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CHAPTER ONE

City Creatures

Strange ways of thinking

This chapter examines images of beasts and bestiality in selected fictional and non-fictional writing about the city produced during the second half of the 1880s and 1890s. Some of the texts will be better known than others, but the concentration on animal imagery should provide a new approach to even the most familiar of these and is quite distinct from commentaries on naturalism. The focus will be on London, since the main themes explored in this study are evident in the literature set in the capital; in particular, the East End looms especially large. However, it is important to recognise that different cities have their own characteristics and stories to tell.¹ In London, the population had grown from 1,873,676 in 1841 to 4,232,118 a half century later. The figures represented an increase in the proportion of the population of England and Wales from 11.75 per cent to 14.52 per cent. At the same time, other cities had expanded: in 1837, there were five cities throughout England and Wales with populations of 100,000 or more; in 1891, there were twenty-three cities.² Briggs notes that '[a]s the cities grew, the separation of middle-class and working-class areas became more and more marked' (p.64), and social segregation, then, as now, 'induces strange ways of thinking about other human beings. The fear of the city, like other kinds of fear, was often a fear of the unknown' (p.62). Although true, Briggs's words understate the extent to which the different classes rubbed shoulders. As we saw in the introduction, Raymond Williams has shown how the creation of what he calls the 'crisis of the knowable community' in the mid-nineteenth century led novelists such as Elizabeth Gaskell and, above all, Dickens to show how various representatives of the social order were brought into close proximity with one another.³

Bestial language infects the literature of the time. It is present in far more cases than are offered here. William Fishman's study of the East End in the late 1880s quotes a number of examples, among them Ben

Tillett's memory of the daily struggle of the unemployed to obtain work at the docks:

Coats, flesh and even ears were torn off. The strong literally threw themselves over the heads of their fellows and battled ... through the kicking, punching, cursing crowds to the rails of the 'cage' which held them like rats – mad human rats who saw food in the ticket.⁴

Tillett's description could just as well belong to the narrative of a late nineteenth-century realist or naturalistic novel. Indeed, the first chapter of Arthur Morrison's *A Child of the Jago* (1896) relates how 'Old Jago Street lay black and close under the quivering red sky; and slinking forms, as of great rats, followed one another quickly between the posts in the gut by the High Street, and scattered over the Jago.'⁵ The reduction of humanity to a desperate animalistic competition for survival is shared by both documentary and imaginative writing. What both forms have in common in this context is a journalistic urge to record the plight of the destitute and the precariousness of those who, for the moment, exist just above the breadline (a noun whose first print usage the *OED* dates to 1900 in the US). Fishman also quotes Beatrice Webb's view of loafers as 'low looking, bestial, content with their own condition.'⁶ Thomas Jackson, a Methodist preacher and philanthropist, witnesses a drunken woman carried away by police, 'shrieking and cursing; a dehumanised thing, as morally insensate as the beasts that perish, and far less clean.'⁷ Margaret Harkness, writing in *A City Girl* (1887), observes that '[m]en who at other times were civil and pleasant enough, became like wild beasts the night after they received their wages.'⁸ In a novel published two years later, Harkness remarks that 'in these days animals are better off than slum children.'⁹

For all the writing on the working and underclasses, we must apply to the larger situation what Fishman notes of attitudes towards the workhouse in particular, that: 'The tragedy is the absence of any written text from the paupers themselves, who lacked either the ability or the desire to write.'¹⁰ Like the colonised, the urban poor are inscribed in the discourse of others, without the means to represent themselves, except through interview. They are framed by spectators. Their lack of voice deepens their brutishness and increases the apprehension felt by those who look on, scared of the fragility of the barriers between them. Yet, the compulsion to observe was inescapable, as Anne Humpherys attests:

The Victorians themselves were fascinated and intermittently horrified by their developing urbanization; for them, the issue was almost always how

to 'see' the inarticulate lower classes that crowded into both the industrial cities and the metropolitan center of London, and through this seeing, to rationalize and control urbanization and its effects.¹¹

At the end of the nineteenth century, the urban environment contained the threats of social and psychological disintegration and contamination. The resulting anxieties about decline and corruption not only inform the writings of the period, but shape them, too. We shall see in the next chapter how they alter the template of the Gothic. For now, the focus is on journalism, realism, and naturalism. Before moving on we should note that what follows is not simply a beastly parade. The creatures on which we gaze are made what they are by the deforming effects of capitalism, even if the texts that represent them sometimes fall short of recognising the fact. To understand them one needs to see them as moulded by their milieu. Central to determining their shape is money, which, as David Harvey puts it, 'becomes the mediator and regulator of all economic relations between individuals; it becomes the abstract and universal measure of social wealth and the concrete means of expression of social power'.¹² Harvey argues that 'the very existence of money as a mediator of commodity exchange radically transforms and fixes the meanings of space and time in social life and imposes necessities upon the shape and form of urbanization'. He contends that in the 'urban processes under capitalism ... confusion, conflict and struggle are a normal condition' and there 'is an underlying process that precludes liberation from the more repressive aspects of class-domination and all of the urban pathology and restless incoherence that goes with it'.¹³ Placing money (or its lack) at the heart of our readings allows us to enhance our understanding of the literary reflection of this phenomenon and, especially, the ghastly consequences of impecuniousness.

Changing hands: *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*¹⁴

Money is at the root of Stevenson's famous tale of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Since part of the horror of Hyde is his ape-like appearance, then we must try to recover something of the impressions that such imagery evoked for readers at the time. When Hyde is described as manifesting 'ape-like fury' in trampling to death Sir Danvers Carew, Member of Parliament,¹⁵ then plainly something much more interesting is going on than a simple exposition of the struggle between good or evil or the return of the sexually repressed or the anti-social conduct of

a secret alcoholic – all of which interpretations are commonly advanced. Stevenson's tale was published just two years after the 1884 Reform Act, which had been preceded by increasing agitation by, and on behalf of, the disenfranchised. Unrest did not cease with the passing of the Act. There were riots in Trafalgar Square during the year of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde's* publication, most famously on 8 February after a severe winter during which the depression of the mid- to late 1880s was at its height. Twenty thousand people, mostly unemployed dock and building workers, had gathered there.

Gareth Stedman Jones has written fascinatingly of the 'deep-rooted' and 'comprehensive' social crisis of the 1880s.¹⁶ According to Jones, '[t]he cyclical depression of 1884–7 was both more prolonged and hit a far broader spectrum of occupations than the slumps of 1866 and 1879'.¹⁷ It 'greatly accentuated an already endemic condition of under-employment, and the hard winters that accompanied it intensified distress to chronic proportions'.¹⁸ While the rich were generally able to preserve their physical separation from the poor, the 'poor themselves were becoming more closely crammed together regardless of status or character',¹⁹ contributing to increased discontent among the 'respectable working class', as the actual and metaphorical distance between them and the casual poor or 'residuum' diminished. The residuum was considered dangerous not only because it was seen to be degenerate, but because 'its very existence served to contaminate the classes immediately above it'.²⁰ From 1883 onwards, newspapers and journals were 'full of warnings of the necessity of immediate reform to ward off the impending revolutionary threat'.²¹ Jones cites, as an example, Samuel Smith's warning in 1885 that '[t]he proletariat may strangle us unless we teach it the same virtues which have elevated the other classes of society'.²²

This was not, of course, the only kind of disruption in London at the time. On 24 January 1885, Fenians exploded three bombs simultaneously at Westminster Hall, the Houses of Parliament, and the Tower of London.²³ (And it is well known that the Irish were often referred to as beasts, including apes.)²⁴ Abroad, events had recently heightened the sense of a crisis of authority, with the death of General Gordon in Khartoum also occurring in 1885.

Jones characterises the predominant feeling of the 1880s among the intellectual and propertied classes as 'not guilt but fear'.²⁵ At this time, accounts of 'Outcast London' exhibited little sympathy or empathy:

The poor were presented as neglected, and even to a certain extent exploited ... But they did not emerge as objects of compassion. They were generally

pictured as coarse, brutish, drunken, and immoral; through years of neglect and complacency they had become an ominous threat to civilization.²⁶

Such attitudes accompanied the rise of the discourse of urban degeneration. It was seen as inevitable that as a result of their environment the poor would become 'brutalized and sexually immoral', seeking the alcoholic and salacious entertainments offered by pubs, music-halls, and prostitutes. Darwinian thinking encouraged the idea that this 'adapting down' to one's surroundings would have increasingly deleterious effects through the generations. However, in a significant twist, it was thought by some that beneficial legislation and improvements in medical science and sanitation had controverted Darwinian laws, allowing for the survival and growth of the unfit.²⁷ This begs the question of what constitutes unfitness, and it is this question, involving notions of social, physical, and moral health, that helps make so many of the popular texts of the late nineteenth century so engagingly troublesome.

It is interesting that Jones includes as one of the middle-class responses to the social crisis of the 1880s that of the social imperialist. He quotes from Lord Brabazon's *Social Arrows* (1886):

Let the reader walk through the wretched streets ... of the Eastern or Southern districts of London ... should he be of average height, he will find himself a head taller than those around him; he will see on all sides pale faces, stunted figures, debilitated forms, narrow chests, and all the outward signs of a low vital power.²⁸

The importance of this kind of image lies in its kinship with Hyde and similarly with the Morlocks of Wells's *The Time Machine* (1895). David Punter nicely sums up the various concerns at play here and what they have in common when, considering the 'decadent Gothic' of the fin de siècle, of which he lists *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *The Island of Doctor Moreau*, and *Dracula* as the most potent examples, he writes:

they are all concerned in one way or another with the problem of degeneration, and thus of the essence of the human. They each pose, from very different angles, the same question, which can readily be seen as a question appropriate to an age of imperial decline: how much, they ask, can one lose – individually, socially, nationally – and still remain a man? One could put the question much more brutally: to what extent can one be 'infected' and still remain British?²⁹

Punter's reading is astute, for he also suggests, rightly, that 'Hyde's behaviour is an urban version of "going native"'.³⁰ It is hardly surprising,

given the similarities of the language applied to subordinated social and racial groups and the common identity of the controlling force in both cases, that a disturbance in one sphere should find its echoes in the other.

