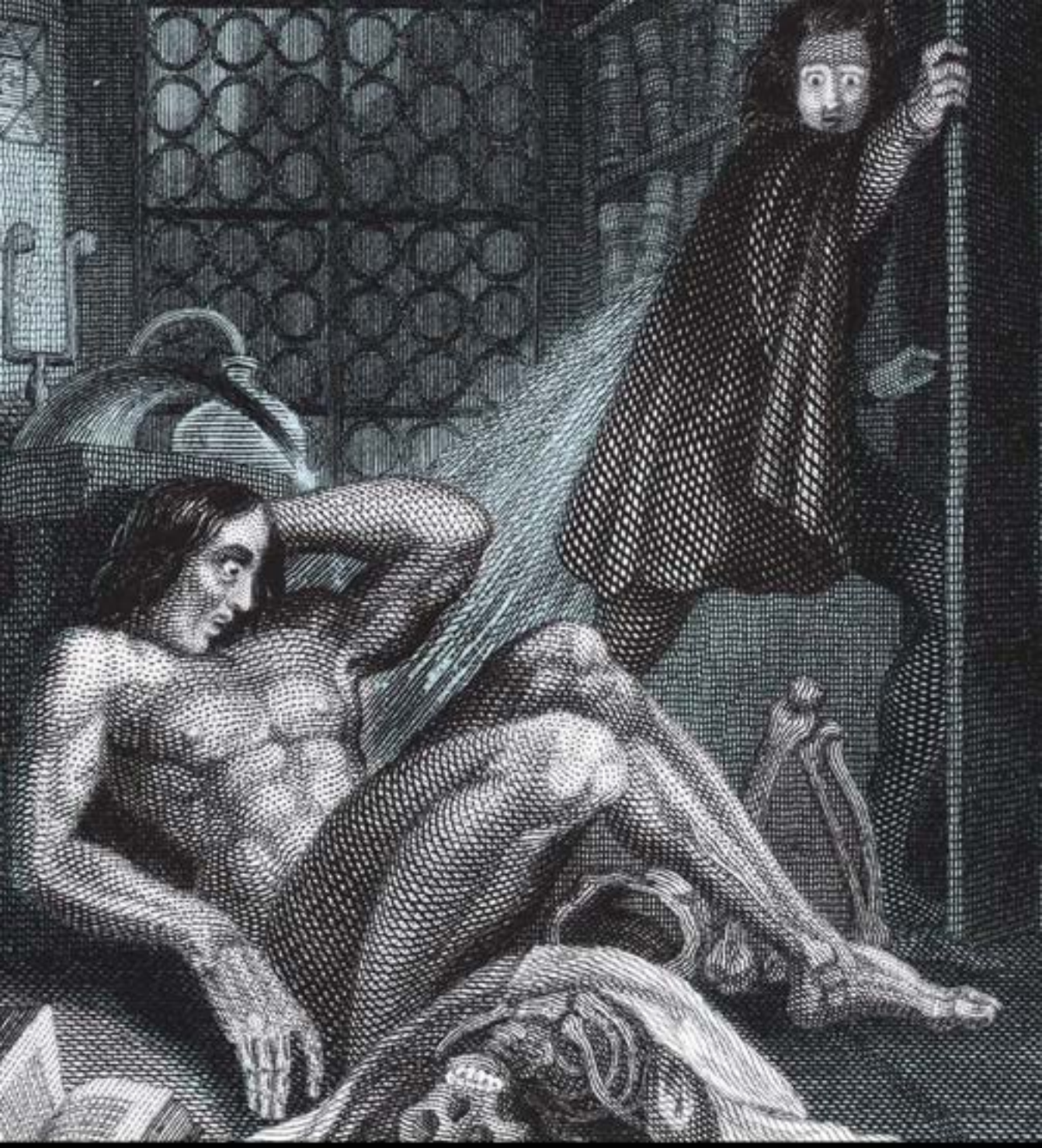

FRANKENSTEIN 200

THE BIRTH, LIFE, AND RESURRECTION OF MARY SHELLEY'S MONSTER

BY REBECCA BAUMANN

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THE BIRTH, LIFE, AND RESURRECTION OF MARY SHELLEY'S MONSTER

Rebecca Baumann
Photographs by Jody Mitchell

Indiana University Press
The Lilly Library

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Cover image: Mary Shelley. *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*. London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1831.

