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## GEORGE ELIOT'S AFTERLIFE: DINITIA SMITH'S *THE HONEYMOON* AND DIANA SOUHAMÍ'S *GWENDOLEN*

By Margaret Harris

In *Middlemarch*, chapter 20, as Dorothea Casubon sits musing in Rome, George Eliot presents one of the most traumatic honeymoons in fiction. With decorum, but unmistakably, Dorothea's sexual confusion is conveyed: however, she will live through widowhood to fulfilment as Dorothea Ladislaw. In contrast, George Eliot denies such fulfilment to Gwendolen Grandcourt in her next novel, *Daniel Deronda*. Where Dorothea's acceptance of Casaubon's proposal arises from idealistic ignorance, Gwendolen's decision to marry Grandcourt is morally flawed because of her awareness of his liaison with Lydia Glasher. There is no question about the physical consummation of the Grandcourt marriage, unlike that of the Casaubons: Grandcourt's sadistic brutality in and out of bed is apparent. Gwendolen experiences even deeper guilt than Dorothea in her release into widowhood, although her consciousness of the murderous thoughts she has harboured is tempered by contrition<sup>1</sup>

George Eliot's life experience has some loose similarities with that of her heroines. Neither of her honeymoons was unclouded, and she was devastated by the death of her partner of 25 years, George Lewes. That her honeymoon with him in Weimar in 1854 was idyllic is memorably shown in her 'Recollections of Weimar', though the idyll was at times punctuated by reminders that their relationship was illicit.<sup>2</sup> Her eventual lawful honeymoon as Mrs John Cross in 1880 was interrupted by her much younger husband's apparent suicide attempt. Cross's account of the episode put his malady down to bad air and lack of exercise brought on by the 'delicious, dreamy existence' of the tourist in Venice.<sup>3</sup> Then and since, speculation about the causes of his leap into the Grand Canal has centred on the sexual energies and preferences of both bride and groom. The received version has been that of Lord Acton, accepted by most biographers including the magisterial Gordon Haight: 'At Venice she thought him mad, and she never recovered the dreadful depression that followed. Sent for Richetti, told him that Cross had a mad brother. Told her fears. Just then, heard that he had jumped into the Canal.'<sup>4</sup>

The interaction of George Eliot's life and art has been a persistent concern of the relatively few fictional contributions to her afterlife. The dual scandals of her apostasy and the irregularity of her union with Lewes (along with her marriage to Cross), have always been confronting for biographers, and it has taken time to move beyond the protective yet authoritative stance of Cross in the late nineteenth century and Haight in the mid-twentieth. But now writers of both scholarship and fiction interpret George Eliot's character and conduct with a candour inconceivable to those redoubtable champions.

Such imaginative freedom is seized to good effect in two recent novels, Dinitia Smith's *The Honeymoon* and Diana Souhami's *Gwendolen*. The former is a fictionalized biography that joins a group of novels taking narrative bearings from the Cross marriage that includes Terence de Vere White's *Johnnie Cross* (1983), the 'Puttermesser Paired' section of Cynthia Ozick's *The Puttermesser Papers* (1997), and Deborah Weisgall's *The World Before Her* (2008). *The Honeymoon* intercalates retrospects covering George Eliot's whole life with a narrative that opens with the Crosses honeymooning in Venice in June 1880 and runs through to Eliot's death in December that year. By contrast, *Gwendolen* takes its bearings from readerly dissatisfaction with *Daniel Deronda*. It is a rewriting of and sequel to that novel, narrated by the titular

heroine, in which less than halfway through George Eliot herself is introduced as a character, when she and Lewes turn up among the guests at Sir Hugo Mallinger's Christmas party at Topping Abbey.

*The Honeymoon* is the fourth novel of Dinitia Smith, a versatile author with experience also as screenwriter, film director, and journalist. All three of her previous novels, from *The Hard Rain* (1980), through *Remember This* (1989) and *The Illusionist* (1997), have an interest in morbid sexual fascination and non-normative relationships, and all experiment with shifts of narrator and of time sequence. These characteristics are apparent also in *The Honeymoon*, which because of its historical basis is otherwise a new departure for her.