Utterson, the lawyer, may have trouble defining Hyde, who ‘gave an impression of deformity without any namable malformation’ (p.13), but the impression is conveyed to the readers through racial and bestial terms. Hyde has a ‘savage laugh’ (p.13); he is, to Poole, a ‘masked thing like a monkey’ (p.37); he plays, according to Jekyll, ‘apelike tricks’ (p.61) and exhibits ‘apelike spite’ (p.62); he displays, as we have seen, ‘ape-like fury’ in killing Carew (p.19); he gives a screech ‘as of mere animal terror’ (p.38) when cornered in the laboratory, and his hand is ‘lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor, and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair’ (p.54). In the manuscript, he is described as behaving with a ‘mixture of cowardice and savagery’.³¹ He drinks ‘pleasure with bestial avidity’ (p.53). It is true that he is also ‘pale and dwarfish’ (p.13), but much like Wells’s Morlocks in *The Time Machine* ten (or rather several thousand) years later, the shock comes with the idea of a white ape – a creature that haunts popular texts with increasing menace during the fin de siècle as biological theories of degeneration combine with political fear regarding the socially repressed and a growing obsession with the psychological unconscious to effect agitated inspections of the subterranean and interior. Utterson thinks it ‘madness’ or a ‘disgrace’ that in the event of Jekyll’s death or disappearance for longer than three months (p.9), Hyde should stand to inherit Jekyll’s ‘quarter of a million sterling’ (p.20). Like his real-life counterparts, Utterson endeavours ever more frantically to maintain an identification of name with wealth; of social with financial status. Mr Enfield, too, relates how, after witnessing Hyde trampling on a young girl, he and the attendant doctor

told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or credit, we undertook that he should lose them. (p.5)

In other words, a social death is resolved upon. The idea of credit in the dual sense of money and morality is prominent here. Hyde should be deprived of financial and social worth. Enfield goes on to recall how ‘we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child’s family’:

The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door? – whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts’s, drawn payable to bearer, and signed with a name that

I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that, if it was only genuine. (p.6)

The suspicious Enfield accepts Hyde's offer to remain with him until the banks open in the morning and has him stay the night in his (Enfield's) chambers where the doctor and the girl's father also join them. In the morning, Enfield tells Utterson, 'I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine' (p.6). Since Stevenson has gone to some trouble to record the details of the cheque and its encashment, it can hardly be irrelevant to notice that '[b]y the middle of the 'eighties private banking was becoming almost extinct in England',³² as provincial bankers lost their influence to the London money market, and that

[i]ndividual banks were losing any claim to independent status and stability. At the same time 'personal character' ceased to be valid security for loans and overdrafts when the old local bankers, with their individual knowledge of all their clients, were replaced by distant directors whose lack of such knowledge compelled them to confine their loans within hard and fast rules. A structure of big finance was emerging along with the growth of big business.³³

The relevance of this lies in Enfield's (and the reader's) doubt that personal character counts in the case just related. There is a strong feeling, even after Enfield has been reassured the cheque is genuine, that there can be no proper correspondence between Hyde, who is 'really damnable', and Jekyll, who is 'the very pink of the proprieties' (p.6), leading Enfield to the conclusion that this must be a case of blackmail. The confusion over character and wealth thus becomes increasingly apparent the more Enfield and Utterson try to explain it. The more they rely on outmoded ideas of a match between physical wealth and personal quality, the less able they are to comprehend the actual state of affairs between them.

Stevenson's tale feeds directly into arguments over what constituted the 'gentleman'. We hear these anxieties in Poole's plaintive cry to Utterson: "O, sir ... do you think I do not know my master after twenty years?" We gauge the extent of this crisis by our knowledge that Poole, indeed, fails to recognise 'that thing' – Hyde – as his master (p.36). Poole does not know his master after twenty years, just as many in society were no longer sure who their masters were.

Jekyll's statement tells us he was

born ... to a large fortune, endowed besides with excellent parts, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my

fellow-men, and thus, as might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. (p.48)

In this, we must see him as representative of his class. When he proceeds to explain his fall, I am less interested in its particular aspect (which in the manuscript version is hinted much more heavily to be homosexuality,³⁴ and, of course, 1885 was the year of the Labouchere Amendment) than in the fact of his decline, which ought to be taken as a reflection of the condition of many of his class. Jekyll's statement tells us:

With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens. (pp.48–49)

This declaration needs careful reading. It is common for readers of the tale and viewers of the films based on it to take Jekyll and Hyde as different personalities, albeit hosted by the same body. This is understandable, as Stevenson is caught in the paradox of physically projecting and thereby separating the conflicting components of the same person. (Jekyll refers to his consciousness of the 'perennial war among my members' [p.48].) Such a reading might further be encouraged by Jekyll's reference to what he calls the 'thorough and primitive duality of man' (p.49). But scrutiny of his remarks soon reveals that his crisis is brought about by his desire to separate the elements that are at war within him. His explanation of this is crucial, so I quote it here at length:

I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both; and from an early date, even before the course of my scientific discoveries had begun to suggest the most naked possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved daydream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could but be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil. It was the curse of mankind that these incongruous faggots were thus bound together – that in the agonised womb of consciousness these polar

twins should be continuously struggling. How, then, were they dissociated? (p.49)

The story of Jekyll is the story of his ultimate failure to separate and keep apart these elements. It is not particularly rewarding to read this failure in terms of morality – whether in a general Christian, specific Calvinist, or broad philosophical sense – or as an allusion to a particular vice. If we look again at Stevenson's use of the word 'polity' in the earlier quotation, then we surely have to review the passage against the social background. Whatever the dangers of taking Jekyll's statement at face value, the ideas that emerge from it seem to point unmistakably to the social changes and disturbances that were taking place at the time. Jekyll's statement can be taken as a grudging recognition that the polity, the state, consists of all its classes and that to try to keep them apart will lead, in fact, to a destructive imbalance. It hardly gives a welcome embrace to democracy, but in that it is in keeping with several other exclamations of the era. The important point is that it acknowledges the futility of attempting to continue the suppression of the baser side of oneself, of what Jekyll calls the 'lower elements in my soul' (p.50). Here, as elsewhere, the socially respectable and privileged self stands for the social body at large.

Our introduction to Jekyll's house shows very clearly the threat to his social decline, either from his own fall or from contamination by his surroundings:

Round the corner from the by-street there was a square of ancient, handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate, and let in flats and chambers to all sorts and conditions of men: map-engravers, architects, shady lawyers, and the agents of obscure enterprises. One house, however, second from the corner, was still occupied entire; and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth and comfort, though it was now plunged in darkness except for the fan-light, Mr. Utterson stopped and knocked. (p.14)

This evocation of corruption and decline is a more dramatic sign of threatened and changed identities than the transmutation of Jekyll into Hyde, which, after all, merely personifies the larger alteration already implicit in the narrative. The ancient, handsome houses are not just decayed and not only divided, but are let to 'all sorts and conditions of men' (p.14). The square shows in microcosm the changes that many saw happening in late nineteenth-century society. The old families have moved out, unable any longer to afford their mansions. Their property has been split up to accommodate those from a 'lower' station. Baseness – that is, lowness and vulgarity – is what surrounds Jekyll's now-isolated

house, whose tenuous hold on grandeur is apparent when we are told that it ‘wore a great *air* of wealth and comfort’, as if, like a garment, it can be shaken off or pulled away (p.14, my emphasis). We can hardly have a more visible representation of the shifting power relations than this, unless it be the description of Hyde’s home in its ‘dismal quarter of Soho’, which to Utterson seems ‘like a district of some city in a nightmare’ as

the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating-house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and two-penny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll’s favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling. (p.20)

This last sentence is surely meant as a more frightening incongruity than that which sees Hyde take over Jekyll’s body. The prospect of the gentleman’s fortune ending up in such a squalid environment was a greater horror for Stevenson’s well-to-do contemporaries than the fantastic metaphor of Jekyll’s transformation.

The identification of the beastly Hyde with the unruly elements of mass society that challenge the position of Jekyll and his peers has been made before. In a richly suggestive essay,³⁵ Patrick Brantlinger and Richard Boyle have interpreted the story as an allegory of an artist’s feelings of contamination at having to write for an undiscerning public. They quote from a letter written by Stevenson to Edmund Gosse in 1886, in which he declares:

I do not write for the public; I do write for money, a nobler deity; and most of all for myself, not perhaps any more noble, but both more intelligent and nearer home.

