

THE GISSING NEWSLETTER

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

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A Gissing Exhibition

A Gissing Exhibition will be held early next year (firm date to be announced), on the premises of the National Book League, 7, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W1. It will be devoted to the rediscovery of George Gissing, retracing the history of his reputation from the late 1870’s to the present day. The material on show will cover a vast field: books (first editions, limited editions, presentation copies, yellowbacks, sixpenny reprints, American editions, translations into a variety of languages, etc.), manuscripts, autograph letters, books which were presented to Gissing, others from his own library with annotations in his hand, periodicals and volumes with contributions by him, criticism on his works, etc. There will also be many photographs of Gissing interest on show – members of his family, friends, places he lived in or visited, and also some memorabilia.

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Books by or about Gissing currently in print will make up a special section.

The exhibits will come from various public institutions and publishers on both sides of the Atlantic and from many private owners and collectors: Alfred Gissing, the author’s son, Mme Denise Le Mallier, a cousin of Gabrielle Fleury, Alan Clodd, C. C. Kohler, Charles Yenter, John Spiers and Pierre Coustillas among others.

An important catalogue will be available, describing the material exhibited and presenting a survey of Gissing’s reputation in the last ninety years. It has been prepared by John Spiers and

Pierre Coustillas, who are the organizers of the Exhibition, in conjunction with the National Book League.

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Reprints of Gissing's Novels

Jacob Korg, University of Washington
Pierre Coustillas, University of Lille

Until recently, it would have seemed impossible to believe that all – or nearly all, of Gissing's novels would ever be in print at the same time, but that millennium has now come to pass, thanks to the miracle of offset printing. The offset revolution, which has been employed in recent decades to reproduce many valuable old books and periodicals, reached the Gissing canon in 1968, when the AMS Press of New York began using the process to reprint Gissing's novels. Not quite all of them are included in AMS's plans. No doubt *New Grub Street* has been omitted because it is now readily available. But why *Isabel Clarendon*, *The Nether World* and *Sleeping Fires* should also be left out is difficult to understand. At any rate, the AMS Press has now all but completed its announced program of republishing eighteen Gissing novels; only *Demos* has not yet appeared. Neither non-fiction nor the volumes of short stories are included in these plans.

These editions will not solve the problem of Gissing's availability to general readers, for they are clearly intended for libraries. They contain only the text of the novel, and are entirely without editorial apparatus, though *Demos* will contain an introduction which Jacob Korg was asked to

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supply for it. Most of them – though not all – are photographic reproductions of first editions. Three-deckers are bound as single volumes, and the prices are generally ten dollars per volume of the *original edition*. The binding is plain buckram, and while the pages have the generous open spaces, wide margins and large print of the original editions, as well as the title pages of individual volumes, the books are cumbersome to read and carry. Of course, there is the compensation particularly attractive to bibliophiles, that they convey a sense of the appearance of the original printings, many of which are now extremely scarce. And they will also enable students to collate Gissing's own carefully proof-read texts with serialized versions and later editions.

The list of AMS reprints is headed by the famous Remington edition of *Workers in the Dawn* by "George R. Gissing." John D. Gordan's catalogue of the Gissing exhibition presented by the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library in 1954 notes that this novel was published at the price of 21 shillings, and that only forty-nine copies had been sold at the end of 1880. The only other reprinting is, of course, the two-volume Doubleday edition of 1935, edited by Robert Shafer, which reproduces the full text, but also indicates the cuts and revisions Gissing intended to make in it.

For *The Unclassed* the publishers have probably not made the ideal choice of a copy text. They have used an unrecorded reprint of the one-volume 1896 edition published by R. F. Fenno and Company of New York. This is, of course, the revision of the first edition of 1884 which Gissing undertook to produce for the Lawrence and Bullen edition of 1895. The details of this revision have been examined by Joseph J. Wolff in "Gissing's Revision of *The Unclassed*," *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, VIII (June, 1953), pp. 42-52. The advantage of this reprint is that it has the form of a single volume, but since this novel has already been republished in its revised form, it might have been

worthwhile to make the scarce first edition, with its cancelled passages, available again.

