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Lev Raphael
Okemos, Michigan

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SAVING FACE/SAVING FRANCE—EDITH WHARTON,
SHAME AND *THE MARNE*

Lev Raphael

Okemos, Michigan

In the explosion of Wharton criticism over the last fifteen years, Edith Wharton has finally, it seems, emerged from the shadow of Henry James as a major American writer who deserves critical attention in her own right for unique social and psychological insights. But critics are still limiting their inquiries to a small range of books and issues, continuing the decades-long neglect of many works that have been virtually abandoned by Wharton scholars. Consider the fate of her World War I novella, *The Marne*, which in 70 years has become a mere footnote to her long career.

This simple and affecting story of Troy Belknap, a young American Francophile who volunteers for ambulance service and is then wounded in the second battle of the Marne, was enthusiastically received in 1918. Reviewers called it “almost flawless,” “a beautiful and enlarging tale,” praising its “truth” and amazing “richness.”¹ No longer seeing the book through the perspective of a world at war, however, subsequent critics almost uniformly found it “banal” and “sentimental,” deploring the author’s “propagandistic attitude and narrow thinking.”² These verdicts have been confirmed by the last two decades of Wharton criticism, which have utterly swept this little book aside as “dated,” “very inferior,” and mere “propaganda.”³

My purpose here is not to claim that *The Marne* is a neglected masterpiece. Yet this little-read novella is well worth discussion because it illustrates a completely unanalyzed and central theme in Wharton’s work as well as a blind spot in Wharton criticism. It is not simply a love of La Belle France that ultimately leads Troy Belknap into battle. Troy desperately needs to prove that he is brave, important, strong. Like so many of Wharton’s protagonists, Troy is struggling with the most painful of all inner experiences: shame. Examining the dynamics and impact of shame will illuminate the novella’s artistic problems in an entirely new way, and pinpoint its previously unacknowledged strength.

Silvan Tomkins’ affect theory is the foundation of all contemporary research on emotion, and he is the pioneer in exploring the importance of shame in human motivation.⁴ Tomkins does not view human beings as a battleground for imperious drives that urge them blindly on to pleasure and violence, contained only by a repressive

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society and its internalizations—the ego and super-ego. For Tomkins, *affect* is the primary innate biological motivating mechanism, more urgent than drive deprivation or even pain. Such a conclusion is not obvious when one considers the urgency of drives like hunger, or the need to breathe, or the importunities of sexual desire. Deprived of air, for example, one becomes terrified, but Tomkins explains that “this terror is in no way part of the drive mechanism.”⁵ One can become equally terrified by the fear of being caught in a fire or of contracting a fatal disease. In Tomkins’ view, affects provide “the primary blueprints for cognition, decision and action”:

Humans are responsive to whatever circumstances activate the varieties of positive and negative affects. Some of these circumstances innately activate the affects. At the same time the affect system is also capable of being instigated by learned stimuli and responses. The human being is thus urged by nature and by nurture to explore and to attempt to control the circumstances that evoke... positive and negative affective responses. (p. 359)

Of the nine innate affects Tomkins has identified,⁶ shame strikes “deepest into the heart of man.”⁷ An innate response to any perceived barrier to positive affect, shame is the affect of indignity, defeat, transgression, and alienation. Whether an individual has been shamed by self-mockery or the derisive laughter of others, that person feels naked and “lacking in dignity or worth” (*AIC*, p. 118). Feeling shame, one reduces communication with others by lowering one’s eyes, face and neck, “producing a head hung in shame” (“Affect Theory,” p. 378).

Tomkins makes the important observation that shame, discouragement, shyness, embarrassment and guilt are *phenomenologically* the identical affect. It is because their causes and consequences differ that they result in different overall experiences. What we typically call shyness, for example, is shame in the presence of strangers. Psychologists have not grasped this underlying biological unity, with the result that shame’s major role in human functioning as the “keystone affect”¹¹ has been missed until quite recently: “The importance of the individual’s struggles with his shame, the incessant effort to vanquish or come to terms with the alienating affect, his surrenders, transient or chronic, have too often been disregarded” (*AIC*, p. 156).

