she finally does escape, her behavior is strange indeed. "A silly dear novice, to be heard to tell the coachman whither to carry her!" Lovelace cries. "And to go to Hampstead, of all the villages about London!--The place where we had been together more than once!" (III, 20). In other words, her trail of clues makes her ridiculously easy to find, so that it appears as if she secretly wishes to be found--to gain the advantage of new surroundings, perhaps, and to punish him with her defiance, but not really, deep down, to part with him forever.

The most plausible explanation for this "love" is found, it seems to me, in the manifold appeals Lovelace has for Clarissa's self-effacing longings. At a time when she was particularly in need of help, he appeared on her horizon with promises of rescue and protection, tantalizing promises he continues to hold out to her while evading the conditions that would genuinely fulfill them. He comes as a strong, masterful figure, quite capable of confronting the dangerous men of her own family and avenging the wrongs she has suffered at their hands. Externalizing expansive drives, Horney says, the compliant individual is often fascinated by arrogance in another: "To love a proud person, to merge with him, to live vicariously through him would allow him to participate in the mastery of life without having to own it to himself" (NHG, 244). Lovelace would be Clarissa's knight if he would keep his promises, if he would save her from the Harlowes and let her experience proud independence from them through him, rather than by means of her own guilty assertiveness.

Nor should we overlook the fact that Lovelace is so much like the men in her family, in personality and in his attitudes toward women. Clarissa has experienced, with the Harlowe males, emotions ranging from abject submission, to her father, to intense hostility, toward her brother. With Lovelace, she is again involved, as she has been all her life, in a love-hate relationship with an arrogant man, needing him terribly, in her helplessness, and yet bitterly resenting his power over her. As so often happens in real life, she carries her unsolved conflict into a new situation that is remarkably like the old situation and goes on trying to work it out with methods that failed in the past and will fail again.

Another important factor in the unconscious dynamics of the relationship is Clarissa's conviction that she has sinned against her father and the moral order he represents and so deserves his curse, which makes Lovelace the instrument of his revenge: "that you may meet your punishment both here and hereafter, by means of the very wretch in whom you have chosen to place your wicked confidence" (II, 170). Here again a complicity develops, because Lovelace, for all his rebelliousness, nevertheless identifies with patriarchal order and, sharing with other men in the novel a sense of rage at the woman who defies masculine authority, willingly participates in the execution of Clarissa's punishment. In the course of this process, punisher and punished both externalize self-hatred. Clarissa suffers for being imperfect, for failing her glorified image, and projects onto Lovelace destructive impulses to put herself to shame. He, for his part, sees in her his "inner female," those soft

feelings that are always getting irrationally out from under his control, and takes sadistic satisfaction in painfully subduing them. The basic principle of sadomasochism, which Horney acknowledges as part of the psychology of self-hatred, continues to hold true: "the torturer and the tortured" are ultimately one and the same person (NHG, 148).

Any passionate attachment, Horney concludes, must involve "the expectation of some vital fulfillment." When a compliant person becomes masochistically devoted to an arrogant-vindictive person, that expectation, which "may be grasped only in the framework of the whole self-effacing structure," is one of "total surrender and the longing to find unity through merging with the partner" (NHG, 258). The more Clarissa hates herself, the more she yearns to lose herself in some consuming love; and the more her pride shuts her off from others, the more she longs to have it broken, even violently. Lovelace is a temptation. But what her compliant self might choose, her perfectionistic self, still dominant at this stage of her conflict, will never allow. When at last she does find a way to merge with the Other, God, not Lovelace, is her partner.

II. The Fear of Women

Appalled at her mother's servile compliance, Clarissa attempts to make her own self-effacing trends safe by idealizing them into a more acceptable form. She does not reject the typical compliant values--her code requires a wife to be good, loving, generous, humble, devoted to her husband--but she raises them

to a level of spiritual and social power. Because as a good woman she incorporates in her person all that is worthy, she expects a truly moral man to treat her with profound respect and recognize her right to exercise her authority in all spheres appropriate to her sex. To maintain her position, however, she must be assiduous in her efforts to remain pure--that is, free from any moral imperfections that might justify masculine disrespect. Needless to say, only the most circumscribed sexuality is within her province. Clarissa is "cold" in her determination to subordinate her passions to her image.

Beyond understanding this particular character, we all recognize here a typical psychological pattern. Our culture has long encouraged "the Clarissa-image" in women,[21] inviting them, in effect, to give up the real self--the sexual self--in exchange for a chance to embark on this version of "the search for glory." Therefore, without forgetting that Clarissa's conflict is more than a simple product of exterior causes, it is appropriate to turn our attention to the major ways in which her culture has influenced her concept of her sexual self. As Horney writes in Feminine Psychology, the status of the male in our society, the confused and split attitudes toward women, and the various influences of custom and education are all "powerful forces . . . at work to restrict woman in the free unfolding of her femininity" (FP, 83).

When we look for evidence of Clarissa's frigidity (or rather, since she is a virgin, her potential for frigidity), we find much of it in Lovelace's accusations. "This charming frost-piece," he calls her in his very first letter, pondering,

"How . . . can she be so impenetrable?" (I, 148). When she continually repulses every erotic advance he makes, he agonizes: "Why, why will the dear creature take such pains to appear all ice to me?" "Why makes she every inch of her person thus sacred?" (II, 15, 476). Sometimes, for all his twisted logic, the reader cannot help but sympathize with his questions: "And should not my beloved, for her own sake, descend by degrees from goddess-hood into humanity?" (II, 477). And his frustrated reaction to one scene, in which his physical act of embracing her knees almost frightens her into a faint, contains a note of real compassion for her inhibited life:

> Dear creature! Did she never romp? Did she never, from girlhood to now, hoyden? The innocent kinds of freedom taken and allowed on these occasions, would have familiarized her to the greater. Sacrilege but to touch the hem of her garment! Excess of delicacy! Oh, the consecrated beauty! How can she think to be a wife! (II, 383).

But in spite of Lovelace's flair for getting at the truth, and even if he is basically right about Clarissa's inhibitions, his judgments should not be taken at face value. Made so quickly at the start, they are as much prejudices as observations, projections of what he expects her to be like; and his violently enforced courtship can only compel her to live up to those expectations. Clarissa herself feels as though he deliberately obliges her to be cold: "Why will he take pains to make a heart wrap itself up in reserve, that wishes only, and that for his sake as well as my own, to observe due decorum?" (II, 312). The answer lies in the masculine "split into sensual and romantic components of the love life"--the counterpart, as Horney saw it,

of feminine frigidity (FP, 83)--which Lovelace shares with so many other men in his culture. Lovelace, in fact, epitomizes the man who is tormented by this split, as we see in the numerous double binds he creates for their relationship. Dreaming of a sensual Clarissa, desiring wife and mistress in the same person, he is, nevertheless, unable to accept uninhibited sexuality in one who might be his wife; he reveres her "virgin purity" and is repeatedly transfixed with awe before her "frozen virtue" (II, 375, 501). If it is true that she is a frigid, then, it is equally true that frigidity is one of the sexual demands made of her.

And Lovelace is not alone in his expectations--all the men in the novel believe in the good woman's asexuality. You dare not think of marrying a Lovelace, Colonel Morden admonishes Clarissa: "A mind so pure, to mingle with a mind impure! . . . Then so sensual! How will a young lady of your delicacy bear with so sensual a man?" (II, 258, 260). Belford expresses even graver hesitations:

> I am ready to regret such an angel of a woman should even marry. She is in my eye all mind: and were she to meet with a man all mind likewise, why should the charming qualities she is mistress of be endangered? Why should such an angel be plunged so low as into the vulgar offices of domestic life? Were she mine, I should hardly wish to see her a mother. . . . For why, in short, should not the work of bodies be left to mere bodies? (II, 243-244).

If sex is what you want, he advises Lovelace, "a Partington, a Horton, a Martin [the prostitutes] would make a sensualist a thousand times happier than she either will or can" (II, 244).

The "good" men of the novel--Morden, Hickman, and the converted Belford--are those who prove able, at the end of her life, of loving Clarissa spiritually. Parting with her for the last time, the shy Hickman suddenly "pressed her to his heart with a vehemence that he could neither account for nor resist," proving, Belford says, as he torments Lovelace with the description, "that there must be a more exalted pleasure in intellectual friendship, than ever thou couldst taste in the gross fumes of sensuality" (IV, 16). The good men affirm the author's major premise: human nature (more specifically, female human nature) is capable of Clarissa's purity, even in the face of temptation (that is, sexual temptation) (Preface, I, xiv). "Bad" men like Lovelace and James Harlowe, on the other hand, persist in doubt; they suspect a dark sexuality, a potential for prostitution, hidden within the purest female bosom. "O thou true woman--though so young!" James explains in disgust when he is readily convinced his sister loves a libertine (I, 381). In his first joy over getting Clarissa to fly with him, Lovelace lays down his pen and holds his sides with laughter at her feminine inconstancy: "The sex! the sex all over!--charming contradiction!" (I, 513).

Are Richardson's good men and his bad men really polar opposites in their presuppositions about women? Not according to Marlene LeGates, in her essay "The Cult of Womanhood in Eighteenth-Century Thought." The glorification of virtuous women in Richardson's era "was not so much a new idea," LeGates concludes, "as a new response to an old problem, that of the dangerous sex." In the older traditional concept of the feminine, the one we find in Chaucer, "what was wrong with women was their

inclination to sexuality and disobedience." When the eighteenth century appears to reverse that image, placing the emphasis on female chastity and moral superiority, it does so with Enlightenment optimism: "The image of chaste Womanhood represents a fantasy about what could be done with women in terms of social conditioning, testifying to the faith in the infinite malleability of human nature." Woman is now regarded as divine "in her embodiment of the traditional pieties of religion, the family, and even the state"; but she still possesses "a basically dangerous and asocial female sexuality" and "must be under male control." "The woman who rebels, be she Clarissa or Mme de Merteuil, cannot be tolerated; she must die or become a social outcast." Beneath the reasoning of men who adore women and those who revile them, therefore, lies one common emotional impulse--fear.[22]

"To put it bluntly, men fear women." With this direct declaration of her theme, Spacks, in an article entitled "Early Fiction and the Frightened Male," proceeds to use Lovelace as a prime example of the undercurrent of anxiety she finds throughout eighteenth-century novels. In Spack's opinion, fear among men is the logical result of living within a culture of masculine domination: "The fear of women as sexual manipulators and as angels, the fear of marriage as a sphere of intimacy and lost control, the fear of sexual and of literary impotence--all alike affirm the male obsession with the attainment and preservation of power." Lovelace has all these fears. He is afraid of the "fantasized asexuality" he attributes to Clarissa and rapes her at last in hopes that he can "neutralize or destroy" her moral superiority. "His terror of marriage, more than a rakish

convention, is substantiated by his vacillations of tone whenever the subject occurs to him. . . . His fantasy of marriage is of the loss of personal control." Fearless in the face of challenges and duels, "he is afraid, desperately, of being unmanned in subtler fashion," defeated "by the secret controlling force of the female nature." He represents, in short, all "the vulnerabilities of the dominant male," who, valuing control above all else, feels forever at the mercy of the opposite sex.[23]

"The fact of men's secret dread of women" (FP, 136) is another subject that intrigues Horney in her Feminine Psychology.[24] In these early studies, she notes the widespread tendency, so often expressed in literature, to fear women as creatures "uncanny, unfamiliar, and mysterious" (FP, 113, 141). She observes how men often feel a need to keep the sexually attractive woman in bondage (FP, 112) and how they will support their self-respect by lowering that of women (FP, 136, 146). She also calls attention to the Lovelace type, the man who has an "overwhelming inner compulsion" to prove his manhood through conquering "the most beautiful and most sought after women" (FP, 145). And in a passage that could well take Lovelace as a consummate example, she too suggests anxiety to be the common source behind the two baffling extremes of man's attitude toward woman:

> We may conjecture that even his glorification of women has its source not only in his cravings for love, but also in his desire to conceal his dread. A similar relief, however, is also sought and found in the disparagement of women that men often display ostentatiously in their attitudes. The attitude of love and adoration signifies: "There is no need for me to dread a being so wonderful, so beautiful, nay, so saintly." That of disparagement implies: "It would be too ridiculous to dread a

creature who, if you take her all round, is such a poor thing" (FP, 136).

During this Freudian period of her work, however, Horney considered these masculine tendencies to be transcultural and "rooted in the man's psychic reactions to certain given biological facts" (FP, 146), explanations that run counter to her later emphasis on the cultural and non-biological, interpersonal causes of neurotic fears. Following her later theories, we have learned a great deal about Lovelace, but I am not sure we have as yet adequately accounted for the extent of his sexual fears. The feeling persists that his obsession with the split image of the female must somehow have infantile roots, going back, finally, to the mother-child relationship. From some of the concepts of neo-Freudian "object relations" theorists, I think we may gain insights not necessarily incompatible with Horney's ideas, even though these theorists locate the origins of interpersonal conflict much earlier in childhood than either she or Freud ever thought possible.

Guntrip, for one, traces all the psychic splits of adult life back to the inability of the infant, in the early months of its life, to tolerate ambivalence in the first caretaker, the mother. The mother who is experienced as both loving and rejecting, nurturing at times and at other times absent or unresponsive, makes her small child prematurely fearful, angry, and hungry for love. In defense, the child, using its oral understanding of the world, "swallows" or introjects the disturbing parent so that she is now on the "inside" where unconscious fantasies will carry on the troubled relationship and try to

control it. The first and most basic attempt at control is the imaginative "splitting" of the maternal figure into two images, the "good mother" and the "bad mother," a maneuver which allows the former to be projected back on the real parent and the latter to be repressed. To take Lovelace as an example of the kind of schizoid adult this child may grow to be, we may hypothesize such a beginning for his split attitudes toward women in adult life and also, in Guntrip's theory, for his own ego splits, which begin as identifications with the internal parental figures.[25]

A pertinent application of object relations theory to literature is found at the beginning of M. D. Faber's essay on Othello.[26] Faber suggests that all western tragic literature presents us with characters who undergo a "traumatic reactivation" of "the bad maternal object." Observing that the splitting of the maternal object results from "the mother's confusional behavior," he proceeds to explain the cause of that behavior, toward the male child:

> The ubiquity of maternal ambivalence is grounded in a patriarchal social organization, a social organization which all of western literature reflects. The male child is both the mother's phallus and an exemplification of her inferiority. The male child is something to cherish and seduce on the one hand, and to abuse and destroy on the other. To be raised at the hands of an ambivalent western mother is to undergo a confusing, damaging experience which creates in the male child--who is at the level of artistic expression captured in the character of the western tragic hero--a primal anxiety over loss, mutilation, abandonment, betrayal . . . and a deep regressive predilection. . . .[27]

Faber sees the typical tragic hero, represented in his article by Othello, as a man who is vulnerable to all feminine

influences that reawaken his early anxiety. "The deepest urge of the western tragic hero," he emphasizes," is to resolve the mystery of maternal ambivalence," which is the source of the belief in woman as a mysterious being. To satisfy this urge, "the hero moves toward the female realm, is absorbed into the dreaded maternal environment, exemplifies the motive power of woman and the danger inherent in her subjection." His quest thus threatens the established powers; and he "is always destroyed by patriarchal forces," either from without or, in the case of suicide, from the punishing superego within. "In his death he is the scapegoat who reestablishes and reaffirms that patriarchy." Faber concludes, "The conflict of western tragedy is ultimately the conflict of male and female control. Its heroes are overwhelmingly male and its secret, enigmatic, confusional influences, are overwhelmingly female because the culture is patriarchal."[28]

Now Lovelace is not the hero of Clarissa, at least not in a primary reading, and yet his experience fits Faber's model in most crucial respects. He is obsessed with the mystery of Woman, epitomized by Clarissa, to the exclusion of everything else. Like Othello, he is driven to doubt the purity of an apparently spotless woman who has, however, betrayed her father and so may betray him also. In order to try her, he forces her to enter with him into the dark realm of the sinister maternal--the house of "our mother," Mrs. Sinclair, and the ominous "women below" (II, 398,400). As projections of his inner world of split images, Clarissa and Mrs. Sinclair (the second name a reversal of the first) are, respectively, the "good mother" and the "bad mother."[29] But Clarissa is also both: all the many aspects of

her confused and confusing behavior--her suppressed sexual attraction to him and her icy manner, her moral rectitude and her hidden rebelliousness, her haughty independence and her submissiveness--arouse his anxieties, to the utmost. He cannot solve the enigma of Clarissa, nor the mystery of why, in his own psyche, he identifies so deeply both with her and with Mrs. Sinclair--"the true mother of your mind," Belford calls that latter (IV, 445). He can only act out her trial and punishment, challenging his society over the issue of her purity, and then, when her symbolic virtue endures, seek out and accept his death at the hands of a patriarchial representative, Colonel Morden.

Since the author of our novel is a man, we might simply content ourselves at this point with saying that, on the basis of Faber's model, Clarissa tells the same tale of masculine anxiety as does other western tragedy, only with more effort on this author's part to deny his identification with the "hero" by making him villain. Clarissa's convincing characterization, however, prompts me to raise a further question: what about the female child, and her relation to the literary heroine? Loosely paraphrasing Faber, I suggest the story goes something like this: "The female child is both an extension of the mother's self and a hated rival for the attention of the privileged male, the father. She is a special possession, a chance to create a being in one's own image, but also a threat to the precarious identity the mother has sought to establish through the male. 'To be raised at the hands of an ambivalent western mother is to undergo a confusing and damaging experience' which creates in the female child a primal anxiety over loss, separation, and

abandonment, and strong impulses to regress, rather than to develop as a separate self."

Clarissa's mother was both accepting and rejecting with her youngest child, pampering her "good" little girl and cherishing her as an ally when she grew older, but then deserting her when she most needed maternal protection. When we first meet Clarissa, she is torn between clinging helplessly to her mother and asserting herself in order to become a very different person from the one she knows her mother to be. Like any young adult, she needs to dissolve her identifications with her mother; but unlike the male, she also needs, in order to find herself as a woman, a healthy identification with her mother as feminine role model. It is this complicated task, most particularly where "bad object" introjections of the mother are involved, that is the special burden of female development; and Clarissa is a very good example of the kinds of things that can go wrong. To a great extent, she remains unconsciously identified with her mother and perpetuates ambivalence towards men in her own behavior. But she also undergoes a radical rejection of her mother's role, turning her back on her femininity in favor of what she understands to be the only alternative, a masculine model. Both results contribute to making her own behavior even more confusing than was her mother's before her.

If women are taken to be the "secret, enigmatic, confusional influences" of western culture, it stands to reason that a message about themselves comes through loud and clear--they are <u>the mystery</u> and <u>the problem</u>. As a heroine, Clarissa, quite as much as Lovelace, is driven to solve the mystery of female

ambivalence, which for her is the mystery of her own psyche. "Women are guilty of confusing behavior," the subject of Lovelace's sexual aphorisms, is a message every male in this novel sends and an axiom every woman lives out. Clarissa experiences confusing behavior in herself as, standing accused before her father, her brother, and Lovelace, she learns to fear her unconscious impulses; she experiences it in her mother and sister, in Anna, in Mrs. Sinclair and the prostitutes, in Mrs. Moore and her friends at Hampstead. It is another strand in the web of conflicts she endeavors to solve with her idealized image, which is that of a woman uncomplicatedly good. Failing to be that woman and forced to acknowledge sexual and aggressive feelings, she then becomes caught up in the need to atone--for the sins of others, and also, I think, for her own, for the sins of being a woman. I shall explore this fantasy and its outcome in the next chapter.

My main intention in this portion of the present chapter has been to look at a dominant theme in Clarissa, the fear of woman, from both angles of vision the novel affords. Faber's model has long intrigued me because it combines the most logical explanation for western man's fear of the woman--the effects of maternal ambivalence--with a cultural explanation for the existence of such ambivalence--the woman's oppressed position within patriarchal society. The point is not to shift the blame for the psychological damage of early life from women to men, but rather to show how both sexes suffer from a pernicious body of institutionalized sexual myth, of which the most harmful effects are those perpetuated in the mother-child relationship. Through his imaginative journey into the minds of the man and the woman,

Richardson tells us how the two sexes fear each other; and since he must share something of Lovelace's rage and terror before the mysterious feminine, it is all the more to his credit to have depicted the woman's ambivalence and its causes so faithfully.

III. The Psychology of the Rape

As we turn our attention toward the central event of the novel--the rape--in an effort to understand the motivations for, and the psychological effects of, that act of violence, it will be most helpful to keep clearly in mind the major points our several theorists all make about inner conflict. Maslow, Horney, Guntrip, R. D. Laing, and Ernest Schachtel, while their respective models show different structures and emphases, are in basic agreement about the general nature of the problem. Within the troubled individual, a vital core of being never ceases to desire and seek the world of object relations, of mutually satisfying human relationships, and of self-actualization within a human environment; but at every turn its quest is blocked by anxiety and the defensive system anxiety generates--a great invisible wall of fear. Horney's vicious circles of the pride system, Laing's internalized family fantasy, and Guntrip's inner world of bad objects--all these constructs are attempts to describe how the psyche employs imagination to protect itself from relationships, only to end up dangerously cut off from the outer world and from the depths of its own being. Each model gives us a valuable way of looking at the complex of defenses; all the

models help us see why it is that the individual feels himself to be (at the very least) two persons, one of whom longs to be free from the barriers obstructing his growth, while the other wants to stay securely behind the wall forever.

Among the critics of Clarissa, Leo Braudy is the most conscious of how much this novel has to do with anxiety and defense. After calling attention, as I have just done, to "the rigidification of male and female roles," Braudy continues, "The fear of sexuality in Clarissa constitutes only the most obvious expression of a general fear of relationship and vulnerability that characterizes both Clarissa and Lovelace." The numerous repetitions of the words penetration and impenetrable provide a key example of Richardson's preoccupation with defenses against the threat of relationship. "In a period of rapid social and economic change, he perceived the sympathy his audience would feel for characters who needed to maintain a strict hold on the essentials of self, to deny vulnerability, to become impenetrable, at the same time that they insured their self-sufficiency by penetrating and hopefully puncturing everyone who came near enough to threaten the fragile sense of personal identity that lay within them." Thinking of the "true self" as "everything that everyone else is not," Clarissa and Lovelace both become "impenetrable penetrators," devoting all their energies to keeping the personal "self" (I would read "idealized self") intact and destroying the other's sense of "self."[30]

To my mind, Braudy's interpretation is very much in accord with a Horneyan reading. But I think he overlooks an essential ambiguity in the penetration theme that, if recognized, represents

the central conflict of the book even more completely. Together with a cluster of related images, the words penetration and impenetrable have rich possibilities for signification. Most frequently in Clarissa, they have one of two basic meanings: the ability to make contact with the feelings of another person (or the impossibility of doing so if the person cannot be reached emotionally, i.e., is impenetrable); and the ability (or lack of ability) to perceive clearly, to penetrate to the truth about a person or a situation. Thus when Lovelace complains about Clarissa's impenetrability, he is saying that her feelings cannot be touched by any of his appeals of love. When, on the other hand, he calls her "the most penetrating lady in the world" (II, 217), he is granting her the power to see people for what they really are, behind the persona: "She looked at me as if she would look me through: I thought I felt eyebeam after eyebeam penetrate my shivering reins" (II, 433). Often, too, as in the latter example, both meanings are present, linking feeling and perception: thus Clarissa judges Lovelace to be impenetrable because he can neither see spiritual truths nor be moved by them.

Both kinds of penetration may be destructive, which is the main point of Braudy's argument. Clarissa sees right through people with her piercing moral gaze--and they seem to feel their sense of self-worth withering away, as if God himself looked down upon their sins. Lovelace wants to "get at" other people's feelings vindictively, so as to inflict pain. Once, when Clarissa repulses a kiss, he swears, "This . . . I will for ever remember against her, in order to steel my heart, that I may cut through a rock of ice to hers; and repay her for the disdain, the scorn,

which glowed in her countenance . . . "(II, 316). The image is perfect for the idea Braudy wishes to convey: impenetrability is not only a passive defense, but a weapon as well.

The ambiguity I am after here comes from the way in which, in language and tone, the human need for a full encounter with the other, through perception and feeling, continues to make itself felt, even when the intent of a statement like this last one is primarily defensive. Lovelace is angry and frustrated, sadistic even--and much in need of making contact with the other person, however he has to do it. Anything, he seems to be saying, is better than this wall of ice between us; and so he plans deliberately to store up offenses, hoping to become savage enough to crash through the barriers of his defenses and hers. To penetrate to the very heart of the other person and make her (or him) feel, and to be penetrated, despite all one's resistances, and made to feel--these longings are found everywhere in the pages of Clarissa. If they seem to stand in sheer contradiction to the other impulses captured by this pair of words--the urge to penetrate and destroy the other, the urge to retreat behind the impenetrable wall--this is precisely the point. The defensive needs do contradict the deeper and more human ones, and therein lies the conflict.

Whenever "penetration" and "impenetrable" are used in the novel, we hear echoes of the rape: the sexual penetration of the impenetrable virgin. The rape is the point of the novel at which all themes and all psychological issues converge. Even in a realistic reading, it is a symbolic act; it is not a case of everything else in the novel really being about sex, but rather of

this particular sexual act being about everything else. The repetitions of "penetration" and penetration images serve to remind us of many of those connections: the rape is about impenetrable pride, about the destructive penetrations of other selves, about the fear of encountering another self and the even greater fear of never having encounters, about the search for the feeling self. I shall discuss here what I take to be its most important psychological meanings, keeping the penetration theme before us and continuing to explore the implications of its ambiguities.

The rape itself is replete with strange contradictions, the first of them being that this signal piece of action is barely in the text at all. Right up until the final hour, Lovelace continues to be full of words, describing "to the moment" Clarissa's lapse into her drugged state (the "little innocent trick" he does not confess to until afterwards)(II, 202), her sobs as she gives herself up for lost, and her terror at the approach of "the old dragon," Mrs. Sinclair (III, 192-196). Then he breaks off abruptly and sends the next morning the briefest possible notification of what has occurred: "And now, Belford, I can go no farther. The affair is over. Clarissa lives. And I am your humble servant, R. Lovelace" (III, 196). Some 150 pages later, Clarissa, escaped once more, tries to give her account, but her semiconscious state at the time and the nameless horror of what she does recall leave her, too, almost without words:

> I remember I pleaded for mercy. I remember that I said I would be his--indeed I would be his--to obtain his mercy. But no mercy found I! My strength, my intellects, failed me--and then such scenes followed--O my dear, such dreadful scenes!--fits upon fits (faintly indeed and imperfectly remembered)

> procuring me no compassion--but death was withheld from me. . . . I was so senseless, that I dare not aver that the horrid creatures of the house were personally aiding and abetting: but some visionary remembrances I have of female figures, flitting, as I may say, before my sight. . . (III, 371-372).

A few spare, impressionistic details, and the rest is left to the reader's imagination.

In spite of the hundreds of pages it takes to reach it, the rape seems to come about very suddenly, as though all at once the solid ground collapses from under everyone's feet. Watching Lovelace lure Clarissa back to the brothel with the help of his make-believe relatives, we anticipate a final assault of some sort, but not this rape, with the heroine drugged into total helplessness and violated in so cold and calculating a manner. The act is ruthlessly controlled, and yet it seems like an abrupt loss of control on Lovelace's part because it belies his intention of testing Clarissa's will; in one sweep, he alters both their lives forever, wiping out all the fantasies he has had of what their erotic experience could be like. This apparent confusion or absence of motivation has led Ian Watt to call the rape "perhaps the least convincing incident in the book," one that can be explained only in terms of the author's moral and literary purposes.[31]

For a number of reasons, I, for my part, find the rape to be psychologically "right"; and the appropriateness begins for me with the spareness of the detail. Of course there is a perfectly obvious reason why an explicit sexual scene has to take place outside the text: Richardson's conventions do not permit

him to describe it. But he is able to make this handicap work to his advantage because equally good reasons for silence can be found within his characterization. For Clarissa and for Lovelace, the rape is a nightmare of shame and terror in which the things they have feared most happen to them. In the wake of the event, Lovelace refuses to talk about it and Clarissa cannot talk about it, except to share her memory of the flitting figures. And this is the one detail it takes to make the incident psychologically effective for the reader, because it captures the nightmare for us at the most elemental level of our imaginations, awakening in us as it does those memories of primal scene, from a time when the terrors of darkness and the mysteries of sex were one.