For its editions of *Thyrza* and *A Life's Morning* the Press has used the first editions in three

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volumes published by Smith, Elder in 1887 and 1888 respectively. Unfortunately, there is a spelling error in the title stamped on the binding of *Thyrza. A Life's Morning* had appeared as a serial in *The Cornhill*, running throughout 1888, and was published after *Thyrza*, though it had been written earlier. The title page of the first edition is therefore not quite accurate when it announces the novel as the work of the author of "Demos," "Thyrza," etc.

The first edition of *The Emancipated* was published in 1890 by the firm of Richard Bentley and Son, "Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen," as the title-page reproduced in this edition says. The availability of this edition invites comparison with the revision Gissing made for the Lawrence and Bullen edition of 1893. A glance at the first page shows that he corrected the spelling of "Posilipo" in the first line to "Posillipo," put Miriam Baske firmly "in her four-and-twentieth year" instead of saying somewhat more elusively that "She was not more than four and twenty," and changed her mourning dress from "severely simple" to "severely plain" in the second edition.

For *Born in Exile* the AMS set reproduces the first edition of 1892 published by Adam and Charles Black. *Denzil Quarrier* was Gissing's first one-volume story; the first edition, published by Lawrence and Bullen in 1892, reappears comfortably in the AMS reprint as a volume of moderate size whose pages are numbered in proper sequence, unlike the three-deckers bound as single volumes. Lawrence and Bullen, unlike Gissing's other publishers, did not invariably provide chapter-by-chapter tables of contents, and *Denzil Quarrier* lacks this feature. *The Odd Women* of 1893, also published by Lawrence and Bullen is, however, again a three-volume first edition bound as a single volume. Each of the three title pages has the interesting Lawrence and Bullen colophon, a design showing Europa and the bull framed by the ornamental linked letters L and B.

The AMS edition of *In the Year of Jubilee* is a bibliographical puzzle. Only the original three-volume edition of the book appeared in 1894, followed by the first one-volume edition in the summer of 1895. Yet the title page of the present reprint gives 1894 as the date of publication for

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the novel in its one-volume form. The clue to the mystery is provided by a careful examination of extant copies of this novel in one-volume form with 1894 on the title-page. All those we have seen bear "A. H. Bullen" at the bottom of the spine instead of "Lawrence and Bullen," which obviously indicates that these copies were bound after the two publishers dissolved their partnership. But this explanation does not account for the date on the title page, which should certainly not have been 1894. Here a copy in the Berg Collection helps us to reconstruct the past. It bears the inscription "To Reina E. Lawrence from Harry Lawrence this first copy of Gissing's *In the year of jubilee* in one volume form with a unique title-page, dated 1894 which was printed in error. H. Walton Lawrence, Jan. 10, 1895." So, it is clear that Lawrence and Bullen had the one-volume edition of the book printed at the end of 1894 when the three-decker was just out. The printers overlooked or were not informed of the fact that the book was for publication in the following year, when the three-volume edition had ceased to sell. Lawrence realized the mistake before the edition was sent to the binders and he had one set of sheets bound in maroon grained cloth with the publishers' device on the front cover, which neither the copies of the 1895 edition nor those misdated 1894 and later bound for Bullen have in this place. Time was to show that the copy inscribed by Lawrence

did not have a unique title-page as the misdated title-pages were not discarded but used after the 1895 edition had gone out of print.

The reprint of *Eve's Ransom* is marked on the reverse of the title page as "Reprinted from the edition of 1895, London," but the title page itself does not bear the name of any publisher, and the appearance of the text, which is set in immense sixteen-point type, certainly suggests that of an American, rather than an English book. As Dr. Gordan's catalogue explains, *Eve's Ransom* was published first in America by Appleton and Company in order to secure the American copyright, and the Lawrence and Bullen edition was printed from the American plates. This was the beginning, as far as Gissing's books were concerned, of the practice of "simultaneous publication," which was necessary to establish the author's (or publisher's) American rights in a book. Hence, the copy reproduced here doubtless was the "edition of 1895, London," in spite of appearances. It was not

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strictly speaking the first edition, since the novel had appeared as a serial in the *Illustrated London News* in 1895, and the American edition was printed before the English edition, although both appeared simultaneously in early April 1895.