Let us tell each other sad stories of the bestiality of the beast whom we feed ... I do not like mankind; but men, and not all of these – and fewer women. As for respecting the race, and, above all, that fatuous rabble of burgesses called ‘the public,’ God save me from such irreligion! – that way lies disgrace and dishonour. There must be something wrong in me, or I would not be popular.³⁶

Brantlinger and Boyle claim that it was in part due to his ‘deep-rooted ambivalence’ towards the literary marketplace that Stevenson ‘responded ambivalently’ to *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (which he claimed to have written to meet the bills of Byles the butcher).³⁷ We

might recall here Hyde's words to Enfield and the doctor after they have witnessed his trampling of the girl: "If you choose to make capital out of this ... I am naturally helpless" (pp.5–6). Stevenson himself made capital out of this, selling, according to one report, 40,000 copies of his tale within six months of its publication. It has been seen as the first of his stories to win widespread popularity with adults and children. Indeed, Andrew Lang wrote of how Stevenson 'wins every vote, and pleases every class of reader'.³⁸

'nother way out: The Jago

Let us consider – as an example of the effects of the lack of money – the case of the young child, Dicky Perrott, in Morrison's *A Child of the Jago*. Dicky turns increasingly to thieving after stealing a watch from a distinguished visitor to the area. The timepiece is taken from Dicky by his father, Josh, who administers a beating, because of his wife's displeasure at her son's slide into criminality. Dicky is offered coffee and cake by Aaron Weech – owner of Weech's coffee shop – but it becomes apparent after he has consumed them that Weech, who has heard of and knows all about Dicky's theft, has not given him the refreshments out of sympathy and goodness as on first appearance, but expects payment for them, knowing full well that Dicky can only pay what he owes by bringing him stolen goods. Of this revelation, the narrator exclaims: 'Each for himself? Come, he must open his eyes' (p.41). Dicky learns lessons from his experience and so can we. The only collective action manifested in his locale is in support of one's own clan in fights against rival groups. Otherwise, it is – to use another animal expression – a dog-eat-dog world (the first use of which phrase the *OED* dates to 1822).

In the Jago the normal order is inverted. Cake and coffee are not expressions of sympathy, but are the means of entrapment into further criminality. The man who does not hit his wife and the family who take some pride in their accommodation are strange anomalies. The Ropers, the family across the way from the Perrotts and from whom Dicky opportunistically purloins a clock, are described by the narrator as being

disliked as strangers because they furnished their own room, and in an obnoxiously complex style; because Roper did not drink, nor brawl, nor beat his wife, nor do anything all day but look for work; because all these things were a matter of scandalous arrogance, impudently subversive of Jago custom and precedent. (p.44)

Similarly, the Ropers' flat displays, in the eyes of Dicky and his neighbour Old Fisher, 'a monstrous absence of dirt' (p.46). Fisher walks into the open door and steals unemployed cabinetmaker Roper's old tools. In the world of the Jago, stealing, violence, and squalor are the norm; honesty and clean-living are the signs of non-conformity. In such passages, the effect of the narrative depends upon an irony that connects the narrator and audience with the world of the Jago by an inversion of shared values. That is to say, in these instances, the narrative works by assuming that the narrator and readers have similar codes of behaviour and that the readers recognise the distance between the narrator and the people whose outlook he describes as though he were straightforwardly explaining it. We shall return to this idea of simultaneous narrative proximity and distance, since it is often identified as a problem or contradiction in realism and naturalism. Suffice to say here that whatever the text's intention, the effect is to emphasise the humanity of the narrator and author in comparison with the animality of those who are paraded before us.

When some of the old houses are cleared, the animal analogies accrue. The wreckers expose

the secret dens of a century of infamy ... letting light and air at last into the subterranean basements where men and women had swarmed, and bred, and died, like wolves in their lairs; and emerging from clouds of choking dust, each man a colony of vermin. (p.98)

The difficulty for realist or naturalistic writers is to convey the brutishness of the conditions of the underclasses while evoking some sympathy for them. They may be depicting repulsive characters, but writers such as Morrison and Gissing wish to move readers to an understanding of the plight of the impoverished and destitute without softening the effects of environment through plot contrivances that offer amelioration impossible in real life. Dicky is told by old Beveridge that the Bag of Nails, where they see all manner of criminals, is

the best the world has for you, for the Jago's got you, and that's the only way out, except gaol and the gallows. So do your devilmost, or God help you, Dicky Perrott – though he won't: for the Jago's got you! (p.63)

The repetition of the phrase 'the Jago's got you' forces home the entrapment. Dicky nearly finds a way out when Sturt helps him obtain a shop assistant's job, but he is sacked when Weech, annoyed by Dicky's growing independence from him, lies to the shopkeeper and plants

the idea in his head that Dicky planned to steal from him. Dicky's unexplained dismissal sees him turn to full-time crime as the only way to support himself and his family, especially after his father is sentenced to five years imprisonment for house-breaking and, on his release, murders Weech in revenge for betraying him to the police and causing Dicky to lose his job.

If there is no real escape for the beasts, they need at least to be protected from the extremes of their wild ways. Father Henry Sturt, the vicar who makes his way into the Jago (and who is modelled on Father Arthur Osborne Jay, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch), a 'well-dressed stranger' exuding 'so bold a confidence', is presented as being 'like a tamer among beasts'. This simile occurs when he disperses a mob attack on the Ropers' flat, during which he 'flung them back, commanded them, [and] cowed them with his hard, intelligent eyes' (p.49), but it applies to his role more generally. However, his efforts are largely ineffective. He wins the respect of the locals and they accordingly exercise restraint in front of him, but the forces operating on them are too oppressive and their lifeways too entrenched for him to achieve anything more than light change.

The tragedy of the Jago is that opportunities for both travel and change are limited. The only exit is to other parts of London for thieving. Those who journey to it are fleeting visitors and often the victims of crime within it. Parts are no-go areas for the police. When alteration does occur, it is usually a turn for the worse. Thus, for example, when Josh hacks with a knife at Weech's face and then below his chin, '[t]he bubbling Thing dropped in a heap, and put out the flaring candle' (p.158). The transformation here is from a lying, manipulating dealer in stolen goods to an inhuman object. Dicky's exhortation to Father Sturt – 'Tell Mist' Beveridge there's 'nother way out – better' (p.173) – occurs when he is dying, after having been stabbed by Bobby Roper in a fight between Jago and Dove-Lane factions. Death seems the only release, but it is unaccompanied by any narrative sense of consolation. Dicky's final words illustrate another kind of transformation in *A Child of the Jago*: that of the English language itself. Morrison represents the broken dialect of the slum-dwellers in ways similar to his US counterpart, Stephen Crane, in *Maggie* (1893) and, indeed, comparisons were drawn between them. In his dying sentence, Dicky's truncated words match his stunted physique – his growth is arrested at five feet, two inches – and his restricted intellectual development and cultural appreciation. To say this is not to endorse any judgement of dialect as inferior to Standard English, but to make the point that the bluntness of the speech with its

missing syllables fits the neighbourhood with its missing facilities. The voice of the narrator is in Standard English – a problem associated with much realism and naturalism, since it signals the narrator’s position apart from the other characters. The distance between narrator and characters is underlined by the difference in speech codes, suggesting a gulf in social class and experience. This is often seen as a flaw in such writing: if the characters are determined by their environment, why not the narrator? In Morrison’s case, it appears from extra-textual evidence that his life underwent transformation of a kind not open to his characters. (The nearest exception is Kiddo Cook, who, under Sturt’s encouragement, works up to having a stall, gets married, and moves into one of the new county council dwellings.) Introducing a modern edition of the text, Peter Miles notes that although Morrison was ‘not frank’ in print about his background,³⁹ he ‘was a working-class boy from Poplar who, there is every reason to suppose, grew up in the East End as [the] son of an engine-fitter in the docks’.⁴⁰ Miles observes that ‘there exists little evidence to counter an impression of Morrison as a man who no longer felt the need to write when he could well afford not to, as someone who in later years had found his own fairly comfortable “way out”’.⁴¹ That way out was made possible largely by his success as a dealer in Japanese and Chinese art.

The dichotomous nature of British (more specifically, English) society, and the two-faced conduct it leads to in some, is also exposed by Bernard Shaw. In his preface to *Widowers’ Houses* (1892), explaining why it appears with two other works under the title ‘Plays Unpleasant’, he states:

the average homebred Englishman, however honorable and goodnatured he may be in his private capacity, is, as a citizen, a wretched creature who, whilst clamoring for a gratuitous millennium, will shut his eyes to the most villainous abuses if the remedy threatens to add another penny in the pound to the rates and taxes which he has to be half cheated, half coerced into paying. In *Widowers’ Houses* I have shewn middle-class respectability and younger son gentility fattening on the poverty of the slum as flies fatten on filth. That is not a pleasant theme.⁴²

Here Shaw takes the language of the bestial and reverses it, applying it to those who would normally apply it to others. The loathsome in this case are the excrement-feeding rich, who gorge themselves on the poor. Monstrosity is found not in the habits or appearance of the poor, but in the airs and pretences of the rich. In exposing the exploitation Shaw may escape the charge levelled at Morrison by Kevin Swafford: that *A Child of the Jago* portrays the grotesque, but shows nothing of its larger causes.

Swafford alleges that '[t]he most important ideological objective of the novel is to dissociate any clear connection between West End prosperity and East End poverty by substituting effects for causes'.⁴³ According to Swafford, Morrison's novel neglects to make any critique of capitalism and thus fails to direct attention to the factors responsible for the slum conditions. Shaw, on the other hand, bluntly declares:

I must, however, warn my readers that my attacks are directed against themselves, not against my stage figures. They cannot too thoroughly understand that the guilt of defective social organization [lies] ... with the whole body of citizens whose public opinion, public action, and public contribution as ratepayers, alone can replace Sartorius's slums with decent dwellings, Charteris's intrigues with reasonable marriage contracts, and Mrs. Warren's profession with honourable industries guarded by a humane industrial code and a 'moral minimum' wage.⁴⁴

By such strategies Shaw confronts his audience, disclosing their complicity, but he seems at the same time to acquire authority himself through performing the role of truth-teller, which has him occupying a space between the parties.