Gershen Kaufman's recent books,⁹ synthesizing affect theory with the work of Sullivan and Fairbairn, define the essential nature of shame as feeling

seen in a painfully diminished sense. The self feels exposed both to itself and to anyone present. It is this sudden, unexpected feeling of exposure and accompanying self-consciousness that characterizes the essential nature of...shame....To live with shame is to experience the very essence or heart of the self as wanting. (p. 8)

Kaufman conceives of shame as originating interpersonally, primarily in significant relationships, generated whenever one significant person "somehow breaks the interpersonal bridge" with another (p. 13). Originating between parent and child (and later linking any two individuals), this bridge is the emotional bond which enables the child to feel a sense of belonging and security. It can be severed through being disappointed, blamed, mistreated, ridiculed, disparaged, ignored.

Shame can have an almost paralyzing effect on the self, Kaufman observes: "Sustained eye contact with others becomes intolerable. The head is hung. Spontaneous movement is interrupted. And speech is silenced...thereby causing shame to be almost incommunicable." Shame is of course not always so severe, and can occur in a wide variety of forms, those that Tomkins lists, as well as inferiority and worthlessness. Shame leaves us feeling "immobilized, trapped and alone" (pp. 8, 9), as if there is no way to rectify or balance the situation—we have simply failed as human beings. What makes shame particularly devastating is that it can become internalized so that the self is able to activate it *without* an inducing interpersonal event. Internalized shame is experienced as a deep abiding sense of being defective, never quite good enough as a person. This central affect-belief gradually recedes from consciousness and also becomes the unconscious core of the personality. We no longer have to suffer real defeats, rejections or failure; just *perceiving* events in these ways, or even *anticipating* failure can confirm our sense of shame. Such a way of relating to oneself, as an inherent failure, absorbs, maintains and spreads shame ever further, leaving one increasingly alienated from others and divided within.

Despite her wealth, her deep and lasting friendships, her fame as a writer, Wharton throughout her life "carried within her the conviction that she was at base a small, hungry, helpless creature" and felt "intolerably isolated" (Wolff, p. 11). It is well documented that

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Wharton was also afflicted by incorrigible shyness—the social manifestation of shame. Wharton was indeed *haunted* by shame, and the evidence is clear and unmistakable in her memoirs, *A Backward Glance* and “Life and I,” in her often desolate letters to Morton Fullerton, and throughout her fiction where shame is a consistent cause of unhappiness and isolation. In her autobiographies, Wharton reveals how she was intensely and consistently shamed by her family for the very person she was. A talented, literary child who was never pretty, she had the misfortune to grow up in a society that revered conformity, and where, as she saw it, “there was an almost pagan worship of physical beauty, and the first question asked about any youthful newcomer on the social scene was invariably: ‘Is she pretty?’ or: ‘Is he handsome?’”¹⁰ Though suffering in such an environment, Wharton unfortunately absorbed this shallow but vigilant standard to some extent, and says she was never able to overcome an intense hatred for anyone or anything ugly.¹¹

As a book lover, Wharton felt deeply isolated, unable to claim resemblance to anyone on her family tree in this regard, and aware that such interests made her an anomaly in her social milieu. It was an “intellectual desert” in which she “never exchanged a word with a really intelligent human being until [she] was over twenty” (“Life and I,” p. 37). Her literary attempts were not really encouraged in a family that saw writing as something both mysterious and beneath them, and even her later success was apparently a source of *embarrassment* for her family. The anecdote is often quoted of Wharton’s mother’s dismissive response to her first novel, written at 11. Its opening line mentioned an untidy drawing room, and Lucretia Wharton icily remarked that drawing-rooms were *always* tidy.¹² This withering comment seems typical of their relationship, as Wharton portrayed it in her memoirs, and she could never quite understand or please her mother. Wharton for instance records having been contemptuously criticized by her mother for wanting to know about sex, *and* for knowing nothing before her wedding—when that terrible ignorance was a product of Lucretia’s own insistence that such questions weren’t “nice.”