The reprint of *The Paying Guest*, which again shows no publisher on the title page, is marked as "reprinted from the edition of New York, 1895." This is the Dodd, Mead edition mentioned in Dr. Gordan's entry for the novel, but the type has been enlarged. The English edition was published by Cassell's as a part of its Pocket library series. *The Whirlpool* is also represented by an undated American edition, the one published by Frederick A. Stokes in February 1898, nearly a year after the Lawrence and Bullen edition. Contrary to what is stated by AMS *The Town Traveller* is not represented by its first English edition, published by Methuen in 1898, but the sixpenny reprint which appeared in 1902. Methuen was also the English publisher of *The Crown of Life*, but the copy reproduced by AMS is the Stokes edition of 1899. Dr. Gordan's catalogue quotes a letter from Gissing to Morley Roberts which explains that the simultaneous publication of the book was brought about, with considerable financial advantage to the author, by his agent, James B. Pinker. Pinker obtained £300 from Methuen and £100 from Stokes for the two editions of the book. A typewritten copy prepared for Stokes was sent to America on the liner *Paris*, which was wrecked during its voyage. But the manuscript survived, was recovered, and duly forwarded to New York, stained with seawater.

Pinker also arranged for *Our Friend the Charlatan* to be published simultaneously in 1901 by Chapman and Hall, which had published *Isabel Clarendon*, Gissing's fourth novel, in 1886, and by Henry Holt in America. The edition reproduced by AMS is the Holt edition which, unlike the Chapman and Hall edition, has no illustrations.

Veranilda is represented by its first English edition, brought out posthumously by the firm of Constable and Company in 1904 with a short introduction by Frederic Harrison. It is the first of Gissing's novels in some time in which he returned to his early practice of giving titles to individual chapters, and is also the first in a number of years which has a table of contents. While there is no

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publisher on the title page of the AMS edition of *Will Warburton*, the copy reproduced appears to be the Dutton edition, which appeared in the same year as the Constable edition, 1905. Its placement was also negotiated by Pinker. It was written and was to be published before *Veranilda*, but as the composition of the latter novel advanced, Gissing asked his agent and Constable, to postpone publication until after the appearance of the historical novel. The agreement for *Will*

Warburton was signed in Gissing's lifetime.

Useful though they will undoubtedly be to students, these editions do not, of course, make Gissing's novels generally available to casual readers. Two kinds of reprintings are still needed. First, more of the novels should appear in inexpensive (and probably paperback) form. Those in print are *New Grub Street*, which is now available in four inexpensive editions (Dolphin Books, Houghton Mifflin's Riverside Series, Bodley Head and Penguin), *The Odd Women* (Anthony Blond in England; Stein and Day in America), *Born in Exile* (Gollancz), and *Isabel Clarendon* (The Harvester Press). Secondly, a carefully planned scholarly edition of all of Gissing's works with an appropriate apparatus is needed. Such a collected edition would be a formidable task, however, and more than one effort to launch a project of this kind has been made without success. Perhaps a blend of the two kinds of editions, such as is represented by the Riverside Edition of *Vanity Fair* edited by Geoffrey and Kathleen Tillotson in 1963 would be appropriate for at least the most prominent of Gissing's neglected novels. Meanwhile the series started by the Harvester Press, with *Isabel Clarendon* in print, *The Nether World* to appear in a few months' time and *Demos* in preparation, can give readers some satisfaction.

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George Gissing and George Cabot Lodge

John W. Crowley
University of Indiana

In the course of my research for a biography of the minor American poet, George Cabot Lodge, I recently discovered a hitherto unknown connection between Lodge and George Gissing.

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Although there is no record of the encounter in Gissing's published or unpublished papers, Gissing and Lodge met in Paris in May, 1901. Lodge, who was twenty-seven at the time, had come to Paris with his wife in January, 1901 for an extended honeymoon. In early May, Lodge wrote to his mother: "Have got to know quite well George Gissing (the English novelist). He is one of the best men I ever met & one of the most honest writers. He & his wife (French) dined with us & he made me read him some verses wch. he liked. I was quite encouraged & hope to see more of him." (1) Apparently, the two men met several times before the Gissings' departure to England in June.