Missing link

I ain't a man ... I ain't nobody. Sometimes I says to myself as I'm 'the missing link,' as I'll come back again as a dog or something. Not but that I'd rather be a dog than a midget ... I'm worse off than a dog now, for folks aren't afraid of dogs, but they won't come nigh me if they can help it ... I've spent my life travelling about to be looked at. I'm tired of it, captain. I don't want to come back again.⁴⁵

So, bitterly, speaks the 'midget' to Captain Lobe of the Salvation Army in Margaret Harkness's 1889 novel *Captain Lobe* (later reprinted as *In Darkest London*). These remarks come just after the 'midget' has asked Lobe if he thinks he, the 'midget', has a soul. The scene occurs in a 'penny gaff' on Whitechapel Road. The road is the 'most cosmopolitan place in London' (p.13). In that respect the district has itself undergone a transformation, and the narrator is scornful of those who refuse to accept the change:

among the foreigners lounges the East End loafer, monarch of all he surveys, lord of the premises. It is amusing to see his British air of superiority ... He is looked upon as scum by his own nation, but he feels himself to be an Englishman, and able to kick the foreigner back to 'his own dear native

land' if only Government would believe in 'England for the English,' and give all foreigners 'notice'. (*IDL*, p.13)

The narrator realises that there can and should be no changing back: the 'Hottentot', Jewesses, Algerian, Indian, Italian, Russian, Polish Jew, and German are as much a part of Whitechapel Road as the East End loafer, who has his West End counterpart: 'In the West End they haunt the clubs; in the East End they hang around the public-houses' (*IDL*, p.13).

The 'midget' recalls only one other kind face apart from the Captain's that he would like to see when he is dying – that of a lady who did not shrink from shaking his hand: 'She said nothing but I could tell she was sorry for me, and often as I lies awake I think of her!' (*IDL*, p.16). The sentiments recall those of 'the Elephant Man', Joseph Merrick, when similarly the recipient of unflinching but sympathetic acknowledgement. Merrick, now known to have been suffering from neurofibromatosis, was discovered by the surgeon Sir Frederick Treves in 1884 being exhibited as the 'Elephant Man' in London for money by a showman. Treves later recalled that:

Painted on the canvas [outside the building] in primitive colours was a life-size portrait of the Elephant Man. This very crude production depicted a frightful creature that could only have been possible in a nightmare. It was the figure of a man with the characteristics of an elephant. The transfiguration was not far advanced. There was still more of the man than of the beast. This fact – that it was still human – was the most repellent attribute of the creature. There was nothing about it of the pitiableness of the misshapened or the deformed, nothing of the grotesqueness of the freak, but merely the loathing insinuation of a man being changed into an animal.⁴⁶

Treves goes on to write of how, when he secured a private viewing, he found 'the creature' huddling to 'warm itself'. The 'hunched-up figure was the embodiment of loneliness'. When the showman (Tom Norman), 'speaking as if to a dog', commanded his exhibit to stand up,

[t]he thing arose slowly and let the blanket that covered its head and back fall to the ground. There stood revealed the most disgusting specimen of humanity that I have ever seen ... at no time had I met with such a degraded or perverted version of a human being as this lone figure displayed. (p.191)

Treves's description of the man who would come under his care contains mixed animal metaphors, as if further to demonstrate the confusion of classification: Merrick's right arm 'suggested the limb of the subject of elephantiasis', his right hand 'was large and clumsy – a fin or paddle rather than a hand', and '[f]rom the chest hung a bag of ... repulsive

flesh ... like a dewlap suspended from the neck of a lizard' (p.192). Treves would refer to one of Merrick's keepers as 'the vampire showman' (p.200). His assertion that Merrick had been 'housed like a wild beast' (p.194) and 'dragged from town to town and from fair to fair as if he were a strange beast in a cage', exposed in his 'nakedness and hideous deformities' to a 'gaping crowd who greeted him with such mutterings as "Oh! what a horror! What a beast!"' (p.198), made more poignant the 'overwhelming tragedy of his life', the full extent of which Treves only realised 'when I came to know that Merrick was highly intelligent, that he possessed an acute sensibility and – worse than all – a romantic imagination' (p.194). The description may recall Frankenstein's monster.

According to Treves's record, a further change in Merrick's condition occurred, and it is one whose cause reinforces gender stereotypes. Although Treves suggests that Merrick had an idealised view of women, it is he himself who demonstrates one. When 'a friend of mine, a young and pretty widow' accepts Treves's invitation to 'enter Merrick's room with a smile, wish him good morning and shake him by the hand', the effect upon Merrick, who 'told me afterwards that this was the first woman who had ever smiled at him, and the first woman, in the whole of his life, who had shaken hands with him', is such that '[f]rom this day the transformation of Merrick commenced and he began to change, little by little, from a hunted thing into a man' (p.202).

Another agent of transformation in Merrick's life was, of course, Treves himself, who, by his own account, rescued his patient from a life of vagabondage:

he had been moving on and moving on all his life. He knew no other state of existence. To him it was normal. He had passed from the workhouse to the hospital, from the hospital back to the workhouse, then from this town to that town or from one showman's caravan to another. He had never known a home nor any semblance of one. He had no possessions. His sole belongings, beside his clothes and some books, were the monstrous cap and the cloak. He was a wanderer, a pariah and an outcast. That his quarters at the hospital were his for life he could not understand. (pp.199–200)

Like Merrick, Harkness's midget is exhibited for curious paying audiences, but dressed so that he can play Napoleon.

Lobe 'loved his Whitechapel people' (*IDL*, p.19), but found that '[m]onstrosities were a trial to his faith'. He does not want to place himself above God by turning away from them in disgust, but admits 'I feel all of a creep. I wonder if they're men or beasts!' The midget is, he

knows, a man, 'and yet *he* feels himself to be a missing link or something' (*IDL*, p.21). Lobe resolves to ask the general's advice.

The 'monstrosities' function here in typical fashion: they force inspection of the states between which they lie (which, of course, is also a function of travel). In Harkness's novel they direct attention to the social poles associated with humanity and bestiality. Thus,

[t]here is in every one of us a deeply seated love of cruelty for its own sake, although the refined only show it by stinging words and cutting remarks. So let no one think the scum worse than the rest. The scum is brutal, the refined is vicious. (*IDL*, p.21)

Going through 'some of the worst streets in the metropolis', Lobe finds himself in a square into which, at midnight,

the public-houses that flanked its entrance vomited forth their cargoes of depravity and vice, and the air rang with the oaths of women who sell their babies for two shillings or eighteen pence, and with the curses of men lower than the beasts but for the gift of speech. (*IDL*, p.24)

Amongst those public-houses 'congregated the lowest dregs of the East End populace', ready to rob drunken sailors, who would be lured by a 'vampire dressed in a gaudy skirt' (*IDL*, p.24). Harkness does not, as some authors of the time do, wholly detach the observer from the observed. She emphasises social connections in her writing, and social movement reveals the unsettledness. As in *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and Henry James's *Washington Square* (1880), there is a sense of social character changing:

Legend says that years gone by the square was inhabited by 'real gentry.' 'Middling folks' live in it at present – people who own small factories or large shops, who are in trades or business. These 'middling folks' talk of the 'lower classes', and it is difficult to say whereabouts in the social scale 'middling folks' come exactly. Certainly the upper ten have nothing to do with them ... It suffices to say that 'middling folks' bestow old clothes and soup on 'the poorer classes,' just as 'the real, gentry' visit 'the deserving poor' when down in the country, and give donations to charities during the season in London. (*IDL*, pp.24–25)

The changing relationships and the inadequacy of part-time charity both suggest the dislocation that needs to be fixed. In this place, within a room close to the roof in a house on the right-hand side of the square lives Ruth, an orphan, who has been brought up by her father's foreman. The latter was made, by her father's will, sole trustee of his property on

condition that he look after her. At the age of eighteen, Ruth was to inherit her father's business: Weldon & Co.'s cocoa-nut chip factory.

Lobe wonders about Ruth joining the Salvation Army – 'These slum saviours were of all classes ... and worked day and night among the scum of London' (*IDL*, p.31) – but thinks she is too young and delicate (*IDL*, p.33). Nevertheless, Ruth decides that she wishes to dedicate herself to the Army's service (*IDL*, p.42), though she will later be told by the Salvation Army superintendent James Cooke that she should sort out her problems with her trustee, Mr Pember (later called by the narrator 'the serpent' [*IDL*, p.101], before she can become a slum saviour [*IDL*, pp.85, 87]). Questioning other female workers, she is told of the conditions faced by themselves and the people they help. They receive the worst treatment not from men, but from women, who 'are more like demons than human beings' (*IDL*, p.45). Juxtaposition again underpins the reality and enables the moral:

I have worked in Whitechapel, but I have never seen anything to equal what I see in these streets. And what makes it so terrible to me is the fact that, not a mile away, people are enjoying every luxury. This whole slum could be cleared away in a fortnight if people had a mind to do it. (*IDL*, p.45)

So says the eldest of the 'slum saviours' who instructs Ruth. The younger remarks on the lack of Christian principles demonstrated by the local rich, who do not feed, drink, clothe, or visit the poor. Her statement that '[a]nimals could teach the people about here many a lesson' seems directed at those who live in filth, '[b]ut, then, how can one tell these people that they ought to keep clean when they are starving?' (*IDL*, p.45) The idea of animals educating people illustrates my argument: in literature and other cultural forms of the time beastly avatars assist contemporaries's recognition of, and attempts to, understand social and intellectual movements.

