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THE TWENTY-NINTH GEORGE ELIOT MEMORIAL LECTURE, 2000

Delivered by Professor Barbara Hardy

GEORGE ELIOT FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY: *MIDDLEMARCH* AND THE POETRY OF PROSAIC CONDITIONS

Jerome Beaty should have given this lecture:¹ I have spoken and written in celebration of his scholarship and record that I was sad to be speaker not listener. Taking his amusingly grandiose title I place mine after it, and discussing *Middlemarch* and its poetry of (and in) prosaic conditions, respect his theme. I consider George Eliot's poetic language in *Middlemarch* at a time when many poets and novelists are interested in generic crossing and dislocation (as they have been in different ways from modernism to post-modernism) but when critics are less concerned with George Eliot's art, and literary art in general, than they once were.²

Forty years ago, I was one of several scholars, including Jerome Beaty, W. J. Harvey, Reva Stump, and Jerome Thale, concerned to praise George Eliot's art, reacting against F. R. Leavis and Joan Bennett, the only senior modern critics who seemed sufficiently engaged to provoke argument as they underestimated her control and form. Also wanting to modify the excessive formalism of the New Critics, Beaty and I, in very different ways, analysed the aesthetic and formal powers of the novelist at a time when her art was neglected, as I think it is now. In the late fifties and early sixties the art of fiction was in no danger of being disregarded. New Criticism was obsessed by complexity in unity, but within the parameters laid down by Henry James, for whom George Eliot was one of the large loose baggy monsters: his named monstrosities were novels by Thackeray, Dumas and Tolstoy, his *Middlemarch* 'a treasurehouse of detail but an indifferent whole'. The danger was not the neglect of the novelist's art but of the Victorian artist in fiction, and George Eliot was a prime example.

Our concern was not a simple interest in unity and enclosure. In *Middlemarch from Notebook to Novel* Beaty showed the way in which the discrete conceptions of *Miss Brooke* and *Middlemarch* came together, in craft and haphazard. I became interested in the novelist's modifications of unity, her attention to what Robert Louis Stevenson called the strange irregular rhythm of life, the narrative³ and language of the not-so omniscient and not-so impersonal narrator, and her affective form. Now I want to look at poetic language in her great novel.

Middlemarch, prose epic of middling achievement, teems with poetry. Like her other novels, it uses poetic epigraphs, some by George Eliot, some unsurprisingly by Goethe, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Scott, and Tennyson, three startlingly by Donne, Blake and Whitman. It assimilates quotation, identified like Drayton or unidentified like Spenser. It imagines readers of poetry. Lydgate grows up loving Scott, like his author, and refreshes Keats's pot of basil with bitter brilliance. Rosamond's favourite poem is 'Lalla Rookh'. Fred adapts Homer's Cyclops for the Garth children. George Eliot writes a lyric for Will Ladislaw, poet and musician, individualizing and placing his hymnlike love-song, 'O me, O me, what frugal cheer / My love doth feed upon', a rare poem written for a novel, like those composed for Mordecai in *Daniel Deronda*, Hardy's Ethelberta, Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, and D. H. Lawrence's Quetzalcoatl.

Will provides a definition:

To be a poet is to have a soul so quick to discern that no shade of quality escapes it, and so quick to feel, that discernment is but a hand playing with finely-ordered variety on the chords of emotion – a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge. (Ch. 22)

Dorothea pricks Will's bubbling wit, 'You leave out the poet'. Will's definition, which reflexively describes the prose poetry in *Middlemarch*, derives from Wordsworth and his source in Hartley. George Eliot has strong links with romanticism and romantic poetry. She was born in 1819, in the post-revolutionary century when the English literary revolution was active, and *Middlemarch*, set in the late twenties and thirties, remembers the art of its time and her youth. She creates Naumann as a Nazarene painter and sees Hazlitt as the most brilliant critic of his time. The novel begins with Mr Brooke's dinner-table reminiscence about being at Cambridge with Wordsworth and his heavy pun about dining with him and Humphrey Davy, 'a poet too', twenty years later. Ladislav (like Lydgate) experiments with opium but ruefully observes that he is no De Quincey. George Henry Lewes's literary criticism, especially *Principles of Success in Literature*, is strongly Coleridgean. Leigh Hunt, scathingly caricatured in Dickens's *Bleak House*, was Marian Evans's lover's wife's lover's father, well known to Lewes, a once important political and literary figure, subject of Keats's homage in 'Sleep and Poetry', seminal celebration and critique of romantic irrationalism and sensationalism.