Upon close examination, Lovelace's abrupt decision to carry out the rape, consciously premeditated only in the last hours before the event, is a logical outcome of all his former reasoning and behavior. It is, first of all, his most desperate move to win the game he has been playing with Clarissa. R. F. Brissenden, in fact, suggests that the rape has been the real goal all along, with Clarissa and Lovelace being "perfectly matched partners in a highly involved eighteenth-century version of 'Rapo'" (one of Eric Berne's "games people play").[32] But for me the "game of pride," involving as it does the interplay of sex and power, continues to be the better metaphor. Having failed to break Clarissa's pride with any of his other methods, Lovelace chooses, in his rising frustration, the one way he thinks to be swift and sure. A look at his reasoning helps explain not only why the

rape occurs but also why he reacts with such baffled rage when his victim's pride proves capable of surviving even this ultimate disgrace.

It is during the aftermath of the fire plot that we first begin to see Lovelace change from a confident to a desperate player of his game. The prelude and the counterpoint to the rape, the fire episode was carefully planned in advance to be the "little mine" he would spring on Clarissa as his final test (II, 482). Were he willing to accept defeat, it should by all means be the last test; for Clarissa, frightened from her room in dishabille, resists his advances in bitter earnest, even threatening to stab herself with a pair of scissors (II, 502). Yet instead of finally accepting the proof of her virtue, Lovelace is angered by her rejection of him and shamed by his own cowardly retreat before her virtuous defiance, so that his reflections on the incident build to another tirade against her pride:

> She loves me not well enough to forgive me generously. She is so greatly above me! How can I forgive her for a merit so mortifying to my pride! She thinks, she knows, she has told me, that she is above me. . . . Then I fear her as much as I love her. How shall my pride bear these reflections? My wife . . . to be so much my superior! Myself to be considered but as the second person in my own family! . . . To have her condescend to bear with my follies! To wound me with an eye of pity! (II, 515-516).

The final image of the wounding eye is a telling acknowledgment of Clarissa's capacity for destructive penetration.

Knowing now what he has claimed all along he must learn, namely that this woman, unlike all others he has known, cannot be seduced, Lovelace is only all the more frustrated over his inability to gain her affection. And at her refuge in Hampstead,

after his brief elation at having found her so easily subsides, he discovers her to be implacably opposed to any reconciliation; she condemns him for the fire plot as severely as if he had actually raped her, the presumed intent being in her mind as serious an offense as the act itself. Moments in which she seems to care for him and yet determinedly shuts off her feelings add to his sense of her behavior as infuriatingly contradictory:

> She often wept as she talked, and much oftener sighed. She looked at me twice with an eye of undoubted gentleness, and three times with an eye tending to compassion and softness: but its benign rays were as often snatched back, as I may say, and her face averted as if her sweet eyes were not to be trusted, and could not stand against my eager eyes; seeking, as they did, for a lost heart in hers, and endeavoring to penetrate to her very soul (III, 151).

This scene, in Mrs. Moore's garden, marks the climax of all those moments when the two seem almost about to come together, only to swerve apart; and it is pride that separates them, exactly as it has every other time. One more time Clarissa declares, "My mind, I believe is indeed superior to yours"; once again Lovelace, more convinced than before that it may be true, cannot tolerate it: "There is no bearing the consciousness of the infinite inferiority she charged me with" (III, 153-154).

For some days, therefore, prior to the return to London, Lovelace becomes increasingly obsessed with his conviction that Clarissa's pride must be brought down, whatever the cost. Up to now, his philosophy on rape, with its unpleasantly familiar ring, has been that the woman is always a willing participant, making force unnecessary for the accomplished seducer: "My main hope

is but in a yielding reluctance; without which I will be sworn, whatever rapes have been attempted, none ever were committed, one person to one person" (II, 398, 495). But a few hours before the rape, he departs from that position to engage in a new line of rationalization:

> Abhorred be force!--be the thoughts of force! There's no triumph over the will in force! This I know I have said. But would I not have avoided it, if I could? Have I not tried every other method? And have I any other recourse left me? Can she resent the last outrage more than she has resented a fainter effort? . . . She will not refuse me, I know, Jack; the haughty beauty will not refuse me, when her pride of being corporally inviolate is brought down. . . (III, 190).

Realizing, quite correctly, how essential sexual purity is for Clarissa's proud self, he believes that with his violation of her purity, the whole image must crumble--to his mind, her pride and her maidenhead are one. Importantly, too, he figures he might as well proceed as not, since Clarissa has damned him as a rapist already.

As an act of violence, the rape is only the most extreme example of Lovelace's efforts to gain absolute control over the other person. "His forcible entry into her body, despite her physical protestations and struggle, became the vehicle of his victorious conquest over her being, the ultimate test of his superior strength, the triumph of his manhood."[33] That sentence--a very accurate summary of Lovelace's intent, if not of his achievement--is actually from the introduction of Susan Brownmiller's contemporary study of rape, Against Our Will; and its appropriateness shows how well Lovelace fits into the long tradition of what Ms. Brownmiller calls "The Myth of the Heroic

Rapist."[34] Rape, she demonstrates, has a long history as a cultural ideology, expressed in Western literature from Greek mythology onward. In rape, or in the threat of rape, a man uses his genitalia "as a weapon to generate fear" in order to intimidate and control women.[35] As we have come to recognize in recent years, rape is a complex act of aggression, not a simple act of sexual lust; and Lovelace exemplifies this fact. Although he has expressed on other occasions an overwhelming desire to make love to Clarissa, love, even by his definitions, plays very little part in his thinking during the fatal afternoon when he decides to proceed with a use of force.

The rape is the consequence of Lovelace's sexual fears, the final means he selects toward the end of making the woman he fears fear him instead. It is more--it is the consequence of all his fears of relationship and of his major defense against those fears, the pursuit of mastery. As the most extreme act of violence within the novel, it shares the central characteristic of the many other violent actions and attitudes: "Violence attempts to constrain the other's freedom . . . with indifference to the other's own existence or destiny.[36] Understood defensively, that indifference is the result of the unconscious shutting-off of the capacities to perceive the other person fully, to feel with him and for him, and to experience oneself as being really in relationship to the other person.[37] Perception itself, Schachtel points out, "may become almost an act of aggressive violence" when the perceiver simply "cuts off those aspects of the object which he cannot use for his purposes."[38] In another place, he asserts, "Nobody could kill another

person if he perceived this person fully in all his humanness,"[39] a statement that applies equally well to rape. Drugged into semi-consciousness, Clarissa is not a human presence Lovelace must deal with; for the duration of the crucial moment, he has successfully eliminated her feelings and reactions altogether and may experience her only as a body, if he wishes, or project his favorite fantasy of her total submission to himself.

Her attention captured by Lovelace's fears, Judith Wilt has produced the "outrageous hypothesis" of Lovelace's impotence, suggesting "that the rape either was not fully carried out or was carried out by the man's female 'accomplices.'"[40] Instead of averring he has done his utmost through committing the rape, Lovelace, in his "I can go no farther," obliquely confesses, Wilt suspects, to his incapacity at the moment of crisis. As to what actually did take place in the horrible scenes Clarissa faintly recalls, the answer seems most likely to be found in the image of those flitting women, the prostitutes, who have wanted even more than Lovelace to break Clarissa's spirit and bring her under their complete control: if anyone found a way to make sure she was no longer "corporally inviolate," it was probably Mrs. Sinclair.[41] Lovelace, of course, talks a good deal later about the possibility of Clarissa's pregnancy, but Wilt insists we are unwise if we take Lovelace at his word.[42]

Personally, I do not find Wilt's hypothesis so very outrageous; could it be proved, it would not significantly alter anything I have concluded about Lovelace's conflicts. My main reason for rejecting it is that it violates the convention Richardson observes so carefully in this novel, namely, that we

may trust our narrators for "facts" about the action, though not for the interpretation of those facts. At the same time, there is a very real sense in which the author invites Wilt's hypothesis--and any number of others, for that matter. By wrapping the rape in mystery, by tempting our imagination with just those flitting images, and then by having everyone unwilling ever to speak about it very directly, he leaves the door open to all sorts of sordid possibilities. The women were present, at least as voyeurs, which is dreadful enough. We may wonder in vain how the scene played itself out in Richardson's imagination; and as for our own reading, we may have it any way we choose.

However, given a lack of solid evidence for the Wilt hypothesis, it seems to me wiser to settle for a more obvious point. If we follow the clearest indications of the text, Lovelace was not impotent the night of the rape, but he behaves as though he were during all the parallel incidents. Like Mr. B. in Pamela, his impulses to assault virtuous women, so easily played out in fantasy, are inhibited whenever he is actually face to face with his conscious victim. During the fire plot, to take the best example, he gets as far as embracing "the almost disrobed body" of Clarissa while she is terrified and distracted and sits down beside her on the bed. Then, by his account, "I never saw a bitterer, or more moving grief, when she came fully to herself" (II, 501-502). Before her passionate resistance, he rapidly retreats from his purpose, but with a stinging sense of shame: "I insisted upon one kiss to seal my pardon--and retired like a fool, a woman's fool, as I was! I sneakingly retired! Couldst thou have believed it? . . . This was my mine, my plot! And

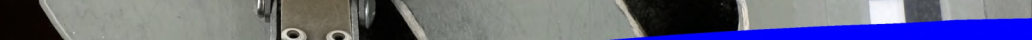
this was all I made of it!" (II, 506). Looking back, this seems to be the point where it becomes ominously certain that he cannot possess Clarissa physically unless he can get her conscious self off the scene.

To Watt, a rape employing opiates "suggests that the animality of the male can only achieve its purpose when the woman's spirit is absent.[43] Read in this way, the incident proves flattering to Lovelace's masculinity through its appeal to a prevalent cultural myth, the power of sexual instinct. Guntrip has an incisive statement on the defensive quality of this and related myths:

> . . . man's age old conviction that all his troubles come from his possession of mighty if nearly uncivilizable instincts of his animal nature, turns out to be our greatest rationalization and self-deception. We have preferred to boost our egos by the belief that even if we are bad, we are at any rate strong in the possession of 'mighty instincts.' Men have resisted recognition of the truth that we distort our instincts into antisocial drives in our struggle to suppress the fact that deep within our make-up we retain a weak, fear-ridden infantile ego that we never completely outgrow.[44]

Neither as bold nor as bad as he would have us believe, Lovelace needs Clarissa's spirit to be absent because he fears her, as a woman and as another self. He acts out of weakness, so that the rape becomes an ironic parody of strength and control.

And even while the rape suggests to us the myth of phallic power, it remains haunted also by that other myth of sexuality as a feminine horror. Much of what Wilt explores in her article revolves around this latter theme. Wilt finds the novel full of distrust of women, a distrust Clarissa herself comes to share: "Never really trusting men, Clarissa has constantly sought



the protection of women . . . and found the heart of her sex gray with servility, vanity, cowardice, and selfishness, and, at the end, black with active envy, pride, malice, and lust. . . . She learns the lesson Lovelace has insisted upon all along, the real enemy of woman is woman."[45] As for Lovelace himself, it is his "woman-internal" that proves his undoing; his "'masculine' qualities of fairness, chivalry, and rational humor are attacked and finally overwhelmed by that female side of him, the disguiser, contriver, weaver of webs, the vengeful, sensual, flesh-eating fury who drives past seduction to rape, past rape to murder."[46]

I too find distrust of women--of the basic nature of woman--everywhere in the book. Lovelace's attitudes represent it best, becoming more and more pronounced as we approach the rape. When Clarissa flees from Mrs. Sinclair's to Mrs. Moore's, she presumably leaves the house of the bad women for that of the good. But are the good women that much better than the bad? Working with considerable success to get them all on his side, Lovelace believes they are not. The Widow Bevis would go to bed with him in a minute if he asked her and readily serves as his accomplice to help him get his hands on Anna's letters (III, 123, 157). Miss Rawlins, the "secret-keeper-general to all the women of fashion at Hampstead," is eager for any breath of scandal: "What a world of mischief . . . must Miss Rawlins know! What a Pandora's box must her bosom be!" (III, 154-155). As for Mrs. Moore herself, she is so taken with him right at the start that he writes, "I began to think that I had not made a bad exchange of our professing mother, for the unprofessing Mrs. Moore" (III, 87).

His letters from Hampstead display a marked increase in his derogatory generalizations about women: they are incapable of independence (III, 24); they never keep their word (III, 34); they love to stir up trouble (III, 106); they are all "born to intrigue" (III, 161); and so on, and so on.

"Is she not a woman?" (III, 191). One last time, just before he carries out what Gregory Ulmer calls "the inquisitional rape,"[47] Lovelace asks that question about Clarissa. From the tangled web of his rationalizations, he has secured for himself a bit of logic of deadly simplicity--if she can be possessed sexually as woman, then she is a woman; if she is a woman, she has no reason whatsoever to be proud. If she is a woman, part of the dark feminine world of rapacious sexuality, she is no better than the prostitutes, whom she has despised even without knowing their true identity. This is why, to fulfill Lovelace's fantasy of what he is about, they must be on the scene during the rape. They are part of the message the assault is meant to deliver: "You are feminine--sexual--like these women, and like me, in my worst self. You are now one of us."

What is really being said about sexuality, in all this confusion of assigning it a gender? The answer lies, I think, in the language Wilt and I have selected in our attempts to express Lovelace's attitude: sex is <u>rapacious</u>, "the vengeful, sensual, <u>flesh-eating</u> fury." Sex devours. In "The Distrust Between the Sexes," Horney suggests that real passion is rare because of the reluctance to surrender oneself, "which means a leap into the unlimited and the boundless. . . . we all have a natural fear of losing ourselves in another person" (<u>FP</u>, 108). Where extreme

psychological disturbances exist, Guntrip tells us, this "natural fear" may be exaggerated to gigantic proportions and extended to all kinds of love. "Relationships are felt to be too dangerous to enter into" because they are "felt deep down, and unconsciously experienced, as a mutual devouring." Starving for love, the person is nevertheless terrified of losing his already fragmented sense of self--"I might be swallowed up in your personality and lose my individuality," says a patient--and also irrationally frightened of the potential destructiveness of his own love. "This hungry, greedy, devouring, swallowing up, incorporating attitude leads to deep fears lest the real external object be lost. This anxiety about destroying and losing the love-object through being so devouringly hungry is terribly real." [48]

This fear, become reality, is the one we find waiting for us in the Richardsonian version of the "heart of darkness." Looking back, we find there have been many foreshadowings of the moment when love will devour. One of the earliest is a dream Clarissa has shortly before she is abducted:

> Methought my brother, my Uncle Antony, and Mr. Solmes, had formed a plot to destroy Mr. Lovelace; who discovering it, and believing I had a hand in it, turned all his rage against me. I thought he made them all fly into foreign parts upon it; and afterwards seizing upon me, carried me into a churchyard; and there, notwithstanding all my prayers and tears, and protestations of innocence, stabbed me to the heart, and then tumbled me into a deep grave ready dug, among two or three half-dissolved carcasses; throwing in the dirt and earth upon me with his hands, and trampling it down with his feet (I, 433).

As a literary technique, this dream is a very simple device to foreshadow the plot: Clarissa will be carried off by Lovelace,

"stabbed" (raped), and cast down into the "dirt" of disgrace and eventual death, like several other women he has already ruined. What is so striking is the author's choice of exactly the right images to convey the fear of relationship--the stabbing, a terrifying penetration of one's being; and the experience of being buried alive, which Guntrip specifically relates to the fear of being absorbed into another person.[49]

Juxtaposed to Clarissa's fear of being devoured is Lovelace's fear of devouring. The best example of the latter is found in a passage written during the stay at St. Albans, which begins with the hope that Clarissa will soon realize how much her family are against her and will then turn, with more confidence, to himself:

> Then will I be jealous that she loves me not with the preference my heart builds upon; then will I bring her to confessions of grateful love; and then will I kiss her when I please; and not stand trembling, as now, like a hungry hound who sees a delicious morsel within his reach (the froth hanging about his vermilion jaws), yet dares not leap at it for his life (II, 55).

Again, an image conveys the unconscious fear. Spacks comments, "The bewilderment and self-contempt--at the animality of lust as well as the cravenness of a fearful discipline--in this self-revealing metaphor are Lovelace's characteristic response to his intermittent recognition of his own unaccountable terror in the contemplation of Clarissa."[50] Standing before his love object, desiring her, he feels the greed of a hungry hound, but also all the fear of the crouching animal whose master may strike him if he stirs. With the added detail of the "vermilion jaws," he

seems to try to make his fearful self look just as fearsome as possible. His invisible master is the inhibition he experiences in the presence of the woman; and chief among the fears creating that inhibition is his feeling, also captured in the hound image, that his love, if unleashed, will devour its object. The rape and Clarissa's resulting death would seem to prove that the fear was well-founded.

Only it should immediately occur to us that something is wrong here, for the rape, as we have already observed, is not an act of wild passion; rather, it is "cold, calculating, mechanical, ruthless, and unfeeling," to borrow a string of adjectives Guntrip uses to describe schizoid detachment.[51] This is not a contradiction of the point I have been making but, instead, a meaningful irony. The characters are afraid of their feelings, whereas the real source of the danger, as the action demonstrates, lies in being cut off from vital feelings.

In Guntrip's theory, the most severely dissociated and repressed part of the psyche, its "unevoked and undeveloped potential," which Winnicott calls the "true self in cold storage," is "the capacity to feel with, and then to feel for, the capacity to feel oneself as 'in relationship.'" Moreover, Guntrip and Winnicott have discovered that in clinical analysis that split-off element of the self is always experienced as female, in both men and women--a "feminine" sense of "being" as opposed to a "masculine" sense of "doing." The former association may be explained in terms of early childhood experience: it is the mother's capacity to feel with and for her baby that gives the infant its fundamental sense of "being" and influences so

crucially its own ability to "feel with" others later in life. Healthy men and women, Guntrip continues, are able both to "do" and to "be," integrating the "male" and "female" elements in their psyches. Unhealthy persons, on the other hand, develop "pseudo-male" and "pseudo-female" attitudes to substitute for the healthy ones; they oscillate between a hard-driven "masculine" over-activity and a "feminine" passivity, while remaining incapable of a deep experience of "being."[52]

The conflict Guntrip structures comes out looking much like Horney's, only with much more emphasis on the extent to which aggressiveness and self-effacement--and the repressed "real self"--are imaginatively sexualized. Applying his concepts to our present subject, we may consider how, in the rape situation, Lovelace acts out an extreme of pseudo-masculine "doing"--aggressive, forced activity, completely devoid of feeling--and compels Clarissa to be his pseudo-feminine opposite--"weakness, submissiveness, helplessness, nonentity."[53] As a sexual act essentially characterized by total disregard for the partner, the rape gives us one of the best possible illustrations of Lovelace's dissociation from his capacity to feel with the other person.

Most interesting of all, for me, is the clinical evidence of the widespread association of the feeling self and the feminine, because it helps make sense out of so much that goes on in Lovelace's fantasies. At one point in his discussion of this phenomenon, Winnicott calls Hamlet's cruelty to Ophelia "a picture of his ruthless rejection of his female element, now split off and handed over to her. . . . "[54] Something like this must be said to go with Lovelace, in what he projects onto

Clarissa. Hating all his softer feelings, including the sexual ones, and understanding them only in pseudo-feminine terms, he identifies them with the woman and seeks to purge himself of them in his sadistic treatment of her. Simultaneously, however, he searches for his lost self in her. He is unconscious of his need to get in touch with his own feelings: all his energy is concentrated on making her feel with him and for him, in a magical process that he fancies will then restore his own sense of being emotionally alive.

How is it possible to "feel with" another human being? This is the central question of the eighteenth-century sentimental movement, and it haunts Richardson's novel. In the author's mythology, Clarissa possesses a "feeling heart," Lovelace does not. Realistically, both characters suffer from a dissociation of feelings, expressed in two different ways. Clarissa believes herself to have intense feelings, which, however, she must keep carefully guarded within her, "like the small chapel at the center of a great fortress," to repeat William Warner's phrase,[55] and she experiences the rape as an attack on that fortress. As Jonathan Loesberg puts it, "The real power of the rape is that it invades the one inviolate free space which Clarissa had created for herself through reflection."[56] Her defenses have been penetrated, the sacred chapel desecrated; she is forced into a relationship that consumes her fragile identity.

Lovelace rapes in an act of literal penetration that has multiple meanings for his conflict. He penetrates to control Clarissa by conquering her impenetrability and to wound her in order to punish her. But he also wants to create an entrance to

her "feeling heart," to make her feel for him, to force into existence the relationship pride makes impossible, and finally to impregnate her with potential life. If the emotional appeal for the Clarissian reader is found in the depiction of the fragile feminine self which must be defended, the Lovelacian reader identifies instead with the rage against defenses and the shutting off of feeling, in the self and in the other person. For me, even his sadomasochism becomes, in the final analysis, a desperate search for a "feeling with" experience--cries of "I will make you feel!" and "Please make me feel!"

If we were to construct fully Lovelace's fantasy of what the rape will eventually accomplish for him, I think we would have something very much like Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's Tale." Rachel Brownstein makes the most obvious association between Richardson's novel and Chaucer's tale in observing that both Clarissa and Lovelace want what the Wife calls "maistrye."[57] However, the tale is much more complex than a simple power struggle between the sexes; it is a fantasy fulfillment of the paradoxical need of both sexes to control and to yield. As punishment for raping a woman, the knight in the tale is made, first, to explore the mystery of woman's deepest desire--"Wommen desiren to have sovereynetee/As wel over hir housbond as hir love . . . " --and then to face his sexual fears by marrying the old woman who gives him the answer to the riddle. When he proves he has learned his lesson well and submits to her mastery, she magically transforms into a beautiful and submissive wife: "His herte bathed in a bath of blisse . . . And she obeyed hym in every thyng/ That myghte doon hym plesance or likyng."[58]

Lovelace's wish, Wilt writes, is "to find a being who can trigger the abasement that leads to this intenser, this more than masculine lordship."[59] Even when faced with the dire results of the rape, he is still in quest of magic joy, still anticipating that the chain of events he has set in motion will end with him finding his bath of bliss.

Instead, Lovelace's rape proves to be an absurdly futile action. It does not initiate any profound sexual adventure or lead to the magical transformation of a bad relationship. It does not force Clarissa into sexual relationship. And although a terrible hurt has penetrated her defenses, her pride is not broken in the way Lovelace intends. He has reckoned without the tenacity of the pride system. In one sense, his victim will slowly die of rape, an effect he has thought to be an impossibility; but she will not do so as a humbled woman. If anything happens that looks like magic, it is the way in which her pride is able to turn rape into a triumph; and even her death is not so much the direct result of rape as it is of pride, because it becomes the price she is willing to pay to reestablish her idealized self.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER VI

[1] Samuel Richardson, Clarissa: or, The History of a Young Lady, Everyman's Library Edition, 4 vols. (London: Dent, 1962). All references to the novel are from this edition and are indicated in the text by volume and page numbers.

[2] See chapter 4 of this study, pp. 223-232.

[3] Patricia Meyer Spacks, "Early Fiction and the Frightened Male," Novel, 8 (1974), pp. 9-11. See chapter 4 of this study, p. 231.

[4] Ian Watt, The Rise of the Novel (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1957), p. 232.

[5] Frederick S. Frank, "From Boudoir to Castle Crypt: Richardson and the Gothic Novel," Revue Des Langues Vivantes, 41 (1975), p. 52.

[6] George Rosen, "Forms of Irrationality in the Eighteenth Century," in Irrationalism in the Eighteenth Century, ed. Harold E. Pagliaro (Cleveland: Case Western Reserve University Press, 1972), p. 272.

[7] Frank, p. 52.

[8] Watt, pp. 233-234; Cynthia G. Wolff, Samuel Richardson and the Eighteenth-Century Puritan Character (Hamden, Conn.: Archon, 1972), pp. 146-151; John A. Dussinger, "Clarissa: The Curse of Intellect," in The Discourse of the Mind in Eighteenth-Century Fiction (The Hague: Mouton, 1974), p. 101.

[9] Elizabeth B. Brophy, Samuel Richardson: The Triumph of Craft (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1974), pp. 98-99.

[10] Mark Kinkead-Weekes, Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1973), pp. 237-238, 241-242.

[11] "He summed up his position thus: " . . . 'I feel I've come up against a circular wall with no doors and windows and too high to see over' . . . . She dreamed of walking along a road and coming up against a huge wall. . . . His presenting symptom . . . faded out under analysis only to be replaced by powerful fantasies of retirement from active living into some impregnable stronghold, isolated from the outer world." Harry Guntrip, Schizoid Phenomena, Object-Relations and the Self

(New York: International Universities Press, 1969), p. 121.

[12] Karen Horney, Feminine Psychology (New York: W. W. Norton, 1967). The essays referred to in this paragraph are "The Flight From Womanhood" (1926), pp. 54-70; and "Inhibited Femininity" (1926-27), pp. 71-83. Hereafter this work will be cited as FP in the text.

[13] See chapter 3 of this study, pp. 160-163.

[14] Karen Horney, Neurosis and Human Growth (New York: W. W. Norton, 1950), p. 247. Hereafter this work is cited in the text as NHG.

[15] Leslie A. Fiedler, Love and Death in the American Novel, 2nd ed. (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1966), p. 51.

[16] See chapter 2 of this study, pp. 95-110.

[17] Karen Horney, The Neurotic Personality of Our Time (New York: W. W. Norton, 1937), pp. 224-225.

[18] See chapter 4 of this study, pp. 229-231.

[19] Gerald Levin, Richardson the Novelist: The Psychological Patterns (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1978), p. 63.

[20] See Diana Spearman, The Novel and Society (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1966), p. 177.

[21] Fiedler, p. 51.

[22] Marlene LeGates, "The Cult of Womanhood in Eighteenth-Century Thought," Eighteenth-Century Studies, 10 (1976), pp. 21-33.

[23] Spacks, "Early Fiction and the Frightened Male," pp. 5-10, 14.

[24] See Horney, "The Dread of Woman," Feminine Psychology, pp. 133-146; and "The Distrust Between the Sexes," Feminine Psychology, pp. 107-118.

[25] This paragraph is a summary of ideas found throughout Guntrip's work, but see especially Schizoid Phenomena, ch. 1, pp. 17-48.

[26] M. D. Faber, "Othello: Symbolic Action, Ritual and Myth," American Imago, 31 (1974), pp. 159-161.

[27] Faber, pp. 159-160.

[28] Faber, pp. 160-161.

[29] See Levin, Richardson the Novelist, pp. 63, 71; and

Judith Wilt, "He Could Go No Farther: A Modest Proposal about Lovelace and Clarissa," PMLA, 92 (1977), pp. 22-26.

[30] Leo Braudy, "Penetration and Impenetrability in Clarissa," in New Approaches to Eighteenth-Century Literature, ed. Phillip Harth (New York: Columbia University Press, 1974), pp. 188, 190, 202, 205.

[31] Watt, p. 227.

[32] R. F. Brissenden, Virtue in Distress (London: Macmillan, 1974), pp. 161-162.

[33] Susan Brownmiller, Against Our Will (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1975), p. 14.

[34] Brownmiller, ch. 9.

[35] Brownmiller, pp. 14-15.

[36] R. D. Laing, The Politics of Experience (New York: Ballantine Books, 1967), p. 58.

[37] Guntrip, Schizoid Phenomena, p. 254.

[38] Ernest G. Schachtel, Metamorphosis (New York: Basic Books, 1959), p. 171.

[39] Schachtel, p. 207.

[40] Wilt, p. 19.

[41] Wilt, pp. 27-28.

[42] See Wilt's comments in Robert M. Schmitz and Judith Wilt, "Lovelace and Impotence," an exchange of letters, PMLA, 92 (1977), pp. 1005-1006.

[43] Watt, p. 232.

[44] Guntrip, Schizoid Phenomena, p. 125.

[45] Wilt, p. 27.

[46] Wilt, pp. 22. 30.

[47] Gregory L. Ulmer, "Clarissa and La Nouvelle Héloïse," Comparative Literature, 24 (1972), p. 296.

[48] Guntrip, Schizoid Phenomena, pp. 29, 34-35.

[49] Guntrip, Schizoid Phenomena, p. 40.

[50] Spacks, "Early Fiction and the Frightened Male," p. 8.

[51] Guntrip, Schizoid Phenomena, p. 47.

[52] Guntrip, Schizoid Phenomena, pp. 252-259. Throughout this chapter, "The Ultimate Foundations of Ego-Identity," pp. 243-271, Guntrip draws heavily on the work of D. W. Winnicott.

[53] Guntrip, Schizoid Phenomena, p. 257.

[54] D. W. Winnicott, Playing and Reality (New York: Basic Books, 1971), p. 84.

[55] William Beatty Warner, Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), p. 18.

[56] Jonathan Loesberg, "Allegory and Narrative in Clarissa," Novel, 15 (1981), p. 48.

[57] Rachel Mayer Brownstein, "'An Examplar to Her Sex': Richardson's Clarissa," Yale Review, 67 (1977), p. 39.