The relationship would have little importance except that Lodge was inspired by Gissing to begin a novel in May, 1901, modeled on *New Grub Street*. Lodge probably read *New Grub Street* for the first time in the French translation by Gabrielle Fleury that had begun serial publication in the *Journal des Débats* in February, 1901. Lodge shared Gissing's vision of the corruption of "art" by commercialism, and he found in *New Grub Street* an articulation of the feelings he had tried to express in his poetry. What Gissing called *New Grub Street*, Lodge called "Mediocracy": that is, a culture in which money is the locus of all values. Henry Everard, the poet-hero of "Mediocracy," is an upper class version of Edwin Reardon. Because he is wealthy by birth, Everard can afford to devote his life to writing poetry of the Ideal which only a select few will buy and appreciate. Everard's wife, however, squanders his money through her insatiable greed for luxuries. Like Amy Reardon, Alice Everard knows she is incapable of living in poverty; and she forms an adulterous liaison in order to pay her debts. When Everard discovers his wife's duplicity, he realizes that her weakness will cost him his integrity as a writer. To preserve his own honor, he must pay his wife's

creditors; and Everard is forced to compromise his talent by writing a “commercial” article.

Unfortunately, Lodge achieved little narrative distance from his hero, with whom he identified deeply. As a result, his novel lacks the depth and power of Gissing’s. Lodge attempted to

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publish “Mediocracy”; but apparently, its frank treatment of adultery made it unacceptable to American publishers still shuddering over *Sister Carrie*. The typescripts of this novel and a companion piece (“The Genius of the Commonplace”) are located in Lodge’s papers in Boston; and both books, which have more interest as cultural documents than as works of art, should eventually be published.

The son of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and the father of Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., George Cabot Lodge was part of a literary circle which included Brooks and Henry Adams, Edith Wharton, and Henry James. Lodge developed a literary interest at Harvard (1891-1895), and studied Romance languages in Paris and Berlin after graduation. Before he died of heart trouble at a young age in 1909, Lodge published four volumes of sonnets and lyric poems, and two blank verse closet dramas on the Cain and Herakles myths. The central theme in all of Lodge’s work was “overcoming” in the Nietzschean sense, and his philosophy was a strange amalgam of German and American transcendentalism and Oriental mysticism. In American literary history, Lodge has usually been categorized as one of the tragic generation of “Harvard Poets” (which included William Vaughn Moody and Trumbull Stickney) all of whom died young after promising but unfulfilled careers. Lodge has been particularly neglected in recent years.

1 - George Cabot Lodge to Anna Cabot Mills Lodge, May, 1901. (George Cabot Lodge Papers, Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston).

Editor’s note: Since Mr. Crowley sent me his article I have discovered in an old note-book kept by Mme Fleury, then by Gabrielle, an entry which it is relevant to transcribe here. After a long list of German, Swiss and French hotels at some of which Gissing put up in the summer of 1899, we read: “George Cabot Lodge, Nahant, Mass. Etats-Unis.” This seems to be the first – and last – mention of Lodge in the papers that have survived on Gissing’s side.

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The Banishment of Ryecroft

Osamu Doi
Kyoritsu Women’s University

In Japan, George Gissing has been known as an excellent essayist and a fairly good short-story writer. His *Ryecroft Papers* and some of his short stories have a large circle of enthusiastic readers among middle-aged men who read, when they were in their teens, some passages from these works in their English text books, for many middle-schools and high-schools used *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* as an English text book. The reason why this book was so widely used as an English text book is that the style of Gissing’s writing is refined, natural and grammatically dignified, adequate to the young student’s proper understanding of the English language.

Above all, *The Ryecroft Papers*, both in the original and in translation, is still a favourite book among a reading public who were not acquainted with Gissing’s works in their school days.

It is well known that *The Ryecroft Papers* was banned, in 1928, from the middle-school and high-school by the order of the Ministry of Education, but it was not a strict ban and, even then, we could get the book freely at bookshops in any city in Japan. Incidentally, the excellent translation of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* was done by Shigeru Fujino and was published in 1923.

In 1940, when I was a teacher of English at a private middle-school in Tokyo, one day there came the order from the Military Authorities to banish *Ryecroft* from the schools and to prohibit the publication and sale of the works of Gissing.

At that time, Japan was at war with China and in Europe World War II was everyday becoming more intensive. The raging waves of nationalism and militarism were prevailing so wildly all over the country that freedom of speech and worship had ceased to exist, and the press was groaning under the oppression of the authorities. The word socialism (to say nothing of communism) was taboo and even the words freedom and liberty had to be spoken with much

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prudence. One of my friends, who was teaching at a middle-school, carelessly uttered the word "liberalism" in his classroom and was dismissed the next day.