Smith references the legacy of some earlier commentators, Haight paramount, in a brief 'Bibliographical Essay'.<sup>5</sup> She has absorbed and rethought that material, augmenting it with exhaustive research into such details as railway timetables, probable concert programmes, and old maps and photographs, as well as making site visits to Venice and George Eliot Country in Warwickshire. For all this background work, *The Honeymoon* has only the slightest smell of the lamp that Henry James deplored in *Romola*<sup>6</sup> – though at moments, especially early on, the use of Italian phrases with careful translation is ominous. The principal achievement of Dinitia Smith's novel is its thoughtful and thought-provoking interpretation of George Eliot's emotional and creative life. I think that the story Smith tells could engross a reader who has the slightest (or no) prior knowledge of the protagonist, while raising fresh possibilities for those more familiar with Eliot's career.

The novel opens with Mr and Mrs Cross arriving in Venice in June 1880, about a month into their honeymoon. The temporal shifts, ranging back to George Eliot's early years, drawing on material pertinent to all stages of her life, and building up to the climax of Cross's jump, develop a kind of narrative suspense. (About one-third of the novel is given to Venice and its aftermath; two-thirds to retrospect, with transitions skilfully effected.) The opening pages bring out the incongruity of the couple – he is more than once taken to be her son – together with slight tensions between them. In a narrative focalized through George Eliot, it is apparent that she is feeling her way into the new relationship – entered into both out of consciousness of need for help in managing business matters, and an attraction to Cross's youth and energy that translates into a longing for physical demonstrativeness that goes beyond solicitude. She misses Lewes's ability to support and stimulate her, in their daily round, in her creative work, and sexually. Smith takes her reader through Eliot's early maternal deprivation, her love for father and brother, her sense of being handicapped by her plain appearance, and her love affairs – from that with Charles Bray through Robert Brabant, John Chapman and Herbert Spencer to her lasting union with George Lewes. Smith gives no attention to Eliot's female friends and acolytes, and is awkwardly explicit about the physical consummation of these affairs with men (other than the famously unconsummated one with Spencer). The skeleton of Smith's case study of George Eliot's emotional development is familiar – her emotional dependency and lack of confidence, and the centrality of her relationship with Lewes – but few accounts delineate her progress with such insight and avoidance of sensationalism. *The Honeymoon* creates George Eliot in the round, especially through the intensive account of the dynamics of her relationships with both John Cross (rendered through her reactions to him mainly in the time present of the novel), and George Lewes (a constant absence in her ineradicable sense of loss). Leaving aside the biographical issues here, Smith's dramatization of an ageing woman's arc of mourning is a rare accomplishment.

In a passage of reflection in the summer of 1879, when Eliot has emerged from grief-stricken seclusion following Lewes's death and is reading Dante with Cross at Witley, she thinks about her attraction to him as maternal: 'ultimately, wasn't the love of a mother for her son in some way sexual too, the love of the female for the body of the male, but the love of an ideal? Nature's ideal, something young and pure. And untouchable' (p. 298). Immediately afterwards, she recurs to a discussion of Cross with Lewes, who discounted the idea that he might be 'a Nancy boy? ... He's just a late bloomer, that's all' (p. 299) – and then to a recollection of Cross's saying that apart from his mother, the person to whom he was closest was his brother-in-law Albert Druce, husband of his sister Anna, named for their mother, and the sibling most like him in looks. He is godfather to the Druce children.