Wharton’s adolescence brought what reads like a virtual family conspiracy to crush whatever self-esteem she might have still possessed—though the purported aim was to keep her from being conceited. Wharton was subject to a new barrage of criticism and contempt:

I was laughed at by my brothers for my red hair, & for the supposed abnormal size of my hands & feet; as I was much

the least good-looking of the family, the consciousness of my physical shortcomings was heightened by the beauty of the persons about me. My parents—or at least my mother—laughed at me for using “long words,” & for caring for dress (in which heavens knows she set me the example!); & under this perpetual cross-fire of criticism I became a painfully shy self-conscious child. (“Life and I,” p. 37)

When Wharton wasn't subjected to this fusillade that severely diminished her confidence, she felt enveloped by a “thick fog of indifference” (*A Backward Glance*, p. 122), which was also a source of shame in that it powerfully communicated to the young girl that she was unimportant, beneath attention. One finds the sense of being excluded, of counting for nothing permeating her correspondence with Morton Fullerton: “This incomprehensible silence....your utter indifference to everything that concerns me, has stunned me.”¹³ Like the other central men in her life—her husband Teddy, Henry James and Walter Berry—Fullerton withheld himself from her in “critical, heartbreaking ways.”¹⁴ She seems almost to have been playing out her relationship with her mother, indeed with her whole milieu, struggling to be appreciated, understood, valued—aching to be freed of her shame. Again and again in her letters to Fullerton, Wharton cries out despairingly (and sometimes in anger) that she is utterly insignificant, unworthy of his love, his letters, even his *thoughts*: “I know how unequal the exchange is between us, how little I have to give that a man like you can care for,” “...what I might be to you...is little enough...for the reasons we know: the fact of all I lack....”¹⁵

Not surprisingly then, we find that her novels are full of protagonists who despite their outward good fortune feel isolated, worthless, weak. Troy Belknap in *The Marne* is not merely the vehicle for Wharton's intensely pro-French and anti-German feelings, but a typical Whartonian hero, if only in miniature, so to speak.

Well-travelled and well-schooled in the glories of France, Troy feels quite helpless at the outbreak of the war when he is in Switzerland. Suffering under “the shafts of the world's woe,”¹⁶ Troy thinks that he alone is concerned, while his parents and their friends worry “that they could get no money, no seat in the trains, no assurance that the Swiss frontier would not be closed” (10). Expressing typical adolescent contempt for adults (familiar to parents with teenage children), he wonders how they can be so disloyal to France, “the world of his fancy and imagination” (10). That world has come to be personified for Troy

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in the figure of his tutor, Paul Gantier, “whose companionship [had] opened fresh fields and pastimes to Troy’s dawning imagination” (8). When Troy hears that war has been declared, he immediately thinks of the tragedy in terms of losing Paul:

War against his beautiful France! And this young man, his dearest friend and companion, was to be torn from him suddenly, senselessly, torn from their endless talks, their long walks in the mountains, their elaborately planned courses of study...and vistas and vistas beyond—to be torn from all this, and to disappear from Troy Belknap’s life into the black gulf of this unfathomable thing called War.

(8-9)

Agonizing over not being able to help the “attacked, invaded, outraged” France because he is “a poor helpless American boy” Troy feels there is nothing he can do for France, “...not even cry, as a girl might!” (10).