At school, before and during the war, "military drilling" was compulsory and every boy above thirteen used to be "drilled" in the playground two or three times a week, so that the authorities could not allow such passages as Spring XIX (p. 60 in Chisholm's edition) and Summer VI and VII (pp. 87-88) to be read and sympathized with by those young students whom they were expecting to be brave soldiers. The fact that for readers of the book the most enjoyable features had been Gissing's love of nature and solitude and his beautiful sketches of the four seasons, was disregarded by the authorities who thought our master one of the hateful demagogues. For the military authorities, George Gissing was nothing but a dangerous socialist and a desperate revolutionary. Then it was rumoured – and it was no joking matter – that the authorities had interpreted "private papers" as meaning the "confidential documents" of some radical.

During the war all the works of Gissing disappeared from the shelves of the bookshops. But those who loved Gissing read his works secretly and more enthusiastically from their own bookshelves. (It was during the war that I began to translate *New Grub Street* with no hope of publishing it.)

After World War II, freedom of thought, speech, worship and publication was at last restored, and *Ryecroft* revived like the Phoenix. To-day he is again the most intimate friend of ardent readers of the Master.

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Across the Pyrenees
(conclusion)

The coach for Pamplona is to start next morning at four, and as it stops at Brugnete, we decide to walk this evening as far as that village and spend our short night there. There is a glorious sunset as we leave Roncesvalles at the same hour at which we reached there yesterday, and the four

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kilometres' walk seems easy and pleasant along a road bordered with fine trees and green meadows. Brugnete is picturesque. Its massive houses of greyish stone look like huge cubes with small holes

for windows and arched doors through which people and animals can alike enter. The latter are mostly goats, brought home at night, and the flocks disperse partly in or around the houses, partly climbing onto the low wall enclosing the church square, where they stay until they return to the field at dawn. Their little bells tinkle prettily about the village, while boys assemble to practise playing *pelota* with the same gusto as their French brethren, and the muleteers, their day's work over, saunter to the inn to play on the guitar and dance the fandango.

We are up and ready before dawn and also long before the coach gives any signs of readiness for departure. Our northern habits of punctuality are of no account in a country where time is not money, and unpunctuality is the rule. At least we are able to witness the slow awakening of the village, window after window, door after door. The sky also awakens: its vague darkness lightens to pale green, rose-tinged in the East. Sitting in the front seats of the coach, where we have prudently taken our places, our heavy travelling rugs are more than welcome in the chill of this early hour. At last the coach moves forward and leaves the village, with its five mules, roughly harnessed, trotting briskly along the white country road. The breath of dawn passes over the fields while the rising of the sun is still hidden to our view by the neighbouring hills. Our coachman is a Basque of the best type, stout and full of cheer. He talks to his mules as if they were human beings and encourages them by a cry of "Atcho! Atcho!," and readily converses with us in Spanish. He describes the mail-driver's life, or rather a day of it, for, in his profession, each day, each month, each year repeats itself without a break or a change. Only the change of season brings some variety into this life which appears to us to be of a deadly monotony. We cannot help wondering if this man does not sometimes regret the brigands of old who at least brought some element of excitement to a journey. Here the winter is extremely severe on the high plateaus, covered with a thick mantle of ice-bound

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snow. To cross these is often terribly difficult. Just imagine the departure of the coach at 4 a.m. while it is still dark and freezing hard, and the return at night, at about nine or ten, often belated by the bad state of the road or even by an accident. But this man surely does not feel as we do how hard his life is. It has strengthened his health, and his physical vigour gives him a light heart and a mind without care. In the joy of living nothing seems to damp his good spirits and cheerfulness. Hearing us say that we come from the French side of the Basque country, he takes the opportunity of telling us – as we know already – of the good fellowship that exists between the Basques on one side and the other of the Pyrenees. Political or geographical arrangements have naturally divided them into French and Spanish nationals, but they are still united. In spite of slight differences in tradition and ideas, the language which is common to them both and is the pride of their race maintains the link between them. They look upon the French and the Spanish as foreigners. Hostile to absorption as well as to progress, this small nation endures and remains whole throughout the centuries and amongst other races that surround it on all sides.