[58] The Complete Poetry and Prose of Geoffrey Chaucer, ed. John H. Fisher (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1977), pp. 120-126.

[59] Wilt, p. 22.

CLARISSA AND RICHARDSON I
CLARISSA'S TRIUMPH

I. The Victorious Death

In the spring of 1745, Laetitia Pilkington told her patron, Colley Cibber, an anxious reader of the installments of Clarissa, what Richardson had decided about the final fate of his heroine. "He lost all patience, threw down the book, and vowed he would not read another line. . . . he shuddered; nay, the tears stood in his eyes:--'What! (said he) shall I, who have loved and revered the virtuous, the beautiful Clarissa . . . bear to stand a patient spectator of her ruin, her final destruction?'" "When I told him she must die, he said, 'G--d d--n, if she should; and that he should no longer believe Providence, or eternal Wisdom, or Goodness governed the world, if merit, innocence, and beauty were to be so destroyed."[1]

Cibber was not alone in his frustrated protest against the novel's tragic ending. Corresponding with Richardson before the last volumes appeared, Lady Bradshaigh pleaded for a comic resolution: "After you have brought the divine Clarissa to the very brink of destruction, let me intreat (may I say insist upon) a turn, that will make your almost despairing readers half mad with joy." In reply, Richardson informed her that, although others had also begged him for a happy ending, he was resolute in his rejection of any such alternative.[2] In another letter,

this one to Aaron Hill, he explained, "I intend another sort of happiness for my heroine, than that which was to depend upon the will and pleasure, and uncertain reformation of a vile libertine. . . . And to rescue her from a rake, and give a triumph to her not only over him but over all her oppressors, and the world besides, in a triumphant death--I thought as noble a view as it was new."[3]

This is the thematic intention that governs the final third of the novel. The section is structured as a series of triumphs, episodes in which Clarissa is subjected to some of the worst blows of human fate and wins a spiritual victory over all of them. Rape, madness, imprisonment, and at last death itself cannot break her will or rob her of integrity. But this thematic effect could not have been achieved, Richardson argues repeatedly in his letters, had he felt obliged to give her virtue the earthly reward of a marriage to Lovelace. "Clarissa has the greatest Triumphs even in this World. The greatest I will venture to say, even <u>in</u>, and <u>after</u> the Outrage, and <u>because</u> of the Outrage that ever Woman had. And wherein would have been her Triumph, had she been so <u>dishonest</u> I will call it, to her own Fame and Glory, as to marry the Man, whose Vice and Attempts had made him so infinitely her Inferior. . . . "[4] As Eaves and Kimpel observe, "It is clear that Clarissa's 'triumph' was the one thing Richardson would not sacrifice."[5]

Clarissa's first great victory after the rape is the ascendancy she is once again able, in spite of her humiliation, to gain over Lovelace. Driven half mad by the drugs she has been given, and by shame and terror, she appears for a time to be

totally broken in mind and spirit. When at last she has recovered enough to come into his presence, Lovelace anticipates what their reunion will be like: "Sweet soul! methinks I have her before me: her face averted: speech lost in sighs--abashed--conscious--what a triumphant aspect will this give me, when I gaze in her downcast countenance!" (III, 218).[6] Instead, to his amazement, Clarissa enters with "majestic composure"; and though she speaks of herself as a ruined wretch, her dignified demeanor shocks him into an awareness of "my cursed guilt, and her innocence, and merit, and rank, and superiority of talents." Just as she did so often before her violation, she unnerves him to the point where he behaves like a stammering idiot. "O Belford Belford!" he exclaims, "Whose triumph now! HERS, OR MINE?" (III, 218-221).

But even while Lovelace grovels in admiration, his freshly insulted pride turns once again to revenge; and his renewed plots on Clarissa's virtue bring about the melodramatic confrontation that climaxes her days at Mrs. Sinclair's. Coming fortuitously upon a note in which she has attempted to bribe Dorcas to help her escape, he enacts a violent display of temper, rouses the entire household, and orders them all to assemble for a trial of "the fair briberess." The prostitutes gather like a flock of vultures who are finally about to get their claws into their prey. Then Clarissa, commanded to appear before them, comes on the scene: ". . . <u>See</u> her enter among us, confiding in her own innocence; and with a majesty in her person and manner, that is <u>natural</u> to her; but which then shone out in all its glory! Every tongue silent, every eye awed, every heart quaking. . . . Such

was the glorious power of innocence exerted at that awful moment!" In a theatrical speech, she condemns in turn "thou contemptible and abandoned Lovelace," "thou, woman, . . . once my terror" (Mrs. Sinclair), and "ye, vile women, who perhaps have been the ruin . . . of hundreds of innocents." She scoffs at the "low farce" Lovelace is acting and then, to cap the performance of her own high tragedy, points a penknife at her bosom and vows to die if he attempts to assault her once more. Sobbing into their handkerchiefs, the prostitutes retreat--"Not a soul was able to molest her." "They never in their lives, they told me afterwards, beheld such a scene.--Innocence so triumphant: villainy so debased, they must mean!" (III, 284-291).

A few days after this event, Clarissa escapes from the brothel for the second time and goes into hiding at Mr. Smith's shop in Covent Garden. But though she will never see Lovelace again, her woes are not yet over, for now her author decrees that her private shame shall be coupled with a public disgrace. Tracking her down while Lovelace is at M. Hall with his sick uncle, the prostitutes have her arrested and thrown into a sponging house, on the pretext that she owes Mrs. Sinclair for board and lodging (III, 420). Here she is forced to remain, imprisoned in wretched surroundings, until Jack Belford rescues her and, as a convert to her goodness, becomes the friend and protector who will help enable her to die in peace.

The image of Clarissa in prison arouses all of Richardson's fervor for depicting "virtue in distress." With rare attention to the physical environment, he has Belford describe in great detail the room in which she is confined: the windows "dark and

double-barred"; the bed "with coarse curtain tacked up at the feet to the ceiling; because the curtain-rings were broken off"; the "bursten-bottomed" chairs and "old, tottering, worm-eaten table"; the iron candlestick with its penny candles; the looking glass, "cracked through the middle, breaking out into a thousand points"; and in the stove-grate of the chimney "a large stone bottle without a neck, filled with baleful yew, as an evergreen, withered southernwood, dead sweet-brier, and sprigs of yew in flower." "And this, thou horrid Lovelace, was the bed-chamber of the divine Clarissa!!!" Belford declaims (III, 445).

The heroine kneels in the corner of this room, "sunk with majesty too in her white flowing robes (for she had not on a hoop) spreading the dark, though not dirty, floor, and illuminating that horrid corner; her linen beyond imagination white, considering she had not been undressed ever since she had been there." Her face rests on her crossed arms, and Belford finds her still lovely but terribly altered by her suffering. Too weary to read any longer, she still keeps her forefinger in her Bible, which, as a taunting Sally has discovered a bit earlier, falls open naturally to the Book of Job (III, 439, 445-446).

Enduring her suffering with a heart as pure as her snowy linen, Clarissa thus illustrates what Eaves and Kimpel take to be the "real moral" of her story--"that virtue is triumphant in every situation."[7] Prison is the last of her earthly trials, and she remains steadfast in her devotion to what is true and right. Through Belford, now functioning as the interpretive voice of the text, the author uses the incident to establish the angle of vision from which the spiritually responsive reader is expected

to view the final phase of the heroine's life.

> We sometimes talk of bravery, of courage, of fortitude! Here they are in perfection! . . . here is a fine-principled woman who, by dint of this noble consideration, as I imagine (what else can support her?) that she has not deserved the evils she contends with; and that this world is designed but as a transitory state of probation; and that she is travelling to another and better; puts up with all the hardships of the journey; and is not diverted from her course by the attacks of thieves and robbers, or any other terrors and difficulties; being assured of an ample reward at the end of it! (III, 435).

Earlier, from her place of seclusion, Clarissa has written to Anna, "I am quite sick of life; and of an earth in which innocent and benevolent spirits are sure to be considered as aliens, and to be made sufferers by the genuine sons and daughters of that earth" (III, 383). The prison episode seems constructed to prove she is right about a world that can treat her as a criminal and to prepare the reader to accept death as her ultimate victory over this alien world.

After her release from prison, she devotes herself, for some four hundred pages, wholly to the art of dying. To the awe and admiration of the little circle of new friends who now surround her--Belford, the Smiths, her doctor and her apothecary, a widowed boarder named Mrs. Lovick--she talks calmly and serenely of the prospect of her approaching death (IV, 215). Her prayers and meditations bring her such "joyful assurances" that she says she has at times been "ready to think herself above this earth while she was in it" (IV, 210). Declaring herself to have a mind that is "so truly free . . . from all resentment," she forgives everyone, finally even Lovelace (IV, 274, 306). As she

was once the model of right living, so now she is the exemplar of pious dying, an effect Richardson heightens by having the fearfully impious deaths of the libertine Belton, the scoundrel Patrick McDonald (Tomlinson), and the old madam Sinclair occur during the same period. "He has indeed thought fit to paint the death of the wicked, as terrible as he could paint it," the author writes of himself in the postscript. "But he has endeavoured to draw that of the good in such an amiable manner, that the very Balaams of the world should not forbear to wish that their latter end might be like that of the heroine" (IV, 554).

In contrast to those who are caught unprepared for death, Clarissa plans her departure down to the last detail. Her one act of reliance is to make Belford her executor, not only to assure the distribution of her possessions but also "to be the protector of my memory" as trustee of the precious letters that preserve her history (IV, 77-80). Apart from that necessary move, she assumes she must do everything for herself. She writes until her hand and her eyes fail her, ordering all her papers and leaving long posthumous letters to communicate her final words (IV, 359-367). She draws up her will, which the reader will eventually have in full (IV, 415-428). She selects the clothing for her burial as if it were her marriage: " . . . never bride was so ready as I am. My wedding garments are bought" (IV, 303). And then, to the dismay of her friends, she visits an undertaker, orders a coffin, and has it delivered to her room.

The coffin is adorned with symbols and inscriptions of her own choosing. For the central engraving, she has selected "a

crowned serpent, with its tail in its mouth, forming a ring, the emblem of eternity." Within that circle is her name and the date (in place of the one she does not yet know) of April 10th, the day of her abduction (it is now September 1st). "The head of a white lily snapped short off, and just falling from the stalk" is another prominent ornament; and there are several Biblical texts, beginning with one from the Book of Job, "HERE the wicked cease from troubling: and HERE the weary be at rest" (Job iii, 17) (IV, 257). Discreetly covered, this shocking purchase is placed near Clarissa's window "like a harpsicord," where she often uses it as a desk (IV, 271). Though her acquaintances, like her readers, cannot help but shudder at it, all seem expected to share the sentiment uttered by Mrs. Smith and later echoed by Colonel Morden, "But these great minds cannot avoid doing extraordinary things!" (IV, 256; IV, 333).

Clarissa dies on the evening of September 7th. Arriving at last the day before, her long-awaited cousin, Colonel Morden, finds her in a "heart-moving attitude"--pale and wasted yet still lovely, dressed in virgin white, and asleep on the bosom of the motherly Mrs. Lovick (IV, 332-333). It was with such details of the death scene as these that Richardson drew floods of tears from his early readers.[8] During the final hours, the little circle of faithful devotees gather in the heroine's room to kneel and weep. Belford and Morden, the two good men, hold her hands as she talks, in broken phrases, of her forgiveness for all, her acceptance of her lot, and her hope of eternal life. "Bless--bless--bless--you all--and now--and now (holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time)--come--O come--blessed Lord--

JESUS! And with these words . . . expired: such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun." I mourned at first, Belford tells us, "forgetting her happy preparation, and still happier departure; and that she had but drawn a common lot; triumphing in it, and leaving behind her every one less assured of happiness" (IV, 345-348).

Triumph in death--this is the glorious victory Richardson imagines for Clarissa and so adamantly refuses to reconsider in favor of any other resolution to his plot. And indeed, if what he desires for her includes the conquest of all her enemies and the vindication of her self-image in the eyes of the world, it is hard to conceive of any other way in which she could have achieved these ends so totally. Colonel Morden describes what occurs when, housed in her coffin, the reprobate daughter is at last allowed to return home:

> But when the corpse was carried into the lesser parlour . . . which she used to call her parlour, and put upon a table in the middle of the room, and the father and mother, the two uncles, her Aunt Hervey, and her sister came in, joining her brother and me, with trembling feet, and eager woe, the scene was still more affecting. Their sorrow was heightened, no doubt, by the remembrance of their unforgiving severity: and now seeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who so lately was driven thence by their indiscreet violence; never, never more to be restored to them! no wonder that their grief was more than common grief (IV, 396).

The coffin being opened, "the fair corpse was addressed to, with all the tenderness that the sincerest love and warmest admiration could inspire." "The injured saint!" her Uncle Harlowe proclaims, and no one dissents; no member of the cruel family, not even

James, can stand by dry-eyed and unrepentant (IV, 399). Beyond the family, too, her "beatification," as Morden calls her death, is acknowledged even by her worst enemies; for Mrs. Sinclair dies lamenting over the angel she has destroyed and the wounded Lovelace lifts his dying eyes to heaven, imploring the help of her "Blessed Spirit" (IV, 357, 383, 530).

II. Clarissa's Dubious Transformation

At the beginning of this study, I examined the tensions that exist between the realistic and the non-realistic impulses in Clarissa. While granting a number of disparities in the text, created particularly by Richardson's need to impose a moralistic interpretation on essentially realistic material, I argued that the predominant impulse of the work is nevertheless mimetic;[9] and up to this point I have not found it difficult to defend that position. Now, however, in the last third of the book, a radical shift occurs, as we may easily observe from the synopsis I have just given. After having created Clarissa's conflict realistically, the author, his declared intentions dominated by a moral and religious ideology, sets out to resolve it non-realistically. In a very real sense, theme and mythic form, not mimesis, prevail at the end of our story.

And yet, as I hope to demonstrate, mimesis has by no means vanished from the novel, though it has, as it were, gone underground. If, after dominating for so long, it did die out during the long climax of the plot, we would have little choice but to consider the work hopelessly flawed. On the other hand, if we

can trace the undercurrent of realistic characterization through the resolution, we can, I think, continue to live with the tensions of Richardson's multiple fictional values--his fruitful disparities. Let me begin the search for that mimetic current by looking at some of the specific critical problems I run into when I try to carry my psychological approach into the final section of the work.

Perhaps the most obvious objection to the realism of Clarissa's fate is the doubt that she could die at all under these circumstances, die of a heart literally broken over the way Lovelace and her family have treated her. Quite evidently, she dies because Richardson wants to give her a triumphant exit from life, not because it is what she naturally would do in this situation. Is this one of those places where plausible motivation may be found, even if it is not what was foremost in the author's mind? The reader is dubious, and so too, interestingly enough, is that persistently skeptical voice in the text, Lovelace, who insists that "nineteen cannot so soon die of grief" or of a "mere jest" like rape (IV, 261).

But since Lovelace is one who prefers to deny death, rather than deal with it, his attitude may simply bear an ironic resemblance to that of the modern reader. What we forget all too easily, in our age of antibiotics, is the daily reality of sudden and inexplicable death in the eighteenth century. Richardson's biography, however, is full of reminders. The six children of his first marriage all died in infancy or early childhood: "By my first Wife I had 5 sons and one daughter; some of them living to be delightful Pratlers, with all the Appearances of sound Health . . .

and the Death of one of them, I doubt accelerating from Grief, that of the otherwise laudably afflicted Mother." He himself suffered from a severe nervous illness that he believed was brought on by the deaths of friends and relatives: "No less than Eleven concerning Deaths attacked me in two Years."[10] And some years after the publication of Clarissa, his second wife, after watching her daughter die in childbirth, immediately declared she should not long survive her and was dead herself in two weeks.[11] For good reasons, then, it would not have seemed at all improbable to Richardson or to his early readers that grief and depression could rapidly induce a fatal illness.

Thus it becomes not so much the death itself as the way in which it is handled that strains our credulity. The author's excessive development of this section and his emotionally indulgent treatment of his subject trouble virtually every modern critic. Ian Watt admits that today's reader will feel himself to be up against "an insuperable obstacle" when he encounters "the tremendous scale on which every detail of Clarissa's death is described, up to her embalming and the execution of her will."[12] Even as sympathetic a critic as Mark Kinkead-Weekes, who admires the deathbed scene itself, laments that Richardson must then continue, for another two hundred pages, "with a tedious attempt to exploit the death both in lachrymose sentimentality and in exemplary rewards, punishments, and moralisings."[13] Even assuming death is an ever-present reality for this writer, we still need to ask whether he faces it honestly, or whether this portion of the novel is full of elaborate evasions of the very reality it claims to capture.

Here again we should not overlook the historical context. Watt explains:

> Puritanism had been opposed to all the joyous festivals of the church, but it had approved of protracted rituals and even of emotional abandon where death and burial were concerned. Consequently the scope and importance of funeral arrangements had increased until, by Richardson's day, they had attained an unprecedented elaboration. Once again, therefore, it would seem that what appears to be a false note to us in Clarissa is also evidence of how Richardson, for good and ill, acted as a sounding board for the dominant notes of his age. . . .

During the 1740's a long tradition of evangelical funeral literature surfaced in a major literary trend, "which exploited all the thoughts and emotions concerned with death and burial" and produced, together with the last section of Clarissa, such works as Blair's The Grave and Edward Young's Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality. "The reason for this emphasis on death," Watt concludes, "seems to have been the belief that the growing secularisation of thought could best be combated by showing how only faith in the future state could provide a secure shelter from the terrors of mortality; for the orthodox at least, death, not ridicule, was the test of truth."[14]

But this background, while it helps us understand why the conclusion of Richardson's novel took the form that it did, is not particularly comforting to someone concerned about the consistency of Clarissa's psychological characterization. If anything, it emphasizes the problem: Richardson is part of a movement with a message to preach and an emotion to exploit, both aims which threaten to damage his characterization. He wants his Clarissa to be an example of holy dying, and he wants the

reader to be profoundly moved by the contemplation of such a death. Is it possible for him somehow to embody these aims within the character herself, giving her a final triumph of spirit that does not ignore but genuinely resolves her former conflicts? If not, does he not then falsify Clarissa and the emotions she is intended to evoke, in a way that allows this section of his novel to degenerate into sentimentality? If he does not successfully transform her, does he merely allow her realistic character to fade from the scene, obscured by pious rhetoric, or does he, worse still, distort for interpretive purposes the convincing portrait he has faithfully painted up to now? These are the pivotal questions we must try to answer.

The question of Clarissa's transformation divides critics more sharply than any other issue in the text. First of all, a surprising number of these readers, including those with considerable acumen in psychological criticism, complete the novel relatively undisturbed by the difficulties of the final portion because they are convinced that Richardson does successfully give his heroine a breakthrough, at the end of her life, into genuine self-discovery. So R. F. Brissenden describes the dying Clarissa as one who, stripped of "the last shreds of illusion," is able to face her situation with honesty and courage.[15] Objecting to suggestions that her longing for death is ego regression, Margaret Anne Doody is particularly forceful in her argument for Clarissa's individuation: Clarissa has had the courage to break decisively with paternal authoritarianism and with the values of bourgeois society.[16] Furthermore, say Eaves and Kimpel, she turns her isolation from others into an advantage: "Only when

abandoned by everyone can she learn to look at herself. . . . She is no longer self-assured or self-approving: in humiliation she has learned (what humiliation rarely teaches) humility."[17] And according to Cynthia Wolff, she has also learned "a capacity for pity" and a "disinterested benevolence," so that she now thinks "in terms not of taking, destroying, or preserving self, but of giving self."[18]

The most extended argument for such changes in Clarissa comes from Kinkead-Weekes. Of her recovery from derangement after the rape, he writes: "What we have been watching is a personality disintegrated and remade; a successful search for reorientation after what Richardson clearly thought was the most damaging and challenging blow a woman could suffer." With her newfound strength, she is able to confront Lovelace in language "won by suffering, introspection and prayer" and to achieve a real victory over him because "she remains a human being, while he becomes more and more a sort of frenzied automaton." The prison scene is another important inner turning-point for her, an experience that teaches her patience through a growing acceptance of her humiliation. Finally, after an agonizing "struggle for composure and forgiveness," she reaches a state of true serenity. Though some of her earlier death-wishes may have been morbidly self-indulgent, a profound religious experience, believable to the reader who is open to such a possibility, accounts for this new peace and acceptance. "Victory is not won, but given, and God is the protagonist."[19]

For Kinkead-Weekes, there is throughout the novel a "tension" and an "interplay," but no essential disharmony, between the

impulses he chooses to call "History" and "Myth." To his mind, the various episodes from the rape to the deathbed scene are marked by "the distillation characteristic of Myth, the X-ray vision which is finally revealed as the complexities of History are stripped away":

> The inquisition into the heroine finally takes her beyond herself into a mode in which her individuality is no longer important. As she sits in prison, she remains the individual we have got to know better than we know anyone in life, but she has become an archetype in an archetypal situation, where individual complexities no longer matter. We cannot any longer follow the last process of archetypalisation in terms appropriate to character.[20]

If we have trouble with this approach, our difficulties come partly from our impatience with the author's distancing devices and partly from our modern irreligious attitudes: Clarissa "grows away from our imagination; becomes someone we cannot know, and whose experience we can only infer, no longer share. She becomes an increasingly distanced, saint-like figure--and we don't care for those."[21] However, she does not--and this is the crucial point for Kinkead-Weekes' position--turn into anything that contradicts her character as dramatized up to now; she remains herself and yet becomes, as an archetype, something more as well.

Turning to the opposition, those critics who refuse to believe in Clarissa's transformation, we find a strong counter-argument for virtually every point made by the supporters of a primary reading. For instance, does Clarissa really win, at a high price, psychological freedom from the destructive authority of her parents? No, Patricia Spacks says, rather, she "fatally denies her subordination to her elders" and so "cannot survive

in the world because she refuses to be guided and governed."[22] Does she use her isolation to find herself? Only in the sense of perfecting her defensive self, according to Leo Braudy: "Clarissa has triumphed by reducing her individual human nature to a purified personal identity," a concept of self so pure that it denies her physical existence.[23] Does she, out of a new sympathy for others, learn how to forgive? Erick Kahler thinks that in the case of Lovelace, anyway, she forgives "out of Christian duty, but not from the heart," knowing full well that her death will seem to him her "last triumphant act of revenge."[24] Another source of revenge is her personal history, securely preserved in the letters entrusted to Belford; and this is William Warner's explanation for her serene composure: " . . . the book she is preparing takes on the tasks of justification and revenge, so she can desist from strident self-assertion."[25]

Most of the critics in this group have been, from the beginnings of their interpretations, extremely skeptical about the basis for Clarissa's goodness and very aware of the destructive implications of her conflict. Confronted with the last section of the novel, they refuse to read what the implied author intends them to read. They accept Clarissa's behavior but not the explanations that she herself and other voices in the text have to offer for her behavior. Instead, by suggesting alternative motives for the course of action she chooses at the end of her life--revenge, for example, in situations where she claims forgiveness--they see the book ending in a vision far more pessimistic than the one Richardson had consciously in mind. But at the same time, they generally see the action resolved

without any serious impairment of Clarissa's characterization. Kahler concludes, "Richardson endowed his heroine with an organically consistent character; but her apotheosis . . . remained embedded in middle-class morality and could not attain to any human liberation." He, for one, is willing to affirm for the entire novel, "The moralistic intention has been displaced by the power of psychological development."[26]

This second critical position is also my own, and I am indebted to many of these other readers for ideas about the motives behind Clarissa's dying that have proven to be consistent with a Horneyan analysis. Let me emphasize, however, that it is not my psychology, in itself, that keeps me from arriving, instead, at conclusions similar to those of Kinkead-Weekes. Were there adequate textual evidence, Third Force psychology might be used to confirm a transformation for Clarissa. Unfortunately, as I hope to show in the following pages, too much of her behavior cannot be reconciled with the suggestion that she has changed in any healthy way; and so I must conclude that her manner of dying is one more defensive fantasy, the last stage of her search for glory. The mistake of many of her interpreters, beginning with Richardson himself, has been to confuse her efforts to actualize her idealized self with a genuine self-realization.

How is it possible to have such a radical discrepancy between the author's interpretation of his character and his representation of her? The answer lies in Richardson's identification with Clarissa and what Warner calls his "active alliance" with her in shaping the meaning of the text.[27] For when we study the

last section of the novel, together with the author's various bits of commentary on it, we discover that there is no discrepancy whatsoever between what Clarissa believes about her death and what Richardson believes. He has certain fantasies, all centered around the need to make her triumphant, and he gives her those same fantasies. Sharing, to a large extent, the conflict he dramatizes, he represents it without ever becoming fully conscious of the disparities he has created. In the course of this chapter, we shall see some of the ways in which the conflicts of the heroine and the implied author come to be bound up together; and it is through making those connections, I think, that we may best see why the novel ends as it does.

III. A Triumph of Self-Hatred and Revenge

Richardson's many repetitions of the word "triumph " tell us much about the nature of the fantasy that shapes the ending of his novel. What the author seems to enjoy most, what he invites us to participate in, is the spectacle of Clarissa's victory over all her enemies. If we are reading allegorically, we see the triumph of good over evil, and our response is largely determined by what we believe about the Richardsonian vision of good and evil. Reading psychologically, our attention turns to the emotion called "triumph," as expressed by the character and the implied author. And for the Horneyan, this feeling is immediately suspect, since it almost always involves the vindictive desire to humiliate other persons. The way in which it permeates this portion of the text suggests a Clarissa who finds

satisfaction in hurting the people who have hurt her so badly and a Richardson who, for reasons unknown to us, takes pleasure in his prolonged account of the downfall of unkind parents, cruel siblings, and vicious lovers.

Neither author nor character, however, is conscious of any such source of emotional gratification. In every respect, Clarissa's victory is designed to be an innocent triumph. She herself, we are to believe, does nothing to assure it; she simply goes on struggling to be good until the end of her life and as she rises spiritually from virtuous child to saintly woman, shames without ever intending to shame. Instead of longing for revenge, she desires only to be able to forgive wholeheartedly and to be forgiven in return; and if, as it turns out, her posthumous messages of forgiveness are the perfect revenge, this is solely the fault of her persecutors, now brought at last to a knowledge of their wickedness when the light of her purified goodness breaks through upon them.

But in the persistent realism of her characterization, we discover two other veins of emotion which undermine considerably the notion of her innocent triumph. First, a subtle vindictiveness is betrayed in the way she handles each of the crises she faces after the rape, and in all the preparations she makes for her death; and secondly, her self-hatred, a very different sort of feeling from those of spiritual serenity and reconciliation, is stronger than ever before. Together, these emotions become the critical twin factors in the psychology of her dying.

Both feelings are perfectly consistent with everything we know about Clarissa, assuming she has not resolved her inner

conflict. Calling the drive toward vindictive triumph the most destructive element in the "search for glory," Horney stresses that for just that reason it is often hidden: " . . . the driving power behind it is the need to defeat and humiliate others by rising above them. The less harmful need for superiority can, as it were, absorb the more destructive compulsion. This allows a person to act out his need, and yet feel righteous about it."[28] Up to now the central factor in Clarissa's conflict has been her need to prove herself morally superior to just about everyone; and often, particularly with her brother and Lovelace, she has not even had to disguise her impulse to shame others because her excuse (sanctioned by the interpretive slanting of the text) is that they deserve their humiliations. It is not really surprising that now, when her moral image has received the most shattering blow possible, she becomes more secretly vindictive than ever, or that, glimpsing the possibility of turning her shame into the greatest triumph of all, she is willing to pay a desperate price to obtain it.

Self-hate, best defined as "the rage which the idealized self feels toward the actual self for not being what it 'should' be,"[29] was also a sign of Clarissa's conflict long before the rape. One expression of self-hate, the relentless demands made on the self (NHG, 117-123), shows in her excessively disciplined lifestyle, a rigid schedule that forced her to be what she ought to be every moment of the day (IV, 506-509). Another, severe self-accusation (NHG, 123-131), began the day of her abduction, when she condemned herself for the single misstep of conduct leading to her downfall (I, 486-487). Under the best of

circumstances, she could not tolerate being just an actual human being like everybody else, fallible and vulnerable; and thus when a slight lapse from virtue got her into trouble out of all proportion to the offense, she concluded that she was to be punished for not being perfect.