Harkness's treatment of those who 'sink into the scum of London' is remarkable. She does not recoil from their persons so much as from the system that has made them thus. When she commands her readers to '[l]ook at the thousands of men [at the dock gates] who fight for work, who struggle like wild beasts for the contractors' tickets', she also instructs us to '[r]emember that a million men throughout the United Kingdom are out of work'. At the same time, she warns of the consequences of not working to improve the situation. She notes that while other people assume they have soldiers and policemen to protect them, they are unaware that 'policemen went in the dark hours of the night to a well-known Socialist, and begged him to take part in their

last demonstration' and forget that 'soldiers are beginning to ask, "What will become of *me* when my short period of service is over and I leave the army?"' These people do not want to be conscious of the dangers open to themselves from the large army of the unemployed; from the

seething mass of discontent that is even now undermining the whole of society. Only those who go amongst them, who know them intimately, are aware of the bitter hatred which they express for 'the upper classes,' the angry feelings which they smother while ladies and gentlemen roll by in carriages. (*IDL*, p.55)

A more optimistic vision of the relationship between the classes is presented when the lady who has acknowledged the 'midget' is taken by Lobe once more to visit him. Asked if she thinks he has a soul, because he is 'afraid of coming here again as a dog or something', she replies that he should not be afraid:

Things are changing fast. Social conditions are becoming different. Barriers are breaking down, and classes are amalgamating. By the time you come back all men will be brethren ... People will put you first then, if you come into the world handicapped. (*IDL*, pp.65–66)

Assured by her kiss, the 'midget' feels that he must be a man and have a soul: she would not have kissed him were he a missing link. Harkness combines a humanist response with a call for material change. When her narrator describes the 'human insects' (*IDL*, p.69) that swarm around the poor district, there is not the same contempt, resignation, or distancing that is a feature of naturalistic writing of the time. Rather, the concern is to remedy the social system that has rendered them less or other than human. True, they are still described in animalistic terms, but the clear message is that in order to prevent the damaging effects of further transformations of people, the social structure and social attitudes must be changed. It is a message that is underlined by the sympathetic doctor who forsook a future in the West End with a name for himself in order to help those starving in the East End, to which he has now become tied, 'a modern Prometheus, bound to the rock by the woes of his fellow-men' (*IDL*, p.75). The doctor quotes Engels on the condition of the poor and says were he younger, he would enter politics and be 'a constitutional socialist, using all lawful means to improve the condition of the working man' (*IDL*, p.77). He thinks that '[t]he West End is bad, or mad; not to see that if things go on like this we must have a revolution' (*IDL*, p.154); that the people of the East End, where everyone is starving, will one day 'walk westwards, cutting throats and

hurling brickbats, until they are shot down by the military'. He refers dismissively to the 'pretty stories about the East End made up by Walter Besant' (*IDL*, p.154) that people prefer to read rather than hear the truth, but if they ignore the latter, they will be in danger.

Similarly, Jane Hardy – the labour-mistress at Ruth's factory – tells her of her Socialist sympathies when Ruth reports for work. Animal imagery is used once again to convey the point as she remarks of the girls who work there that '[t]he best thing that could happen to [them] just now would be a leetle pressure of the finger and thumb on the windpipe when they're just born, and don't feel any more than young kittens' (*IDL*, p.92). There are, she believes, 'too many of 'em, and they only add to competition, which, as the Socialists say, is playing the devil with us at present' (*IDL*, p.92). Her attitude may not carry absolute authorial or even narrative endorsement – she believes in 'combination, fighting the upper classes, and justice' (*IDL*, p.90) – but has to put her principles in her pocket as she has her mother to keep and will 'never take on a Jewess', because '[t]he East End is just overrun with foreign people, and that makes matters worse for us English' (*IDL*, p.95). Her hatred of capitalists seems focused on Mr Pember, whom she might have loved, but who withdrew once he saw that he was dear to her and whom she now blames for her childlessness (p.140). Yet the condition of the miserable girls, whom Ruth encounters 'jabbering and scolding like young magpies' (*IDL*, p.90), is one that requires remedy: 'They had only just escaped from the Board school; but many of them had faces wise with wickedness, and eyes out of which all traces of maidenhood had vanished' (*IDL*, p.90). They work standing from seven in the morning till seven at night for half a crown a week and without holidays (*IDL*, p.98). Jane Hardy's comment to Ruth – '[y]ou can't form an opinion about the hands ... until you have witnessed their environment' (*IDL*, p.107) – might just as well be uttered by Harkness to her readers. Hardy's acknowledgement of their social conditions and personal situation entails an understanding of prostitution: 'Virtue is easy enough when a woman has plenty to eat, and a character to keep, but it's quite a different thing when a girl is starving' (*IDL*, p.113). Harkness declines to blame people for circumstances over which they have no control. If they are brutalised by their life, they are not themselves wholly at fault, though she does not entirely absolve them from personal responsibility. Again, animal imagery conveys this point as we are told that at the docks people would sometimes say to Lobe 'it's just no good, Salvation ... I can't get no work, so I may as well make a beast of myself, and forget God made a man

of me at the beginning' (*IDL*, p.145). They repent, but are hopeless cases once drink gets hold of them (pp.145–146) and come 'to take pleasure in their filthy existence' (p.171).

By contrast, the Jews 'had not the down-trodden look of our Gentile population, which, seems to enjoy crouching and whining instead of asserting itself with sturdy independence'. They have 'long-suffering faces, but they have hope written on their features instead of that despair which seems to sodden English East End men and women' (*IDL*, pp.166–167). Their religiousness and sense of community seem to account for this: 'Charity offers him [the Jew] no premium for idleness; so the chosen people hang together, the rich help the poor, and every Jew finds a friend on the Jewish Board of Guardians' (*IDL*, p.167). Harkness is engaged here in her own effort of transformation, aiming to counter negative stereotypes of the Jew. Her purpose becomes clearer still when her narrator presents the death-bed confession of a blood-thirsty slaughterhouse man who murdered a woman and then, a Gentile, hid among the Jews (pp.168–169). Although the man confesses to having murdered only one woman, it seems plain that Harkness intends to challenge anti-Semitic views of Jack the Ripper as a Jew. (The Ripper's murders took place in the second half of the year in which the novel is set – the year before the book's publication. There is also a suggestion that the continual slaughtering of beasts made the man like a cannibal, thirsting for human blood.)

After the death of 'Napoleon the midget', Lobe and the lady who had visited the deceased discuss Socialism. The lady tells him: 'I believe in the principles of Socialism; but, like every one else, I get tired of seeing so little accomplished' (*IDL*, p.129). She is unimpressed by the inability of Socialists to work together, but sees that '[s]ocialism is growing every day' and believes that '[a]t present its most hopeful sign is an embryonic labour-party' (*IDL*, p.132).

The doctor despises social climbing, which 'always ends in moral degradation'. He would 'rather be fettered to the people with iron chains, than wear the gilded livery of a West End physician' (p.157). It is more important to him that one should do real work and leave one's mark than be talked about.

Harkness resists the false comfort of the pastoral. When thousands of people travel by train to Kent for hop-picking,

[t]hey are ... cheaper to carry about than dumb beasts, for they can be packed closer together, and if one or two are suffocated on the journey no one claims damages ... the death of a hop-picker matters to no one. (*IDL*, p.171)

Once picking, though in better spirits, ‘their conversation was about the last East End murder, and their songs had the filthiest choruses; nature did not purify their thoughts, as Captain Lobe had expected ...’ (*IDL*, p.181).

The people are ‘more like beasts than human beings’; ‘[t]hey come out of the holes they call homes, and the public-houses, to enjoy themselves in truly bestial fashion’ (*IDL*, p.196). It is a slum saviour who interrupts their ‘woman-baiting’ to remind them ‘[y]ou are men and women, you are not wild beasts’ (*IDL*, p.200), telling them to go home and not kill the half-naked woman whom they are taunting and manhandling.

Sordid struggle

In George Gissing’s *The Nether World* (1889), bestiality is linked to both class and race. The narrator tells us of the protagonist, Clem Peckover, that

the broad joviality with which she gloated over the prospect of cruelties shortly to be inflicted, put her at once on a par with the noble savage running wild in woods. Civilisation could bring no charge against this young woman; it and she had no common criterion.⁴⁷

Clem is described as ‘showing really remarkable skill in conveying pieces of sausage to her mouth by means of the knife alone’ and possessing ‘Red Indian scent’ that allows her to detect others’ feelings (p.7). The racialised foreignness of aspects of her appearance also introduces temporal difference: ‘Her forehead was low and of great width; her nose was well shapen, and had large sensual apertures; her cruel lips may be seen on certain fine antique busts’ (p.8). The animality equates to a loss of femininity: ‘Clem would have liked dealing with some one with whom she could try savage issue in real tooth-and-claw conflict’ (p.8). Later, we are told of her ‘savage kind of admiration’ for Bob Hewett (p.36).

Travel, such as it exists for creatures like those in Morrison’s, Harkness’s, and Gissing’s novels, is rarely voluntary. They have little choice but to obey the natural forces of their environment – in this case, economic forces. A famous example from across the Atlantic is Theodore Dreiser’s *Sister Carrie* (1900), the beginning of which has its central character, Carrie Meeber, going by train to Chicago – a city whose ‘many and growing commercial opportunities gave it widespread fame which made of it a giant magnet, drawing to itself from all quarters the hopeful and the hopeless’, with the metaphor of the magnet forcing the idea of a lack of free will or resistance.⁴⁸ Chicago pulls people in from the Midwest and

beyond. In most of the texts with which *Beastly Journeys* is concerned, the bulk of the characters are already resident in their environs and have little hope of escape. Usually, they are part of a swarm or crowd or (in the Jago) they hunt in packs or fight territorial or kinship battles. In *The Nether World*, for example, John Hewett exclaims:

If any man had said as much as a rough word to me, I'd a gone at him like a bulldog. I felt like a beast. I wanted to fight, I tell you – to fight till the life was kicked an' throttled out of me! (p.22)

When the characters in these novels do journey as individuals it is along routes prescribed to their kind, so that they act instinctively and with little or no free will. For such beasts, transformation is impossible: they possess neither the means nor the stimulus. The only options are stasis or further degeneration, which latter is a matter of degree rather than an alteration of form.