The psychology is plausible textbook Freud, though not a clinical case study. Smith's dramatization of Cross is the most thorough consideration of him there is, whether in fiction or otherwise, and one of the most original features of her novel, expanding on Acton's note about the mad brother, and working from his extreme attachment to his mother, who died a week after Lewes. Cross's erotic attraction to men is traced throughout, in his bond with Druce, and his susceptibility to rough trade in the form of the gondolier Corradini. In Venice he goes from being irritable to manifesting florid behaviours that culminate in an obsessive proposal to embark on a project to see every single thing Ruskin describes in his Venice pamphlets – at which point Eliot sends for his brother William. When he comes to her rescue, Willie – who has been reserved at the announcement of their wedding plans (and in real life remained unmarried) – explains that Cross has been institutionalized during a previous outbreak of similar behaviour, while their brother Alexander 'was like a wild animal. They had to put him away' (p. 360), as an uncle had been.

Like many literary characters before him, Cross comes to his senses in the Alps. He regains strength but not memory, apologizes, and resumes his protective role. The last section of the novel, a moving twenty pages, runs from their return to England through to George Eliot's death. Its title, 'Paradiso', like others of the seven parts alluding to Dante and one of their courtship occupations, is ambiguous. Is Eliot, back in familiar surroundings, once more overtaken by grief (she misses Lewes acutely as she wrestles with planning for her Napoleonic novel), or is she now able to let go in the knowledge that Cross, with all his limitations, is now in control?

Smith epigrammatically declares a principle that is of the essence of her exercise in biofiction, acknowledging that she has 'taken some dramatic license in the chronology, but there is nothing in this story that I know with certainty did not happen' (forematter). There is one deviation from the historical record that bothers me. Cross's testimony about George Eliot's stamina on their wedding journey is unequivocal: 'from the day she set her foot on Continental soil, till the day she returned to Witley, she was never ill – never even unwell. She began at once to look many years younger' (*George Eliot's Life*, iii. 417). Yet Smith makes Eliot feel her age in face of the stresses of travel, in what is for me a stretch of dramatic licence. In addition, there are some individual passages that grate. One instance: for the most part, Smith handles neatly accounts of Eliot's writings and their analogies in her life, but the valiant attempt to enact 'O may I join the choir invisible' misses fire (p. 390). That said, *The Honeymoon* takes its place as a serious contribution to George Eliot biography.<sup>7</sup>

To turn to Diana Souhami's *Gwendolen*, an intervention in a long-running debate. Of all George Eliot's novels, it is fair to say that critical opinion has divided most sharply over

*Daniel Deronda*. While some contemporaries enthused, others including Henry James found it unsatisfactory. 'All the Jewish part is at bottom cold', he roundly declared.<sup>8</sup> It languished, out of print, for decades before F. R. Leavis, aligning himself explicitly with James, brought it back into critical purview, maintaining that 'As for the bad part of *Daniel Deronda*, there is nothing to do but cut it away'.<sup>9</sup> Broadly speaking, from the 1990s on, it has been the 'bad part' that has been the subject of most critical attention – which makes the fictional redress provided by *Gwendolen* the more bracing.

Diana Souhami runs with the licence Leavis provides, pushing 'the Jewish part' onto the sidelines while subscribing to Claudia Johnson's view that 'Leavis sought to make Gwendolen out to be the "real Jew in the first place, the godly, goodly Hebrew languishing in bondage to the Pharaoh, Daniel Deronda."' <sup>10</sup> Souhami comes from a different angle, neither derisory, nor privileging the live possibility in Eliot's novel that Daniel will act on his attraction to Gwendolen.

In interviews, Diana Souhami has been frank: like many readers, she felt dissatisfied with the way Eliot's Gwendolen ends up, adrift, and so set out to write her a more fulfilling future.<sup>11</sup> Souhami is a well-established author, with a number of successful biographies to her name. Characteristically she explores non-normative relationships, mainly lesbian, as in *Gertrude and Alice* (1991) and her 1998 prizewinning biography of Radclyffe Hall, but including studies of Greta Garbo and Cecil Beaton (1994) and Alice Keppel, long-time mistress of King Edward VII, and her daughter Violet Trefusis (1996). This inclination is apparent also in *Gwendolen*.