The argument for a constructive change in Clarissa depends to a great extent on those passages in which she claims to have become aware of her former pride and replaced it with a new humility; but the wording in such sections indicates self-hate rather than real self-discovery. "Self-hate is not only a result of self-glorification but also serves to maintain it," Horney warns, because "the very condemnation of imperfection confirms the godlike standards with which the person identifies himself" (NHG, 114-115). So when Clarissa writes "I more despise myself for my presumptuous self-security, as well as vanity, than ever I secretly vaunted myself on my good inclinations" (II, 378-379), she appears to be using her present self-contempt to prove how much truer she now is to her idealized self than she was even in the past. When she continues with "but self here, which is at the bottom of all we do, and of all we wish, is the grand misleader" (II, 379), it is most likely that her reproach is directed at the weaknesses of her actual self, not at her misleading pride system. Finally, when, just four pages later, we hear her tell Lovelace, "My soul is above thee, man!" (II, 382), we know for certain that her pride, with all its yearning for vindictive triumph, is just as alive as it ever was.[30]

Recognizing the collusion between pride and self-hatred, we are better prepared to accept the extremes of Clarissa's

emotional experience following the rape. As we watch her rapid transition, during her last days in the brothel, from self-degradation to triumph, we are seeing, as Kinkead-Weekes says, "a personality disintegrated and remade,"[31] but remade according to the old model, not a new one. That is, integration, of a more precarious kind even than before, is achieved at the level of the idealized self. Instead of allowing her self-contempt to tear her apart completely, Clarissa comes to interpret it as proof that she is worthy to be a sacrifice for the values to which she has devoted her life.

Richardson represents Clarissa's derangement after the rape as a state in which her compulsive writing becomes manic. From the torn scraps of paper she has flung about her room, Lovelace pieces together incoherent letters, rambling meditations, nascent metaphorical compositions, apostrophes addressed to himself, and bits of poetry scribbled at various angles on the page--her disoriented attempts to express what the rape has done to her (III, 204-209). The passage frequently draws deserved admiration from critics. Anthony Kearney calls it "one of the best things in the whole novel"[32] and Kinkead-Weekes goes so far as to insist, "This is the first honest attempt to deal with the unconscious since Lear and Ophelia."[33] Yet we should observe, too, as Rachel Brownstein does, that the effect of Clarissa's madness is quite different from an Ophelia's: "Clarissa's mind has not been pulverized, but neatly shattered into discrete fragments. . . . Perhaps this is as true a means of showing madness as a stream of consciousness in chaos is: a number of contradictory voices, each speaking quite competently and logically, but each

one alien to the others."[34]

What I hear in these contradictory voices are the various attitudes of the proud and despised selves, now closer to consciousness than at any other time in the action. For example, in Paper IV the idealized self, dissociating itself from the rest of the personality, condemns in its most godlike voice: "How art thou now humbled in the dust, thou proud Clarissa Harlowe! Thou that never steppedst out of thy father's house but to be admired! . . . Thou that usedst to go to rest satisfied with the adulations paid thee in the past day, and couldst put off everything but thy vanity!" Associating these words with her sister's former chidings, Clarissa next addresses Bella, projecting this sadistic omniscience onto her: "You penetrated my proud heart with the jealousy of an elder sister's searching eye. You knew me better than I knew myself" (III, 206-207). Her condemnatory self-accusations make her feel exactly as she would were she submitting to one of Bella's cruel upbraidings.

With her glorified self so completely dissociated, Clarissa loses her sense of identity. "I am no longer what I was in any one thing," she writes in a fragmentary letter to Anna; and in another, addressed to her father, she exclaims, "My name is--I don't know what my name is!" (III, 205-206). (The related sounds of "Harlowe" and "harlot," it has been suggested, may cause this sudden block.) Aware of her confusion, she associates her lost virginity with her loss of the mental clarity so essential to her self-image: "My head is gone. I have wept away all my brain. . . . Alas, you have killed my head among you--I don't say who did it!" (III, 210-211). When she becomes

conscious enough of her condition to define herself as a mad woman, that image seems to strike her as an appropriate fate for her despised self:

> Then this is it--I never shall be myself again: I have been a very wicked creature--a vain, proud, poor creature--full of secret pride--which I carried off under an humble guise, and deceived everybody--my sister says so--and now I am punished. So let me be carried out of this house, and out of your sight; and let me be put into that Bedlam privately, which once I saw: but it was a sad sight to me then! Little as I thought what I should come to myself! (III, 212).

Another expression of her overwhelming self-contempt is found in the hasty letter she sends Anna as soon as she has escaped the brothel. Here too she is out of control, writing, as she says herself, in "wild incoherence":

> O my best, my dearest, my only friend! What a tale have I to unfold! But still upon self, this vile, this hated self! I will shake it off, if possible; and why should I not, since I think, except one wretch, I hate nothing so much? Self, then, be banished from self one moment (for I doubt it will for no longer), to inquire after a dearer object, my beloved Anna Howe!--whose mind, all robed in spotless white, charms and irradiates--but what would I say?-- (III, 321).

Again we have the curious displacement: Clarissa's body has been violated, but it is the defilement of her mind, contrasted here with the purity of Anna's, that obsesses her. The very memory of the rape seems to her to make her thoughts impure. As Jonathan Loesberg puts it in an excellent discussion of her detached attitude, " . . . the physical opening of her body has also become an opening into her consciousness. Not merely her body, but her reflections as well, are tainted by the entry of experience."[35] Moreover, Lovelace did, in a very real sense, rape her mind when

he drugged her, doubly robbing her of her "maiden-head." For Clarissa, the mind, with its capacities for foresight, judgment, and reflection, is the realm of the idealized self. To paraphrase a passage from Horney, "she" is her observing mind--a separate being from her feelings, her body, and her "hated self"--and as such finds her unity, her identity (NHG, 183-184); therefore, nothing is so threatening to her entire system as the idea that her mind is now hopelessly polluted, morally and intellectually.

Yet as an abstract entity, the mind seems less subject than the body to the harsh realities of her fate. Nothing can reverse the fact of physical rape. But if Clarissa does the right things, she may yet be able to prove, above all to herself, that her mind is still as pure as ever--or even more pure, because purified by the suffering through which she has passed. And already, before her letter to Anna, she has won the first battle for the restoration of her pride when she rises majestically from her fallen state to rout Lovelace and the prostitutes. In those last scenes with Lovelace, she shows her will to be inviolate. "Compulsion shall do nothing with me," she tells him. "Though a slave, a prisoner, in circumstance, I am no slave in my will! Nothing will I promise thee. Withheld, compelled--nothing will I promise thee!" (III, 260).

Such defense of mind and will are the passages most admired by those critics who see Clarissa engaged in a wholesome struggle to preserve her personal integrity. But are we, then, also to accept as right behavior the vituperation she directs at Lovelace and the suicidal threats she makes against herself?

The burst of energy that enables her to triumph over the inhabitants of the brothel comes when she is able to turn her self-hatred into a weapon: "And canst thou, Lovelace, be so mean--as to wish to make a wife of the creature thou hast insulted, dishonoured and abused, as thou hast me . . . a creature whom thou hast levelled with the dirt of the street, and classed with the vilest of her sex?" (III, 237). Exactly as she has all along, she proves ingenious at wounding Lovelace in all the ways most intolerable to his pride. "I am sick of thee, MAN! . . . cruel implement of my brother's causeless vengeance," she cries, leaving him speechless with anger: "Her brother's implement! James Harlowe's implement!" (III, 267-268).

The culmination of self-hate, Horney tells us, is found in "pure and direct self-destructive impulses and actions" (NHG, 148). Three times in this section of the novel Clarissa threatens to take her own life (III, 235, 269, 274). On one occasion she instructs Lovelace, "If I fall, though by my own hand . . . dig a hole deep enough to cram in and conceal this unhappy body" (III, 235), language which revives the imagery of her former dream of live burial (I, 433). A short time later, rushing hysterically from him to throw herself in a corner, she bumps against a chair and has a violent nosebleed, frightening him into believing, for a moment, that she has indeed stabbed herself (III, 240). Finally, in the grand climax of her "trial" before the prostitutes, she pulls out a penknife, holds it to her bosom, and proclaims, "I dare die. It is in defence of my honour" (III, 289). She is, says Lovelace, stating the thematic point for admiring readers, "the truly heroic lady" (III, 289). But

her psychological realism makes this interpretation doubtful, because we are seeing yet another trait she has shown all along, namely, her strong impulses toward self-destruction whenever her idealized image is seriously threatened.[36]

Since active suicide would be a violation of her code of values, a sin against God, she knows she can never resort to it unless Lovelace happens to assault her when she has a knife in her hand. Nevertheless, there is a suicidal component in her death, for she clearly determines, from the time of her escape, that she will die. "But, my dear, the blow is given," she informs Anna, adding, "What a heart must I have, if it be not broken!" Her bad state of health "must grow worse, as the recollection of the past evils, and reflections upon them, grow heavier and heavier upon me"; and she so longs for death that she regrets the "naturally healthy constitution" which delays her progress toward it (III, 381-382). To take any action on her own behalf is unthinkable: "I will only say that I would sooner suffer every evil . . . than appear publicly in a court to do myself justice." (III, 382). Though parts of herself, she is aware, still rebel against her passive submission to her fate, her one resolute activity will be to crush them: "I must have more conflict. At times I find myself not subdued enough to my condition. I will welcome those conflicts as they come as <u>probationary</u> ones." (III, 387).

In this frame of mind, she undergoes her prison experience. This passage is one of the best examples of how Richardson's realism continues to exist even in the most unlikely parts of the novel. The prison scene is dominated by Belford's vision of

the kneeling Clarissa in her snowy white robes--the image of the persecuted saint (III, 445-446). Yet we get a more likely glimpse of her appearance when the prostitute Sally observes, "Methinks, Miss . . . you are a little soily, to what we have seen you" (III, 439), a detail that corresponds to Clarissa's recent confession of having grown very careless in her dress (III, 386). And even Belford, in his rapture, does not neglect to report the mundane fact that she is not wearing her hoop (III, 446).

Belford also faithfully records aspects of Clarissa's behavior not entirely harmonious with his saintly portrait of her. He describes, for instance, her petulant protest at being placed in a room without a lock on the inside--"She had not been used to it!"--and gives us a long passage of her dialogue with the prostitutes, for which she adopts the tone of superiority and veiled sarcasm she used to use with Bella (III, 431-434). He notices the masochistic pleasure she seems to take in being her despised self: "I have no friend, said she. I deserve none . . . was all they could get from her, while Sally stayed: but yet spoken with a patience of spirit, as if she enjoyed her griefs" (III, 430). His account lets us see how projections of her conflict come to contaminate her perceptions of her whole environment:

> But she would not quit her prison-room, as she called it, to go into their parlour.
> "Unbarred windows, and a lightsomer apartment, she said, had too cheerful an appearance for her mind."
> A shower falling as she spoke, "What, said she, looking up, do the elements weep for me?"
> At another time, "The light of the sun was irksome to her. The sun seemed to shine in to mock her woes.
> "Methought, added she, the sun darting in, and gilding these iron bars, plays upon me, like the two

> women who came to insult my haggard looks by the word beauty; and my dejected heart, with the word haughty airs!" (III, 437).

Added together, all such details undermine the saintly Clarissa but confirm the realistic woman, now in the final stage of her destructive conflict.

One of her contradictory sets of attitudes during this period is her excessive self-blame--as expressed, for example, when she insists she deserves no friends--versus her claim to be wholly innocent. Though it is impossible, literally, for her to be both guilty and innocent, she uses the defense Horney calls "compartmentalizing" to disconnect these two ideas of self (NHG, 190).Much more tolerable than overt self-hatred, her innocent pose evolves at this point as part of her unconscious strategy to use death as her ultimate solution. "I am quite sick of life; and of an earth in which innocent and benevolent spirits are sure to be considered as aliens . . . " (III, 383). The claim is clear: she is an innocent spirit, and her problems come from being forced to participate in this alien existence.

An example of Clarissa's new "innocence" is her behavior when she is released from prison through Belford's aid. Returning to her lodgings at the Smiths, she makes no attempt to hide her disgrace. "O Mrs. Smith, said she, as soon as she saw her, did you not think I was run away? You don't know what I have suffered since I saw you. I have been in a prison!--Arrested for debts I owe not! But, thank God, I am here!" "But dost thou not observe what a strange, what an uncommon openness of heart reigns in this lady?" is Belford's response. "She had been in

a prison, she said, before a stranger in the shop, and before the maid-servant: and so, probably, she would have said had there been twenty people in the shop" (III, 455-456).

For a woman who has been the soul of propriety, this is decidedly a change of behavior. But of what sort? The author, through Belford, indicates that she has found an openness and spontaneity she has not had before, but this is unconvincing in a context so full of her unhealthy symptoms. Much more likely, she mimics spontaneity for defensive purposes, pretending, all unconsciously, to be more naive than she is in order to elicit from her audience a sympathetic response to her disgrace. Seeing her as natural and childlike, they will be more inclined to think she cannot possibly be at fault and will say with Belford, "'Tis a cursed thing, after all, that such a woman as this should be treated as she has been treated" (III, 456). As she herself puts it a bit later, "I think I may defy calumny itself, and . . . wrap myself in my own innocence, and be easy" (IV, 106).

From the prison incident to the death scene, the text continues to tell two very different stories about Clarissa's state of mind. There are, first of all, many more claims for the psychological gains she has made through her suffering. These are now presented, typically, according to a definite formula: Clarissa asserts a particular newfound virtue with an appropriate display of modesty, and then Belford, the faithful admirer, affirms it, often with profuse praise. So he begins one letter by quoting her rejection of his compliments--"Whatever I may have had, I have now no vanity to gratify"--and closes it with

a similar emphasis: "She has so much true dignity in her manner, without pride or arrogance . . . that she commands all one's reverence. Methinks I have a kind of holy love for this angel of a woman . . . "(III, 461, 465-466). Another time Clarissa tells him how she feels she has risen above her prison experience:

> . . . I presume to hope that I have a mind that cannot be debased, in essential instances, by temporal calamities. Little do those poor wretches know of the force of innate principles (forgive my own implied vanity, was her word), who imagine that a prison, or penury, can bring a right-turned mind to be guilty of a wilful baseness, in order to avoid such short-lived evils.

Belford tells Lovelace, "She then turned from me . . . with a dignity suitable to her words; and such as showed her to be more of soul than of body at that instant. What magnanimity! No wonder a virtue so solidly founded could baffle all thy arts" (III, 503).

Interspersed among these predominant passages are the brief but salient references to her disintegration. She remains deeply depressed. Family conflicts continue to obsess her; her ties to her parents are still so strong that "she is for finding out something paternal and maternal in every one" (III, 469). A letter from her uncle, flatly inquiring if she is pregnant, throws her into a violent fit of hysterics (IV, 95, 100). When her nineteenth birthday arrives, she observes it by shutting herself away to fast for the entire day (IV, 5). Apparently her rejection of life now takes the form of a refusal to eat, for which her apothecary rebukes her:

> The lady, said he, will do very well, if she will resolve upon it herself. Indeed you will, madam. The doctor is entirely of this opinion; and has ordered nothing for you but weak jellies and innocent cordials, lest you should starve yourself. And let me tell you, madam, that so much watching, so little nourishment, and so much grief, as you seem to indulge, is enough to impair the most vigorous health, and wear out the strongest constitution.

Yet Clarissa stoutly denies on this and all other such occasions that she ever willfully neglects her health (IV, 13).

What Richardson tries to do, it seems, is to make her death convincing without openly admitting the suicidal trends that best account for it; and whenever he gets too close to the probable explanation, he finds a way to deny it. For example, in one attempt to impress Lovelace with the devastating effect of his crime, Belford writes, "Having been bent upon doing good, and upon reclaiming a libertine whom she loved, she is disappointed in all her darling views, and will never be able, I fear, to look up with satisfaction enough in herself to make life desirable for her" (IV, 10-11). "A death desired merely from worldly disappointment shows not a right mind, let me tell this lady, whatever she may think of it," is Lovelace'e blunt reply, whereupon the "editor" feels compelled to repeat in a footnote what Clarissa has said just a few pages before: "Nor let it be imagined that my present turn of mind proceeds from gloominess or melancholy . . . " (IV, 39). As they nearly always are, the implied author and his heroine are in accord about what needs to be denied; and as so often, too, Lovelace becomes the repository of rejected insights.

Unifying the two stories of the dying Clarissa with the help of Horneyan interpretation, we see a young woman who, when

the trauma of a rape shatters her defensive system, is flooded with self-hatred and vindictive rage. So destructive does her inner conflict now become that it literally destroys her. However, our version of the story is not a simple account of the collapse of her pride. The deceptive reintegration, which fools so many readers including the author himself, is pride's brilliant final play. It does not save Clarissa as we would want her to be saved, but it does allow her to die at peace with the glorified being that constitutes the only "self" she has ever known.

IV. The Noble Victim

In my initial analysis of Clarissa's conflict, I argued that she is an extraordinarily unstable individual because her defensive "solution" is an amalgam of the three Horneyan positions and therefore consists of basically irreconcilable elements.[37] To understand the imaginative integration she now achieves, we need to recall this three-way split in her personality and consider the ways in which death, by appealing to all aspects of her divided self, becomes her great reconciler.

For her expansive self, with its perfectionistic trends, death is now the only way left to prove her allegiance to her ideals. When she exclaims, "What a heart must I have, if it be not broken!" (III, 381), she is giving herself an injunction to die in order to show that she has a "feeling heart," the eighteenth-century guide to innate moral principles. The need to be the paragon, incorporating in her person the highest values of her society, now finds new expression in the heroic gesture of

giving her life for those values. In this way, "the flawless excellence of the whole conduct of life," (NHG, 196) so coveted by the perfectionist, may be restored to Clarissa just when it seems hopelessly impaired. "Let my ruin . . . be LARGE," she prays in prison. "For a composition, let it be COMPLETE" (III, 441).

Dying, as the culmination of her suffering, has multiple appeals for her compliant self. In all likelihood her earliest solution, self-effacement now governs her behavior much more markedly than it has at any other point of the action. When she tries to protect herself from her self-hate by transforming herself into the innocent victim, she adopts a common self-effacing defense, which she then carries to its extreme by becoming the dying martyr, "the noble victim suffering under an ignoble and cruel world" (NHG, 231-232). A lingering death is a perfect outlet for her hidden vindictiveness; as Horney says of the typical compliant neurotic, "His suffering accuses others and excuses himself" (NHG, 235). Horney could scarcely have Clarissa's "number" any better than she does in the following passage from her discussion of self-effacing strategies:

> . . . going to pieces under the assault of an unfeeling world appears to him as the ultimate triumph. . . . Suffering per se appears as the proof of nobility. What else can a sensitive person in an ignoble world do but go to pieces!["What a heart must I have, if it be not broken!"] Should he fight and assert himself and hence stoop down to the same level of crude vulgarity? He can but forgive and perish with the crowning glory of martyrdom (NHG, 236).

And lastly, the religious ecstasy of Clarissa's death suggests that she has found, in imagination, the total surrender to the

"beloved" that she could never permit herself to have in life.

Most insidiously, her peculiar manner of dying is an extreme detachment, a desired state of "pure passivity that will not taint her with action," in Loesberg's words.[38] Her one activity during this period is her preparation for her death, and this in itself is a perverse display of her independence. "I love to do everything for myself that I can do. I ever did," she says about the purchase of her coffin (IV, 255). It is the last act by which she exercises some measure of control over her environment, and yet the nature of it only emphasizes the underlying truth: Clarissa has lost all faith in her ability to influence her environment. The world has become too hostile, and her actual self too untrustworthy, for her to be able to live any longer. "I would not, if I might, choose to live. . . . To be so much exposed to temptation, and to be so liable to fail in the trial, who would not rejoice that all her dangers are over!" (IV, 339). In death, her idealized image will be safely preserved forever.

The final version of her idealized self is a composite of these three attitudes. Clarissa now dwells apart from others and far above them, close to the realm of saints and angels. She has suffered, and she is perfected in her suffering. Emotionally, she detaches herself from all affection, even Anna's, because "God will have no rivals in the hearts of those He sanctifies." (IV, 302). "A serenity unexampled" is the image she now projects most frequently; and the way in which she transfers her entire system to the heavenly level is nowhere expressed so perfectly as the complaint she makes about Lovelace's attempts to visit her, "He will not let me enter into my Maker's presence with the

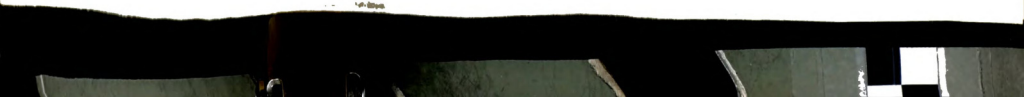
composure that is required in entering into the drawing-room of an earthly prince!" (IV, 308).

The more she lives out this image, the more schizoid is the relationship between her mind and her body, associated, respectively, with the glorified self and the actual self. Though a person may be inclined to regard himself as "disembodied spirit," Horney says, his suicidal impulses are usually checked by his awareness that "he is dependent on the actual self for being and hence for attaining glory" (NHG, 114). But Clarissa, staking everything on her faith in a future existence, no longer feels this inhibition. She regards her physical being as an "encumbrance," a "vile body" which "ought not so much to engage my cares," and "rags of mortality" to be divested in order to enter that heaven where she and Anna will be "all light and all mind" (III, 321; IV, 301, 305, 328). With such phrases, I realize, she echoes Christian teaching, but however we choose to interpret those doctrines, her application of them is unhealthy. Rape has defiled her body; her restored purity is based on the claim that "she," the "real" Clarissa, has nothing to do with the body.

In essence, then, her pride functions as it always has, only even more destructively, shutting her off from every possibility of an earthly future. One of the best examples is the case of Mr. Wyerley. This gentleman, a suitor she once rejected because of his "free opinions" (I, 13), learns of her plight and sends her a warm and generous renewal of his proposal, telling her, without any hint of condescension, that he still loves her and believes in her virtue. Although Clarissa professes to be touched by the offer, her reply is startlingly arrogant for a

woman in her circumstances. After telling Anna, "This seems to be a man whom I might have reclaimed," she writes to refuse Wyerley, with her thanks--and a little lecture! She reminds him that among her former suitors "there was not one of them against whose morals or principles there lay not some objection" (he is to remember he was no exception). She hopes he will make this present proposal the first of many good motions: "For, sir, the man who is good upon choice . . . has that quality in himself which ennobles the human race, and without which the most dignified by birth or rank are ignoble." With regard to helping her, however, he will soon be convinced "that I am got above all human dependence" (IV, 201, 204-205).

Of all the motives in Clarissa's dying, the one the author most painstakingly denies is her vindictiveness. In order to give her an innocent triumph, he has to establish the idea that death is her best revenge, yet he must also exonerate her from any intent of revenge. For both purposes, his main instruments are his two reliable narrators, Jack Belford and Colonel Morden, whose task it is to orchestrate the heroine's triumph for the reader. Thus Belford introduces her posthumous letters as "all calculated to give comfort rather than reproach" to the undeserving Harlowes: "But were I in any of their places, how much rather had I that she had quitted scores with me by the most severe recriminations, than that she should thus nobly triumph over me by a generosity that has no example" (IV, 359). And Colonel Morden, after observing "the mutual upbraidings and grief of all present" at the reading of her will, writes to Jack, "How wounding a thing, Mr. Belford, is a generous and



well-distinguished forgiveness! What revenge can be more effectual, and more noble, were revenge intended, and were it wished to strike remorse into a guilty or ungrateful heart! But my dear cousin's motives were all duty and love" (IV, 430).

Were they? Consciously, Clarissa makes the same claim for herself many times, but evidence for her unconscious motivation continues to tell another story. Does she know, at some hidden level of awareness, how much power she may have, in death, to hurt and humiliate the other Harlowes? In one interesting passage, she imagines a reverse situation, saying that if her family forgave her, "I know not whether my concern for having offended them would not be augmented: since I imagine that nothing can be more wounding to a spirit not ungenerous than a generous forgiveness" (III, 524). In her own efforts to forgive, she is inconsistent, sometimes defending her family--"what some people call cruelty in them, is owing but to the excess of their love, and to their disappointment; having had reason to expect better from me" (III, 504)--and sometimes coming as close as she dares to direct blame:

> The voice of nature must at last be heard in my favour, surely. It will only plead at first to my friends in the still conscious plaintiveness of a young and unhardened beggar! But it will grow more clamorous when I have courage to be so, and shall demand, perhaps, the paternal protection from further ruin; and that forgiveness, which those will be little entitled to expect, for their own faults, who shall interpose to have it refused me, for an accidental, not a premeditated error: and which, but for them, I had never fallen into (III, 339).

Those "little entitled" to expect forgiveness are James and Arabella, whom Clarissa still blames--and not without cause--

for initiating her troubles. Such passages are intended, perhaps, to make us admire her all the more when she does forgive where so little forgiveness is due; but with her siblings, most particularly, we have good reason to believe that her bitter resentment is never really conquered. In her posthumous letter to her brother, she writes, "O, that passion had not been deaf! . . . That your rigorous heart, if it could not be softened . . . had permitted other hearts more indulgently to expand!" Then she adds, "But I write not to give pain"(IV, 361-362); and I can think of no response except "You've got to be kidding!" since her first statement translates as, "Your hard-heartedness has killed me."

The best instrument of revenge on the acquisitive sister and brother proves to be the will. Again there is an explicit denial of any such intent: "For I would not, on any account, have it thought that, in my last disposition, anything undaughterly, unsisterly, or unlike a kinswoman, should have had place in a mind that is so truly free (as I will presume to say) from all resentment" (IV, 274). But when the will is opened, everyone in her circle of friends and extended family, down to the least servant, is remembered with some bequest--except James and Arabella. Moreover, she has found clever ways, in her wording, of clearing herself of the charge of neglect and getting in a few digs at the same time. So she leaves all her real estate to her father, "and that rather than to my brother and sister, to whom I had once thought of devising them, because, if they survive my father, those estates will assurdedly vest in them"; a valuable collection of family paintings to her Uncle John, "who, no doubt,

will leave them to my brother"; and her books, "as my sister has a very pretty library," to her cousin Dolly. Of course James and Arabella begin immediately to dispute the will, perfecting Clarissa's revenge by further alienating themselves from more favored family members. Colonel Morden adds the finishing stroke: " . . . little does Mr. James Harlowe think, that while he is grasping at hundreds, he will . . . lose thousands, if he be my survivor. A man of a spirit so selfish and narrow shall not be my heir" (IV, 415-431).

Upon close examination, we find that into every collection of words Clarissa leaves behind her, she slips vindictive barbs aimed at her family. This includes the carefully designed inscriptions on her coffin. In what sense is her selection of "Here the wicked cease from troubling . . ." as her central Biblical text an "innocent" choice? She might be thinking only of Lovelace, but "the wicked" retains its meaning as a collective plural, an effect Richardson takes full advantage of when he later has Aunt Hervey read the phrase to the assembled Harlowes (IV, 397). About the author's calculations in such instances, there can be little doubt--he is not innocent, and his problem is that for all his sleight of hand, he cannot get his character to set up her revenge so nicely and still raise her above every suspicion of malicious intent.

By far Clarissa's best weapon, as she suspected, is her "wounding forgiveness," which she extends to include Lovelace. And since she can be more openly vindictive toward the man who has earned her vengeance, she has a moment of being amazingly frank about her motives in this case:

> I have escaped from him. I have renounced him. The man whom once I could have loved, I have been enabled to despise: and shall not charity complete my triumph? And shall I not enjoy it? And where would be my triumph if he deserved my forgiveness? Poor man! He has had a loss in losing me! I have the pride to think so, because I think I know my own heart. I have had none in losing him! (IV, 186).

After sending word of her forgiveness, through Belford, she leaves Lovelace, too, a posthumous letter, only this one includes no apologies for the pain it is designed to inflict. "I do forgive you" is repeated, along with a last account of the fatal harm he has done her, her thanks to him for giving her death instead of the worse alternative of marriage to himself, and her favorite refrain, "But indeed, sir, I have long been greatly above you: for from my heart I have despised you, and all your ways" (IV, 435-438). See how high "her Christian spirit soars in this letter," reads the author's approving footnote (IV, 435).

"And what is it but a mere verbal forgiveness, as ostentatiously as cruelly given, with a view to magnify herself and wound me deeper?" (IV, 326). On the matter of Clarissa's motives in seeking death, Lovelace is truly the diabolical voice for the submerged truth of the text. He realizes that she is enacting what he calls her "Christian revenge" (IV, 86): "Her desire of revenge insensibly became stronger in her than the desire of life; and now she is willing to die, as an event which she thinks will cut my heart-strings asunder" (IV, 326). It is a self-centered comment but still a psychologically perceptive one, in which the use of the word "insensibly" indicates that Lovelace is trying to articulate what he takes to be her

unconscious intention.