Wood engravings by Lynd Ward from Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *Frankenstein, or, The Modern Prometheus*. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, 1934.

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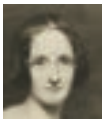

Volumes of supernatural, horror, and weird tales by women writers.
Photograph by Zach Downey.

FOREWORD

Empire of the Imagination: Women and Speculative Fiction

By Jonathan Kearns

> Nor is the empire of the imagination less bounded in its own proper creations, than in those which were bestowed on it by the poor blind eyes of our ancestors. What has become of enchantresses with their palaces of crystal and dungeons of palpable darkness? What of fairies and their wands? What of witches and their familiars? and, last, what of ghosts, with beckoning hands and fleeting shapes, which quelled the soldier's brave heart, and made the murderer disclose to the astonished noon the veiled work of midnight? These which were realities to our fore-fathers, in our wiser age—
>
> —Characterless are grated
> To dusty nothing.
>
> Mary Shelley, On Ghosts. London Magazine, 1824

Human memory is a funny thing. You think you remember in quantum detail the first date with someone you subsequently fell in love with, or where you were and what you were doing on 9/11, or when President Obama won his second term. Investigation, which is something we rarely perform, will in all likelihood prove otherwise; that your remembered life was different, and lived by someone else.

Our perceptions are a collage of absence seizures, filled in with whatever passes for the stuff of extrapolation in our brains.

The history of fiction in general, and weird or speculative fiction in particular, is pretty much the same. We think we remember all the high points—*Frankenstein*, *The Vampyre*, Poe, Le Fanu, *Varney The Vampire*, *Dracula*, etc.—but in reality, we're just glossing over all the places where we weren't paying attention.

In 1666 Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle—scientist, philosopher, poet, patron of all things strange, first woman to attend a meeting of the Royal Society and get annoyed with Hooke, argue with Hobbes, and raise an eyebrow at Boyle—wrote a book entitled *The Blazing World*, a mad mix of Utopianism, social commentary, and straight-up weird fiction, with a spot of romance and autobiographical side-eye thrown in. It's a masterpiece of fish men, talking animals, submarine warfare, and

a significantly pre-Verneian (presumably there's a reason we don't describe Verne as Cavendishian) journey to another world, in a different universe, via the North Pole. You're more likely to have someone cite Ludvig Holberg's "Niels Klim's Underground Travels," which bears clear hallmarks of Cavendish's influence and was published eighty years later, as a solid example of early speculative fiction.

In the field of the supernatural there are stand out rarities like Sarah Malthus's "King William's Ghost" in 1704. Sarah Malthus deserves a little shrine of her own as an eighteenth-century printer, publisher, and bookseller who took over the business after the death of her husband, Thomas, and published a handful of actively satirical or inflammatory pamphlets commenting on the late monarchy, of which her supernatural commentary is one. She published Dunton's "New Practice of Piety" in 1704 and like many in London's book yards, fell foul of her author:

> She was then at London House Yard. Dunton speaks of her kindly in 1703 in his *Life and Errors*, and as if she was then newly set up in business, and she published the book two years later; but by 1706 he had quarreled with her. He accuses her of slandering him in *The Wandering Spy*; she attached his goods for debt, and he abused her violently in *The Whipping Post*, 1706, calling her "a hedge-publisher," "the famous publisher of Grub-street News," &c. He says that she was a bookseller's daughter. *(Dictionary of Printers and Booksellers 1668 to 1725)*