Few strivings are as important in adolescence as the compelling “need to identify with someone, to feel a part of something, to belong somewhere” (*Shame*, p. 27). Paul is Troy’s link to France, embodying as he does France’s “ideas in his own impatient, questioning and yet ardent spirit” (39). It is Paul’s advice Troy most treasures: “Whatever happens,” Paul tells him, “keep your mind keen and clear; open as many windows on the universe as you can” (39). But parallel with the adolescent need to belong is the equally powerful need to separate from one’s parents. Through Paul, Troy can abandon his parents and claim a different heritage as one of *France’s* children, with “that long rich past” in his blood. Later in the novella, the image of France as mother takes on biblical resonance: she is the “Naomi-country that had but to beckon, and her children rose and came...” [Wharton’s ellipsis] (107).

With delicious satire, Wharton attacks American complacency about the war “at every opportunity” in the novella (Plante, p. 21). All around Troy at the war’s onset, Americans “whose affluence and social prestige had previously protected them from the unpleasant and the violent”¹⁷ are scheming to get out of the country. “If [the Germans] *do* come,” one woman whispers at his mother’s tea-table, “what do you mean to do about your pearls?” (21). Troy, “long-limbed, strong-limbed, old enough for evening clothes, champagne...and views on international politics” (15), faces an altogether different trap. He is “sullen, *humiliated* [my emphasis], resentful at being associated with all the rich Americans flying from France” (16). Adolescence is “a time of especially heightened self-consciousness” and thus a “critical period of...vulnerability to shame” (*Shame*, p. 25). The Americans’

hypocritical self-interest and lack of concern for France *shame* Troy. Watching refugees pouring into Paris from the Marne, Troy is miserable about his “inability to do more than gape and pity” (20). Shame is an isolating experience, in which one longs to hide, to avoid further exposure—which is what Troy does here. He avoids the streets where he might find those refugees coming into the city; their very presence is a terrible reminder of his helplessness, of his feeling “small and useless” (21).

Back in the United States, Troy is irritated by the way Americans respond to the waves of returning Americans reporting on their own experiences in France. “No one was listened to for long, and the most eagerly sought-for were like the figures in a moving-picture show, forever breathlessly whisking past to make way for others” (36). Outraged that the “Americans had neglected a moral responsibility,” Troy at dinner one night calls for America’s entry into the war (Plante, p. 21). He blushes furiously at the sound of his own voice—blushing is a sign of shame—and again when he is condescended to by a distinguished senator (*AIC*, p. 120). The adults see this war as an alien concern, and his fervor as just an adolescent phase, which of course in a sense it is. Troy’s shame is triggered; his fervent commitment to France, which distinguishes him from his family, friends and country, is brushed aside as unimportant, even silly by pompous adults.

The reaction at school is even more painful for Troy because public humiliation “creates a far deeper wound than the same action done in private” (*Shame*, p. 9). In addition, the peer group rivals the family’s importance in adolescence and thus is a potent source of shame. Troy is “laughed at, scolded, ridiculed, nicknamed, commemorated in a school-magazine skit in which ‘Marne’ and ‘yarn’ and ‘oh, darn,’ formed the refrain of a lyric [apparently to the tune of “The Star Spangled Banner”] beginning ‘Oh, *say*, have you *heard* Belknap *flap* in the breeze?” (51). Even the young woman he is most attracted to embarrasses him by her flippant assertion that the war is “boring,” as late as 1917 when such a claim is no longer clever. As America’s involvement seems increasingly likely, Troy is stung by sensing that friends see him “as a little boy” because he is not old enough to join the army.

When America finally enters the war, and Troy insists on going to France to be an ambulance driver, he angrily interprets his mother’s natural fear for him as being treated like a child not “out of the nursery.” Given what his veritable *worship* of France means to him, how it is the focus of his emerging identity as an adult, this reaction is not surprising. “Shame carries a multiplicity of meanings for the self,”

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depending on such things as the “actual importance of the part of the self that has been exposed or shamed” (*Shame*, p. 9). Troy will also be ashamed of Americans who are fatuously convinced that they are in the war not just to defeat the Germans, but to teach France “human values.”