Middlemarch is also a celebration and critique, romantic and anti-romantic. Ladislav is a friend of the Nazarene painter but his own projected painting looks more like the epic projects of Benjamin Haydon, the historical painter admired by Keats. Ladislav is poet and political idealist, 'a kind of Shelley' and a kind of Dionysus, also the chief celebrant of the reality principle. Middlemarch's poet urges Dorothea to take a 'sturdy neutral delight in things as they are', comes to find poetry artificial, and gives up epic ambitions. He doesn't become a civil servant like Wordsworth or a war martyr like Byron, but an M.P. in the first Reform Parliament. He and his wife leave Middlemarch to live still middlingly in a London street and learn how much things cost.

A motive of his return to Middlemarch, crucial for Rosamond, Lydgate, Dorothea and himself, is a Utopian, and American, project. Dorothea has tried to devote herself, as ancilla, to arid scholarship, recognized false lights, investigated and given up a romantic pantisocracy, like the one which made the marriages of Southey and Coleridge before it foundered. Eventually she is happy to be in the forward-looking political struggle, though George Eliot's narrator looks back at the First Reform Act with sober disappointment. The woman called a poem does not represent her author but the majority of able women seeking a wider life and finding no career or ideal community. She is assimilated into the life of her husband, known as a wife and mother, her wasted potential lamented by some, who cannot say what else she could have done. She feels a sturdy delight in things as they are, taking a generous pleasure in her husband's politics, but her son, heir to Tipton manor, decides against public life, and her daughter is unnamed, her

history a blank. *Middlemarch* refuses to project futures for women.

What happens to Ladislaw, Dorothea and their children, is an earthing of idealism and romanticism. It is also what the author creates in *Middlemarch*, a prosaic realistic novel which makes space for romantic vision but criticizes and modifies its poetry, without destroying it. What happens to the most fortunate Middlemarchers is what George Eliot recorded in a letter which first drew my attention to links of content and form in her life and her art. These metaphors of poetry and prose recur in her novels:

Alas for the fate of poor mortals which condemns them to wake up some fine morning and find all the poetry in which their world was bathed only the evening before utterly gone – the hard angular world of chairs and tables and looking-glasses staring at them in all its naked prose. It is so in all the stages of life – the poetry of girlhood goes – the poetry of love and marriage – the poetry of maternity – and at last the very poetry of duty forsakes us for a season... (*The George Eliot Letters*, ed. Gordon S. Haight, 9 vols [New Haven and London: Yale UP, 1954-78], I, p. 264)

The moment of disenchantment, the departure from poetry to prose, is itself unromantically grasped though poetically imaged, in this letter and in fictional forms. (But Sara Hennell, to whom this letter is written, did not recognize Marian Evans's style in George Eliot's novels.)

Will's definition articulates the conjunction of feeling and thinking. Defining imagination and praising the poet 'in ideal perfection', Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* conceived the imaged idea, the combination of unusual feeling with unusual order, and the sense of musical delight, as gifts of imagination. George Eliot creates such poetry in the guiding narrative, essential figure and function of her art and Victorian genre, and as a central theme of that narrative. *Middlemarch* does not tell one story and one story only, but among its stories is the story of imagination, and its telling shows more than usual feeling with more than usual order, bearing out Will's definition. Knowledge and emotion flow together as George Eliot imagines imagination's success and failure, light and vastation. Creating visionary assays in characters, she patterns language, musically and imagistically,⁴ with more than usual feeling and more than usual order.

Her imagistic intensifications and constructions are well-known, but her language is poetic in sound pattern as well as figure. The first sentence of *Middlemarch* contains a regular blank verse line, the iambic pentameter 'the varying experiments of time', and there are many passages of its prose which form or are formed by marked patterns of beat or syllable. The iambic pressures are marked, as in other Victorian novels, (and of course in common speech rhythms) but there are other metrical patterns. The portentous personification 'Destiny stands by sarcastic with our *dramatis personae*' (Ch. 11) is powerful and memorable in its two parallel eight-syllable phrases, each with dactyl followed by trochee and anapaest, finally clinched by the two trochees and last single syllable of the last phrase, 'folded in her hand'. The rhythm is reinforced by assonance and alliteration. Patterned intensification can be comic as well as

solemn, 'the motes from the mass of the magistrate's mind' (Ch. 2) show the author's wit and humour, and her poetry.