So once again we find ourselves, as psychological critics, in that uncomfortable position Loesberg has identified, of having Lovelace state "first and with startling precision" the conclusions we have drawn about unconscious factors in the novel.[39] And I believe Richardson means us to be embarrassed, as part of his strategy for maintaining Clarissa's innocence. Obviously the idea of Clarissa's hidden vindictiveness has occurred to him, and he does not want to leave his story unguarded against the possibility that it may occur to the reader also. To have Lovelace voice the idea, incorporating it into his egotistical vision of things, has the desirable effect, or so the implied author trusts, of turning it into an untruth. It is a very powerful maneuver, but we must not allow ourselves to fall prey to it. When Lovelace tells our truth, it does not prove our inadequacy; rather, it proves Richardson to be a great student of the unconscious who cannot, however, afford, for the sake of his plot, his virtuous heroine, and his high morality, to believe some of the truest insights that surface in his work.

V. Clarissa and The Book of Job

I am well aware that in my analysis of Clarissa's manner of dying, I have been, by implication, denying the validity of much of her religious experience, which is presented as her whole source of comfort during the last days of her life. In doing so, I am not simply disposing of religious ecstasy as incompatible with my psychological approach. Abraham Maslow

includes mystical perceptions among the "peak experiences," those "moments of highest happiness and fulfillment" accompanying human health, maturation, and self-actualization.[40] But if Clarissa is so ill as to be dying, literally, from psychological causes, she does not qualify as one who is likely to be having peak experiences. Religion, for her personally, functions primarily to help reinforce her defensive system.

Nor do the troublesome questions about the role of religion in this novel end there. We recall that Richardson declares his intention to "investigate the great doctrines of Christianity under the fashionable guise of an amusement" (Postscript, IV, 553). For this purpose, Clarissa is his representative Christian and in this most important of all her roles stands at the center of the entire thematic structure of the novel. If, then, as I am suggesting, her religious experience is not one we will want to accept as genuine at the end of a psychological reading, mimesis would seem to have dealt myth a very severe blow indeed. Let me conclude my discussion of Clarissa's claims to triumph with an exploration of this disparity.

Drawing his major myths from Biblical sources, Richardson uses three sets of allusions to give Clarissa's experience a special archetypal significance--references to the stories of Eve, of Job, and of Christ. She is first associated with Eve following her abduction, when she speaks of herself as "driven out of my paradise" (I, 502). Of what Richardson hopes to achieve with this allusion, Gillian Beer writes: "On the level of myth, the book may be read as the reversal of the Fall: Eve is again tempted by the Devil and this time rejects temptation; her

integrity cannot be penetrated even by violence."[41] Or, since Clarissa does yield to the initial temptation, we might, more accurately, talk of her "fortunate fall"; she begins as an outcast Eve so that in the end she may be an exalted Mary. Dorothy Van Ghent makes a related statement about Richardson's prominent use of the Job myth: "The woman's will for purity makes her subject to an inspiration of Divine Grace. As Job was selected from among all men for the severest trial of faith, so Clarissa has been selected from among all women for unique travail as preparation for sainthood."[42] Even more boldly, especially at the climax, the novel indicates that in her suffering, her penance, and her compassionate forgiveness of others, she becomes the disciple, the bride, the very type of Christ, and her story "a parable illustrating the fundamental doctrine of the cross."[43]

As with other thematic elements, there is no easy way to separate the author's uses of these myths from his characterization so as to keep allegory and realism confined to different levels of meaning. Richardson and Clarissa continue to collaborate in their interpretations of her experience. Conventionally devout in the beginning, Clarissa is increasingly preoccupied with religion in the course of her adversity, a fact that in itself might argue for spiritual progress. The real difficulties are the dangerous extent of her identifications with religious archetypes and the resulting incorporations of the myths into her unhealthy fantasies. Living out the fortunate fall, the suffering of Job, and the passion of Christ become part of her process of self-idealization. To illustrate, I shall confine the following discussion to the single example of the Job theme,

which has some of the most interesting ramifications.

The Book of Job is a magnificent piece of Old Testament wisdom literature, a reflective searching into man's situation and the meaning of suffering for the individual. A long poem framed by an ancient folktale in prose, it tells the story of a man who suffers terribly even though he is perfectly righteous and God-fearing. At the instigation of a character called "the satan" or "adversary," who accuses Job of being good only because he is prosperous, God permits Job to be severely tested: his children and property are destroyed, his body is covered with boils, and he is left sitting, desolate, on an ash heap outside the city. His wife asks, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God, and die" (Job 2:9, AV), but he refuses this sinful response. At the same time, he is not the "patient Job" that superficial readings make him out to be. In the long soliloquies making up most of the book, he rejects the unsympathetic orthodox answers to suffering offered by his three "comforters," Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, and dares to be a lonely questioner of God's ways with man--he retorts with bitter sarcasm, he rages against his fate, he utters rebellious and impious thoughts about God's cruelty and neglect.

The book ends with an enigmatic answer to Job's questions. God arrives in a whirlwind and in the climactic section of the poem describes the grandeur of his creation, pausing periodically to ask Job "Where were you when I did this?" and "Can you do the same?" (Job 38-41). The speech builds to a vision of two monstrous beasts whom only God can control, the behemoth, and the leviathan who is "king over all the children of pride (Job 41:34).

Overwhelmed, Job repents, telling God, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee" (Job 42:5). In the prose epilogue, God rebukes the friends but rewards Job, restoring him to prosperity with twice his former wealth and giving him a new family of sons and daughters.[44]

It is not difficult to see why Richardson draws a number of parallels between this tale and his own. We first see Clarissa, like Job, in a state of righteousness and prosperity. Then the basis of her righteousness is suspected by her two "accusers," James and Lovelace, and with the permission of patriarchal power, she is put to the test. "Has her virtue ever been proved? Who has dared to try her virtue?" Lovelace asks. "Satan, whom thou mayst, if thou wilt . . . call my instigator, put the good man of old upon the severest trials" (II, 36, 40). Like Job, Clarissa suffers out of all proportion to anything she can possibly have done to deserve such suffering. His lament, "Oh that I were as in months past . . . As I was in the days of my youth . . ." (Job 29: 2,4), becomes hers (III, 518) and echoes in all her regrets for her lost way of life: "I was the pride of all my friends, proud myself of their pride, and glorying in my standing" (I, 419). For her too the word "friends" takes on an ironic meaning, designating those who ought to give her support and comfort but instead stand over against her in judgment. But even when she is most destitute, she is like Job in her determination to hold fast to her integrity.

In the prison scene, Sally discovers that Clarissa's Bible falls open naturally to the Book of Job (III, 439); and a short

time later Belford discloses the first of Clarissa's "meditations," written in prison and consisting of a compilation of verses from the early chapters of Job. "O that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balance together!" the selection begins (Job 6:2). "Wherefore is light given to her that is in misery: and life unto the bitter in soul? . . . For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me! I was not in safety; neither had I rest; neither was I quiet: yet trouble came" (IV, 6-7; Job 3: 20, 25, 26). Of four similar meditations that follow, two are distillations of Job's cries of despair (IV, 101, 120-121). One, stitched in black silk to the bottom of the letter in which John Harlowe asks Clarissa if she is pregnant, reads in part: "O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave! . . . My face is foul with weeping. . . . My friends scorn me; but mine eye poureth out tears unto God. . . . My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart" (IV, 101; Job 14:13, 16:16, 16:20, 17:11). It is of special interest to note here that Clarissa chooses only verses reflecting Job's grief and despair, omitting all those tough, rebellious passages in which he argues with God.

Through the device of the meditation, Richardson found a way to insert a sizable portion of the Job text directly into his own, giving maximum emphasis to the archetypal connection. When we come to consider the ending of the Book of Job, however, comparisons are more tenuous or appear to break down altogether. Job has a great vision, repents from his rebellious attitude, and is restored to his former happiness, whereas Clarissa is left to die in her exiled state. Still, I think we may infer an

ending, albeit a disturbing one, to her career as a Job figure. In order to understand the form it takes, we need first to be familiar with the alternative readings for the conclusion of the Biblical tale.

Interpretations of Job fall into three major categories. Traditional pious readings of the text make it out to be a work of edification, teaching patience in suffering. Attention is focused on the question "Why do the righteous suffer," and Job is made to serve as an example of the godly man who endures his agony until he eventually attains restoration. Asked why God fails to answer Job's questions directly, the pious reader replies that the answer to the problem of man's suffering lies outside the realm of human knowledge. When he learns this lesson, Job humbles himself before God, surrendering his doubts and placing complete faith in the Great Creator.

Opposing such orthodox interpretations are more skeptical readings of Job--"antithetical" readings, we might almost call them--which emphasize the hero's impatience and all the other facets of his conflict ignored by pious readers--rebelliousness, rage, irrational guilt, and suicidal despair. Whereas the pious reader tends to be on God's side, the skeptical reader sympathizes wholly with Job and sees the entire book as a satirical comment on a religious acceptance of innocent suffering, containing no positive affirmation even in its "happy ending." A God who permits suffering simply to win a bet or thinks he can answer the sufferer by showing off his creation is not worthy of human worship, according to this view; and Job's "repentence" before this blustering deity may be merely a shrewd and cynical

strategy, as Carl Jung suggests in his well-known Answer to Job.[45]

The problem with the skeptical interpretation is that it ignores the emotional impact of the climactic sections of the poem: the conclusion of Job's last speech (29-31)--"nowhere in literature is there a more powerful statement of the essence of human dignity in an alien world," says Northrop Frye[46]--and the splendid imagery of God's creation speech, which suggests a mystical perception of reality transcending anything language can convey directly. To my mind, the best readings of this text are those interpreting Job as a man who suffers, struggles with his suffering, and successfully integrates his experience at a new level of understanding.[47] As Frye explains in The Great Code, Job "repents" in the Biblical sense of going through a metanoia, a "metamorphosis of consciousness" or "enlarged vision of the dimensions of human life."[48] Some of Maslow's observations about the peak experience seem to be appropriate descriptions of his final perceptions: in his vision of creation, "the whole of the world is seen as unity, as a single rich live entity"; and the polarities of his experience, God and Satan as they function at the start of the poem, are resolved or transcended.[49] The key to God's speech, Frye points out, is the vision of Behemoth and Leviathan at the end, in which these demonic monsters are outside Job, freeing him of their power, and yet inside creation, integrated into the totality of experience. Frye reads the ending of the poem as the "conventional comic form of renewal," making the return of Job's friends, his children, and his property symbolic of "the reintegration of the human community" and

"the transfiguration of nature, in its humanized pastoral form."[50]

Now, with these three possible approaches to Job before us, what more may we say about the ways in which the archetype corresponds to Clarissa's experience? A facile observation, not without some validity, is that the novel reflects, in most of its explicit references to Job, a conventional pious interpretation of the myth. Clarissa endures her suffering as patiently as a Job and so, like him, is eventually rewarded through coming to know God better. "In the providential labyrinth of Richardson's fiction, suffering is the trial of true humility," one critic writes, in this vein. "Job is the model of the Christian hero." Furthermore, "It is not only Job's ritual of suffering that qualifies him as a suitable model of Christian heroism, but, ultimately, his complete submission to the will of God. For, in a universe discontinuous with but set in motion and governed by God, any action or exertion of will constitutes a defiance of providence. True piety can thus be expressed only through perfect passivity. . . ."[51]

We can easily imagine Clarissa to be a pious reader of Job, ignoring the signs of his impatience just as she consistently denies her own. But we also know that her impatience is there in the text, whether or not she, her author or her critics choose to acknowledge it. Critical comments like the one just quoted are in line with a primary reading of the text and never seem adequate, once we are aware of the antithetical tensions in the text, any more than do the conventional readings of Job when we being to pay attention to that hero's conflicting

emotions. Not by chance, I think, did Richardson hit upon Job as a rich source of allusion for his own work; he must have been fascinated by a poet who was, like himself, preoccupied with the polar opposites of good and evil, acceptance and rebellion, piety and blasphemy.

Speaking for the opposition in Clarissa, Lovelace manages to slip in a few subversive remarks on the Job theme. Clarissa's first meditation on Job is his occasion for latching onto the words "the arrow" (of the Almighty) and "what she feared being come upon her" as evidence that she is pregnant (IV, 38). It is also his clue that she is obsessed with death, causing him to grumble, "And after all, death is no such eligible thing as Job in his calamities makes it" (IV, 39). Later, when he is recovering from his first severe illness, he happens to have in his pocket a copy of her second meditation on suffering, titled "Poor mortals the cause of their own misery" (IV, 96), and makes a great impression on his family by reading it as his own: "Thus, when a boy, have I joined with a crowd coming out of church, and have been thought to have been there myself" (IV, 114-115). (Incidentally, if Job is Clarissa's Biblical text, Lovelace's may be said to be the Song of Songs, echoed in such phrases as "I am sick of love!" [IV, 117; Song of Solomon, 1:5], and "My beloved is mine; and I am hers" [IV, 378; Song 6:3].)

My preferred reading of Job as a poem about psychological growth through suffering makes the book, for me, an exceptionally good example of myth defined as "a key to the psyche in story form."[52] And I believe it becomes the central archetype for the pattern of experience Richardson seeks to give Clarissa. As I

have previously indicated, I think he senses her pride but is convinced, as she is, that out of her suffering comes true humility. He wants to give her a transformation of consciousness that resolves her conflict. He wants the reader to be deeply moved by her spiritual growth and the mystical awareness she reaches on her deathbed. In the tension between what the Job archetype represents symbolically and what the psychological characterization of Clarissa must say realistically, we may identify most precisely the problems with his conclusion as he envisions it.

First, instead of cleansing Clarissa from pride, Richardson succeeds only in ridding her of her open expansiveness. She is purified, in her own eyes and in the author's, when she no longer appears self-assertive, superior in manner, or judgmental, but returns to the satisfactions of her earlier self-effacing solution--playing the innocent victim, glorying in the martyr role, acting out the forgiveness of everyone, and succumbing passively to her fate. Although such behavior often passes for genuine humility, making the author's confusion quite comprehensible, it is only a more subtle form of pride.

In the archetypal tale, on the other hand, Job's final actions seem self-effacing primarily because he uses the formulaic language of repentence: "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job 42:6). Otherwise, I think it is more accurate to say that the resolution to his crisis emerges from his stalwart vindication of himself (Job 31), which wins him the right to argue with God face to face and in the process to enlarge his vision of existence. In Ernest Schachtel's terms, we might call his metamorphosis of consciousness a movement from

the autocentric to the allocentric mode of perception, from a fearful, dependent, guilt-ridden concept of God to a receptive encounter with the "inexhaustible other."[53] Clarissa makes no such breakthrough. She does, it is true, put up a hard fight for self-vindication, but before the throne of her glorified self, her actual self remains guilty, condemned to die for its sins.

A second problem is Richardson's failure to give Clarissa anything corresponding to the unity of Job's vision. Creation, as Job views it through God's eyes, is a breathtaking totality, extending from the stars that sing at the dawn of creation to the mating of wild mountain goats (Job 38:7, 39:1) and including the monsters of land and sea; and when the vision is over we find Job restored in his relationships with society, nature, and God. But for Clarissa there is no resolution of the many tragic dichotomies of her experience. In her view of the world, good remains so radically divided from evil that life is intolerable ("I am quite sick of . . . an earth in which innocent . . . spirits are sure to be considered as aliens,")(III, 383), and mind and spirit are forever at war with the body and its sexual desires. Nor is this vision of things hers alone; she shares it, to some extent, with everyone in the novel, right to the end, and so too, we may infer, with the author himself.

And finally, a third problem emerges if we pose the question, "What is Clarissa's Leviathan?" To answer it, it is helpful to make further use of Frye's theory of myths as a frame of reference. Leviathan as a literary archetype belongs to the world of demonic imagery, the body of "undisplaced" myths in which

all metaphors refer to "the world that desire totally rejects."[54] The Book of Job establishes some of the traditional associations: he is the monster of the sea or chaos, "the vast, menacing, stupid powers of nature";[55] and an image of egocentric tyranny, "a king over all the children of pride" whose "scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal" (Job 41:15, 34). In a literary reading of the Bible, a whole cluster of metaphors may be understood as having similar demonic meanings: Lucifer, who fell from heaven because of pride; all references to Satan; all monsters or beasts of prey; and serpent figures of all sorts, from the snake of the Garden of Eden to the dragon of the Apocalypse.[56] Hence the thing we must remember when we come to Job's vision, Frye says, is that "Behemoth and Leviathan are metaphorically identical with Satan; what is different is Job's perspective. . . . what we should call Job's egocentric perception has disappeared along with its objective counterpart, the leviathan." [57] Representing the effort of the human imagination to deal with the inhuman, Job's encounter with Satan-Leviathan seems to signal a liberation from inner chaos and self-torment; only we should also note that the monster is not cast out in the sense of being eliminated from consciousness but instead is incorporated into the vision of the whole of life as being under the control of a single creative force.

In Clarissa, Leviathan proves to be a dragon with several heads. In one manifestation, he is Lovelace as we are expected to know him at the end of the novel. Urbane, charming, smooth of tongue, Lovelace is something of a Lucifer, Satan as deceptive angel of light, whom everyone educated by Clarissa's

experience--the heroine herself, Anna, Belford, the reader--must learn to recognize as evil; so when his admirer, Lady Bradshaigh, was finally willing to call him "a deceitful, practiced villain," Richardson exclaimed, "Now, Madam, at last you see him!"[58] As the novel progresses, the demonic images associated with him accumulate,[59] until we come to this revelatory speech of Clarissa's:

> How my soul despised him for his meanness. . . . And him whose actions one's heart despises, it is far from being difficult to reject, had one ever so partially favoured him once.
>
> Yet am I glad this violent spirit can thus creep; that, like a poisonous serpent, he can thus coil himself, and hide his head in his own narrow circlets; because this stooping, this abasement, give me hope that no further mischief will ensue. . . .
>
> If that part of Cain's curse were Mr. Lovelace's, to be a fugitive and vagabond in the earth . . . then should I be easy in the hoped-for safety of my friends from his skilful violence. . . (IV, 276-277).

By identifying the man who raped her with two cursed figures, the lying serpent of Genesis and the murderous Cain, Clarissa attempts to free herself once and for all from his evil influence, though the language also acknowledges that the devil is still in the world.

Then there is Mrs. Sinclair, the "old dragon" who presided over the rape (III, 195). Richardson does not spare the demonic images when he sets about the task of opposing her terrible death to Clarissa's divine departure. Upon arriving at the brothel, Belford hears a howling "more like a wolf than a human creature. . . . more like that of a bull than a woman!" The sight of the old madam on her deathbed is still more dreadful:

> Behold her, then, spreading the whole tumbled bed with her huge quaggy carcass: her mill-post arms held up; her broad hands clenched with violence; her big eyes, goggling and flaming-red as we may suppose those of a salamander; her matted grizzly hair . . . spread about her fat ears and brawny neck; her livid lips parched, and working violently . . . and her huge tongue hideously rolling . . . heaving, puffing, as if for breath; her bellows-shaped and various-coloured breasts ascending by turns to her chin, and descending out of sight, with the violence of her gaspings.

Looking at her, Belford envisions the whole practice of prostitution as a great swamp, in which rakes are "miry wallowers." If you had been here, he admonishes Lovelace, "I believe thou wouldst hate a profligate woman, as one of Swift's Yahoos . . . for to me it is evident, that as a neat and clean woman must be an angel of a creature, so a sluttish one is the impurest animal in nature" (IV, 380-389).

While the exaggerated rhetoric is more likely to amuse than repel the modern reader, the implications of this passage are far from humorous. Mrs. Sinclair . . . Clarissa . . . again one hears the hiss of the snake pass from one name to the other. What is Leviathan, for Richardson and for Clarissa? "He" begins as destructive passion--demonic erotic relations[60]--but growing beyond his designed proportions, as monsters are predisposed to do, he gradually encompasses all the horror of that most immediate form of tyrannical Nature, the sexual body, imprisoning the soul in time and space. In order to purge the world of the novel of his presence, the author casts out the bodies of Lovelace and Mrs. Sinclair--and Clarissa.

For in the last analysis, Clarissa--the actual self, the physical being, the sexual woman--is her own dragon and resolves

her conflicts by slaying herself. Sexual confusion in this novel extends right to the question of what sex we should assign to this leviathan. Braudy writes, "Especially for the woman who wants to exercise her will morally and personally, there seem to be no real alternatives, only either a total acceptance of the myth of male-female relations or a split between mind and body, in which the body is defined as male and therefore rejected."[61] But is the body defined as male? However much Lovelace's sexuality is rebuked, however much Clarissa is praised for being "all mind," I do not feel this novel breaks free from the old tradition of masculine spirit and feminine body. The dragon is ultimately female, rearing her head from Mrs. Sinclair's "quaggy carcass"; and the realistic action of the novel shows us how suicidal a woman may become when the sexual myths of Western culture become entangled in her personal conflict.

Where does this dismal vision leave us? "Without physicality, without sexuality, there are no bodies, no children, and no continuity. Clarissa's world is a dead end, and the only thing to do is quickly to get out of it. Clarissa has triumphed by reducing her individual human nature to a purified personal identity."[62] And that triumph, Braudy concludes in an antithetical interpretation of her death, is the real leviathan: the crowned serpent on her coffin is "the snake with its tail in its mouth, emblem of eternity, but emblem as well of Clarissa's 'reptile pride,' the unchanging mind, the necessity for impenetrability and self-sufficiency, the rejection of inconsistency and division."[63]

"Reptile pride," the vicious circles of the self-enclosed pride system, has been the Leviathan of this Horneyan reading of Clarissa. In her repeated metaphor of the search for glory as a pact with the devil (NHG, 39, 87, 154, 375), Horney associated the destructiveness of defensive pride with the demonic imagery of literature: "Speaking in these symbolic terms, the easy way to infinite glory is inevitably also the way to an inner hell of self-contempt and self-torment. By taking this road, the individual is in fact losing his soul--his real self" (NHG, 39). A person like Clarissa needs to make the connection between her search for unlimited perfection and her self-hatred and so begin to recognize and outgrow her false self. But instead, Clarissa tragically reverses the process, abandoning her real self as though it were the monster and giving her life in a final bid to actualize the idealized self (NHG, 375-376).

For the many reasons I have given, Clarissa has a glorious triumph in death only in the sense that her pride system is triumphant, enabling her to hold on to her idealized image to the very end of her life. In every other respect, she suffers a psychological defeat. Her self-hatred, which no amount of denial can eliminate, alienates her from herself. Her incessant need to be superior to other people, together with the vindictiveness she harbors toward those who have failed to treat her as superior, alienates her from her world. She dies a tragically lonely death at the end of a continuous process of self-alienation; and Richardson fails in his attempt to transform her suffering into victory because no amount of pious rhetoric succeeds in obscuring the story mimetic characterization has to

tell us. In addition, I have suggested, the central archetype of Job is also a divergent element in the text, representing as it does the potential resolution that the author is unable to reach.

At the beginning of this study, I referred to a disturbing little serpentine phrase that Maslow uses to describe healthy self-sufficiency--"not-needing-other-than-itself-in-order-to-be-itself."[64] Referring in context to a freedom from crippling dependency needs, these words twist themselves all too easily into an apt description of Clarissa's life-denying withdrawal from human relationships and a necessary dependency on the human environment. They remind us of how insidiously unhealthy attitudes may parody healthy ones, of how difficult it often is to know whether one has leviathan by the tail or not. The purpose of this chapter, and of the next, is not to judge Richardson harshly for the failure of his vision but to praise his skillful dramatization and to show how even his textual disparities may enrich our psychological understanding of his text.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER VII

[1] Laetitia Pilkington, Letter to Samuel Richardson, 29 June 1745, quoted in T. C. Duncan Eaves and Ben D. Kimpel, Samuel Richardson: A Biography (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), p. 180.

[2] Letters exchanged between Lady Dorothy Bradshaigh and Samuel Richardson, October 1748, quoted in Eaves and Kimpel, pp. 221-222.

[3] Samuel Richardson, Letter to Aaron Hill, 10 April 1748, in Selected Letters of Samuel Richardson, ed. John Carroll (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1964), no. 87, quoted in William Beatty Warner, Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), pp. 177-178.

[4] Richardson, Selected Letters, no. 108, quoted in Warner, p. 178.

[5] Eaves and Kimpel, pp. 279-280.

[6] Samuel Richardson, Clarissa: or, The History of a Young Lady, Everyman's Library Edition, 4 vols. (London: Dent, 1962). All references to the novel are from this edition and are indicated in the text by volume and page numbers.

[7] Eaves and Kimpel, p. 278.

[8] Eaves and Kimpel, pp. 286-287.

[9] See chapter 1 of this study, pp. 4-26.

[10] Richardson, Letter to Lady Bradshaigh, 15 December 1748, quoted in Eaves and Kimpel, pp. 48, 84.

[11] Eaves and Kimpel, p. 488. The biographers comment, "In a sense, then, Richardson's prosaic wife, like Clarissa, died wilfully of a broken heart; it is indeed, as Gertrude Stein remarked, as roses that cows commit suicide."

[12] Ian Watt, The Rise of the Novel (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1957), p. 216.

[13] Mark Kinkead-Weekes, Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1973), p. 272.

[14] Watt, pp. 217-218.

[15] R. F. Brissenden, Samuel Richardson (London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1958), p. 29.

[16] Margaret Anne Doody, A Natural Passion: A Study of the Novels of Samuel Richardson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974), pp. 178-179.

[17] Eaves and Kimpel, p. 284.

[18] Cynthia G. Wolff, Samuel Richardson and the Eighteenth-Century Puritan Character (Hamden, Conn.: Archon, 1972), pp.170-172.

[19] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 240, 243, 250, 256-257, 266-271.

[20] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 426-427.

[21] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 260.

[22] Patricia Meyer Spacks, "The Dangerous Age," Eighteenth-Century Studies, 11 (1978), p. 425.

[23] Leo Braudy, "Penetration and Impenetrability in Clarissa," in New Approaches to Eighteenth-Century Literature, ed. Phillip Harth (New York: Columbia University Press, 1974), pp. 200-201.

[24] Erick Kahler, The Inward Turn of Narrative (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1973), p. 165.

[25] Warner, p. 96.

[26] Kahler, pp. 165-167.

[27] Warner, p. 209.

[28] Karen Horney, Neurosis and Human Growth (New York: W. W. Norton, 1950), pp. 26, 28. Hereafter this work is cited in the text as NHG.

[29] Bernard J. Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1974), p. 69.

[30] See my earlier analysis of this passage in chapter 5, pp. 292-296.

[31] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 240.

[32] Anthony Kearney, Samuel Richardson: Clarissa (London: Arnold, 1975), p. 17.

[33] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 231.

[34] Rachel Mayer Brownstein, "'An Examplar to her Sex': Richardson's Clarissa," Yale Review, 67 (1977), p. 44.

[35] Jonathan Loesberg, "Allegory and Narrative in Clarissa," Novel, 15 (1981), p. 48.

[36] For earlier passages in which Clarissa wishes for death or threatens to harm herself, see vol. I, 209-212, 265, 380; vol. II, 176, 502.

[37] See chapter 2 of this study, pp. 115-117.

[38] Loesberg, p. 44.

[39] Loesberg, pp. 53-54.

[40] Abraham H. Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being, 2nd ed. (New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1968), pp. 71-73, 101-102.

[41] Gillian Beer, "Richardson, Milton, and the Status of Evil," Review of English Studies, 19 (1968), p. 262.

[42] Dorothy Van Ghent, "On Clarissa Harlowe," in The English Novel: Form and Function (New York: Rinehart, 1953), rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. John Carroll (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969), p. 57.

[43] John A. Dussinger, "Conscience and the Pattern of Christian Perfection in Clarissa," PMLA, 81 (1966), p. 237.

[44] My commentary on Job is based primarily on extensive research done for my master's thesis, William Blake and the Book of Job (Brown University, 1962).

[45] C. G. Jung, Answer to Job (Cleveland: The World Publishing Co., 1954), pp. 50-55.

[46] Northrop Frye, The Great Code: The Bible and Literature (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1982), p. 195.

[47] One excellent reading in this category is Frye's commentary on Job in The Great Code, pp. 193-198. Two other good examples are Samuel Terrien's existential study, Job: Poet of Existence (New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1957); and Edward Edinger's Jungian interpretation in Ego and Archetype (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1972), pp. 76-96.

[48] Frye, The Great Code, pp. 130, 193.

[49] Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being, pp. 88, 91.

[50] Frye, The Great Code, pp. 194-197.

[51] Mary Poovey, "Journeys From This World to the Next: The Providential Promise in Clarissa and Tom Jones," ELH, 43 (1976), p. 305.

[52] Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg, The Nature of Narrative (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), p. 220.

[53] Ernest G. Schachtel, Metamorphosis (New York: Basic Books, 1959), pp. 176-179.

[54] Northrop Frye, Anatomy of Criticism (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1957), pp. 139, 147.

[55] Frye, Anatomy of Criticism, p. 147.

[56] Frye, Anatomy of Criticism, p. 149.