Gissing's narrator shows glimpses of their humanity. When he does so, it is in the context of momentary release from thrallidom. Thus,

[i]t was the hour of the unyoking of men. In the highways and byways of Clerkenwell there was a thronging of released toilers, of young and old, of male and female. Forth they streamed from factories and workrooms, anxious to make the most of the few hours during which they might live for themselves. (p.10)

The lack of leisure time is reflected in the common linguistic reduction of the workers to the useful parts of their body: their designation as 'hands'. Gissing writes: 'Wealth inestimable is ever flowing through these workshops, and the hands that have been stained with gold-dust may, as likely as not, some day extend themselves in petition for a crust' (p.11). Through striking images such as these, Gissing communicates the cost of having such people service our society. Just as in Wells's *The Time Machine* (which we shall examine in Chapter Three), the brutish Morlocks (the descendants of the proletariat and subterranean toilers) labour for the comfort of the Eloi (the descendants of the middle- and upper-classes), so the denizens of the Nether World, with little scope for their own enjoyment, produce the wealth that benefits others, then as now. Sprinkling the metaphor of gold dust and letting it fall in contrast with the basic necessity of a piece of bread, Gissing juxtaposes the two classes and makes the connections that are normally kept hidden shockingly evident. In the Nether World of Clerkenwell, not only the people but even the buildings themselves suggest the 'sordid struggle for existence' (p.51). External conditions and, in some, instincts that a

more comfortable existence might keep in check combine to effect the degradation of the people who live there. Thus, for example, we are told of Clara, in relation to Sidney Kirkwood:

The disease inherent in her being, that deadly outcome of social tyranny which perverts the generous elements of youth into mere seeds of destruction, developed day by day, blighting her heart, corrupting her moral sense, even setting marks of evil upon the beauty of her countenance ... Like a creature that is beset by unrelenting forces, she summoned and surveyed all the crafty faculties lurking in the dark places of her nature; theoretically she had now accepted every debasing compact by which a woman can spite herself on the world's injustices. Self-assertion; to be no longer an unregarded atom in the mass of those who are born only to labour for others; to find play for the strength and the passion which, by no choice of her own, distinguished her from the tame slave. (p.86)

Beyond the question of the character transformations (or lack of opportunity to bring about change) is the role of the author. In John Goode's words: 'Gissing is a novelist: that is, he is a specific kind of literary producer, transforming specific material in determined conditions of production.'⁴⁹ Goode makes the important point that Gissing does not simply represent what he sees. Rather, as a writer, he undertakes work that employs genre to mutate London life into fiction that is informed by ideology and material conditions. This is true not only of Gissing, but of all literary realists, and not only of all literary realists, but of all writers. We need more reminding of the fact with realists, because they purport to show life as it really is. As Goode implies, with Gissing there is even more of a temptation to think so, because his gritty portraits are unalleviated by sentimentalism or plot twists that detract from the sense of fidelity to life.⁵⁰ Sloan may be right to claim of Gissing that '[t]he brutal accuracy of his account of working-class life in Clerkenwell introduced a new kind of realism to the English public',⁵¹ but Goode reminds us that the absence of sentimentality and contrivance does not mean a lack of mediation. Indeed, the author's social position and ideology need more attention. In Gissing, as with other realist and naturalistic authors, the narrator observes a distance between himself (it usually is a he) and his characters. That gap allows the narrator to rise above the animal condition of his subjects. Whether that distance marks a contradiction and flaw in the view of an overarching determinism or whether it grants an external position from which one can view and criticise the circumstances on display is a question that has been debated in studies of naturalism.

The Minotaur and the frightened lambs

It is in the context of women's propulsion into the economic realm that W. T. Stead's exposé of child prostitution should be seen. Against the background of thwarted proposals to raise the age of consent from thirteen to sixteen and scandals such as the uncovering in 1882 and farcical prosecution in 1885 of Mrs Jefferies for running brothels that catered for wealthy and celebrated clients,⁵² Stead 'decided to prove that children could be bought and sent into enforced prostitution by doing it himself'.⁵³ Having been introduced by Benjamin Waugh to a seven-year-old and a four-year-old girl, both of whom had been lured into brothels and raped, Stead determined to act and use his newspaper for the cause.⁵⁴ He recruited Rebecca Jarrett, a 'reformed prostitute, brothel keeper and procurer',⁵⁵ to obtain a girl for him. With the help of her old friend Nancy Broughton, Jarrett bought thirteen-year-old Eliza Armstrong for five pounds, had her virginity confirmed by a doctor, and had her taken to France. A good part of the horror of Stead's report lay in the commoditisation of girls. Stead's monster is the Minotaur. Invoking classical Greece, Stead recalls the myth of how Athens was compelled to send to Crete every nine years seven youths and seven maidens, all of whom 'were flung into the famous Labyrinth of Daedalus, there to wander about blindly until such time as they were devoured by the Minotaur, a frightful monster, half man, half bull, the foul product of an unnatural lust'.⁵⁶ From Ancient Greece Stead switches his gaze to modern London, where '[t]his very night ... and every night, year in and year out, not seven maidens only, but many times seven ... will be offered up as the Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon'. They were maidens this morning, but tomorrow 'will find themselves within ... the maze of London brotheldom'. Developing his classical metaphor for rhetorical and social impact, Stead continues: 'The maw of the London Minotaur is insatiable.' Yet London, Stead claims, does not care for the fate of its 50,000 prostitutes. Stead is 'not without hope that there may be some check placed upon this vast tribute of maidens ... which is nightly levied in London by the vices of the rich upon the necessities of the poor' (I, p.2), but he asks that if the sacrifice of maidenhood must continue, its victims should at least be of an age at which they can understand their situation and loss and therefore sacrifice willingly, rather than through coercion or ignorance:

That is surely not too much to ask from the dissolute rich. Even considerations of self-interest might lead our rulers to assent to so modest a demand.

For the hour of Democracy has struck, and there is no wrong which a man resents like this ... the fathers and brothers whose daughters and sisters are purchased like slaves, not for labour, but from lust, are now at last enrolled among the governing classes – a circumstance full of hope for the nation, but by no means without menace for a class ... unless the levying of the maiden tribute in London is shorn of its worst abuses ... resentment, which might be appeased by reform, may hereafter be the virus of a social revolution. It is the one explosive which is strong enough to wreck the Throne. (I, p.2)

Distinguishing between sexual immorality and sexual criminality, Stead makes clear that his concern is with the latter, which he classifies as follows:

- I. The sale and purchase and violation of children.
- II. The procurement of virgins.
- III. The entrapping and ruin of women.
- IV. The international slave trade in girls.
- V. Atrocities, brutalities, and unnatural crimes. (I, p.2)

Explaining that he writes from personal knowledge, Stead describes how he spent four weeks with two or three coadjutors 'oscillat[ing] between the noblest and the meanest of mankind, the saviours and the destroyers of their race, spending hours alternately in brothels and hospitals, in the streets and in refuges, in the company of procuresses and of bishops'. This 'strange, inverted world ... was the same, yet not the same, as the world of business and the world of politics' (I, p.2). At best, one wanders in a Circe's isle,

[b]ut with a difference, for whereas the enchanted in olden time had the heads and the voices and the bristles of swine, while the heart of a man was in them still, these have not put on in outward form 'the inglorious likeness of a beast,' but are in semblance as other men, while within there is only the heart of a beast – bestial, ferocious, and filthy beyond the imagination of decent men. (I, p.3)

Stead recounts his discovery of a former brothel-keeper who proves to him that she can procure girls – including a thirteen-year-old – for three pounds. He does not proceed with the transaction, but has a 'thoroughly trustworthy woman' go with the ex-brothel-keeper to a 'bad house' where a girl is purchased for two pounds plus a sovereign when she is proved a virgin. The girl, grown nervous and suspicious when told she will be taken to the country, escapes (I, p.5).

Class is a factor throughout. The former brothel-keeper has told Stead that '[p]retty girls who are poor, and who have either no parents or are

away from home, are easiest picked up' (I, p.4). Stead relates how, though he has been inquiring in the East End, he learns of a house in the West End 'kept apparently by a highly respectable midwife, where children were taken by procurers to be certified as virgins before violation, and where, after violation, they were taken to be "patched up", and where, if necessary, abortion could be procured'. The house stands 'imperturbably respectable in its outward appearance, apparently an indispensable adjunct of modern civilization, its experienced proprietress maintaining confidential relations with the "best houses" in the West-end'. The proprietress says, 'Oh, Mr. — is a gentleman who has a great penchant for little girls. I do not know how many I have had to repair after him' (I, p.5). The discrepancy between the respectable exterior and disreputable interior is the architectural equivalent of the condition symbolised by Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde and signifies a duality that runs through so many narratives of these years. 'Anything can be done for money, if you only know where to take it' (I, p.6), writes Stead in a comment that testifies to the power that has transformed the state of things and contributed to the disparity between social exterior and inner secret.