A large number of the novel's phrases and clauses are scannable, though George Eliot's prose iambic pentameters are subtly assimilated into larger syntactical units and never assert themselves to tease the ear as Dickens's sometimes do, though his can be sonorously effective, as at the end of the apostrophe after Jo's death scene in *Bleak House*: 'And dying thus around us every day'.

I repeat what I wrote in *The Novels of George Eliot. A Study in Form*: her formal conventions were Victorian and must be placed historically but her fiction has much in common with modernist forms. What she does in this novel, poeticizing prose fiction, anticipates twentieth-century innovation and experiment. T. S. Eliot and Pound bring poetry closer to prose, George Eliot brings prose closer to poetry. William Carlos Williams moves from one medium to the other, within one work, she gently but cleverly intensifies and elasticizes prose rhythms. By insinuation not shock, she incorporates poetry in prose. Her worst poetry is her formal verse, which as Mathilde Blind pointed out in 1883,⁵ is too mechanically regular; her best is in the free modulations of her novels. The poetry in the fiction makes her ambition to be a poet more understandable and more ironic. The ambition was realized in *Middlemarch*, not *The Spanish Gypsy*.

The poetry of prose is intensified for moments of vision. Those moments are articulated like arias in opera, or the rhetorical peaks in the plays of T. S. Eliot, who was alive to the possibilities of keeping dramatic language close to prose while heightening and solemnizing it for high emotion. George Eliot shifts from low to high register, especially in this novel which is so conscious of prose and poetry.

Moments when the characters' imagination is dramatized most intensely have common or repeated elements, in subject and form. There is often a shift in the relation of subject and object, inside and outside: Lydgate, Dorothea and Mary Garth lose or change the sense of self, Rosamond, Bulstrode and Casaubon emphatically do not. The poetry is placed in a context of prosaic conditions. There is an awareness, in direct or free indirect style, of heightened feeling and its language. But artistically self-conscious explication and generalization by character or narrator give way to the direct impress of passion by ordering and patterning of sound and figure: emphatic or regularized rhythm, clusterings of assonance and alliteration, marked repetition, metaphor, simile, and personification.

Felix Holt tells Esther Lyon that she needs a good strong vision, but the visions in the prosaic conditions of *Middlemarch* are less glamorous and climactic than Esther's. Some are strong, some weak, some positive, some negative, all presented with George Eliot's wonderful capacity for making a scene interior and exterior, sending a shaft of light into the mind and heart of a character while locating it in the very world in which we live, with what Henry James calls solidity of specification.

There is a series of visionary scenes which I do not want to describe as epiphanies, because they are too tentative or hesitant. Some are more like an anti-epiphany, even vastation, an emptying of meaning or failure of manifestation, and most are modified, undercut, or deconstructed, hints of possibility rather than signs of access. As in life, so in her art, George Eliot was not satisfied by what someone has called 'well-wrought epiphanies', and her forms of rejection signify an intellectual and emotional honesty and anticipate modernism, pointing one way in which we find her congenial at the beginning of this millennium.

Lydgate begins with positive and poetic vision. Chapter Fifteen presents the prose context in substantial felt particulars: breathless boy, love of activity and books, small library, random choice, awkward attitude, chair, and the old grey 'cyclopaedia'. We are conscious of language as Lydgate is moved by language. As he reads the vividly physical and apposite image of *valvae*, the Latin word for doors, applied metaphorically by some anonymous genius of anatomical naming, the bright and classically educated boy feels the wonder of adapted organ, in the famous and vital example of the heart, then beyond, as the process of imaginative generalization is generated in the alliterating iambic pentameter 'presentiment of endless processes'. Images work crucially together: the 'given' image of valves or *valvae*, significantly perceived, and the metaphors derived by the novelist's genius for excited perception: 'but he knew that *valvae* were folding-doors, and through this crevice came a shining light'. The artist's figure admits the form and subject of precedent word-formation, as she repeats valve and initiates crevice. The generation of language is demonstrated as a process, like that of physiology, and set to iambic pattern. George Eliot's 'intellectual passion' figures Lydgate's, and the phrase itself is repeated. He finds his vocation, elatedly, creatively, selflessly grasping scientific knowledge and – as he supposes – the future.