Driving an ambulance, however, is no solution to Troy’s problem. It is important for him to be “relieving a little fraction of the immense anguish” (76) through his “humble job” (103). But Troy still feels “almost as helpless” as when the war broke out, a mere spectator (85), an “infinitesimal cog” in this “turning point of history” (86). Near the front, in a YMCA shelter full of American soldiers, none of whom he feels could be “more passionately eager” than he, Troy feels more “keenly than ever, the *humiliation* [my emphasis]” of being “so hopelessly divided from [them] by [the] “stupid difference” in their ages (90-91). Invidious comparisons like this one are a potent source of shame, whether made by others or by oneself (*AIC*, p. 224).

When his ambulance breaks down close to the front, Troy grabs a fallen rifle and is swept into battle by an American unit. Once again, along with his fierce desire to fight, he feels shame. He fears anyone discovering that he is not really a soldier; “his heart sank at the dread of doing something stupid, inopportune, idiotic” (113). He is afraid of being *exposed* as the *helpless* thing he is, and worse, as a deserter. Guilt is shame over a moral transgression, according to Tomkins and Kaufman, and Troy feels guilty about having deserted two refugees and a wounded soldier in his ambulance because of his war fervor. Wondering if he will be court-martialled, he volunteers for a scouting party, which seems “the one chance to wash his guilt away” (119).

His training as an ambulance driver betrays him, because Troy tries to rescue a wounded soldier and is himself wounded. Waking in a hospital, he at first has absolutely no sense of accomplishment or satisfaction; rather, he is “filled with the bitter sense of his failure. He had abandoned his job to plunge into battle, and before he had seen a German or fired a shot he found himself *ignominiously* [my emphasis] laid by his heels” (123). The novella ends more positively with Troy’s relief that the Germans were turned back, France and the wounded people in his ambulance saved. He is especially joyful to have been part of the action, and there is an unexpected conclusion. Troy tells no one that he is convinced he was brought to safety by the ghost of his beloved tutor, Paul, who died four years before in the first battle of the Marne, and is buried nearby.¹⁸

David Clough is somewhat accurate in assessing *The Marne* as showing “no evidence either of [Wharton’s] talent [in the years she wrote *Summer* and “Xingu”], or of her considerable direct personal

experience of the war.”¹⁹ Laden with stock scenes, and burdened by the myth of American troops as virtuous, noble Galahads winning the war in a sort of adolescent day-dream, the book’s weakness is perplexing to Clough. He concludes that the tremendous personal significance of France as avatar of Western civilization for Wharton led to her gross simplification of the war in this novella. However, this latter conclusion, shared by Patricia Plante, is only partly accurate. What consistently appears in the novel is Troy’s shame—in response to American lack of concern for France, to those around him who do not take his adoration of France seriously, and to events that seem to dwarf his potential for action.

At each turning point in the novella, Troy’s sense of himself as worthless, helpless, exposed, dominates the action and even the demagogic rhetoric. If the novella is thin, it is because Wharton’s *own* shame, more successfully integrated and given richer context and substance in novels like *Summer*, *The Reef*, *The Mother’s Recompense*, overwhelms the frail narrative. France had come to be home for Wharton, representing the values of Old New York which she was coming to cherish rather than see as solely repressive: reverence, taste, “the love of continuity or tradition” (Plante, p. 22). In Paris, recovering from the embarrassing failure of her marriage, publicly announced by her divorce action in 1913, Wharton had made herself a true home in “an intellectual, artistic and cultural milieu in which she moved with ease.”²⁰ The novella “reiterates over and over again how worthy of adoration France is” (Plante, p. 18), and is one of her literary attempts, as an “unrecanting expatriate and Francophile,”²¹ to win Americans over to appreciating and defending the glories of France. The shame she felt about America’s failure to enter the war before 1917, and about American cultural arrogance and ignorance, is what turns *The Marne* strident and makes it a sketchy performance.