While she has frequently experimented with genre, *Gwendolen* is Souhami's first novel. She casts her narrative in the form of a letter from Gwendolen Harleth to Daniel Deronda, starting with a version of the opening of *Daniel Deronda* that does away with the epigraph about 'the make-believe of a beginning', and rephrases the 'questions in Daniel Deronda's mind' about Gwendolen's beauty and its effect on him for good or ill (*Daniel Deronda*, p. 5). 'I was winning when I met your gaze. Its persistence made me raise my head then doubt myself. It broke my luck ... It was the *coup de foudre*, the start of my unequivocal love for you and your equivocal love for me' (pp. 3-4).<sup>12</sup> The heroine's first person narration presents Daniel only in relation to herself, oblivious to what is happening in his life. Gwendolen is simply conscious of his power over her and expresses her fascinated attraction to him as an inexorable natural phenomenon, declaring 'I feared you were the moon to my tide and it was not in my power to turn from you' (p. 82). Her consciousness of Grandcourt's dominance, even before she finally accepts his suit, is of a different kind, physically experienced on their wedding night when he leaves her bruised and bleeding.

Souhami's Gwendolen uses a twenty-first-century demotic rather than the language of a mid-Victorian woman (her voice, like that of Eliot's Gwendolen, is unsuited to the stage). Take George Eliot's introduction of a minor character, Mrs Gadsby, 'with her doubtful antecedents grammatical and otherwise' who in chapter 7 of *Deronda* rides with the Wessex hunt 'as no lady of good position' would do (p. 66), and compare: 'Uncle said no lady rode with the hounds except Mrs Gadsby, who until she married the Yeomanry Captain had been a kitchen maid and still spoke like one' (*Gwendolen*, p. 32). Incidentally, topical references in *Gwendolen* are faithful to the placement of the action of *Deronda* in the mid-1860s, with the main narrative ending by mid-1878 at the latest, at a reception at The Priory where Gwendolen and Daniel meet again, though it is unclear how much later it is that Gwendolen is actually

writing.

Souhami doesn't entirely avoid either of two opposing risks: on the one hand that this latter-day Gwendolen will offend or bemuse George Eliot devotees; on the other that by Grandcourt's drowning (more than halfway through) *Gwendolen* will lose readers unfamiliar with *Daniel Deronda* and unable to recognize and respond to variations on it. Delineation of Gwendolen's obsession with Daniel and the intensity of the moments she seizes with him, is potent, however, as is Grandcourt's relentless intimidation of her. Throughout, Souhami plants a number of references that are premonitory of later developments, many of them, like the analogies between Gwendolen and Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*, alluding to *Daniel Deronda*, but not dependent on prior knowledge of that novel. The narrative pace picks up as Souhami dramatizes her widowed heroine working through the remorse indicated by George Eliot, constructing a quite different future for herself from that implied in *Daniel Deronda*. Concurrently the genre shifts from a kind of gothic melodrama to comedy bordering on fantasy. Gwendolen's sense of identity is bound up with her name. On her wedding night she resists thinking of herself as Gwendolen Grandcourt (p. 94) – the name she uses on the second last page of *Daniel Deronda* to sign her letter to Deronda on his wedding day (p. 780). In *Gwendolen*, after Grandcourt's drowning, she resumes her maiden name at the instigation of Daniel's artist friend Hans Meyrick, who encourages her to develop 'a wiser version of my former self', in the first instance by going to London to 're-emerge as Gwendolen Harleth' (p. 197). It is Hans rather than Daniel who turns out to be Gwendolen's saviour, leading her into exotic adventures including a parachute jump from a hot air balloon. This exploit has been prepared for early on with a touch typical of Souhami's narrative, when Gwendolen complains to her suitor Grandcourt of her 'resentment that I could not go up in a hot-air balloon, meet unusual people, or travel to Africa or in search of the Nile' (p. 47) – all of which she will accomplish by the end of the novel. The re-emergence instigated by Hans is furthered by Sir Hugo Mallinger, who assists Gwendolen in practical business matters and also engages in long conversations with her, in the main dealing with their respective disappointments with Daniel. This, like other adroit touches, shows Daniel from perspectives other than Gwendolen's. The process is completed when George Eliot introduces Gwendolen to Barbara Bodichon, who incorporates her into the group of women she entertains at her country home. Gwendolen's confidence grows with her commitment to their feminist principles, and though she holds back from joining suffrage rallies, she undergoes 'a rite of passage', when her hair is cut by a member of the coterie, one Violet Greene (a fictional character evidently named for the suffragette colours, and a specialist in fashion reform – p. 268). It is Barbara who utters a polemical speech about men's enslavement of women 'by imposing their own names', prompting Gwendolen to a powerful reflection culminating in her declaration 'I am Gwendolen Harleth, I said. Gwendolen Harleth. I will not lose my name again.' (p. 269)