A little later, in a second act of biographical retrospect, the story of the grown man's misplaced passion, Lydgate's divided consciousness and detachment are generalized through narrative hint, lively personification in a landscape, a snippet of Bunyan, lyricized and musical. It's a good example of assimilated iambs and pentameters, alliterative and assonant:

Strange, that some of us, with quick alternate vision, see beyond our infatuations, and even while we rave on the heights, behold the wide plain where our persistent self pauses and awaits us. (Ch. 15)

In delighted reverie Will sets his poem to music. 'O me, O me, what frugal cheer/My love doth feed upon!' is a lyric accepting frugality, but a dream. Gently warned by the sympathetic uncertain April weather, his unreal expectations are bitterly disappointed, love's fare proving even more frugal than the isolation of lyric has briefly let him imagine. This scene is conspicuously musical, and in many ways reflexive. Like the season's sunlight, his delight doesn't last, it was frail and far from neutral. Poetry expresses mood sympathetically and ironically.

On later occasions Will comes to foresee himself motiveless and wasted, and George Eliot creates a narrative, imagery, and music of joyless drifting:

...it seemed to him as if he were beholding in a magic panorama a future where he himself was sliding into that pleasureless yielding to the small solicitations of circumstance, which is a commoner history of perdition than any single momentous bargain.

We are on a perilous margin when we begin to look passively at our future selves, and see our own figures led with dull consent into insipid misdoing and shabby achievement. Poor Lydgate was inwardly groaning on that margin, and Will was arriving at it. [...] He dreaded his own distaste for his spoiled life, which would leave him in motiveless levity. (Ch. 79)

More alliterating iambic pentameters ('solicitations of circumstance', 'see our own figures led with dull consent' and 'dreaded his own distaste for his spoiled life') are assimilated to less regular rhythms, making a prose music and a medley of incisive particulars and abstractions. The loss of self here is hideously detached and depressing. If we know the real-life stories, the negative imagination of 'motiveless levity' is very like Lewes's account of a wretched period of waste and self-indifference before he and Marian Evans joined lives.

Long before Forster and Beckett, George Eliot imagines negative visions, and writes a harsh poetry for the most sterile and corrupt characters in *Middlemarch*, Rosamond, Casaubon and Bulstrode.

Rosamond has fancies not vision, though the word imagination is used of her fantasy-life, derived from popular middleclass *Keepsake* culture and seen in 'remarkably detailed and realistic' activity when she meets Lydgate. Its product is precisely banal: handsome upper-class stranger, love at first sight, trousseau and fine appointments: in no time she is 'far on in the costume and introductions of her wedded life, having determined on her house in Middlemarch and foreseen the visits she would pay to her husband's high-bred relatives' (Ch. 12). When the reality beneath marriage-fantasy emerges, her resilient fancy opposes 'the actual' again, in a conventional dangerous cheap love-story featuring Lydgate as 'captive and crown-prince' and Ladislaw as bachelor-admirer whose safely distanced passion would send 'out lambent flames every now and then in interesting scenes' (Ch. 75).

When Bulstrode remembers his dream of missionary vocation, from which he was, like Lydgate, destructively diverted, there is deep negative poetry. Vision is set in negative, like Cocteau's imaged Hades for the film *Orphée*, by a concentrated metaphor of reversed vision in which outlook becomes inlook, with appropriate musical intensifiers of assonance, alliteration and rhythm. The phrase 'Night and day' is ritualistically repeated for Bulstrode's obsessed memory, in the same chapter after an interval of ten pages, a subtle figure of spaced-out *repetitio* used again over an even bigger space, with the phrase 'Quick, quick' which registers Gwendolen's panic in Chapters 26 and 54 of *Daniel Deronda*.