[57] Frye, The Great Code, pp. 194-197.

[58] Letters exchanged between Richardson and Lady Bradshaigh, 1753-54, quoted in Eaves and Kimpel, p. 234.

[59] For examples of other demonic images associated with Lovelace, see vol. II, 40, 207, 235; vol. III, 261, 266.

[60] Frye, Anatomy of Criticism, p. 149.

[61] Braudy, p. 195.

[62] Braudy, pp. 200-201.

[63] Braudy, p. 204.

[64] Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being, p. 83.

CLARISSA AND RICHARDSON II
THE AUTHOR AND HIS CONFLICTS

I. A Horneyan Approach to the Implied Author

In this study, I have made two major propositions. The first, for which my arguments are now complete, is that Clarissa Harlowe and Robert Lovelace are best understood as characters with inner conflicts--conflicts like those of real human beings and therefore accessible to detailed psychological analysis. The second thesis is my claim that Richardson, the implied author, as a "dramatized consciousness"[1] with his own unresolved conflict, is also an appropriate subject for the psychological approach. I have put this latter idea forward a number of times in previous chapters, but I should like now to focus on it more exclusively and to discuss more thoroughly than before the nature of that authorial conflict as I have come to view it.

The term "implied author" originates with Wayne Booth, who defines it as the version of the writer's self known from one particular work and as the "choosing, evaluating" creator of every aspect of the work.[2] The implied author of any given novel should be carefully distinguished from what Paris calls the "authorial personality," inferred from the total body of a writer's fiction, and also from the historical personality, the biographical writer as we may know him apart from his fiction.[3] Unless I indicate otherwise, then, I am talking only of the Richardson of Clarissa, not of the author of Pamela or of Sir Charles Grandison

and not of Samuel Richardson the printer. However, keeping in mind the complex process of self-criticism and revision out of which Clarissa evolved, I shall use "implied author" broadly enough to cover all we know about that process, including in it the author of the preface, the postscript, and the relevant critical passages of the letters.

Booth's methods of identifying the implied author, as outlined in The Rhetoric of Fiction, are crucial to any attempt to find the Richardson of Clarissa. In choosing his epistolary technique, Richardson confined the possibility for direct commentary to the very restricted role of the Editor. But as Booth so ably demonstrates, "with commentary ruled out, hundreds of devices remain for revealing judgment and molding responses."[4] Richardson's "selecting presence"[5] is felt in the arrangement, the timing, and the proportions of the letters. In spite of realistic characterization and limited points of view, he finds ways of manipulating his rhetoric so that he can, from time to time, "speak through" any of his major characters. Unquestionably, he is able to slant the novel toward Clarissa and her values and, using her as a touchstone, to establish a character like the converted Belford as a generally reliable voice for his own attitudes. Patterns of metaphor shared by several of the correspondents are ultimately his, as we have just seen from the use of the Job material. In addition, in the revision process, he pushes the Editor's role to its limits, in an effort to make himself heard, with such devices as the footnotes, the "restored" passages, and the heavily biased index-summary. "The 'implied author' chooses, consciously or unconsciously, what we read,"

Booth concludes, " . . . he is the sum of his own choices."[6]

For Booth, a great work of fiction must be "sincere" in the sense of having an implied author who is "in harmony with himself" and therefore realizes in all his choices for the structure of his work the same values he professes through the reliable voices of the text.[7] But Bernard Paris disagrees:

> . . . there are many novels, including some great ones, which fail to achieve such organic unity. The implied author is not always in harmony with himself. There is frequently a disparity between representation and interpretation: the implied author's attitudes toward the experience that he represents, conveyed through a variety of rhetorical devices, are not always appropriate to the novel's total body of represented life.[8]

This is exactly the problem we have encountered in Clarissa, which, nevertheless, I shall continue to insist, qualifies as a great novel. Richardson's realistic representation of Clarissa tells one story, and his interpretation of her experience tells another. Moreover, the thematic structure itself is inconsistent, particularly in those passages where the thesis fails to hold its own against the powerful Lovelacian antithesis. It is for a work of this sort that Paris recommends the psychological approach: "Grasping the structure of the implied author's psyche can help us greatly to appreciate the values of such a novel and to make sense of its disparities and confusions."[9]

The following passage from Paris's criticism summarizes the Horneyan approach to the author and provides the initial clues as to how we may use it with Richardson:

> Horneyan psychology can help to illuminate the author through his works because in the course of

> artistic creation the author's defensive strategies tend to express themselves in a variety of ways. His works are, among other things, efforts to reinforce his predominant solution and to resolve his inner conflicts by showing himself, as well as others, the good and evil consequences of the various trends which are warring within him. He will tend to glorify characters whose strategies are similar to his own and to satirize those who embody his repressed solutions. His rhetoric will affirm the values, attitudes, and traits of character which are demanded by his dominant shoulds, while rejecting those which are forbidden by his major solution. His plots will often be fantasies in which his claims are honored in a magical way, while his repressed strategies are shown to bring misery and retribution. Because he cannot help expressing his subordinate trends, however, his works will frequently manifest his inner conflicts. His attitudes, values, and beliefs will often be inconsistent or self-contradictory. His conflicting shoulds will lead him to criticize each solution from the point of view of the others and to have toward his characters the mixed feelings which he has toward the aspects of himself which they embody.[10]

After spending so much time imagining Clarissa and Lovelace as though they were real persons, we have now to remind ourselves that they issued from Richardson's inner life and that he poured his own psychic energy into both of them. In fact, perhaps the most striking thing about this novel is the phenomenon of the creation, out of the psyche of one man, of two characters so realistic, so completely developed, and yet so diametrically different in nearly every respect. We have observed their failures to free themselves from their personal conflicts and from their fatal struggle with each other. What conclusions suggest themselves if we follow the idea that all this conflict is connected to the author's own warring trends? Let me begin with a brief hypothesis, based on Paris's model.

Richardson glorifies Clarissa, and much of his admiration for her is based on his interpretation of her defensive solutions

as right moral behavior. To the extent that she lives out her self-effacing values fully, as she does at the end of her life, she is his ideal Christian. Her perfectionism, too, insofar as it involves her devotion to duty, to compliant virtues, and to the highest moral standards, wins his approval. However, the conflict inherent in her efforts to combine these two solutions seems to trouble him in one crucial respect: he cannot accept the expressions of an aggressive, conscious pride that accompany an expansive perfectionism. Another sign of the novelist's own conflict, Paris tells us, is found when "changes from a condemned defensive strategy to an approved one are celebrated as growth and education."[11] As we saw in the previous chapter, Clarissa's crippling retreat from all personal assertiveness is regarded in the text as spiritual enlightenment. Once she is purified of "pride" in the sense of giving up her expansive impulses, she is ready to receive the greatest triumph her author can imagine for her.

If we suppose, therefore, that Richardson is engaged in an exploration of the good and evil consequences of his own trends, his conscious judgment would clearly appear to favor self-effacement and reject expansiveness. This conclusion is further borne out in his handling of Lovelace. To Lovelace he gives all the most undesirable traits of a manifestly expansive solution--arrogance, sexual aggressiveness, sadistic vindictiveness, narcissism--and then places him in a battle with the self-effacing heroine in which, even though the power would seem to be wholly on his side, he faces utter defeat. The more the author comes to realize what Lovelace is like, the more determined he becomes to

represent him as an unredeemable villain, a desire that becomes a central factor in his revisions of the text. Furthermore, we should note that, from among the other important male characters, those who resemble Lovelace in their solutions--most significantly, James Harlowe--are likewise punished, while those whose solutions are more like Clarissa's--gentle Hickman or repentent, dutiful Jack Belford--are rewarded. And Anna Howe, a woman with a Lovelacian streak, gives up her masterful impulses in the end, at least symbolically, in agreeing to marry Hickman.

A marked preference for the compliant solution over the expansive one would seem to be our compliant author's conscious attitude. Our awareness of this pattern is essential to our understanding of Richardson's conflict, but it is only the beginning of an appreciation of how his conflict permeates the whole novel. We have paid much attention to the way he identifies with Clarissa, sides with her and exalts her; we must not ignore the equally intense identification of his repressed self with the figure of Lovelace. An astonishing creation, Lovelace could have had no being if Richardson had not given him the enormous energies of forbidden impulses, had not made him the voice for every dangerous idea that entered the author's mind. Richardson must have become gleefully absorbed in writing the Lovelace letters, and he must have known moments of panic when he contemplated what he had expressed. Did he who made Clarissa make thee? It became extremely important to him, at any rate, to disassociate himself thematically from everything Lovelace stands for, especially when he realized how this wily character is able to seduce readers as well as women.

But Lovelace is not easily denied. As a constellation of all the author's impulses toward mastery and dominance, he ends up possessing too much power. If, for instance, as Paris indicates, satire is the weapon most frequently employed against the characters embodying one's rejected trends, Richardson cannot resort to that defense in this case because Lovelace himself is the satirist of the text. This forces the author to rely solely on the moral indignation of Clarissa's party, whose voices are apt to sound shrill and impotent when they must counter the impact of Lovelace's satire. Or take Richardson's habit of having Lovelace express so many doubts about Clarissa's ideal role, as a way, it would seem, of signaling to the reader that such notions are therefore untrue. This is a very clever device, provided it works, but its success depends on the reader's willingness to accept the author's interpretation of Lovelace as false villain and to ignore those unsettling moments when his ravings have the ring of truth. Short of religious infidelity (to add blasphemy to his "other liberties" would have made him "truly infernal," the author explains) (Postscript, IV, 560),[12] Lovelace is licensed to say whatever Richardson the moralist will not say. Small wonder that a good measure of truth, distorted though it nearly always is by his disorganized personality, is added to his other powers.

Represented by the polar opposition of his two main characters, the implied author's conflict is not resolved at the end of the novel. His determination to punish Lovelace with suffering and death is a denial, rather than an integration, of all those parts of himself associated with his antagonist. The triumph he

gives Clarissa reads, from this perspective, as a new rigidification of compliant defenses against Lovelacian impulses. More insidiously still, Clarissa's final solution conceals a fulfillment of one of Lovelace's strongest needs because her "innocent" triumph is actually a vindictive triumph. Denied expression in one area, the author's forbidden drives simply surface in another, just as do those of the imagined psyches he creates.

One other important consideration is the relation to the author of the strong inclinations toward detachment found in both characters. Though favored, compliance comes across in this novel as an uneasy solution, at best; and we are often left feeling that the better way to deal with the war between expansiveness and self-effacement is simply to walk away from it. As her conflict increases, Clarissa grows progressively more inclined to resolve it by withdrawing, in order to focus all her energy on the preservation of her inner integrity. Lovelace's surprising degree of detachment is seen most clearly whenever he speaks as the ironic spectator of himself or others. Both characters are frightened of relationships; and even in their most intimate contacts with other people, they have many devices for maintaining an emotional distance. If neither character ever finds a stable solution in a resignation from active living, I have suggested, it is because each senses the danger of a deeply regressive withdrawal--to which, it might be argued, Clarissa finally does succumb. The fact that Richardson explores this pattern so extensively in his two major characters would seem to indicate that he, too, finds detachment attractive and yet fearsome.

I am well aware that my interpretation of the implied author is a controversial one which many critics would consider reductive, especially because it implies that Richardson has no authoritative vision of what he has achieved in his novel. Compare, for example, Mark Kinkead-Weekes' explanation of how Richardson functions as a "dramatic novelist":

> The forming vision, the 'shaping spirit of imagination,' is the process of dramatic projection, where the author formally banishes himself, and creates by becoming each of his characters. He tries to see through their eyes, and use their distinctive voices. He cannot be identified with any of them, and is not formally responsible for anything they may say. It can be a matter of some difficulty to establish what he himself 'thinks'; and this can only be done in the light of the complex creation as a whole.[13]

"By formal definition," no one point of view in Clarissa is reliable, not even that of the Editor. However, the author does have a technique for making his presence within the novel known: "The letter-writers themselves mime the process of authorship; they both experience, and shape their experience into commentary. Consequently they speak in two voices: one 'direct and spontaneous,' experiential, subjective; the other 'more deliberate,' distanced, analytic, objective. The second voice is always available to Richardson himself, and may speak for him."[14] Though the technique is risky , since it always threatens to destroy the illusion of individual characterization, Richardson at his best is able to achieve "both the dramatic diversification and the analytic convergence of the 'second voice.'

> As characters grow, their 'second voices' get nearer to the author's. All the four main letter-writers

> in Clarissa are capable of serious commentary; springing from appreciably different experiences and temperaments however, and representing different capacities. Where they ultimately converge, an approximation to 'Richardson' can be discovered. Yet the strength of the dramatic art is that the reader still has the responsibility of achieving a comprehensive vision that no single character can utter--and it is a vision that Richardson himself could only reach towards by transcending his ordinary capacity, in a process of dramatic projection and exploration.[15]

All along I have found Kinkead-Weekes a most troublesome critic to oppose because so often, as here, I have the double reaction of agreeing with him wholeheartedly and differing from him quite drastically. Taken in itself, his final sentence comes very close to stating one of the presuppositions of my study: Richardson's "vision" consists of the total effect he can offer us through the dramatization of realistic characters. But in context it becomes evident that Kinkead-Weekes also assumes a superior "Richardson," whom we know imperfectly on that "challenging plane" where the highest reflective insights of his characters converge,[16] and toward whose privileged wisdom the characters may grow. This implied author is not simply the total psyche of the novel; he is, under the inspiration of the dramatic imagination, a transcendent consciousness.

If I have been correct in maintaining that Richardson's mimetic gifts made it possible for him to create unique individual characters, then of course Kinkead-Weekes is right to insist no character is "reliable" in the sense of being a mere copy of the author or voicing his opinions completely. But this realism does not rule out the possibilities of the author's use of vital parts of himself to form his characters, of his deep

personal identification with certain ones, or of his predilections for siding with some and turning against others. Kinkead-Weekes' intent in dissociating Richardson from all the characters, including the Editor, seems to be to get the implied author into the traditional godlike position of the literary creator, well above the characters and their battle.

The idea that Richardson avails himself of his characters' "second voices," often without seriously marring the characterization, agrees with my own reading experience. The "convergence" of these voices, though, in any pattern that might be taken as indicative of the author's unified and definitive vision, strikes me as an extremely doubtful theory. If we compare related passages from among the reflections of the correspondents, even those most obviously contaminated by the author's voice, we are most likely, I find, to run headlong into inconsistent attitudes. To repeat a sentence from Paris, "His [the implied author's] conflicting shoulds will lead him to criticize each solution from the point of view of the others and to have toward his characters the mixed feelings which he has toward the aspects of himself they embody."[17] This seems to me the best description of what is going on throughout Clarissa as the several very different personalities analyze their own experience and that of others; and I will illustrate it later in the chapter.

Paris asks us to look at an implied author like Richardson "as a fictional persona, as another dramatized consciousness, rather than as an authoritative source of values." Such an attitude is first of all necessary if a psychological approach to the author is to be justified.

> As long as we regard the implied author as a kind of God whose will we must understand but never question, it seems quite inappropriate to analyze him psychologically. His contradictions are manifestations of a higher harmony which we have not yet grasped; and his judgments, being right, require no explanation. When we see him as a dramatized consciousness whose values can be as subjective and as confused as those of an ordinary man, psychological analysis becomes a necessity.

And provided we are willing to "set aside the fictional conventions which encourage us to invest him with . . . authority," we may find our new analysis of the author to be a rewarding, rather than a reductive, experience. "Even if we cannot accept the implied author's values as adequate either to his fictional world or to life outside, we have a marvellously rich portrayal of a particular kind of consciousness making ethical responses to a variety of human situations." This consciousness may well prove to be "the most fascinating one in the book."[18]

I think the Richardson of Clarissa is sure to fail us if we go to him for wisdom. The "highest" vision we can reconstruct from any detectably conscious design of reflection or metaphor in this novel splits the world in two, dividing heaven from hell, female from male, mind and spirit from the body, sex, and emotion. The implied author is a divided self, in a work that demands that we know him, if at all, right in the middle of the conflict out of which his characters are born.

II. Clarissa and Lovelace as Poles of a Conflict

The fact that unresolved conflict is built into the basic structure of this novel is seen in the way in which it lends

itself to primary and antithetical readings. In summing up Richardson's achievement at the end of their biography, Duncan Eaves and Ben Kimpel offer a good example of the problem in a contrast between their reading of Clarissa and that of Mario Praz in The Romantic Agony:

> Mario Praz gives Richardson an important place in the history of the novel of passion, considering him primarily important as a precursor not only of Diderot and Laclos but of the Marquis de Sade. He sees Richardson as 'at bottom a supporter of the instinct against whose manifestations he preached in the name of a virtue which he estimated also by materialistic standards' and his moralizing as 'little more than a veneer.' If this is true, one must assume that, as Blake said of Milton and Satan, Richardson was on Lovelace's side without knowing it. . . . But we cannot manage to read Clarissa from Lovelace's viewpoint--not because of Richardson's moralistic statements, which we find it easy enough to ignore. . . , but because in the fiction itself it seems to us that Clarissa, not Lovelace, is sympathetically conceived. Richardson himself must have felt for her when, re-reading a passage of his novel at the end of his life, he was moved to write at the bottom of a page in Lady Bradshaigh's copy, 'Poor Cl! how much I pity thee! Whenever I think of thy Character as a real one!'[19]

Taking these critics' "cannot" to indicate what they are unable to do as long as they honor the author's devices for molding reader response, I think they make the essential point about the implied author's conscious attitude. From the start, he sympathizes with Clarissa against Lovelace and designs his text to swing the readers' sympathies in the same direction. When he allows the Editor of later editions to become more heavy-handed in efforts to control that direction, we see a defensive hardening of his position but not, insofar as we know from any evidence we have, any major revision of intent. The annotation Eaves and Kimpel quote is consistent with everything we know about his role

as his own reader: he is the compassionate champion of his heroine, whose suffering can be as real for him as it is for the readers who weep for her.

From among the hundreds of devices for making the authorial voice heard indirectly, Booth names "the manipulation of dramatized points of view" which "can . . . convey the author's judgment with great precision."[20] Consider how Richardson is able to manipulate point of view right at the beginning of the story. Anna's opening letter is a masterpiece for the way in which it establishes, with deft economy, an indelible impression of Clarissa: "So steady, so uniform in your conduct; so desirous . . . of sliding through life to the end of it unnoted . . . not wishing to be observed even for your silent benevolence; sufficiently happy in the noble consciousness which attends it: Rather useful than glaring, your deserved motto . . . " (I, 2). The language of the letter associates Clarissa with the ideal values of a Christian culture. It is almost as if it points explicitly to each of the Beatitudes: she is one of the blessed meek, the merciful, the pure of heart; she is, in the first bit of narrative the letter discloses, a peacemaker within her violent family who is about to be persecuted for righteousness' sake. By selecting this particular letter to start the action, the author signals that it is more than Anna's opinion, though it is consistent with all her later tendencies to idealize her friend. He has made a proposition about his main character, and now we have only to find out whether it is to be defended or satirized.

Anna and Clarissa share the narration for all but a few pages of the first volume. Throughout this volume, the reader who willingly places himself "under the author's spell"[21] feels himself to have privileged access to the confidences of two sincere young women. Anna's passionate frankness and whole-hearted devotion lend validity to her appraisal of Clarissa's virtue, while Clarissa's earnest soul-searching testifies to the purity of her own motives. All the crucial action is presented from Clarissa's point of view, permitting her to shape our vision of the family struggle according to her perceptions. Further, our inclination to side with her is increased by our consciousness of the melodrama: the story is clearly turning into a contest of good and evil, stimulating our desire to align ourselves with the good. If we detach ourselves from the author's control, of course, as we must when we engage in psychological analysis, we are apt to see something quite different, such as the vindictiveness in Clarissa's descriptions of her siblings, for instance, which so surprised me during my successive readings of the novel. But that involves us in another kind of reading.[22] As long as we submit to Richardson's formal and rhetorical intentions, Clarissa's vindictiveness, along with most of her other negative traits, will remain disguised as a moral privilege; and one of the reader's pleasures depends upon his <u>not</u> seeing it, since he may then identify more freely with the "good" woman who is exposing the "bad" people.

Clarissa's narrative domination of the first quarter of her story, accompanied by the many rhetorical devices designed to win our favor for her, guarantees that she is well established

as the moral touchstone of the novel long before Lovelace is given a significant voice. Then, after the abduction, a gradual shift occurs, as William Warner explains:

> If one follows the editorial interventions over the course of the novel, an interesting pattern emerges. The pendulum swing of power--from Clarissa, to Lovelace, and back to Clarissa--is faithfully reflected in which character delivers the central narrative of events. . . . As the action proceeds, Lovelace gains more and more of the narrative, until his first physical attempt on Clarissa, where his correspondence begins to overshadow Clarissa's in a most decisive fashion (II, 379). From there on, until Clarissa's final escape from Sinclair's after the fire scene, Clarissa has only two complete letters totaling six pages, compared to almost five hundred pages of text written by Lovelace.[23]

Decisions on which letters to include are made by the "editor," but interestingly enough, Warner concludes, the imbalance of the narration in the three major sections of the work tells us something of "the constraints which govern the editor's procedure":

> . . . the editor must select an account that will give the reader the fullest possible understanding of how and why events are unfolding the way they are. In practice, this involves giving the narrative to the character who has the most initiatory power over the action. An author may favor one character over another, as Richardson favors Clarissa over Lovelace, but once he has assumed the role of editor "his" behavior is sharply circumscribed. Thus, on the vital matter of which character will deliver the narrative to the reader, the editor's moves become a function of all the other positions of the text: Clarissa, Lovelace, and the flow of power and awareness from one character to the next.[24]

This analysis is a good reminder that the implied author, in his editorial role, is not merely arbitrary in the distribution of epistolary narrative but must at times submit to the dictates of his form. As Clarissa is the most effective narrator

for the early action, apart from thematic advantages, so Lovelace can best tell us of events at Mrs. Sinclair's; and Richardson's willingness to make the shift in the interests of effective narrative is one reason Lovelace is able to become such a strong voice through the middle of the text. On the other hand, the sum of the implied author's choices includes the plot, with its determined flow of power. Clarissa cannot retain her control throughout the book if this particular story is to unfold, but the author makes sure she has it where she needs it most--in the beginning, to win our sympathies, and at the end, to secure her triumph.

On the question of reliable narrators, we have heard Kinkead-Weekes object to calling any narrator "formally reliable" on the grounds that the epistolary technique creates a dramatized character, distinct from the author, for every narrative voice.[25] But this is too narrow a definition for practical purposes. According to Booth, "The author is present in every speech given by any character who has had conferred upon him, in whatever manner, the badge of reliability."[26] In Richardson's case, the method of conferral is simple, once Clarissa has been set up as moral touchstone: any other character is reliable in proportion to his or her ability to recognize the paragon's worth and adopt a similar set of values. Mrs. Norton, Clarissa's early teacher, is wholly reliable, though the range of her understanding is limited. Anna Howe is a trustworthy voice for the author's conscious attitudes when she adheres to Clarissa's example but becomes unreliable when she deviates from it. In one of the most important changes in the text, Jack Belford grows

increasingly reliable under Clarissa's influence until his full conversion at the time of the prison episode transforms him into the trusted narrator Richardson vitally needs to describe the heroine's last days. By the same token, Lovelace is nearly always unreliable--militantly so, in fact--though he too, in certain sober or remorseful moments, may lend the author what Kinkead-Weekes calls his "second voice."

My point is that many aesthetic and rhetorical devices, skillfully controlled, serve the implied author's declared intentions of aligning himself with Clarissa's party. To deal with the inconsistencies of Richardson's text, it will not suffice simply to split him into moralist and artist, identify the former with such obvious flaws as the Editor's clumsy footnotes, and then attempt to acquire a pure literary essence by skimming that sort of debris from the surface. Richardson was committed, as an artist, to his moral themes and labored, with considerable success, to shape a story that would accommodate these themes. Whether or not we like what he has to say, we need to take the implied author seriously on these terms, as a conscious, intelligent presence in the text, and then proceed to ask why he allows so much to happen which does not seem to suit his purposes.

I have been repeating the word "conscious" deliberately here to indicate what the author is aware of thinking, feeling, and believing during the process of creating Clarissa, insofar as the text reveals it to us. Turning now to his interpretation of Lovelace, I shall join other psychological critics in calling certain of his attitudes "unconscious," as a way of accounting

for the contradictions. Gerald Levin has a concise statement of the theory: "Some of the 'defensive maneuvers' that Richardson employs are consistent with Freud's theory of negation. . . . The essential idea is that repressed ideas can become conscious only through their denial. The repression is taken account of and unblocked, but is not accepted. Thinking and feeling are at odds."[27] In other words, in producing material like the Lovelace letters, Richardson is certainly conscious of what he is saying and also of the dangerous implications of adopting this point of view. What he is unconscious of are the feelings about Lovelace that nevertheless get communicated to so many readers--his pleasure in his impudent character, his fascination with the unconventional behavior, and his participation in the erotic fantasies. Consciously, he denies that he and Lovelace have anything to do with each other, especially in the later editions after he has had time to stand back and consider what he has wrought.

In my introductory chapter, I suggested that Lovelace is a realistic character who, to quote E. M. Forster, is "engaged in treason against the main scheme of the book," wresting from his creator enough freedom to threaten "to kick the book to pieces."[28] From among critics of similar opinion, Anthony Kearney does a good job of summing up the main reasons for this weakening of authorial control. First of all, "Lovelace's versatility, wit and energy . . . make him a figure hard to resist," as Richardson discovered when early readers preferred him to Clarissa. "Richardson set himself an impossible task with Lovelace. Natural brilliance and virtuosity are not the easiest qualities to

to dislike, particularly when set against the dourness of the Harlowes and the high seriousness of Clarissa."[29] Lovelace is so "superbly realized" as to make one suspect "that Richardson was fascinated by a personality so opposite of his own and delighted in the opportunity to put on his mask." Having turned on the antagonist's "radical, questioning voice," the author chooses not to silence it until he feels he has proved Clarissa's morality superior to the conventional morality Lovelace challenges.[30] Although convinced that he has created "an atrocious scoundrel," he proceeds to let his character's personality have "its fullest possible play," under the conviction that only then will the true nature of the villain be understood; and as a result, he gives Lovelace a forceful presence in the novel that no counter device can quite handle:

> . . . Lovelace with all his buoyant energy cannot be undercut by a Belford, a Colonel Morden, or even a Clarissa; when all the moral judgments have been passed on him and he has been banished and cursed, there still remains an irrepressible, challenging quality about him. Richardson does his best to disown his creation, but, like Satan in Paradise Lost, Lovelace is too powerful and elusive a figure for his assigned place, and he consequently disturbs the balance of the novel. . . . [31]

Recent criticism has produced a number of valuable discussions of the Richardson-Lovelace relationship. In one intriguing article, William Palmer explores the connection between Lovelace's theatrical inclinations--his endeavors to turn his life into a script with himself as playwright, actor and director--and Richardson's production of a dramatic novel. Considering character and author as "two dramatists," Palmer argues very strongly that it is the character who assumes control:

Lovelace does not merely collaborate with Richardson in Clarissa, he dominates him. Lovelace publicly acknowledges the desire for dramatic control over other people, the desire for self-dramatization, and the obsessive need to be acclaimed as an artist." Richardson, on the other hand, refused, both in his life and his narrative technique, to recognize similar impulses in himself; therefore his "unconscious identification with his most striking male character" reveals "aspects of his own personality which he could acknowledge in no other way, especially his need for acclaim as a dramatic artist." To the theory that Richardson yearns for power and yet fears it, Palmer contributes the suggestion that the writing process itself arouses that conflict: alarmed by the godlike power of his own creativity, the author can only take imaginative control of Clarissa's fate from behind the diabolic mask of Lovelace, who glories in manipulative plots.[32]

Palmer adopts from Morris Golden the basic conclusion I feel Horneyan analysis also supports, namely, that Richardson's fantasies are centered around dominance and subordination. Focusing on the authorial personality of the three major novels, Golden emphasizes sexual domination, in particular: all the characters he calls Richardson's "bold young men" "wish to maintain dominance over their women, wish to be their sole supports, wish to have the women's exclusive regard, both in the future and retroactively." The conflict extends beyond sex, however. Lovelace, as a prime example, "is so dominated by his

fantasies of superiority that almost any incident or train of ideas in which he engages develops into one of them."[33] One of Golden's most arresting observations is the parallel he draws between Lovelace, the bad man, and Sir Charles Grandison, the ideal Christian gentleman who is the hero of Richardson's last novel: "In general, Grandison no less than Lovelace is a projection of Richardson's dominance fantasies; the fantasy here, however, takes the socially attractive form of imposing order on mankind, an imposition to be achieved through a variety of virtuous means . . . but almost as absolute as Lovelace's naked enforcing of his demonic urges."[34]

Along with the pronounced sadistic tendencies in the "bold young men," Golden also finds, especially in Lovelace, "the complementary guilt feelings that at times are extreme enough to constitute masochism."[35] Shifting the emphasis, Levin takes this idea as his major thesis for his study of the authorial personality in Richardson the Novelist: masochism, he sets out to show, is the predominant psychic trend shared by Mr. B., Lovelace, and Grandison, and the implied author.[36] In my analysis of Lovelace, I have called attention to both sadistic and masochistic traits, arguing that they are manifestations of the clash between his overt arrogant-vindictive behavior and his repressed self-effacement.[37] The important thing to remember here is that Lovelace is not merely a dominant personality symbolizing one pole of the author's conflict but a fully realized character containing within himself the opposing trends. Just as Richardson appears to enter into Clarissa's whole conflict, identifying with her hidden vindictiveness, say, as well as her compliant

suffering, so his identification with Lovelace encompasses many facets of this complex figure.