Now the landscape has completely changed. Nothing recalls the luxuriant vegetation we were admiring yesterday at Roncesvalles and Brugnete. Green meadows and shady trees belong to the north side of the Pyrenees, but soon after crossing them to the south, one encounters dry soil, arid and uncultivated fields. The look of the land has become strikingly southern and reminds one of certain of Gustave Doré's illustrations to *Don Quixote*. Here and there, flocks of goats graze on the short dry grass. There is no cultivation, no water, no springs. This explains why, unlike in other countries, there are no isolated homes or farms. Only, at great distances from each other, are houses grouped round a dismal-looking church spire, poor little villages of the most lamentable appearance perched on a rock or lost at the bottom of a valley, far from the beaten track and from any possible contact with the rest of the living world. Their miserable hovels of reddish stone mingle in the

distance with the reddish brown soil. Sometimes, the silhouette of a woman in black stands out on

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the roadside. She has come from one of those hamlets to await the carrier. The carrier! How exceptionally important a person he is in her eyes and how endowed with an almost magic power! He is the one link with the outside world, with Pamplona, the big and nearest town. He is stopped on the way, talked with, entrusted with little errands, a small medicine bottle to be filled by the chemist, a letter or a verbal message to be delivered on his way. The carrier listens, answers, is willing to do things and never forgets them. He is without doubt a universal type and a boon of providence to the local inhabitants.

The villages we go through have all the same appearance of sordid poverty, the nadir of dirt and gloom. One's heart is chilled at the very sight of them. The churches, more like grossly built fortresses, seem so to crush those miserable blocks of stone, with windows no larger than loop-holes, that one hesitates to call them the homes of human beings. To think that whole lives can be lived and ended there, without any other view than the red hills around! Many of those villages, especially the ones perched on the heights, are lacking in the most common necessities: even water is often denied them. Very often, the inhabitants must walk for six or seven kilometres to fill with water the goat-skin bottles of the kind which Don Quixote speared in one of his fits of frenzy. They load these bottles on the backs of their mules and take them home, obliged always to use the water with the strictest economy. In one place that we pass, they are threshing the corn, a curious sight, as modern machinery has not yet penetrated so far. The work is done in the antique way by laying the sheaves on the ground and making a horse walk round and round and stamp on them so as to separate the wheat from the chaff.

The descent continues between russet sun-burnt hills and, in the distance, the mountains with their craggy grey rocks shining almost as blue as the azure sky, in the dazzling light and the heat of the day. Soon we reach the plain, and as we approach Pamplona, the landscape becomes still more southern – one might even say more oriental in aspect. The country folk we come by on the long dusty road seem to follow idly the slow pace of their mules. Nearly all the houses of the last village are built with arches in an even more characteristic oriental style. After crossing the river, we catch

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sight of Pamplona which, in the distance, gives the impression of a Moorish city. Rising above the plain with its numerous church spires, entirely built in russet coloured stone, it dominates the whole plain and stands out against a background of mountains of medium height. These have a mellow line and are tinted with pink and violet under the rays of the fiery sun: they form a contrast to the orange, white and yellow tints which predominate in the valleys. This landscape and the extraordinary dryness of the soil give a general effect which is at once picturesque and singularly strange – at least, that is how it strikes our northern eyes. We truly have a vision of the East and, without an effort, by the sole virtue of the scene before us, the memory of the Arabs who long ruled this land impresses itself on our thoughts.

The heat has become overpowering, and we are half suffocated by the dust cast up by the mules. The road continues uphill for a long time, and the animals plod slowly along the plateau, on greyish white soil which resembles solidified mud and is entirely bare, without a single blade of grass to be seen. At last we approach the city around which we must make a long circuit. This enables us to see a considerable length of the old city walls before reaching the ancient gateway surmounted by the arms of the Kings of Navarre, but lacking the drawbridge which used to be

thrown over a moat. Before entering the town we notice that here also the wheat is being threshed in the same primitive fashion as in the villages we have gone through. This work is done on a vast barn-floor, where the sheaves are spread out, the horses made to turn round the room and the women employed to gather the chaff and sort out the grain. At 10 a.m. we alight in the centre of Pamplona, rather tired and stiff after six hours' travelling on most uncomfortable seats, in a crouching position, because of the strangely low hood of the carriage, and of having perpetually to crane our necks in order not to miss anything of the view!