What does Gwendolen Harleth become? A woman fearless, free, and beyond George Eliot's imagining. When George Eliot first begins to inhabit her own universe, 'She seemed to appraise me with disapproval' (p. 105), though by the end a more secure Gwendolen analyses the limits of Eliot's capacity to 'see how, outside of marriage, I might carve my way for myself' (p. 281). Souhami cleverly naturalizes George Eliot as a character who on various occasions surprises Gwendolen by what she knows: 'Our lives, it seems, were in Mrs Lewes's hands' (p. 220). She conjectures about the reasons for the failure of Eliot's omniscience once the concluding events of *Daniel Deronda* have been told: in a nice touch, she sees analogies with

the end of a love affair or a friendship, and with the experience of seeing players on a stage who are of no interest once the curtain falls. Yet she cannot resist asking whether she has a future with Daniel, to which George Eliot replies 'I am not a soothsayer', adding, accurately, that Gwendolen cannot understand his 'essential allegiance' to Judaism (p. 257). Souhami makes no bones about Gwendolen's ignorance – of Judaism and much else. Though novel reading is among her accomplishments, along with music and French (p. 17), she finds the conversation at The Priory overly erudite. The encounter with Daniel that George Eliot ultimately stage-manages is liberating for Gwendolen, who reflects that she now has the courage for different gambles from those at the roulette table, including that of travelling hopefully. The manifesto Souhami provides for her is at once an enactment of some of George Eliot's principles (such as the extraordinariness of ordinary people) and a reproach for her incapacity to script a future for Gwendolen. A comparable reproach appears in Patricia Duncker's *Sophie and the Sibyl*, which makes explicit poststructuralist play with George Eliot as author and character. The youthful Sophie, also apprehended at the gambling table but for different reasons from Gwendolen's, turns on the sybilline George Eliot, accusing her of predatoriness in using actual events and people in her fiction, as well as inability to conjure meaningful futures for her heroines.<sup>13</sup>

It is an extraordinary future into which Gwendolen launches, to be appreciated figuratively rather than literally. Having 'found the essence of my being when weightless in the swirling sky' (p. 286), she has a friendship with a transvestite trapeze artist, and serves as an artist's model first as Hermione and then nude as Marianne, Goddess of Liberty. She accepts payment for the modelling work, and (a jarring note?) earns commission by fundraising for Barbara's educational enterprises (p. 270). She emphasizes that 'Paul Leroy turned me into art but did not seek possession' (p. 274) – as Souhami's George Eliot does not claim possession of those she writes in her novel. Gwendolen herself is accorded something of the status of an artist, identifying with the image of Daniel's mother Alcharisi in the locket he shows her ('I, like her, want the wider world' – p. 186) – the same locket he gives her at their final meeting, so acknowledging her ambition, and their affinity (p. 288).