Another oft-mentioned rarity is *Altamira's Ghost*, written by Elizabeth Boyd in 1744, in which a disputed succession is adjudicated over by a spirit. Although supernatural in content it is essentially a commentary on social injustice narrated by a ghost and dealing with the famous Annesley succession case, in which an orphan's inheritance rested upon proof of his legitimacy. One peculiarity of the case is that a maidservant named Heath, claiming James Annesley illegitimate, was found guilty of perjury on one occasion, then acquitted on another—effectively allowing James to be ruled both bastard and not bastard simultaneously. Boyd was primarily a paid "hack" of notable skill, but it should be mentioned that her openly supernatural works (*William and Catherine, or The Fair Spectre*, 1745, being another) fall thematically into the fantastically interesting category of female-apparition narrative, in which female ghosts appear in order to provide insight into male wrongdoing, most notably domestic violence; thus a ghost woman can talk about things a live woman may not and assist in the administration of justice. At one time an accepted literary device in its own right, this seems to have been forgotten along with Boyd and her contemporaries.

The pattern has a tendency to repeat.

The immovable object of women in speculative fiction is obviously *Frankenstein* in 1818. Nobody nowadays really argues with Mary Shelley's preeminent position as the mother of all reanimated corpses, despite the occasional effort to insist that large parts of it must have been written by her husband . . . which seems unlikely since during most of the Diodati experience he seems to have had the attention span

of a hummingbird on meth. Polidori, on the other hand, despite all his shortcomings, probably features fairly strongly in the role of medical advisor, especially with his experience in the dissection theatres of Edinburgh and considering his academic preoccupations. I have no problem with the image of Mary, surrounded by copies of the *Edinburgh Gazette*, gravely asking Polidori where the best places to secure fresh corpses might be found. I have a problem with Polidori giving an answer with much information or brevity in it, but whatever.

Considering the staples of weird, speculative, horrifying, and supernatural fiction as a whole, most of the major tropes were the product of female authorship. Frankenstein's monster, scientific aberration, stitched up King Zombie, vengeful revenant, is only one such pillar.

In 1828, only ten years after *Frankenstein*, Jane Loudon produced *The Mummy! Or, A Tale of The Twenty-Second Century* (published by the piratical Henry Colburn, who published Polidori's *Vampyre* under Byron's name in 1819), most likely inspired not only by a get-up-and-go attitude toward her own sudden poverty but also by certain reservations inspired by Shelley's work. Both of Jane's parents were dead by 1824, when she was 17, and she was forced to find some way to support herself: "finding, on the winding up of [my father's] affairs that it would be necessary to do something for my support, I had written a strange, wild novel, called 'The Mummy,' in which I had laid the scene in the twenty-second century, and attempted to predict the state of improvement to which this country might possibly arrive."

Already pretty well travelled and with several languages under her belt, Jane Loudon (née Webb) was clearly not without either smarts or skills. Her husband-to-be sought her out after writing a favorable review of the novel, believing her, naturally, to be a man. Once the shock of her femininity had worn off, they were married a year later.

Loudon's resurrected Cheops is a sage and helpful corpse, granted life maintained by a higher power rather than by human error and hubris. Loudon's twenty-second century is an absolutely blinding bit of fictional prophecy on a par with William Gibson's *Neuromancer* for edgy prescience. The habit of the time was to view the future as kind of like the early nineteenth century, but with bigger buildings and with the French in charge. Loudon's 2126 AD goes for women striding about independently in trousers, robot doctors and solicitors, and something that's not too far from an early concept of the internet. Her "strange, wild story" where corpsified Cheops helps rebuild a corrupt society addresses much of the underlying horror of Shelley's *Frankenstein* with a rather more redemptive take on the reanimation of dead flesh. It was also a definite influence on Bram Stoker's rather better-remembered *The Jewel of Seven Stars*, published in 1903, and possibly even on Poe's 1838 "Ligeia," in which a man painstakingly wraps his dead wife in bandages prior to her burial.

There's an argument for suggesting that writing weird fiction, at least in the form of ghost stories, became something of a fashionable exploit for nineteenth-century ladies. The Countess of Blessington ("A Ghost Story," 1846) and Mrs. Hofland

("The Regretted Ghost," published in *The Keepsake* in 1826) are just two examples. On the one hand, they might be seen as a natural evolution of the legacy of the Gothic giants Clara Reeve and Ann Radcliffe, alongside Jane Crofts (*The History of Jenny Spinner, the Hertfordshire Ghost*, 1800) and C. D. Haynes (*Eleanor, or The Spectre of St. Michael's*, 1821), hugely successful (and frequently necessarily anonymous) forays into the profitable world of Gothic novels and chapbooks. On the other, there is something innately rebellious and hinting at manifest destiny in the feminine colonization of weird fiction as a form in which women can express themselves.