Stead tells the tale of thirteen-year-old Lily (Eliza), who was sold by her alcoholic parents for three pounds, plus two pounds to be paid once her virginity was certified. Taken to 'a house of ill-fame', she is put to bed, drugged, and locked in with her purchaser. After a short silence 'there rose a wild and piteous cry — not a loud shriek, but a helpless, startled scream like the bleat of a frightened lamb' (I, p.6). This scene, Stead writes, occurred in a 'well-known house, within a quarter of a mile of Oxford Circus' (II, p.1). Stead deplores the fact that a child becomes a woman at thirteen in the eyes of the law and can dispose of her virtue then, three years before she can dispose of other valuables (II, p.1). He is appalled by the ignorance of the girls: 'It is one of the greatest scandals of Protestant training that parents are allowed to keep their children in total ignorance of the simplest truths of physiology, without even a rudimentary conception of the nature of sexual morality' (II, p.2). His simile of the lamb evokes a Christ-like innocence and sacrifice, while casting himself as protector.

Stead relates his dealings with the outwardly respectable Miss X and Miss Z, whose 'systematized business' is the procuring of virgins (II, p.3). From Miss Z, Stead solicits a virgin of around fourteen-years-old for five pounds plus a doctor's fee. He is told by Miss X and Miss Z that one of their friends, an unnamed doctor, takes three girls (age sixteen or over) for his own use each fortnight at between five pounds and seven

pounds a night. From these two women, Stead orders five virgins to distribute among his friends for five pounds a head, plus doctor's fees. He is brought nine girls, four of whom a doctor (in whom Stead has confided) certifies as virgins.

Reporting the rarity of street girls under thirteen and his own inability to obtain a prostitute under that age, though 'there is no doubt as to the existence of a vast and increasing mass of juvenile prostitution' (III, p.2), Stead calls for the raising of the age of consent to sixteen. At a villa in North London he is shown a young-looking fourteen-year-old, in whom there 'still lingered the timid glance of a frightened fawn'. And he is told of 'a monster now walking about who acts as a clerk in a highly respectable establishment' (III, p.2). The clerk is fifty-years-old and has ruined children for years, but cannot be prosecuted, because the girls are thirteen-years-old.

Stead writes that:

I have at this moment an agreement with the keeper of one of the houses near Regent Street to the effect that she will have ready in her house, within a few hours of receipt of a line from me, a girl under fourteen.

He tells the story of Emily, 'a child-prostitute who, at the age of eleven, had for two years been earning her living by vice in the East-end' and explains that, legally, abduction is only an offence if a girl is in the custody of her father at the time of her abduction (III, p.3).

Class scandal again rears its head when Stead mentions a brothel in St. John's Wood, which is rumoured to be patronised by 'at least one Prince and one Cabinet Minister' (8 July, p.5). And he refers to a '[w]ealthy Mr. —', whose 'whole life is dedicated to the gratification of lust' and whose name he constantly came across '[d]uring my investigations in the subterranean realm'. It was 'actually Mr. —'s boast that he has ruined 2,000 women in his time' (III, p.5).

It is an inverted world that Stead exposes; and one in which the police cannot be trusted. Stead's weeks of night-prowling have convinced him that talk of the scandalous state of the streets is greatly exaggerated. Indeed, he records his 'respect and admiration for the extraordinarily good behaviour of the English girls who pursue this dreadful calling' (IV, p.3). The Criminal Law Amendment Bill was passed in August 1885, but Stead was charged with, and found guilty of, abduction, because Liza's step-father had not given his permission for his daughter to be taken. He was also found guilty of assault and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Man monster

The bestial epithets attached to Jack the Ripper are the least surprising of the cases presented in this chapter. Combining animality with race and vampirism, *The Star* described the Ripper as ‘half-beast, half-man’; a ‘ghoul-like creature who stalks through the streets of London, stalking down his victim like a Pawnee Indian ... [who] is simply drunk with blood, and he will have more’.⁵⁷ Judith Walkowitz reproduces an illustrated page of the *Police Illustrated News* for 17 November 1888 that reports ‘THE SEVENTH HORRIBLE MURDER BY THE MONSTER OF THE EAST-END’⁵⁸ and she also quotes from the *Daily Telegraph* of 14 September 1888, which referred to the ‘man monster who stalks the streets in search of fallen women’.⁵⁹ Walkowitz cites contemporary reports linking the Ripper with a Gothic creature, werewolf, and vampire, ogres and monsters.⁶⁰ According to Walkowitz, the murders ‘triggered off a set of psychosexual and political fears that resounded, in different ways, across the social spectrum’.⁶¹ To be triggered, those fears had to be already present and primed. Walkowitz goes on to apply an analysis based on postmodern theories of fragmentation and the body,⁶² but she finds the origin of those fears in movements and divisions of the fin de siècle. Observing of the capital that ‘[t]he opposition of East and West increasingly took on imperial and racial dimensions, as the two parts of London imaginatively doubled for England and its Empire’, she notes that at the end of the nineteenth century, ‘journalistic exposés highlighted this geographic segregation, impressing on Londoners the perception that they lived in a city of contrasts, a class and geographically divided metropolis of hovels and palaces’.⁶³ At the time, the Ripper murders could be ‘shaped ... into a story of class conflict and exploitation’,⁶⁴ as suspicions about the murderer’s identity ‘shifted from the East End to the West End’ and ‘representations of the Ripper oscillated from an externalized version of the Other to a variation of the multiple, divided Self’.⁶⁵ In fact, writes Walkowitz, it was Stead who was the first journalist to notice the sexual origins of the murders, to make comparisons with Stevenson’s *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), and to suggest, after first assuming that the murderer belonged to the slums, that the Ripper, who had an uncontrolled sexual appetite for blood, may be of a more ‘respectable’ station.⁶⁶ Because of their context, the killings are emblematic of the contrasts, juxtapositions, and encounters that characterise representations of the 1880s and 1890s. Whitechapel, as Walkowitz and others note, was an impoverished area

on the edge of the East End, but adjacent to the financial district, the City, and accessible from the West End. Indeed, its working-class entertainments attracted rich young men from the West End, who enjoyed what we would now call 'slumming'.⁶⁷ It is eastward through 'this grey, monstrous London of ours, with its myriads of people, its sordid sinners, and its splendid sins' that Wilde's Dorian Gray heads, 'soon losing my way in a labyrinth of grimy streets and black, grassless squares' before he reaches the 'absurd little theatre' at which he sees and is drawn to young actress Sibyl Vane.⁶⁸ Indeed, the *OED*'s examples of 'slumming', in the sense of visiting slums, date from the 1880s.

A point made by Walkowitz about the Ripper murders may throw further light on the significance of beastly images to those living in the late nineteenth century. She writes that:

If, traditionally, the 'classical' body has signified the 'health' of the larger social body – of a closed, homogeneous, regulated social order – then the mounting array of 'grotesque,' mutilated corpses in this case represented the exact inverse: a visceral analogue to the epistemological incoherence and political disorientation threatening the body politic during the 'autumn of terror'.⁶⁹

Nowadays some of the horror has been lost and the ghastly misogyny of the murders has been softened by a foggy nostalgia for late Victorian London. In fact, one of the foremost Ripper authorities, Paul Begg, notes that 'very soon after the murders stopped – and probably even as they were being committed – Jack the Ripper passed through a strange transformation from real life murderer to bugaboo of nightmare'.⁷⁰ That alteration may have been a way of coping with the terror created by the figure of the Ripper himself, but perhaps lost from view to later generations is the fact that the Ripper gave 'substance and form' to contemporary fears of a 'working class uprising and revolution'. There existed, Begg reports, an anxiety that just as this brutal killer might 'move out of the warren of hovels and alleys' of the Nether World into 'the civilised city', so 'could the diseased savages themselves, espousing socialism, demanding employment and fair wages, education and acceptable housing, and bringing an end to the world as the Victorian middle classes knew it'.⁷¹ Begg quotes from George Bernard Shaw's letter to *The Star* in which Shaw suggests that the Ripper has succeeded more effectively than social reformers in drawing the attention of the wider public and press to conditions in the East End and promoting reform:

The moral is a pretty one, and the Insurrectionists, the Dynamitards, the

Invincibles, and the extreme left of the Anarchist party will not be slow to draw it. 'Humanity, political science, economics, and religion', they will say, 'are all rot; the one argument that touches your lady and gentleman is the knife'. That is so pleasant for the party of Hope and Perseverance in their toughening struggle with the party of Desperation and Death.⁷²

Begg notes that the 'fundamental and far-reaching changes' to the 'social, political and economic structure' of the country was 'frightening' and that by the end of the decade there was a real fear of revolution. The 'social evils' of both the capital and nation 'came to be embodied by the poor, the destitute and the unemployed of the East End', and 'Jack the Ripper came to represent the East End and so to represent all the anxieties of the age.'⁷³

Despite the efforts of concerned commentators in the 1880s and 1890s to enlist sympathy for the urban underclass, the pervasiveness of pejorative animal metaphors worked against a general softening of attitudes among those who held power. Journeys into the Nether World tended (with some exceptions) to underline the distance between observer and observed. When that distance looked like being broken down, it was perceived as a threat to social or psychological stability.

In no late nineteenth-century texts are the combination of sex, bestiality, class, and capitalism more evident than in Bram Stoker's *Dracula* and Richard Marsh's *The Beetle*, to which we turn in the next chapter.