The terror of being judged [...] sends an inevitable glare over that long-unvisited past which has been habitually recalled only in general phrases. [...] Into this second life Bulstrode's past had now risen, only the pleasures of it seem-

ing to have lost their quality. Night and day, without interruption save a brief sleep which only wove retrospect and fear into a fantastic present, he felt the scenes of his earlier life coming between him and everything else, as obstinately as when we look through the window from a lighted room, the objects we turn our backs on are still before us, instead of the grass and the trees. (Ch. 61)

If Bulstrode's vision is solemnly lyricized, so is Casaubon's. Before and after Lydgate tells him he may die at any moment, his situation is dignified by apt mythology, sweetened by solemn musical metaphor, and softened by sympathetic nature and images of maternity, in a pair of George Eliot's most lyrically concentrated iambic and alliterative passages:

It was a lovely afternoon; the leaves from the lofty limes were falling silently across the sombre evergreens [...] no sound but the cawing of the rooks which to the accustomed ear is a lullaby, or that last solemn lullaby a dirge.

and

...the dark yew-trees gave him a mute companionship in melancholy, and the little shadows of bird or leaf that fleeted across the isles of sunlight, stole along in silence as in the presence of a sorrow. Here was a man who now for the first time found himself looking into the eyes of death [...] When the commonplace 'We must all die' transforms itself suddenly into the acute consciousness 'I must die – and soon,' then death grapples us, and his fingers are cruel; afterwards, he may come to fold us in his arms as our mother did [...] To Mr Casaubon now, it was as if he suddenly found himself on the dark river-brink and heard the splash of the oncoming oar. ... (Ch. 42)

Assimilated, separated, regular and irregular blank verse lines are brilliantly dirgelike: 'death grapples us and his fingers are cruel', 'and heard the splash of the oncoming oar', and 'When the commonplace "We must all die"'. Such iambics lull us into sympathy but we are abruptly and bathetically moved from poetry to prosaic conditions. The langour, melancholy, and solemn associations of dark river and plashing oar dignify Casaubon, but we share the author's ironic sturdy sense of things as they are. It turns out that the sly free indirect style does not speak for the imagination of Casaubon. What we have been told before is still true, he can never feel the glory, never lose the sense of his small self. It was 'as if' he finds himself on the dark river-brink, but what he is imagining is jealous, possessive, mean-minded, and earth-bound. After a little teasing which makes revelation the more instructive, we are barred from flattering ourselves and this fiction with sympathy, tutored by an emotional modulation and fall which George Eliot praises in her essay on Heine, and masters, to deny us conventional and sentimental identification and empathy.

For Mary Garth George Eliot writes poetry of positive vision, imagistic, musical and unromantic.

There were intervals in which she could sit perfectly still, enjoying the outer

stillness and the subdued light. The red fire with its gently audible movement seemed like a solemn existence calmly independent of the petty passions, the imbecile desires, the straining after worthless uncertainties, which were daily moving her contempt. (Ch. 33)

This rare scene of busy Mary's meditation and creativity emphasizes stillness and silence, and the free indirect style makes a powerful simile for secular transcendence of self. But after two sentences imaginative poetry about imagination moves into prose about fancy: she revolves 'the scenes of the day' recalling 'people [...] carrying their fool's caps unawares [...] as if when all the world looked yellow under a lamp they alone were rosy'. Her 'fancy' works on life, adding 'fresh drollery' to its oddities. She enjoys and knows her active inner life: 'she liked her thoughts: a vigorous young mind not overbalanced by passion, finds a good in making acquaintance with life, and watches its own powers with interest.'

Here is sturdy neutral delight salted by irony. This imagination is realistic, creative, unheroic, self-aware. Her author finds an appropriate rhetoric and music for her quality. Mary's imagination uses fancy, as Coleridge would say. Elsewhere in the novel her 'powers' actively seize a range of possibilities, as in her vision of an alternative love and marriage, but they are not transformative or idealizing, and her poetry is a close neighbour of prose.

The central vision is Dorothea's, which is idealizing, though not strongly transformative. Its display is continuous and changing. Its complex process – process rather than progress – is most tentatively imaged, to Will, as an attempt to widen the skirts of light. Her secular visions recur like the spiritual visions of Saint Theresa. The visionary scenes in Rome and Lowick are substantially located in time and place, though the confusion of Roman experiences is aptly blurred and conflated: 'long vistas of white forms whose marble eyes...' and 'forms both pale and glowing...' (Ch. 20).