What strikes one first at Pamplona is the modern appearance of the interior of the town, contrasting with the ancient and oriental character of its surroundings. The wide street named Paseo de Valencia, the vast Plaza de la Constitucion, give one the impression of a new and quite European

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city. Near the cathedral, the streets are old and narrow but with no particular feature of interest. The cathedral itself, situated not far from the river Arga, is looked upon as one of the most beautiful in Spain, despite its outer mediocrity, especially that of its façade which dates from the late eighteenth century. The bad taste of this façade astonishes and shocks those tourists who expect to visit a monument of the fourteenth century. No sooner, however, has one entered the church than all one's disappointment is forgotten. The interior is truly superb; it is composed of five aisles of the most beautiful Gothic architecture. The choir contains the tombs and recumbent statues of a King of Navarre and his wife, also some fine choir-stalls of the sixteenth century, with figures of saints and prophets carved on the backs. But the high and handsome wrought-iron gate dating from the Renaissance, which shuts off the choir, rather spoils the general effect. A magnificent fourteenth-century portal leads to the cloisters, which are also superb, while the mausoleums and the doors of the chapels are masterpieces of sculpture. The Chapel of Santa Cruz is enclosed in chains taken from the Saracens at the victory of Navas de Tolosa in 1212: they surrounded the tent of the Saracen chief. The treasury of the cathedral, kept in the hall called "Preciosus" is rich in jewels, gold work and lace of the greatest value. From the windows of this hall, shining with gold and rare marble, and from the windows of the nearby sacristy, the view extends widely over the country surrounding Pamplona, bare and arid, with its reddish hue and the outline of the russet hills, softly defined and unvarying in the distance.

Not less interesting than the cathedral itself is to us a service that is being celebrated during our visit. Which service? We cannot be quite sure what we are witnessing, lost as we are in the extraordinary display of pomp and complicated ritual of the ceremony. Our attention is particularly attracted by one of the numerous priests – or deacons – wearing sumptuous ornaments and a grey wig, and carrying a sort of crozier. He remains constantly kneeling in the middle of the last step of the Capilla Mayor, enveloped in a cloud of incense. Along the aisles, empty of chairs and benches as in every Spanish church, the congregation is somewhat scattered and consists mainly of women.

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Dressed entirely in black, their heads veiled by the mantilla, they kneel on the bare flagstones or on squares of black material, fanning themselves. When they are tired of kneeling, they drop gently backwards, squat on their heels and follow the service in this more comfortable position. After all, we decide that this must be a High Mass with a special display of pomp and exterior religious observances so dear to Spanish Catholicism. It leaves the impression that behind all this splendour, so sombre in character, a despotic priesthood lays a heavy hand on poor Spain in a determination to prolong indefinitely the spirit of the Middle Ages. And, as this thought comes to us, with the

perfume of incense, the harmony of organs and the light and shade of the high Gothic archways, a slight shiver runs through us, and we come out of the Cathedral into the dazzling light of midday. Then, through the streets of the old capital of Navarre, almost empty now because of the heat and of the approaching hour for food and rest, we make our way to the most modern hotel of Pamplona, "La Perla." The name, common to many hotels in this part of Spain, is here fully justified: "The Pearl" is undoubtedly the best of restaurants, judging by the excellent meal which fully satisfies our travellers' appetites. Possibly the recent experiences we have had in other Spanish inns have something to do with our satisfaction.

And now, fatigue and the influence of our surroundings invite us to the *siesta*. Who, in Spain, would ever dispense with it? And as soon as one treads the ground of a foreign country, must not one try to adopt some of its most pleasant customs?

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Gissing and Walter Pater

In his pertinent note on Henry Ryecroft's Trick (July 1970, pp. 17-18), Mr. Lees noted that it would be interesting to learn what precise acquaintanceship Gissing had with Pater's work. In order to throw light on this problem, one would have to go through the whole of Gissing's papers and unpublished correspondence, as the indexes to the volumes of correspondence yield no crop what-

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ever. There is at least one mention in the Diary some time in the nineties, but a cursory glance among notes taken from the unpublished letters has led to two references of some interest. In a letter to Algernon dated October 6, 1878, we find George recommending his brother to read an essay on Lamb by Pater together with an article by Frederic Harrison, both in the current *Fortnightly Review*. The second allusion is contained in a letter to Margaret of October 7, 1885, in which he invites his sister to read carefully the following sentence from *Marius the Epicurean*, which had appeared earlier in the year:

"He was acquiring what is ever the true function of all higher education to teach – a system, or art, namely, of so relieving the ideal or poetic traits, the elements of distinction, in our everyday life – of so exclusively living in them – that the unadorned remainder of it, the mere drift and *débris* of life, becomes as though it were not."