The three page coda, 'Years Later', touches on George Eliot's life after her last appearance in *Gwendolen* ('Her own story became more fantastical than either yours or mine' – p. 293). In order to avoid painful memories, Gwendolen does not read *Daniel Deronda*, and her tone makes clear that all that is well behind her. 'I cannot be summed up or shown to have arrived', she proclaims, tossing off in two lines her affair with a married man by whom she has a daughter (p. 294). Souhami's disposition of other characters plays out in different kinds of marital union: Hans marries Anna Gascoigne; Rex, married to Beatrix Brackenshaw, becomes a judge; Gwendolen's sisters are all ingeniously paired off. I am particularly gratified by the fate of the odious Lush, who 'endured an alarming death' after stepping into quicksand at Lyme Regis. The final lines are comic anti-climax, dealing with Mrs Gadsby, who 'inherited a pig farm near Bristol from an unknown, unwed relative. It turned out to be a gold mine, so uncle said' (p. 295).

Souhami has done her homework craftily, addressing the position expressed in passing by Barbara Hardy, that '*Daniel Deronda* is the novel most disappointing for feminism'.<sup>14</sup> She makes changes to Eliot's narrative, some of which seem pointless (like moving Mrs Davilow and her daughters to the White House, p. 137; and turning the governess Miss Merry into two characters).<sup>15</sup> But to comment obsessively on the fidelity of *Gwendolen* to *Daniel Deronda* is

very much to miss the point. In taking on George Eliot, Souhami nods to Angela Carter. Gwendolen's story is an enacted feminist fantasy, paradoxically more grounded than the fantasy of race and destiny that George Eliot accords Daniel.

I have sympathy both with reviewers who found that *Gwendolen* fell flat, like Fiona Wilson in the *Times* (There is plenty to enjoy here, but it is no *Wide Sargasso Sea*'), and with the exuberant conclusion of John Pfeiffer, that while *Gwendolen* may not be entirely successful as a stand-alone novel, as 'creative scholarship [...] it is excellent and perhaps paradigm-changing for *Deronda*'s continuing reception'.<sup>16</sup> Certainly the ludic seriousness of *Gwendolen* mounts a mighty challenge to the over-earnest aspect of *Daniel Deronda*. And as certainly, both recent contributions to George Eliot's afterlife, *The Honeymoon* and *Gwendolen*, are ample demonstration that biofiction and fan fiction can be sharp critical tools.

## Notes

- 1 In *Victorian Honeymoons: Journeys to the Conjugal* (Cambridge University Press, 2006), Helena Michie gives a comprehensive discussion of the practice of the wedding journey together with its literary representations – including illuminating reference to *Middlemarch* (esp. pp. 83-8), and an excellent discussion of *Daniel Deronda* (pp. 161-71).
- 2 See *The Journals of George Eliot*, ed. Margaret Harris and Judith Johnston (Cambridge University Press, 1998), especially the description of their excursion to Ettersburg ('Recollections of Weimar', pp. 227-8). Carlyle's 'painful letter from London', mentioned in her journal (p. 26), was one reaction to the breaking news of their elopement.
- 3 The relevant passage in full runs to about 200 words: see *George Eliot's life as related in her letters and journals arranged and edited by her husband J. W. Cross* (3 vols. Edinburgh: William Blackwood, 1885), III, 407-8.
- 4 Cambridge UL: MS 5109, item 1571; qtd Gordon S. Haight, *George Eliot: A Biography* (Oxford University Press, 1968) p. 544, n. 3. Rosemary Ashton gives a more extended and discriminating account in *George Eliot: A Life* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1996), pp. 376-8; Barbara Hardy, *George Eliot: A Critic's Biography* (London: Continuum, 2006), pp. 102-5, wonders whether the jump actually happened; Brenda Maddox's research adds new material by way of contemporary reports in Venetian newspapers and a police report which explicitly treat the episode as a suicide attempt: see *George Eliot Novelist, Lover, Wife* (London: Harper, 2009), pp. 215-20; Nancy Henry does not dwell on the episode in her account of the marriage which emphasizes Cross as 'Eliot's Boswell': *The Life of George Eliot* (Malden, MA and Oxford: Wiley-Blackwell, 2012), p. 269; Kathleen McCormack, *George Eliot in Society: Travels Abroad and Sundays at the Priory* (Columbus, OH: Ohio State University Press, 2013), chapter 5, 'John Cross and the Last Spa', takes Cross family tradition into account. Rosemarie Bodenheimer's searching anatomy of the way George Eliot wrote her life in fiction and letters in *The Real Life of Mary Ann Evans: George Eliot Her Letters and Fiction* (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1994) astutely discusses the marriage but not the honeymoon.