I indicated earlier that Lovelace gains a special narrative power by getting a corner on textual satire. Since satire can be an exceptionally aggressive verbal weapon, perhaps this too is best explained with the theory that Richardson fears the expansiveness of the writing process. At any rate, he gives Lovelace the character trait which makes him by far the most effective satirist in the book--his capacity for ironic detachment. With the notable exception of Anna, everyone else, good or bad--from James Harlowe to Brand, from Clarissa to Hickman, and right down to the Editor--takes himself and his human involvement dreadfully seriously. Lovelace steps back, periodically, to contemplate everybody's absurdity, including his own, and laughs. His humor is not innocent fun, by any means; it is aggressive, destructively directed against other people's defenses, and cleverly self-defensive because of his trick of ridiculing himself before anyone else does. Yet no sophisticated reader can help but enjoy it, and it undermines the novel thematically as nothing else could. Placed in the position of Belford, the fictional reader, we wince with him when Lovelace chides, "Thou hast often reproached me, Jack, with my vanity, without distinguishing the humorous turn that accompanies it; and for which, at the same time that thou robbest me of the merit of it, thou admirest me highly. . . . But thou art too clumsy and too short-sighted a mortal to know how to account even for the impulses by which thou thyself art moved" (II, 63).

For masculine images with which to counter Lovelace, Richardson has to fall back on Hickman and Belford, and both are problematic. Based on her study of the four editions, Shirley Van Marter produces evidence that the textual revisions included a largely unsuccessful attempt to enhance Hickman in the role of the morally good man. Thematically, Hickman's character is flawed because "the virtuous man was too sober and stiff to be likeable"; we are told about his good qualities, "but they are so rarely shown in action, and they are so overshadowed by his annoying faults, that they remain mostly invisible."[38] The key to why Richardson chose to develop the character in this direction is found in the Postscript, where he says, " . . . it was not proposed to draw Mr. Hickman, as a man of whom the ladies in general were likely to be very fond. Had it been so, goodness of heart, and gentleness of manners, great assiduity, and inviolable and modest love, would not of themselves have been supposed sufficient recommendations" (IV, 561). The author has constructed a kind of moral test for his readers, asking them to prove themselves capable of distinguishing "Hickman's hidden virtue" from Lovelace's superficial charms.

> This polarization is enough to strain the sensitivities of most readers, for it offers no third alternative that avoids the immorality of a rake, and the defects of a man who lacks even ordinary spiritedness. Both choices are intolerable. . . . But it is exactly on this point that Richardson clashes with even his best admirers, for he clearly forces the issue, presses for one of the two options, and is critical of those who part company with him. . . . Since the merits of Anna's suitor are mostly alleged, and so much of Lovelace's evil is invisible while our eye is pleased by several unquestionably good traits . . . it is no wonder that so many readers have failed Richardson's test.[39]

Van Marter finds a number of thematic and aesthetic reasons for Richardson's failure to improve on Hickman and concludes that his difficulties were perhaps an unavoidable part of his effort "to wed moral and mimetic power."[40] If so, we have occasion to observe once again how it is the moral theme, not the mimetic characterization, which runs into trouble. Stiff, shy, mild-mannered, gentle and modest but also somewhat obsequious, Hickman, good traits and bad, is a consistently self-effacing man. Furthermore, we have in the lines from the Postscript another excellent piece of evidence for the author's conscious preference among defensive solutions, for to defend the "hidden virtue" of a Hickman is to argue for self-effacement in self-effacement's own terms. Also in the Postscript, in one confirmation of his opinions about his characters' reliability, Richardson tells us not to trust the picture of Hickman's meekness we get from Lovelace and Anna, but rather to observe how Belford, Morden, and Clarissa all treat him with honor and respect (IV, 560). When we disregard this monition and acknowledge with Van Marter that Hickman is allowed to come across as a booby, we get more than an example of technical problems with a character's function; we get, I would say, an incidence of the author's unconfessed ambivalence toward the kind of self-effacement this character embodies.

Jack Belford, while he resembles Hickman to some extent in person and manner, is a much more likely candidate for our respect and certainly never comes across as a fool, even when Lovelace calls him one. His ambiguous thematic position is of a different sort: we never know quite what to make of his

attitude toward Lovelace, especially after he takes over as the reliable narrator of the closing action. As Clarissa's devotee, one of his functions is to participate in the operation of heaping moral indignation on Lovelace's head, which he must do, however, without disrupting the myth of the stout masculine friendship the two of them still maintain. For this purpose, Richardson's main method is to have him taunt Lovelace with a painfully detailed account of Clarissa's suffering, in a tone that wavers between being playfully sadistic and bitterly malicious: " . . . that I might stab thee to the heart with the repetition. . . . I will often mention the prison-room, to tease thee! . . . How much does the idea thou givest me of thy deserved torments delight me!" (III, 439, 456-458). But because the emotional bond between them still holds, his most virulent pronouncements lack conviction, and Lovelace has no trouble undercutting them. So when Jack ends a letter with "I hate thee heartily! By my faith I do! Every hour I hate thee more than the former!", Lovelace answers, "What dost hate me for, Belford? . . . Have I been guilty of any offence thou knewest not before? . . . But hate, if thou wilt, so thou dost but write. Thou canst not hate me so much as I do myself: and yet I know, if thou really hatedst me, thou wouldst not venture to tell me so" (III, 508).

And still the flaw is not in characterization; in fact, the alternative here would be consistency of theme at the expense of mimesis. A Belford who could be converted out of his friendship and into a pure state of holy wrath would be unbelievable, whereas the Belford who spews in impotent rage, who cannot

escape the guilty knowledge of his collaboration with Lovelace, and who seizes the opportunity to return a little of the cruel teasing he has been subjected to in this relationship is convincingly human. He is also wide open to Lovelacian satire and incapable of deflecting it.

Therefore, for all the reasons I have given and more, Lovelace, as the antagonist of the plot and the voice of Richardson's antithesis, acquires an authority in the text that he was never meant to have. As a result, the novel changes from a work intended to end in the triumph of a moral theme into something more like an eternal combat between two equally powerful themes. In the end Lovelace may be said to suffer from his own evil, which is one of the best arguments for Richardson's case against him, and one that might seem at first to have the villain nailed. Only what is the precise nature of Lovelace's evil, and can it really be separated, like hell from heaven, from Clarissa's goodness? Even the reader who has willingly allowed the author to guide his attitudes all the way is likely to be troubled by such questions, because he has listened to Lovelace raise them in a voice that too often betrays Richardson's covert sympathy.

III. The Unresolved Conflict

Right from the beginning, in the response of readers to the first edition, it becomes evident that Richardson is in thematic trouble with Lovelace for the two reasons I have discussed, respectively, in my introduction and in this chapter: he obeys his mimetic impulses far too often to create an

unmistakable villain, and his authorial attitude toward his character comes across as ambivalent, not as purely negative. But this is not the way the implied author analyzes his problem. The fault, he declares, is with the readers, not with him: some of his readers are simply proving so regrettably obtuse as to miss the main point, which is that Lovelace's charming exterior always conceals a corrupt interior. Nevertheless, probably because their lack of mental alertness and moral discernment cannot help but put him in an unfortunate light, he does not choose to live with the situation but tries, in his heavy-handed revisions, to redirect any reader who chances to stray.

A footnote like the following one is a typical example. In the course of recording her first extended exchange with Lovelace after the abduction, Clarissa complains that he gives her no chance to push for marriage even if she wanted to, prompting the Editor to affix this comment:

> Clarissa has been censured as behaving to Mr. Lovelace, in their first conversation at St. Albans, and afterwards with too much reserve, and even with haughtiness. Surely those who have thought her to blame on this account, have not paid a due attention to the story. How early, as above, and in what immediately follows, does he remind her of the terms of distance which she prescribed to him. . . . And how artfully does he (unrequired) promise to observe the conditions, which she, in her present circumstances and situation (in pursuance of Miss Howe's advice) would gladly have dispensed with!--To say nothing of the resentment which she was under a necessity to show, at the manner of his getting her away, in order to justify to him the sincerity of her refusal to go off with him (I, 501).

In other words, Clarissa is being just as open and honest as she can be without sacrificing her integrity, while Lovelace is

"artfully" exploiting her decent show of propriety in order to escape the danger of matrimony. All the footnotes are of this order, either calling attention to Lovelace's reprehensible hidden motives or defending Clarissa's behavior in the light of his machinations--or both. Additions to the text, as analyzed by Warner, are also often devoted to exposing Lovelace, such as one in Volume II in which he confesses himself unready to keep the marriage vows (II, 250-251).[41] The summary index, clearly slanted against him, becomes yet another instrument of detrimental commentary: for example, to the synopsis of the action when he decides not to seduce the innkeeper's daughter he calls his Rosebud, the author adds, "Pride and policy his motives, and not principle" (I, 519).[42]

The fact that Richardson must so frequently couple an attack on Lovelace with a defense of Clarissa, as he does in the footnote quoted above, indicates the full extent of his dilemma. For if the reader cannot be prevented from listening sympathetically to Lovelace, he will begin to believe what Lovelace has to say about Clarissa. "Several persons have censured the heroine as too cold in her love, too haughty, and even sometimes provoking" (Postscript, IV, 558). Quite possibly these readers were intuitive psychological critics, who decided to trust their own impressions instead of the author's; but they could also have been unconscious defectors to Lovelace's point of view, since it is he who specifically and repeatedly calls Clarissa cold, haughty and provoking. If Lovelace can make himself heard, Clarissa's authoritative position in the text is immediately jeopardized. If he makes himself heard because the reader senses

that he somehow has the author's silent blessing, it follows that Richardson's ambivalence extends to both characters. Not only has the thematic argument shifted to where Lovelace's side has too much weight, but the very thesis, inseparable from the author's faith in Clarissa, is blurred and dislocated.

I believe that Richardson is, in the final analysis, as ambivalent about Clarissa as he is about Lovelace and that this unconscious attitude--unknown, that is, to the conscious, analytical mind reflected in the novel--accounts for many of the puzzling effects of this piece of fiction. Approaching Clarissa as Gothic romance, Frederick Frank finds it to be a work in which " . . . the self splits in half. Diabolic feelings, antisocial wishes and the drive for power are masculinized by Richardson's symbolism, while angelic desires, saintly innocence, and the aspirations of the soul are feminized."[43] We may construct a similar statement for a realistic Horneyan reading: in Lovelace, Richardson masculinizes one set of defensive trends, a composite of arrogant vindictiveness, narcissistic self-inflation, and cold intellectual detachment; and in Clarissa he feminizes a second combination, consisting of self-effacement, perfectionism, and passive withdrawal. Because of familiar cultural stereotypes, inner conflicts having no innate connection to gender are easily associated with sexual images. Our author would be an unusual human being indeed if he could set up this structure and then choose Clarissa's solution without ambivalence, first of all just by virtue of being a man.

My Horneyan portraits of Clarissa and Lovelace show them both to represent the kind of people who cannot find even the

stability of settling on one defensive solution; we imagine their inner worlds to be full of frantic movement as they shift from one solution to another, forever frustrated by trends they can neither eliminate nor reconcile. Not surprisingly, the implied author's inner world, as these characters embody it, looks very similar. Lovelace is severely criticized from Clarissa's point of view, Clarissa just as severely from Lovelace's. The two confidantes criticize their bosom friends, sometimes viciously. The confidantes also capture in themselves much of the ambivalence the struggle arouses: both are ultimately Clarissa's supporters, yet both have strong ties to Lovelace, Jack through the apparent need of this friend to complement his own nature and Anna through sexual attraction to a man who is a match for her spirited nature. Minor characters most often play up the inadequacies of the three major solutions, leaving the reader all the more dissatisfied with the expansiveness of a James Harlowe, the compliance of a Hickman, or the detachment of a Mrs. Harlowe. Around and around we go, but without a stopping point, without answers.

For a specific example, let us focus on one question often posed by the novel: How should a woman handle her masterful impulses? A return to the thoughts Anna has after she has been slapped by her mother will give us a good starting point:

> Indeed, my dear, I do not think a man-woman a pretty character at all; and as I said, were I a man, I would sooner choose a dove, though it were fit for nothing but . . . to go tame about house, and breed, than a wife that is setting at work (my insignificant self present perhaps) every busy hour my never-resting servants . . . and who . . . would be continually filling me

> with apprehensions that she wanted to sweep me out of my own house as useless lumber.
>
> Were indeed the mistress of a family (like the wonderful young lady I so much and so justly admire) to know how to confine herself within her own respectable round of the needle, the pen, the housekeeper's bills, the dairy for her amusement; to see the poor fed . . . and exert herself in all the really useful branches of domestic management; then would she move in her proper sphere; then would she render herself amiably useful, and respectably necessary; then would she become the mistress-wheel of the family (whatever you think of your Anna Howe, I would not have her be the master-wheel), and everybody would love her; as every body did you before your insolent brother came back . . . and, turned all things topsy-turvy (II, 118-119).

If Kinkead-Weekes is correct about Richardson's technique for speaking through his characters, this passage is as good an illustration as any I can think of: it combines "dramatic diversification"--the tone, the style, and the subject of preoccupation are all typical of Anna--with "analytic convergence of the 'second voice'"[44]--Anna's reflections are unusual for her and leave the distinct impression that the author has seized his chance to turn her disgruntled retreat from feminism into a general lesson.[45] Because she herself is dangerously inclined to reach for independence beyond her "proper sphere," Anna must be educated to see the social perils of the behavior she advocates and the greater wisdom of Clarissa's example. When she takes that lesson to heart, as she does here, she is closer than at other times to her author's superior insight.

The novel is full of similar rejections of "the man-woman." In the most extreme case, the terrible Mrs. Sinclair is distinguished by her "masculine air, and fierce look" (II, 190; III, 195). Arabella Harlowe, Clarissa thinks, may be a hard-hearted sister because she is, "in her air, and in her spirit,"

too much like a man: "She has then perhaps a soul of the other sex in a body of ours. And so, for the honour of our own, will I judge of every woman for the future, who, imitating the rougher manners of men, acts unbeseeming the gentleness of her own sex" (I, 386-387). Near the end of the book, Colonel Morden, a very reliable voice for sound reason, is allowed to pronounce judgment on Anna: "I must . . . take the liberty to blame Miss Howe for her behavior to Mr. Hickman. And I infer from it that even women of sense are not to be trusted with power" (IV, 469). Nor is this subject limited to Clarissa, but, as Golden points out, "Each of the novels contains its overly dominant women, whom Richardson is likely to consider somewhat mannish, and therefore to that extent bad," such as Lady Davers in Pamela or Charlotte in Sir Charles Grandison.[46]

On this issue, therefore, we may attribute to the implied author (or even the authorial personality) a reasonably uniform judgment--women should not be assertive, either in personal manner or in activity, in any way that resembles typical masculine behavior. Though as modern readers we may not feel inclined to place it very high on the scale of wisdom, we must at least, it would appear, acknowledge the consistency of the position. And so we must, if we are speaking only of a conscious attitude, periodically reiterated by a reliable voice. The moment we try to follow that idea to where it may take us within the life of the text, however, inconsistencies abound.

For one thing, while the condemnation of masculine women does not vary, the reasons behind it do; and these are often linked to contradictory feelings about the relations between the

sexes. Anna's meditation on master-wheels and mistress-wheels is written at a time when her anger at her mother prompts her to identify emotionally with a hen-pecked male, her dead father, and so to enter into an uncharacteristic defense of male prerogatives, even to the astonishing extent of suggesting that a "dove" of a woman who would do nothing but be meek and bear children is better than the termagant she thinks her mother to be. Give women undue power and they immediately start abusing men, Anna says of Mrs. Howe and Colonel Morden says of Anna. But when Clarissa, in another "second voice" reflection, disapproves of Bella's masculinity, it is not on the grounds of what women do to men, but of what men do to women: in behaving like the "hard-hearted sex" (I, 386), Bella loses her natural feminine compassion. What is not clear, from a comparison of these passages, is whether men are the rightful possessors of power because only they can handle it or whether they are corrupted by the very power their male domination automatically gives them, so that a woman who becomes "masculine" is one who loses her human sensibilities as men do.

Next, Richardson has essentially the same problem with Anna that he has with Lovelace: no matter how adversely he judges her, she makes herself heard, and with lasting effects. On the issue of women and power, she usually decries the woman's powerlessness, and it is questionable whether she is ever really "educated" into giving up that position. Her fantasy of being a man with a dovelike wife is particularly ironic when juxtaposed to the many scathing remarks she makes about the woman's role in a marriage: women are "cajoled, wire-drawn, and ensnared, like

silly birds into a state of bondage or vile subordination" and are "mere babies in matrimony: perverse fools, when too much indulged and humoured; creeping slaves, when treated harshly" (I, 131, 249). The lesson she learns from her mother's bad example is certainly not a lasting one, since much later we hear her complain, "Look through all the families we know; and we shall not find one-third of them have half the sense of their wives. And yet these are to be vested with prerogatives! And a woman of twice their sense has nothing to do but hear, tremble, and obey. . . " (IV, 46). This is the same judgment Clarissa and Anna have long since made together about Clarissa's mother--her failure to exert authority in the family crisis was an act "unworthy of her birth and fine qualities" (I, 22, 130).

As for Lovelace, the question of masterful women is a very good example of an issue on which he and his author end up, uncomfortably, taking the same side. Lovelace certainly believes in keeping women in their proper sphere, though in his case with emphasis on the bed instead of the kitchen and dairy. Aggressive women attract him, but only because of the sexual stimulation he gets from a chance to subdue them; of Anna, he says, "What a pleasure should I have in breaking such a spirit!" (II, 369). When the servant Joseph thinks to marry the irascible Betty Barnes, Lovelace advises, "I have an admirable receipt to cure a termagant wife. Never fear, Joseph, but thou shalt be master of thine own house. If she be very troublesome, I can teach thee how to break her heart in a twelvemonth; and honestly too" (I, 491-492).

One may well maintain that statements such as these clearly do not express the implied author's conscious position, but rather carry it to its perverse extreme, which is another matter. Lovelace's penchant for perverting worthy ideas into wicked notions is one of the things Richardson trusts we will recognize about him. But this involves the highly risky procedure of exposing Lovelace without having him expose any weaknesses in the worthy ideas, so-called, and it does not always work. Consider this passage, in which Lovelace is answering the reasons Clarissa gives for attempting her first escape from him:

> She is cast from a state of independency into one of obligation. She never was in a state of independency; nor is it fit a woman should, of any age, or in any state of life. And as to the state of obligation, there is no such thing as living without being beholden to somebody. Mutual obligation is the very essence and soul of the social and commercial life. Why should she be exempt from it? I am sure the person she raves at desires not such an exemption--has been long dependent upon her, and would rejoice to owe further obligations to her than he can boast of hitherto (III, 24-25).

Here the character says quite precisely what the author believes about female roles and social dependency, and yet this is at most a parody of the "convergence" of their voices because of Lovelace's false propositions about Clarissa's obligations to himself. An unwanted ironic effect from such a mirroring of attitudes occurs when we start to wonder whether the two positions are actually all that different. Is the man of moral principle, when he insists on being master in his own home and accepts his wife's dependency as part of the necessary social order, really superior to a Lovelace, really free from any trace of his sadism? That the question haunts Richardson we know from the many other

places in the text where Clarissa and Anna, out of their fear of marriage, raise it, and with unfavorable answers. And in the persistence of questions such as these, Lovelace haunts his author like that part of the psyche a Jungian would call the "shadow," a splinter personality living out whatever is incompatible with conscious attitudes.

Finally, the clinching argument for Richardson's hopeless confusion over expansiveness in women is found in his handling of Clarissa's experience. Golden warns us, quite correctly, not to assume that because the author dislikes dominant women, he necessarily admires their extreme opposites: "Richardson's ideal . . . is by no means the patient Griselda. . . . Completely submissive women are no more attractive to [him] than to Lovelace, at least to judge by the novels."[47] All his heroines are interpreted as having great moral strength, as asserting themselves effectively within carefully circumscribed spheres of activity, and--including Clarissa--as being lively enough to be sexually interesting. To an important extent, these are functional requirements for the literary roles; but they also seem to be part of an ideal for which this author is always searching--a proper balance within the personality of the good woman, and the good man as well, between expansive and compliant trends.

Theoretically, Clarissa had found the perfect balance for a woman until her brother "turned all things topsy-turvy" (II, 119). In Anna's idealistic retrospections (and nowhere is Anna used more patently for the author's interpretive voice), Clarissa scrupulously observes her female boundaries, but within them she exercises full control over her life, as well as a

virtuous supervision over the lives of others (II, 118-119; IV, 490-510). In Richardson's realistic representation, the same Clarissa is tragically off balance, straining compulsively for control to counteract her feelings of powerlessness in a destructive family situation, masking dominating impulses with her feminine decorum, antagonizing everyone around her with her perfectionism. Her "proper" assertiveness does not give the family cart a necessary wheel and win everyone's love, as Anna fantasizes it should (II, 118-119); it upsets the cart, which would have run along much more smoothly had Clarissa been willing to be a tame dove.

The implied author's ambivalence about Clarissa centers around this paradox. Kearney provides us with a straightforward look at the problem:

> Richardson's own feelings about Clarissa were obviously highly complicated. At one level he clearly had in mind the exemplary figure (with a few particular faults, later recognized and come to terms with) . . .--at another level he was perhaps less sure of what to say about her. Her mixed feelings about Lovelace are very well brought out and sympathized with, but her determination and wilfulness are never quite placed in a satisfactory way. Whatever the offered image of a near-perfect creature with a few obvious faults, there is something not fully articulated about her attitudes and behavior which points to confusions in Richardson's own mind about her; or if not to confusions to something subtler in his intentions--a determination to raise doubts about her to the end. Richardson perhaps found it impossible to stop speculating about Clarissa's complexities and contradictoriness. . . . [48]

Though he at least entertains the possibility of the author's confusion, Kearney still swings toward the typical critical preference of crediting Richardson with "subtle intentions," a

phrase implying that the author recreates conflicts for which he secretly knows the solution. I am insisting that Richardson cannot stop probing Clarissa's "contradictoriness" because of his agonizing failure to resolve it.

Approached from any angle, Clarissa's self-assertiveness appears to be dangerous. Working from inside her character, Richardson is full of sympathy for her conflict, and her "second voice" reflections on her choices echo with his approval. He recognizes, as she does, that slavishness in a woman can have destructive consequences, as it does in the case of Mrs. Harlowe. The virtuous woman must be strong-minded and strong-willed, capable of restraining her strength whenever it is inappropriate to use it.[49] But living by this model, Clarissa is thwarted whichever way she turns. When she devotes herself to the welfare of the family, her grandfather rewards her with more independence than women are supposed to have. When she pacifies her family by giving up that tempting inheritance, they start pressing to take greater advantage of her compliance, driving her to the opposite extreme of inordinate resistance. The guidelines for action and restraint break down: to protect the feminine ideal, she has to violate it. In human relationships such as she has, her experience tells us, you simply cannot move without creating an alarming amount of conflict.

Criticizing Clarissa from the points of view of other characters, the author discovers that her dedication to moral excellence, which appears justified when seen from inside her, is perhaps a doubtful attribute. Through Lovelace, in particular, he experiences all the emotions a woman's perfectionism can arouse in a

man--rage at the "better than thou" attitude, feelings of personal worthlessness, fear of sexual rejection, and the urge toward sexual conquest. He does a splendid job of imagining how Clarissa antagonizes others, even though consciously he blames their envy, not her behavior. As we have already seen, he comes to understand her pride largely in terms of her overt perfectionism, thus spotting the tip of the iceberg without comprehending a pride system far more vast and more deeply submerged.

From the standpoint of his own moral convictions, the implied author is in a tenuous position when it comes to giving his heroine his wholehearted approval. Of his authorial personality, Kinkead-Weekes writes, "It is clear that Richardson's mind was hierarchic in the most orthodox and conservative manner, and that provided he could refer the hierarchies of society and family to moral standards, he upheld them with old-fashioned strictness."[50] Obviously he cannot defend a patriarchal society of the Harlowe variety, though it is important to realize that in them he criticizes primarily the deviations from a social order, such as Mr. Harlowe's surrender of authority to his son, and not its underlying principles. The Harlowes have violated the norms of the good society, the text implies, and therefore Clarissa, who upholds those norms, is right to rebel.

Still, the image of a rebellious woman is threatening to Richardson's world, no matter what her motives. In Chapter Six, I concluded that all male characters in this novel--and the implied author with them, I would now add--share the widespread eighteenth-century fear of female sexuality as "a basically dangerous and asocial" force.[51] When the heroine disobeys her

father, regardless of her reasons, she arouses this fear, according to Marlene LeGates, who feels that this determines Richardson's plot: "The woman who rebels, be she Clarissa or Mme de Merteuil, cannot be tolerated: she must die or become a social outcast."[52] The "unsettling power" of adolescence is another source of authorial ambivalence, in Patricia Spacks' opinion:

> Clarissa, despite her meticulous and prolonged efforts at reconciliation, despite her concern with reputation, despite her announced dutifulness, fatally denies her subordination to her elders. She cannot survive in the world because she refuses to be guided and governed. . . . Pattern of purity though she may be, she also thus hints some fundamental force of unruliness: the source of danger which youth always represents.[53]

My suggestion is that both fears are present as part of a more comprehensive one, the fear of expansiveness, which cuts in both directions: the rebellion of subordinate persons and the domination of their superiors are both frightening, as well as fascinating, since both are expressions of the impulse to control.

The tension between Richardson's sympathy for Clarissa and his doubts about her accounts for the widely divergent critical opinions concerning his role as an early advocate of feminism. In one recent article, Katharine Rogers boldly identifies him as "a radical feminist," in contrast to Fielding, who "accepted the male chauvinism of his culture." "Unique in his time," Richardson "represented women as autonomous beings rather than appendages to fathers, brothers, lovers or husbands"; especially, "his emphasis on the intellectual capacity of women shows

unusual commitment." In Clarissa, "the reader is compelled to share the struggle of a woman against the society which restricts her development and denies her full humanity." Lovelace, in Rogers' reading, is primarily the instrument for Richardson's "penetrating exposure of male chauvinism," shocking us into realizing what men do to women. Richardson would never ask us to admire an Amelia, a heroine "as self-abnegating as Lovelace would like Clarissa to be": "what Richardson presents as the wishful fantasy of a sadist is markedly similar to what Fielding presents as the behavior of the ideal wife." For the good marriage, Richardson recommends "a system of mutual concessions and obligations, anticipating the contracts coming into use between married people today."[54]

In contrast, another feminist critic, Judith Wilt, ends her discussion of sexuality in this novel with the conclusion that "Richardson is in trouble with his heroine." "You cannot so undermine, so fear, so despair of, so repugn woman, as Richardson in all his guises does in this novel and still present her, as woman, leading to salvation," Wilt writes. "Neither homely affection nor loving dependence does Richardson, or anyone in Richardson's imagined world, feel for woman. And so nobody finally trusts woman in this novel. Not even Clarissa. Her whole family loses trust in her at the first breath of self-assertion. . . . " Her author mistrusts her as a woman and portrays her as one who cannot trust herself "to stay free of error, even egregious error, damnation."[55]

Although I would obviously give Wilt the edge in this debate, I see valid observations behind a number of the points

Rogers makes. Richardson did have an extraordinary capacity for empathy with women, without which he never could have characterized them so effectively. Based on evidence from Clarissa, I conjecture that the source of this empathy is to be found in his inner conflict: because his struggle between expansive and self-effacing impulses is unusually intense, he is able to identify with the Pamelas and Clarissas, the Annas and Charlottes of his society, all potentially strong women who must somehow fit their masterful urges to a self-effacing code if they are to survive. What Rogers completely overlooks is the author's inability to interpret correctly the fantasies of dominance and submission, masculine and feminine, in which his identification involves him; and so, not surprisingly, she ends up "buying into" the one that accompanies Richardson's emphasis on the female mind: "Clarissa loses her virginity, but she retains her chastity; having preserved what counts, her mental integrity, she can die morally triumphant" (my italics).[56]

Yet another feminist, Carolyn Heilbrun, praises Richardson because "he perceived imaginatively the terrible danger inherent in . . . a segregation of sexual impulse, and prophesied the danger to society in denying women a channel for their energies."[57] The dangers are there in the novel, all right, but readers had best supply their own prophetic messages, because to read Clarissa without fathoming the sexual fantasies it fosters can only be detrimental to any feminist cause. As Levin, Leslie Fiedler, and others have shown, all Richardson's women tend to be idealized or debased[58]--or both, in Clarissa's case--and all his men join forces to idealize and debase them--"Lovelace and

his nemesis Morden meet in their heavily moralized view of women."[59] Against this background, Richardson's desire for mutuality in marriage remains itself a fantasy, something we are told about in the denouement but never shown in any of the sexual relationships he chooses to represent.