P. C.

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Forthcoming Publications

Dr. Francesco Badolato has translated into Italian eight Gissing short stories which will be published very soon in two editions of 200 and 800 copies respectively. The volume will be entitled *Un' Ispirazione ed altre novelle*. The bindings of the two editions will have designs by different artists.

Mme Suzanne Calbris has completed a new translation into French of *New Grub Street*. Pierre Coustillas is to write an introduction.

Two more volumes in the Enitharmon Gissing Series will be published later this year: *Gissing East and West: Four Aspects*. Essays by Giichi Kamo, Shigeru Koike, C. C. Kohler and P. Coustillas. Illustrated; and *My First Rehearsal and My Clerical Rival*, two short stories with a substantial introduction by P. Coustillas.

A volume on Gissing in Routledge & Kegan Paul's Critical Heritage Series, consisting in early reviews and critical articles, is being prepared by Colin Partridge and P. Coustillas.

The new critical edition of *The Nether World* edited by John Spiers and Cecil Ballantine has been previously announced.

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Recent Publications (in chronological order)

Monod, Sylvère. *Histoire de la Littérature anglaise de Victoria à Elizabeth II*, Librairie Armand Colin, 1970, *passim*, especially pp. 180-82.

Cazemajou, Jean. "Comptes Rendus," *Revue de Littérature Comparée*, January-March 1970, p. 139. A review of Coustillas' *Carnets d'Henry Ryecroft* (Paris, Aubier).

Spiers, John, and Coustillas, Pierre. "George Gissing: Material for a Bibliographical Study," *The Book Collector*, Spring 1970, p. 98.

[Gerber, Helmut]. "A Gissing Revival," *English Literature in Transition*, vol. XIII, no. 1, 1970, p. iii. The same number contains a very useful series of bibliographical notes by various contributors, pp. 52-62.

Anon. *Oxford Mail*, May 21, 1970. A review of the Gollancz *Born in Exile*.

Anon. *British Book News*, May 1970. A review of *Isabel Clarendon* (Harvester Press).

The Dickensian, Centenary number, May 1970. The essays by K. J. Fielding ("1870-1900, Forster and Reaction") and by Sylvère Monod ("1900-1920, The Age of Chesterton") contain a number of references to Gissing.

Anon. "Books of the Day," *The Glasgow Herald*, June 10, 1970. A review of *Born in Exile*.

Anon. "The Resuscitation of George Gissing," *Times Literary Supplement*, June 11, 1970, p. 630. A review of *Notes on Social Democracy*, *Gissing's Writings on Dickens*. *George Gissing at Alderley Edge*, *Born in Exile* and *Isabel Clarendon*.

J. G. Farrell. "Old Wives' Tales," *Spectator*, June 20, 1970. A review of *Born in Exile*.

Collins, P. "Gissing in Russia," *Times Literary Supplement*, July 2, 1970, p. 726. A letter to the editor.

Anon. "Academic Exercise," *The Bookseller*, July 4, 1970, p. 40. A paragraph mentioning that the Harvester Press has sold 500 sets of *Isabel Clarendon* in 14 weeks.

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Clarke, Austin, "The Good Apprentice," *The Irish Times*, July 4, 1970. A review of *Born in Exile*.

Badolato, Francesco. "Scoprendo Gissing," *Italia Intellettuale*, May-July 1970, pp. 6-7. A review of the first three Enitharmon Gissing monographs.

Stanford, Derek. "Fiction," *Scotsman*, August 1, 1970. A review of *Born in Exile*.

W. E. P. "Ten of the Best," *Methodist Recorder*, August 6, 1970. A review of *Born in Exile*.

Anon. "A Literary Pilgrimage round Dorking," *Dorking Advertiser*, August 14, 1970. About Professor Koike's visit, with photograph of him together with C. C. Kohler and John Spiers.

Anon. *British Book News*, August 1970. A review of *Born in Exile*.

Coustillas, P. "Gissing in Russia," *The Times Literary Supplement*, September 4, 1970, p. 974. Letter to the editor about Turgenev's and Gissing's correspondence, the translation of Gissing's novels into Russian and Russian articles on his works.