- 5 Dinitia Smith, *The Honeymoon* (New York: Other Press, 2016), pp. 405-9.
- 6 Review of Cross's *Life* (*Atlantic Monthly*, May 1885), in David Carroll, ed., *George Eliot: The Critical Heritage* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1971), p. 500.
- 7 Other biofictions tend to concentrate on George Eliot's life up to her union with Lewes and her emergence as a published author, playing down issues of sexuality and dealing cursorily with her last twenty-odd years: thus J. E. Buckrose, *Silhouette of Mary Ann* (1931) and Elfrida Vripon, *Towards a High Attic: The Early Life of George Eliot* (1970). F. W. Kenyon, *The Consuming Flame: The Story of George Eliot* (1970), is jauntily suggestive.
- 8 'Daniel Deronda: A Conversation', in Carroll, ed., *George Eliot: The Critical Heritage*, p. 428. Carroll's account of the contemporary reception of *Daniel Deronda* remains unsurpassed: see pp. 32-5 and 360-447. John Rignall provides a succinct account of its critical fortunes to the end of the twentieth century in his Everyman paperback edition of *Daniel Deronda* (London: J.M. Dent, 1999), esp. pp. 813-25. Quotations from *Daniel Deronda* refer to this edition.
- 9 *The Great Tradition* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1948), p. 122, qtd John M. Picker 'George Eliot and the Sequel Question', *New Literary History*, 37: 2 (Spring 2006), 361. This verdict is well known: what is less well known, as Picker comments, is that Leavis attempted just that through his (unpublished) *Gwendolen Harleth*.
- 10 Claudia L. Johnson, 'F. R. Leavis, "The Great Tradition" of the English Novel and the Jewish Part', *Nineteenth-Century Literature* 56 (2001), 215-6, qtd in Picker, p. 362. It is noteworthy that *Gwendolen* is not the first sequel: John Picker discusses a *Punch* lampoon of 1876, and, more extensively, a near-contemporary sequel of 1878, also called *Gwendolen* and sub-titled '*or, Reclaimed*', in which Mirah dies in childbirth so that Deronda is able to marry Gwendolen after all. John Rignall expands earlier discussions in 'Two Sequels to *Daniel Deronda*' in this issue.
- 11 See Cole Morton, 'Author Diana Souhami', *Independent*, 14 September 2014, 16.
- 12 Diana Souhami, *Gwendolen* (London: Quercus, 2014), pp. 3-4.
- 13 I reviewed Patricia Duncker, *Sophie and the Sibyl: A Victorian Romance* (London: Bloomsbury, 2015), in *The George Eliot Review* 46 (2015), 76-78.
- 14 *The George Eliot Review* 45 (2014), 76.
- 15 For more on such changes, see Trev Broughton, 'George Eliot's "after-throbs": Saving Gwendolen Harleth', *Times Literary Supplement*, 3 July 2015, 19-20, a review of *Gwendolen* in tandem with *Sophie and the Sibyl*.
- 16 *Times*, 18 October 2014, Saturday Review section, p. 18; *George Eliot-George Henry Lewes Studies* 68:1 (2016), 63. Pfeiffer reads the Gwendolens of both George Eliot and Diana Souhami as 'fabulous character[s]' (61), with Souhami's 'a convincing ancestor of what the New Woman came to be' (62).