Notes

- 1 On this, see, for example, Asa Briggs, *Victorian Cities* [1963] (London: Penguin, 1968).
- 2 Briggs, *Victorian Cities*, p.59.
- 3 Raymond Williams, *The English Novel from Dickens to Lawrence* [1971] (London: The Hogarth Press, 1984), p.16.
- 4 Ben Tillet, *A Brief History of the Dockers Union* [1910], quoted in William J. Fishman, *East End 1888: A Year in a London Borough among the Labouring Poor* [2005] (Nottingham: Five Leaves Publications, 2009), p.24.
- 5 Arthur Morrison, *A Child of the Jago* [1896], Peter Miles, ed. (London: Everyman, 1996), p.11.
- 6 Beatrice Webb, *My Apprenticeship* [1926], quoted in Fishman, *East End 1888*, p.20.
- 7 William Potter (C. Tirling), *Thomas Jackson of Whitechapel* [1929], quoted in Fishman, *East End 1888*, p.239.
- 8 Margaret Harkness (as John Law), *A City Girl* [1887], quoted in Fishman, *East End 1888*, p.250.

- 9 Margaret Harkness (as John Law), *In Darkest London* [1889 as *Captain Lobe: A Story of the Salvation Army*], quoted in Fishman, *East End 1888*, p.152.
- 10 Fishman, *East End 1888*, p.110.
- 11 Anne Humpherys, 'Knowing the Victorian City: Writing and Representation', *Victorian Literature and Culture* 30, 2 (September 2002), 602.
- 12 David Harvey, *The Urban Experience* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1989), p.168.
- 13 Harvey, *The Urban Experience*, p.165.
- 14 This section revises and condenses my essay, 'Stevenson's Monkey-Business: *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*', in Peter Liebrechts and Wim Tigges, eds, *Beauty and the Beast: Christina Rossetti, Walter Pater, R. L. Stevenson and their Contemporaries* (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1996), pp.157–170. See also my essay, 'White Apes at the Fin de Siècle', in Tim Youngs, ed., *Writing and Race* (London: Longman, 1997), pp.166–190.
- 15 Robert Louis Stevenson, 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde', in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, The Merry Men and Other Tales* (London: Dent, 1925), p.19. All further references to this text will be given parenthetically.
- 16 Gareth Stedman Jones, *Outcast London: A Study in the Relationship between Classes in Victorian Society* [1971] (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1976), p.281.
- 17 Jones, *Outcast London*, p.281.
- 18 Jones, *Outcast London*, p.282.
- 19 Jones, *Outcast London*, p.284.
- 20 Jones, *Outcast London*, p.289.
- 21 Jones, *Outcast London*, p.290.
- 22 Jones, *Outcast London*, p.291. Smith's warning is from his article, 'Industrial Training of Destitute Children', published in *Contemporary Review* in January 1885.
- 23 Karl Beckson, *London in the 1890s: A Cultural History* (New York, NY: W. W. Norton, 1992), p.18.
- 24 'The transformation of peasant Paddy into an ape-man or simianized Caliban was completed by the 1860s and 1870s.' See L. Perry Curtis, *Apes and Angels: The Irishman in Victorian Caricature* (Newton Abbot: David and Charles, 1971), p.2.
- 25 Jones, *Outcast London*, p.285.
- 26 Jones, *Outcast London*, p.285.
- 27 This paragraph was drawn from Jones, *Outcast London*, pp.286–287. Jones illustrates the idea of the proliferation of the unfit, with reference to Arnold White's *The Problems of a Great City* [1887].
- 28 Jones, *Outcast London*, p.308.
- 29 David Punter, *The Literature of Terror: A History of Gothic Fictions from 1765 to the Present Day* (London: Longman 1996), p.1.
- 30 Punter, *Literature of Terror*, p.3.
- 31 See William Veeder, 'Collated Fractions of the Manuscript Drafts of *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*', in William Veeder and Gordon Hirsch, eds, *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde after One Hundred Years* (Chicago, IL: Chicago University Press, 1988), p.22.
- 32 Helen Merrell Lynd, *England in the Eighteen-Eighties: Toward a Social Basis for Freedom* (London: Oxford University Press, 1945), p.44.
- 33 Lynd, *The Eighteen-Eighties*, p.45.
- 34 See Veeder, 'Collated Fractions', pp.34–35.
- 35 Patrick Brantlinger and Richard Boyle, 'The Education of Edward Hyde: Stevenson's

- “Gothic Gnome” and the Mass Readership of Late-Victorian England’, in Veeder and Hirsch, eds, *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde after One Hundred Years*, pp.265–282.
- 36 Brantlinger and Boyle, ‘The Education of Edward Hyde’, p.272.
- 37 Brantlinger and Boyle, ‘The Education of Edward Hyde’, p.266.
- 38 Andrew Lang, ‘Mr. Stevenson’s Works’, in *Essays in Little* (London: Henry and Co., 1891), p.35.
- 39 Peter Miles, ‘Introduction’, in Arthur Morrison, *A Child of the Jago* [1896], Peter Miles, ed. (London: Everyman, 1996), p.xliv.
- 40 Miles, ‘Introduction’, p.xliii.
- 41 Miles, ‘Introduction’, p.xxxvii.
- 42 Bernard Shaw, ‘Preface: Mainly About Myself’, in *Plays Unpleasant: Widowers’ Houses, The Philanderer, Mrs. Warren’s Profession* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1946), pp.25–26. The preface was written in 1898.
- 43 Kevin R. Swafford, ‘Translating the Slums: The Coding of Criminality and the Grotesque in Arthur Morrison’s “A Child of the Jago”’, *The Journal of the Midwest Modern Language Association* 35, 2: *Translating in and across Cultures* (Autumn 2002), 53.
- 44 Shaw, ‘Preface’, p.27.
- 45 Margaret Harkness, *In Darkest London* (Cambridge: Black Apollo Press, 2003), pp.15–16. First published as John Law, *Captain Lobe: A Story of the Salvation Army* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1889). The novel is set in 1888, though p.132 mistakenly suggests 1886. Further page references will be given parenthetically as *IDL*.
- 46 From Treves’s essay ‘The Elephant Man’, published in his 1923 book *The Elephant Man and Other Reminiscences*, reproduced in Michael Howell and Peter Ford, *The True History of the Elephant Man* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1980), pp.190–210, quoted at p.190. Further page references will be given in the text.
- 47 George Gissing, *The Nether World* [1889], edited with an introduction by Stephen Gill (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992), p.6. Further page references will be given parenthetically.
- 48 Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie* [1900] (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1981), p.16.
- 49 John Goode, *George Gissing: Ideology and Fiction* (London: Vision, 1978), p.14.
- 50 John Sloan also notes that: ‘The novel [*The Nether World*] is completely free of the sentimentalising strain which we find in the “industrial novel” of the 1840s and 1850s, and indeed to some extent in Gissing’s own earlier novels on the condition of the people. Absent too is any representative middle-class character through whom the novel might hold out a consolatory vision of refuge or retreat.’ See John Sloan, *George Gissing: The Cultural Challenge* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1989), p.76.
- 51 Sloan, *George Gissing*, p.76.
- 52 Jefferies, whose activities had been uncovered in 1882, pleaded guilty, saving ‘herself and her clients the embarrassment of being asked difficult questions. [She] was fined £200, which she paid with cash.’ See Paul Begg, *Jack the Ripper: The Definitive History* (London: Longman, 2003), p.118.
- 53 Begg, *Jack the Ripper*, p.119. For an account of Stead’s activities, see, for example, Grace Eckley, *Maiden Tribute: A Life of W. T. Stead* (Philadelphia, PA: Xlibris, 2007), especially Chapter Four.
- 54 Waugh was Honorary Secretary of the London Society for the Prevention of

- Cruelty in 1884. In 1899, he would found the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. See Begg, *Jack the Ripper*, p.119.
- 55 Begg, *Jack the Ripper*, p.119.
- 56 [W. T. Stead], 'The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon' (The Report of the *Pall Mall Gazette* Secret Commission), Monday 6 July 1885, p.1. The report was published in four parts on 6, 7, 8, and 10 July 1885. Further page references will be given parenthetically, preceded by the part number.
- 57 *The Star*, 8 September 1888, quoted in Begg, *Jack the Ripper*, p.155.
- 58 In Judith Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight: Narratives of Sexual Danger in Late-Victorian London* [1992] (London: Virago, 1994), Figure 15, facing p.135. In fact, 'the number of murders committed by Jack the Ripper is disputed'. Begg, *Jack the Ripper*, p.231. There are five so-called canonical victims – i.e. those generally accepted to have been killed by him.
- 59 Quoted in Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight*, p.168.
- 60 Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight*, p.197.
- 61 Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight*, p.198.
- 62 See, for example, the last full paragraph in Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight*, p.198.
- 63 Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight*, p.126.
- 64 Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight*, p.3. Walkowitz concludes her sentence thus: 'and into a cautionary tale for women, a warning that the city was a dangerous place when they transgressed the narrow boundary of home and hearth to enter public space'.
- 65 Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight*, pp.205–206.
- 66 Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight*, pp.206–207.
- 67 Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight*, pp.193–194.
- 68 Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* [1891] (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1981), p.48. That Gray refers to '[a] hideous Jew', who was 'such a monster' and has 'an enormous diamond ... in the centre of a soiled shirt' (p.48) illustrates racial – more specifically, anti-Semitic – Othering.
- 69 Walkowitz, *City of Dreadful Delight*, p.198.
- 70 Begg, *Jack the Ripper*, p.x.
- 71 Begg, *Jack the Ripper*, p.1.
- 72 George Bernard Shaw, 'Blood Money to Whitechapel', *The Star*, 24 September 1888, quoted in Begg, *Jack the Ripper*, p.2.
- 73 Begg, *Jack the Ripper*, p.3.