When we see her weeping alone in her Roman boudoir, George Eliot describes not her vision, but her author's, in a passage very different in content from the scene in which Casaubon faces death, though resembling its descent from poetry to prose. Its music is strong, not regularly rhythmical but markedly assonant, alliterative and balanced, with images of empathy both natural and fantastic: its similes are hypotheses which get closer to the natural world of non-human phenomena than is actually possible, moving us because for the space of the image-act we can imagine what we can't experience:

If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat; and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. (Ch. 20)

Then, as in the later Casaubon passage, we are pushed from the sublime to the everyday: 'As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity.'

Dorothea herself is allowed a more sustained sublimity, though she has to return from poetry

to prose. Chapter 80's epigraph is a stanza from Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty', the chapter a prose equivalent. Dorothea's earlier visions and disenchantments mostly occur in her Lowick boudoir, occasionally elsewhere, and this is the first visionary scene in the east-facing bedroom, which may show George Eliot's buried or wakeful memory of Fanny Price's east room with a view in *Mansfield Park*. The action and imagery of this symbolic dawn have often been discussed, but I want to draw attention to lyricism:

...there was light piercing into the room. She opened her curtains, and looked out towards the bit of road that lay in view, with fields beyond, outside the entrance-gates. On the road there was a man with a bundle on his back and a woman carrying her baby; in the field she could see figures moving – perhaps the shepherd with his dog. Far off in the bending sky was the pearly light; and she felt the largeness of the world and the manifold wakings of men to labour and endurance. She was a part of that involuntary, palpitating life, and could neither look out on it from her luxurious shelter as a mere spectator, nor hide her eyes in selfish complaining. (Ch. 80)

The music is conspicuously iambic, with distinct, assimilated, overlapping, regular and varied pentameters: 'there was light piercing into the room', 'and looked out towards the bit of road', 'towards the bit of road that lay in view', 'with fields beyond, outside the entrance-gates', 'was a man with a bundle on his back', 'and she felt the largeness of the world', 'involuntary palpitating life', and so on. This poetry is in prose. Its aspiration is noble but it is a vision of everyday life. Its exalted Biblical diction, 'the manifold wakings of men' is relieved by colloquialism, 'bit of road'. Its empathy is fine, 'she was a part of that involuntary palpitating life' but tentative, indistinct and shortsighted, 'perhaps the shepherd...'. Its tentativeness is tact. Dorothea's power is wasted and dispersed but after sunrise she subdues rather than sacrifices herself: her aspiration is reduced but she is allowed to satisfy personal desire. The novel does not end like her namesake's tragedy *The Family Reunion*, with the visionary's agonized achievement, but as unidealized descent into ordinary life.

Will called Dorothea not a poet but a poem, and George Eliot may have had this in mind as she imaged Dorothea's impulse struggling under prosaic conditions, the metaphor another example of her imaginative self-awareness and the subdued wit she admired in Heine. The phrase 'prosaic conditions' appears in the first edition of *Middlemarch*, which George Eliot revised, changing 'young and noble impulse struggling under prosaic conditions' to 'young and noble impulse struggling amidst the conditions of an imperfect social state' (Finale). Poetry of prosaic conditions is created by the novel which is George Eliot's best piece of poetry.

Notes

1. This is a revised and formalized version of the George Eliot Memorial Lecture given on 20 October 2000. The lecture was to have been given by Jerome Beaty, who died in January of that year; I was asked to use his projected title, so sub-titled my subject.

My obituary of Jerome Beaty was published in this journal (No. 31, 2000) and drew on my contribution to the memorial service in Emory University, Atlanta, US.

2. I need not labour the point: *The Oxford Reader's Companion to George Eliot*, ed. John Rignall (2000), illustrates the tendency as such guidebooks do, reflecting theory and practice of its time.
3. Biographers and critics sometimes seem unaware that sympathetic analysis of George Eliot's narrators was active long ago: for instance, see Josie Billington's self-styled 'more sympathetic account of the narrating voice in *Middlemarch*' in her interesting 1999 Memorial Lecture, reprinted in this journal, No. 31, 2000.
4. In discussing imagery here I am concerned with local effect, taking for granted larger patterns which I and other critics have analysed.
5. Mathilde Blind, *George Eliot*, 1883.