Yet the novella is a precise and moving little study of the impact of shame on an adolescent, and here is Wharton’s unacknowledged success. She intuitively understood how shame could leave one feeling worthless and outcast, and dramatized that understanding here with admirable acuity. What has escaped decades of critics is the centrality of shame in this novella (as in so many of Wharton’s works); we see it in the iteration of words like “humiliation,” “humiliated,” “ashamed,” and various synonyms, in the blushing, and in the situations where Troy consistently feels exposed, worthless, inferior, helpless, guilty—all manifestations of his shame. Wharton’s war novella in some ways focuses less on the war than on her protagonist’s *reactions* to the war,

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which would be her explicit aim in her later more rounded and substantial war novel, *A Son at the Front*.

We know that Wharton's "name became a legend in connection with her war charities work" (Buitenhuis, p. 495). With "organizational genius" (Lewis, *Edith Wharton*, p. 370), she plunged into a "stupendous contribution to the [French] effort," and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, "an unprecedented distinction for a woman... sparingly awarded to foreigners." Wharton was not remotely insignificant, powerless, or a mere observer; she "raised funds, organized relief for refugees, founded hospitals and hostels, created jobs for war widows and homeless women, wrote propaganda, took in orphans" (Ammons, pp. 170, 128).

There has been much speculation on the impact of the war on Wharton's fiction and psyche, but her war work seems in no way whatsoever to have healed the shame that plagued her all her life, as painfully revealed in her autobiographies, in her letters to Morton Fullerton, and in her fiction as early as her first collection of short stories and her first two published novellas, *The Touchstone* and *Sanctuary*.²² In *The Marne*, we once again see this extraordinary woman focusing on "loss and dissatisfaction and failure" almost to the exclusion of "accomplishment, scope achieved, experience garnered."²³ When she wrote *The Marne*, it did not present or even highlight the many small victories any war worker would have achieved, and which she undoubtedly had to her credit. Instead, she chose as her protagonist someone helpless, young, "shy and awkward" (48), someone wracked by shame, who is not saved by his *own* effort, but by ghostly intervention. Because of her own internalized shame, which we can finally understand, she could imagine no other "hero," and no other resolution.

NOTES

¹Frederick Tabor Cooper, "A Clear-cut Gem of War Fiction," *The Publishers' Weekly*, 28 Dec. 1918, p. 2033; "The Mame," *Times Literary Supplement*, 19 Dec. 1918, p. 642; E. F. E., "The Indomitable Spirit of America," *Boston Evening Transcript*, 21 Dec. 1918, Pt. 3, p. 6; "Mrs. Wharton's Story of the Mame," *The New York Times*, 8 Dec. 1918, sec. VII, p. 1.

²E. K. Brown, *Edith Wharton, Etude Critique* (Paris, 1935), pp. 65-6; Peter Buitenhuis, "Edith Wharton and The First World War," *AQ*, 18 (1966), 497; Patricia Plante, "Edith Wharton and the Invading Goths," *MASJ*, 5 (1964), 19.

³R. W. B. Lewis, *Edith Wharton: A Biography* (New York, 1975), p. 422; Cynthia Griffin Wolff, *A Feast of Words: The Triumph of Edith Wharton* (New York, 1977), p. 249; Elizabeth Ammons, *Edith Wharton's Argument with America* (Athens, Oh., 1980), p. 129.

⁴Donald Nathanson, ed. *The Many Faces of Shame* (New York, 1987), p. 133. The work of Helen Block Lewis, Carroll Izard and Paul Ekman—noted theorists of affect in general and shame in particular—is based on Tomkins' discovery of the primacy of affect. Prior to Tomkins, the only models for shame were psychoanalytic (Piers and Singer, Erikson, Helen M. Lynd). These models fail to partition affect from the drives, and thus lack an accurate language for shame.

⁵Silvan Tomkins, "Affect Theory," in *Emotion in the Human Face*, 2nd. ed., ed. Paul Ekman (Cambridge, 1982), p. 355.