The deeper I went in my exploration of Lovelace and Clarissa, the more everything revolved around their fear of human relationships; and this is the fear that remains for me the strongest emotion, save perhaps one, that I can detect anywhere in the text. Howard Anderson, in the best "vision" statement I know of for Clarissa, calls it "Richardson's tragic vision of the radical alienation of human beings from one another."[60] We have seen how fear of relationship begins the novel, with Clarissa's alienation from her violent family; how the fear that a passionate love between a man and a woman is impossible pervades the action; and how, finally, the plot resolves itself in the greatest fear of all--the fear that a person of real integrity can survive this world only by not surviving, preserving in death the image of self other selves will otherwise destroy. Watching his characters live without mutual trust, the implied author is afraid.

If any feeling is strong enough to compete with fear, it is the unfulfilled yearning of author and characters for the love and mutuality they lack--and for a knowledge of the human heart that will set things right. A metaphor for knowledge, shared by the two main characters, may tell us something of how Richardson feels as he searches for answers he cannot find. I trusted myself to know the right path, Clarissa says,

" . . . little apprehending that an ignis fatuus with its false fires . . . would arise to mislead me! And now, in the midst of fens and quagmires, it plays around me, and around me, throwing me back again, whenever I think of myself in the right track" (II, 263). And in another place, Lovelace reflects, "Knowledge by theory only is a vague uncertain light: a will-o'-the-wisp, which as often misleads the doubting mind as puts it right" (III, 64). Richardson has theories, but in the quagmire where his psychological realism leads him, they are reduced to flickering illusions, inadequate concepts for the truths he knows intuitively through his characterization.

IV. The Author as Creator of Character

In the course of this chapter, I have talked a great deal about what Richardson the implied author "knows" and does not "know," with considerable emphasis on the latter. What he "knows" I have restricted to all we can know of a conscious mind--an ego--at work in the text, shaping his work to fit his intentions and interpreting the characters and their actions according to his values. Whatever he does not seem to "know" in a way that allows him to reflect on it consciously, regardless of how evidently the text "knows," I have called unconscious on his part. He defines himself as a reformer with cures for social ills, but is unconscious of the extent of his own conflicts (Postscript, IV, 553). He creates great characters with intuitive accuracy, yet without being able to understand why they behave as they do. In idealizing Clarissa and condemning

Lovelace, he uses the defense of denial to hide from himself the enormous ambivalence he feels for both characters. Most puzzlingly, perhaps, he gives no indication of realizing the extent to which he is Lovelace, even though the reader knows he, the author, lurks behind that diabolic mask. He knows readers misinterpret him, but he blames their interpretive skills and is not aware of his thematic disparities.

Even with these kinds of careful distinctions, however, my attempts to judge what the author knows and what he doesn't will trouble many of my readers--and probably should. For obviously there are many kinds of knowing which this scheme does not address very adequately, especially those which go to make up the creative process; and we cannot relegate them to the realm of the unconscious. Surely in the act of imagining his world into being, Richardson "knew" his characters in some deeper and truer sense than his oversimplified interpretations suggest; and it is the need to talk about this kind of "knowing" that has prompted so many critics to distinguish between Richardson the moralist and Richardson the imaginative artist. The distinction is a useful one unless, as so often seems to happen, we then shove aside the moralist (who, like it or not, is an important part of this text and must be dealt with) and proceed to fashion the implied author as Super Critic out of analytical knowledge we think the imaginative artist, in his godlike wisdom, must certainly have possessed.

In the final analysis, the real issue becomes not what Richardson knew but what we are able to know and substantiate from the text. The created work of the implied author--the text

that knows all these things that "he" does not know--is larger than his conscious self; the text is to the conscious author as the full psyche is to the ego. Once we have demarcated everything that can be said about his dramatized consciousness, the rest of the text is laid out before us as a vast waking fantasy--his dream; and of necessity we fall back on paradoxical terms like "unconscious fantasy" in order to find words to relate the dreamer, who tells us one thing, to his dream, which tells us something very different. Like dreams, art deals with images, the language of imagination, and (to paraphrase what Horney says of dreams) brings the artist closer to the reality of himself (NHG, 349) than he can be with his interpretive consciousness. As Paris puts it, the implied author as interpreter often "does not know what he is talking about," while the author as artist, to quote Northrop Frye, "cannot talk about what he knows."[61]

Creativity is in many ways a mysterious process, and the creation of Lovelace out of Richardson--a shy, grave man who once told a friend, "I never, to my Knowledge, was in a vile House, or in Company with a lewd Woman, in my Life"[62]--has to be one of the most baffling literary phenomena of all time. Although I am far from able to explain it, I do find it interesting that so many critics, including myself, resort to speaking of Lovelace as a "mask" the author chooses to wear. Over the years, I have frequently had the opportunity to watch what happens when an actor dons a mask in a theatrical exercise. Given a few minutes to contemplate his "new face" before putting it on, even an inexperienced actor may then be able to create, instantaneously,

a personality remarkably unlike his own. The characterization may be sustained indefinitely, while, for instance, the director "interviews" the mask; but unless for some reason the session is deliberately followed with an analytic discussion, there is likely to be little or no awareness on the actor's part of having revealed facets of himself. The act of wearing a mask appears to give permission to express, within a safe setting, various feelings one normally represses, transforming a polite youth into a rude old man or a shy woman into a bold prostitute. There is little conflict, since the actor has tangible proof he is not the mask and can quickly put it aside whenever he wants his familiar personality back.

The epistolary technique must have been for Richardson very much like the experience of acting in a series of masks, and with a similar safety device--he had only to lay down his pen, and he was no longer Robert Lovelace. Kinkead-Weekes is right to call him a "dramatic novelist," first and foremost;[63] but I see him as being one primarily in the creation of character, exactly as an actor might improvise behind a mask, rather than in the creation of dramatic form. There is, despite melodramatic action, a curiously static quality about Clarissa, more like a very prolonged improvisation than a well-structured play. Richardson's vision, the knowledge he cannot talk about, is found only in his characterization, unfolding like a dream--or like the extemporization of the masked actor.

I have tried throughout this study to address Richardson's conflict without destroying his greatness as a writer; indeed, I have even gone so far, I think, as to suggest that his conflict

is the source of his greatness, for it is impossible to see how we could have this set of characters without it. Moreover, even though I have taken issue with Kinkead-Weekes and others because I feel they place the author too far above the conflict he shares with his characters, I do share their conviction that in the creative act he transcends his conflict. And so does Paris:

> Our authors <u>are</u> great authorities, god-like figures, when it comes to creating characters. The psychological approach shows that the characterization in these novels is brilliant, awe-inspiring, beyond anything that we have dreamed of in our usual modes of criticism. It is the work of genius. It is also a sign of allocentric perception, of being-cognition, of the artist's ability to transcend his belief system and his defensive needs and to make his novel "a house fit for free characters to live in." . . . It is to the great credit of our authors that, despite their own needs, preconceptions, and vested interests, they can allow their characters to rebel, to be themselves, to live their own lives.[64]

No author was ever a better example of this last sentence than Richardson. He let Clarissa rebel and live her own life, even though all his ideals were shaken when she did so. Horrified by Lovelace, he still allowed him to be himself, making additions to slant the text but never subtracting from the profusion of language that assures Lovelace of his identity. In their turn, his characters, out of their free lives, give his book a meaning far richer than any his moralistic mind ever envisioned; "it is their autonomy . . . which gives them their universality and perpetual relevance."[65]

To see characters--and authors--as they are, in their wholeness, is also a desirable goal for the reader. Of authors, Paris says, ". . . we can appreciate them best if we lay aside

our own value hungers and needs for authority and see them allocentrically, as utterly fascinating objects of contemplation."[66] If the author proves to be a man in conflict, a "neurotic," he may be no less fascinating to readers who are willing to approach him with this openness of perception. For myself, in my struggle to understand Richardson, to interpret Clarissa, to realize some part of myself through criticism, I have tried to keep some relevant words of Abraham Maslow's in mind: "The more we understand the whole of Being, the more we can tolerate the simultaneous existence and perception of inconsistencies, of oppositions and of flat contradictions. . . . The neurotic person . . . can then be seen as a wonderful, intricate, even beautiful unity of process."[67] And though it may sound like sheer contradiction to talk of unity and wholeness at the end of a study in which I have so often rejected them as possibilities, I am, in this way, able to see a unity of process taking place in Clarissa, in Lovelace, and most of all in what I know of the whole psyche of Samuel Richardson.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER VIII

[1] Bernard J. Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1974), p. 25.

[2] Wayne C. Booth, The Rhetoric of Fiction (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1961), pp. 71, 74.

[3] Bernard J. Paris, Character and Conflict in Jane Austen's Novels (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1978), p. 168.

[4] Booth, p. 272.

[5] Booth, p. 19.

[6] Booth, pp. 74-75.

[7] Booth, p. 75.

[8] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 14.

[9] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 15.

[10] Paris, Character and Conflict, pp. 169-170.

[11] Paris, Character and Conflict, p. 20.

[12] Samuel Richardson, Clarissa: or, The History of a Young Lady, Everyman's Library Edition, 4 vols. (London: Dent, 1962). All references to the novel are from this edition and are indicated in the text by volume and page numbers.

[13] Mark Kinkead-Weekes, Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1973), p. 397. The phrase "the shaping spirit of imagination" is quoted from Coleridge's "Dejection."

[14] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 398. Where quotation marks are used, the author is referring to A. M. Kearney, "Richardson's Pamela, the Aesthetic Case," Review of English Literature, 7 (1966), pp. 78-90.

[15] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 399-400.

[16] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 400.

[17] Paris, Character and Conflict, p. 170.

[18] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, pp. 24-25.

[19] T. C. Duncan Eaves and Ben D. Kimpel, Samuel Richardson: A Biography (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), pp. 601-602. The authors quote Mario Praz, The Romantic Agony (London: Oxford University Press, 1951), p. 97.

[20] Booth, p. 272.

[21] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 283.

[22] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, pp. 282-287.

[23] William Beatty Warner, Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), pp. 127-128.

[24] Warner, pp. 128-129.

[25] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 398-399.

[26] Booth, p. 18.

[27] Gerald Levin, Richardson the Novelist: The Psychological Patterns (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1978), p. 34.

[28] E. M. Forster, Aspects of the Novel (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1955), pp. 66-67. See chapter 1 of this study, pp. 10-12.

[29] Anthony Kearney, Samuel Richardson: Clarissa (London: Arnold, 1975), pp. 33-34.

[30] Kearney, p. 35.

[31] Kearney, p. 36.

[32] William J. Palmer, "Two Dramatists: Lovelace and Richardson in Clarissa," Studies in the Novel: North Texas State, 5 (1973), pp. 7-21.

[33] Morris Golden, Richardson's Characters (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1963), pp. 12, 18.

[34] Golden, pp. 16-17.

[35] Golden, p. 23.

[36] See the whole of Levin's book, but particularly "Lovelace's Dream," pp. 54-86.

[37] See chapter 4 of this study, pp. 223-232.

[38] Shirley Van Marter, "Hidden Virtue: An Unsolved Problem in Clarissa," Yearbook of English Studies, 4 (1974), pp. 141, 147.

[39] Van Marter, p. 142.

[40] Van Marter, pp. 147-148.

[41] Warner, p. 198.

[42] Warner, p. 192.

[43] Frederick S. Frank, "From Boudoir to Castle Crypt: Richardson and the Gothic Novel," Revue Des Langues Vivantes, 41 (1975), p. 51.

[44] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 399.

[45] For my defense of the consistent characterization in this letter, see chapter 3 of this study, pp. 160-163.

[46] Golden, p. 47.

[47] Golden, p. 47.

[48] Kearney, pp. 28-29.

[49] See Golden's essay on female character, pp. 46-71.

[50] Kinkead-Weekes, p. 63.

[51] Marlene LeGates, "The Cult of Womanhood in Eighteenth-Century Thought," Eighteenth-Century Studies, 10 (1976), p. 33. See chapter 6 of this study, pp. 324-325.

[52] LeGates, p. 31.

[53] Patricia Meyer Spacks, "The Dangerous Age," Eighteenth-Century Studies, 11 (1978), p. 425.

[54] Katharine M. Rogers, "Sensitive Feminism vs. Conventional Sympathy: Richardson and Fielding on Women," Novel, 9 (1976), pp. 256-270.

[55] Judith Wilt, "He Could Go No Farther: A Modest Proposal about Lovelace and Clarissa," PMLA, 92 (1977), pp. 30-31.

[56] Rogers, p. 260.

[57] Carolyn G. Heilbrun, Towards a Recognition of Androgyny (New York: Knopf, 1973), p. 56.

[58] See Levin, pp. 53-86, 101; and Leslie A. Fiedler, Love and Death in the American Novel, 2nd ed. (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1966), pp. 44-46.

[59] Levin, p. 120.

[60] Howard Anderson, "Answers to the Author of Clarissa: Theme and Narrative Technique in Tom Jones and Tristram Shandy," Philological Quarterly, 51 (1972), p. 859.

[61] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, pp. 20, 26. Paris quotes Northrop Frye, Anatomy of Criticism (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1957), p. 5.

[62] Eaves and Kimpel, p. 9.

[63] Kinkead-Weekes, pp. 501-502.

[64] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, pp. 280-281. Paris quotes Iris Murdoch, "The Sublime and the Beautiful Revisited," Yale Review, 49 (1959), p. 271.

[65] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 281.

[66] Paris, A Psychological Approach to Fiction, p. 280.

[67] Abraham H. Maslow, Toward a Psychology of Being, 2nd ed. (New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1968), pp. 91-92.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Anderson, Howard. "Answers to the Author of Clarissa: Theme and Narrative Technique in Tom Jones and Tristram Shandy." Philological Quarterly, 51 (1972), 859-873.

Babb, Howard S. "Richardson's Narrative Mode in Clarissa." Studies in English Literature, 16 (1976), 451-460.

Ball, Donald L. Samuel Richardson's Theory of Fiction. The Hague: Mouton, 1971.

Barker, Gerard A. "Clarissa's 'Command of her Passions': Self-Censorship in the Third Edition." Studies in English Literature, 10 (1970), 525-539.

----------. "The Complacent Paragon: Exemplary Characterization in Richardson." Studies in English Literature, 9 (1969), 503-519.

Beer, Gillian. "Richardson, Milton, and the Status of Evil." Review of English Studies, 19 (1968), 261-270.

Booth, Wayne C. The Rhetoric of Fiction. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1961.

Braudy, Leo. "Penetration and Impenetrability in Clarissa." In New Approaches to Eighteenth-Century Literature (EIE). Selected papers from the English Institute. Ed. Phillip Harth. New York: Columbia University Press, 1974, pp. 177-206.

Brissenden, R. F. Samuel Richardson. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1958.

----------. Virtue in Distress: Studies in the Novel of Sentiment from Richardson to Sade. London: Macmillan, 1974.

Brooks, Peter. The Novel of Worldliness. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1969.

Brophy, Elizabeth B. Samuel Richardson: The Triumph of Craft. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1974.

Brownmiller, Susan. Against Our Will. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1975.

Brownstein, Rachel Mayer. "Book Review: Richardson the Novelist: The Psychological Patterns, by Gerald Levin." Literature and Psychology, 29 (1979), 60-63.

----------. "'An Examplar to Her Sex': Richardson's Clarissa." Yale Review, 67 (1977), 30-47.

Bullen, John Samuel. Time and Space in the Novels of Samuel Richardson. Monograph Series, XII, ii. Logan: Utah State University Press, 1965.

Cameron, Norman. Personality Development and Psychopathology: A Dynamic Approach. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1963.

Carroll, John. "Lovelace as Tragic Hero." University of Toronto Quarterly, 42 (1973), 14-25.

----------, ed. Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969.

Clements, Frances M. "The Rights of Women in the Eighteenth-Century Novel," Enlightenment Essays, 4 (1973), 63-70.

Cohan, Steven M. "Clarissa and the Individuation of Character," ELH, 43 (1976), 163-183.

Copeland, Edward. "Allegory and Analogy in Clarissa: The 'Plan' and the 'No-Plan'." ELH, 39 (1972), 254-265.

----------. "Clarissa and Fanny Hill: Sisters in Distress." Studies in the Novel, 4 (1972), 343-352.

Culler, Jonathan. Structuralist Poetics: Structuralism, Linguistics and the Study of Literature. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1975.

Doody, Margaret Anne. A Natural Passion: A Study of the Novels of Samuel Richardson. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974.

Downs, Brian W. Richardson. London, 1928; rpt. London: Cass, 1969.

Dussinger, John A. "Clarissa: The Curse of Intellect." In The Discourse of the Mind in Eighteenth-Century Fiction. The Hague: Mouton, 1974, pp. 77-126.

----------. "Conscience and The Pattern of Christian Perfection in Clarissa." PMLA, 81 (1966), 236-245.

Eaves, T. C. Duncan and Ben D. Kimpel. Samuel Richardson: A Biography. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971.

Edel, Leon. The Modern Psychological Novel. New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1964.

Eldredge, Patricia R. "The Lost Self of Esther Summerson: A Horneyan Interpretation of Bleak House." The Literary Review, 24 (1981), 252-278.

Eirkson, Erik H. Young Man Luther: A Study in Psychoanalysis and History. New York: W. W. Norton, 1962.

Faber, M. D. "Othello: Symbolic Action, Ritual and Myth." American Imago, 31 (1974), 159-205.

Fiedler, Leslie A. Love and Death in the American Novel. 2nd ed. New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1966.

Fisher, John H., ed. The Complete Poetry and Prose of Geoffrey Chaucer. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1977.

Forster, E. M. Aspects of the Novel. London, 1927; rpt. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1955.

Foucault, Michel. Madness and Civilization: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason. New York: Random House, 1965.

Frank, Frederick S. "From Boudoir to Castle Crypt: Richardson and the Gothic Novel." Revue Des Langues Vivantes, 41 (1975), 49-59.

Frye, Northrop. Anatomy of Criticism. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1957.

----------. Fables of Identity: Studies in Poetic Mythology. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1963.

----------. The Great Code: The Bible and Literature. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1982.

Garrison, Dee. "Karen Horney and Feminism." Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society, 6 (1981), 672-691.

Golden, Morris. Richardson's Characters. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1963.

Goldknopf, David. "The Meaning of the Epistolary Format in Clarissa." In The Life of the Novel. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1972, pp. 59-78.

Gopnik, Irwin. A Theory of Style and Richardson's Clarissa. The Hague: Mouton, 1970.

Guntrip, Harry. Psychoanalytic Theory, Therapy, and the Self: A Basic Guide to the Human Personality in Freud, Erikson, Klein, Sullivan, Fairbairn, Hartmann, Jacobson, and Winnicott. New York: Basic Books, 1971.

----------. Schizoid Phenomena, Object-Relations and the Self. New York: International Universities Press, 1969.

Harkwick, Elizabeth. Seduction and Betrayal: Women and Literature. New York: Random House, 1974.

Harvey, W. J. Character and the Novel. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1965.

Hayman, Ronald. "The Actor's Motives." In The Set-Up: An Anatomy of the English Theatre Today. London: Eyre Methuen, 1973. Rpt. in The Making of Theatre: From Drama to Performance. Ed. Robert W. Corrigan. Glenview, Ill.: Scott Foresman, 1981, pp. 154-161.

Heilbrun, Carolyn G. Towards a Recognition of Androgyny. New York: Knopf, 1973.

Hill, Christopher. "Clarissa Harlowe and Her Times." Essays in Criticism, 5 (1955), 315-340. Rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays. Ed. John Carroll. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969, pp. 102-123.

Hilles, Frederick W. "The Plan of Clarissa." Philological Quarterly, 45 (1966), 236-248. Rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays. Ed. John Carroll. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969, pp. 80-91.

Horney, Karen. Feminine Psychology. New York: W. W. Norton, 1967.

----------. Neurosis and Human Growth: The Struggle Toward Self-Realization. New York: W. W. Norton, 1950.

----------. The Neurotic Personality of Our Time. New York: W. W. Norton, 1937.

----------. New Ways in Psychoanalysis. New York: W. W. Norton, 1939.

----------. Our Inner Conflicts: A Constructive Theory of Neurosis. New York: W. W. Norton, 1945.

----------. Self-Analysis. New York: W. W. Norton, 1942.

Jung, C. G. Answer to Job. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co., 1954.

Kahler, Erick. The Inward Turn of Narrative. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1973.

Kaplan, Fred. "'Our Short Story': The Narrative Devices of Clarissa." Studies in English Literature, 11 (1971), 549-562.

Kearney, Anthony. Samuel Richardson: Clarissa. London: Arnold, 1975.

Kermode, Frank. "Richardson and Fielding." Cambridge Journal, 4 (1950-51). Rpt. in Essays on the Eighteenth-Century Novel. Ed. Robert Donald Spector. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1965, pp. 64-77.

Kettle, Arnold. An Introduction to the English Novel: Defoe to the Present. New York: Harper and Row, 1968.

Kinkead-Weekes, Mark. Samuel Richardson: Dramatic Novelist. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1973.

Konigsberg, Ira. Samuel Richardson and the Dramatic Novel. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1968.

----------. "The Tragedy of Clarissa." Modern Language Quarterly, 27 (1966), 285-298.

Krieger, Murray. Theory of Criticism: A Tradition and its System. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976.

Laing, R. D. The Politics of Experience. New York: Ballantine Books, 1967.

----------. The Politics of the Family and Other Essays. New York: Random House, 1969.

---------- and A. Esterson. Sanity, Madness, and the Family. New York: Basic Books, 1964.

----------. Self and Others. London: Tavistock Publications, 1961.

LeGates, Marlene. "The Cult of Womanhood in Eighteenth-Century Thought." Eighteenth-Century Studies, 10 (1976), 21-39.

Levin, Gerald. Richardson the Novelist: The Psychological Patterns. Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1978.

Loesberg, Jonathan. "Allegory and Narrative in Clarissa." Novel, 15 (1981), 39-59.

Mackenzie, Manfred. Communities of Honor and Love in Henry James. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1976.

Maslow, Abraham H. Motivation and Personality. New York: Harper & Row, 1954.

----------. Toward a Psychology of Being. 2nd ed. New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1968.

Mattern, Eleanor Rust. "Samuel Richardson and Feminism: A Study of the Secondary Relationships in Clarissa." Diss. Michigan State University 1979.

Miller, Nancy K. The Heroine's Text: Readings in the French and English Novel, 1722-1782. New York: Columbia University

Press, 1980.

----------."Novels of Innocence: Fictions of Loss." Eighteenth-Century Studies, 11 (1977), 325-339.

Mingay, G. E. English Landed Society in the Eighteenth Century. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1963.

Moynihan, Robert D. "Clarissa and the Enlightened Woman as Literary Heroine." Journal of the History of Ideas, 36 (1975), 159-166.

Napier, Elizabeth R. "'Tremble and Reform': The Inversion of Power in Richardson's Clarissa." ELH, 42 (1975), 214-223.

Palmer, William J. "Two Dramatists: Lovelace and Richardson in Clarissa." Studies in the Novel: North Texas State, 5 (1973), 7-21.

Paris, Bernard J. Character and Conflict in Jane Austen's Novels: A Psychological Approach. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1978.

----------. A Psychological Approach to Fiction: Studies in Thackeray, Stendhal, George Eliot, Dostoevsky, and Conrad. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1974.

----------. "Third Force Psychology and the Study of Literature, Biography, Criticism, and Culture." The Literary Review, 24 (1981), 181-221.

Park, William. "Clarissa as Tragedy." Studies in English Literature, 16 (1976), 461-471.

Poovey, Mary. "Journeys From This World to the Next: The Providential Promise in Clarissa and Tom Jones." ELH, 43 (1976), 300-315.

Praz, Mario. The Romantic Agony. London: Oxford University Press, 1951.

Preston, John. The Created Self: The Reader's Role in Eighteenth-Century Fiction. London: Heinemann, 1970.

Richardson, Samuel. Clarissa: or, The History of a Young Lady. Everyman's Library Edition. 4 vols. London: Dent, 1962.

----------. Pamela or Virtue Rewarded. New York: W. W. Norton, 1958.

Rogers, Carl R. On Becoming a Person. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1961.

Rogers, Katharine M. "Sensitive Feminism vs. Conventional Sympathy: Richardson and Fielding on Women." Novel, 9 (1976), 256-270.

Romberg, Bertil. Studies in the Narrative Technique of the First-Person Novel. Stockholm: Almquist and Wiksell, 1962.

Rosen, George. "Forms of Irrationality in the Eighteenth Century." In Irrationalism in the Eighteenth Century. Vol. II of Studies in Eighteenth-Century Culture. Ed. Harold E. Pagliaro. Cleveland: Case Western Reserve University Press, 1972, pp. 255-288.

Rubins, Jack L. Karen Horney: Gentle Rebel of Psychoanalysis. New York: Dial Press, 1978.

Schachtel, Ernest G. Metamorphosis: On the Development of Affect, Perception, Attention, and Memory. New York: Basic Books, 1959.

Schmitz, Robert M., and Judith Wilt. "Lovelace and Impotence." An exchange of letters. PMLA, 92 (1977), 1005-1006.

Scholes, Robert, and Robert Kellogg. The Nature of Narrative. London: Oxford University Press, 1966.

Sherburn, George. "'Writing to the Moment': One Aspect." In Restoration and Eighteenth Century Literature: Essays in Honor of Alan Dugald McKillop. Ed. Carroll Camden. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1963, pp. 201-109. Rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays. Ed. John Carroll. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969, pp. 152-160.

Spacks, Patricia Meyer. "The Dangerous Age." Eighteenth-Century Studies, 11 (1978), 417-438.

----------. "Early Fiction and the Frightened Male." Novel, 8 (1974), 5-15.

----------. Imagining a Self: Autobiography and Novel in Eighteenth-Century England. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1976.

Spearman, Diana. "Richardson." In The Novel and Society. New York: Barnes and Noble, 1966, pp. 173-198.

Steig, Michael. "Dickens' Characters and Psychoanalytic Criticism." Hartford Studies in Literature, 8 (1976), 38-45.

Traugott, John. "Molesting Clarissa." Rev. of Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation, by William Beatty Warner. Novel, 15 (1982), 163-170.

Ulmer, Gregory L. "Clarissa and La Nouvelle Héloïse." Comparative Literature, 24 (1972), 289-308.

Vaid, Sudesh. The Divided Mind: Studies in Defoe and Richardson. New Delhi: Associated Publishing House, 1979.

Van Ghent, Dorothy. "On Clarissa Harlowe." In The English Novel: Form and Function. New York: Rinehart, 1953. Rpt. in Samuel Richardson: A Collection of Critical Essays. Ed. John Carroll. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969, pp. 49-66.

Van Marter, Shirley. "Hidden Virtue: An Unsolved Problem in Clarissa." Yearbook of English Studies, 4 (1974), 140-148.

Warner, William Beatty. Reading Clarissa: The Struggles of Interpretation. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979.

Watt, Ian. The Rise of the Novel: Studies in Defoe, Richardson and Fielding. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1957.

Wendt, Allan. "Clarissa's Coffin." Philological Quarterly, 39 (1961), 481-495.

Wilt, Judith. "He Could Go No Farther: A Modest Proposal about Lovelace and Clarissa." PMLA, 92 (1977), 19-32.

Winner, Anthony. "Richardson's Lovelace: Character and Prediction." Texas Studies in Literature and Language, 14 (1972), 53-75.

Winnicott, D. W. Playing and Reality. New York: Basic Books, 1971.

Wolff, Cynthia G. Samuel Richardson and the Eighteenth-Century Puritan Character. Hamden, Conn.: Archon, 1972.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIV. LIBRARIES
31293000894091