⁶Tomkins describes the innate affects in a range from lowest to highest intensity, and with their characteristic facial expressions as follows: "The positive affects are *interest* or *excitement*, with eyebrows down and stare fixed or tracking an object; *enjoyment* or *joy*, the smiling response; *surprise* or *startle*, with eyebrows raised and eyes blinking. The negative affects are *distress* or *anguish*, the crying response; *fear* or *terror*, with eyes frozen open in a fixed stare or moving away from the dreaded object to the side, with skin pale, cold, sweating, and trembling, and with hair erect; *shame* or *humiliation*, with eyes and head lowered, *dissmell* [sic], with the upper lip raised; *disgust*, with the lower lip lowered and protruded; *anger* or *rage*, with a frown, clenched jaw, and red face," "Affect Theory," p. 359 and "Shame," in *The Many Faces of Shame*, p. 139.

⁷Silvan Tomkins, *Affect, Imagery and Consciousness* (New York, 1963), vol. 2, p. 118. Further references to this volume will be to *AIC*.

⁸Francis J. Broucek, "Shame and its Relationship to Early Narcissistic Developments," *IJPSa*, 63 (1982), 369.

⁹*Shame: The Power of Caring*, 2nd ed. (Cambridge, Mass., 1985); *The Psychology of Shame: Theory and Treatment of Shame-Based Syndromes* (New York, 1989).

¹⁰Edith Wharton, *A Backward Glance* (New York, 1934), p. 46.

¹¹"Life and I," Wharton Archives, Beinecke Library, Yale University, New Haven, Conn., p. 3.

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¹²*A Backward Glance*, p. 73. Wharton describes her mother's response as producing "a sudden drop" in her "creative frenzy." In Tomkins terms, her affect of excitement is "incompletely reduced" (responded to)—and the result of such an interaction is always shame. Indeed, Wharton felt crushed and switched from fiction at that point to poetry.

¹³R. W. B. and Nancy Lewis, eds. *The Letters of Edith Wharton* (New York, 1989), p. 162.

¹⁴Alan Gribben, "The Heart *Is* Insatiable": A Selection from Edith Wharton's Letters to Morton Fullerton, 1907-1915," *The Library Chronicle of the U. of Texas at Austin*, n.s. no. 31 (1985), 18.

¹⁵*The Letters of Edith Wharton*, pp. 189, 219. Similar expressions of her sense of inferiority, her lack of value, are to be found throughout the Fullerton correspondence, and show the affair to be far less positive and liberated than previously believed.

¹⁶*The Marne*, Edith Wharton (New York, 1918), p. 10. Parenthetical page references in the text are to this edition.

¹⁷Margaret McDowell, *Edith Wharton* (Boston, 1976), p. 112.

¹⁸While Wharton wrote superb ghost stories (like "Pomegranate Seed" and "The Eyes") this novella cannot be classified in that genre. The surprising supernatural note at the end seems a metaphor for the resurrection of France, and for its cradling and protection of Paul (and of course Wharton herself).

¹⁹"Edith Wharton's War Novels: A Reappraisal," *TCL*, 19 (1973), 4.

²⁰Shari Benstock, *Women of the Left Bank: Paris, 1900-1940* (Austin, 1986), p. 39.

²¹Hilton Anderson, "Two Expatriate Novels of World War I," *POMPA*: 1986, 39.

²²Neither work has been sufficiently appreciated as more than an apprentice effort, but an understanding of shame reveals both novellas to be quite powerful, and significant in her oeuvre. See my "Haunted by Shame: Edith Wharton's *The Touchstone*," *JEP*, 9 (1988), 287-296 and "Kate Orme's Struggles with Shame in Edith Wharton's *Sanctuary*," *MSE*, 10 (1986), 229-236.

²³Marilyn French, "Muzzled Women," *CollL*, 14 (1987), 229.