Anne Bannerman, author of *Tales of Superstition and Chivalry,* published by Hood in 1802, informed her publisher flat-out that many people were going to find her chosen subject matter distasteful: "It was not to be expected that they [her stories] could be expected to please generally." Women who were already making a living as authors of anonymous romances and social sketches bent their efforts toward the weird and supernatural with no apparent intent of turning a profit, but apparently more as an endorsement of the genre as something inherently theirs. Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Oliphant, the Countess of Munster, and Mrs. Alfred Baldwin were all successful, comfortable women with no particular need to deviate from a working formula, but they all ventured into what they clearly considered a darkness to which they had a right, and produced some of the very best weird stories of the nineteenth century.

Mrs. Riddell's *Weird Stories*, published by Hogg in 1882 is one of the rarest and most beautifully written collections of supernatural stories of the last two hundred years. Everyone who collects in the field of supernatural fiction has it on their list, and most are destined for disappointment.

Mrs. Margaret Oliphant wrote an incredible body of work numbering over 120 published novels, historical works and collections of short stories from the 1840s until the late 1890s, spanning almost the entire Victorian age in all its manifold weirdness. Her supernatural tales are counted amongst the finest examples of her work.

Similarly, the Countess of Munster, Wilhelmina FitzClarence (known as Mina), Scottish peer and illegitimate granddaughter of William IV, who only became a novelist later in life, produced her *Ghostly Stories* in 1896, displaying a tremendous talent for the weird.

Florence Marryat's *The Blood of the Vampire*, published the same year as Stoker's *Dracula* and now shamefully almost forgotten, is a nuanced and complex (albeit erratic in execution) look at nineteenth-century, male-dominated societal norms, race, sexuality, gender, and xenophobia couched in the terms of the supernatural, with a mixed-race heroine exploited by men and rejected by other women; the fact that she might be infected with vampirism is a secondary (and never actually resolved) possibility when placed alongside how she is treated regardless of supernatural influence.

Florence Marryat herself was no slouch when it came to standing on her own two feet; she wrote over seventy published works, toured with the D'Oyly Carte Opera

Company, had her own successful one-woman show, ran lecture tours preaching female emancipation, and during the 1890s, ran a women's school of journalism.

It's almost inconceivable that the "stuff of extrapolation" has preserved Klim, Polidori, Stoker, Le Fanu, Rymer, and their legions of successful cohorts as the manifest summits of weird fiction in the nineteenth century (a century of the weird which began with Mary Shelley) and yet rarely even mentions Jane Loudon, or Mrs. Riddell, or even Mrs. Oliphant, who had a body of work larger than that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Mary Shelley's 1824 essay "On Ghosts," which began this essay, had a thing or two to say about the shrinking borders of the unknown and the death of terrestrial mystery:

> What have we left to dream about? The clouds are no longer the charioted servants of the sun, nor does he any more bathe his glowing brow in the bath of Thetis; the rainbow has ceased to be the messenger of the Gods, and thunder longer their awful voice, warning man of that which is to come. We have the sun which has been weighed and measured, but not understood; we have the assemblage of the planets, the congregation of the stars, and the yet unshackled ministration of the winds: such is the list of our ignorance.

Female weird fiction frequently deals with minorities and outliers: wronged gypsy women, beaten wives, revenant witches, overly prescient children, the occasional voodoo priestess, and a preoccupation with the righting of wrongs—the application of a certain balancing justice.

Unlike the masculine variants, the menaces and threats are more often laid to rest or propitiated, or indeed left to float off on an ice floe, rather than being chopped up, burned up, stabbed up, or staked up by a gang of bros armored by either science or God . . . the two being interchangeable when fighting darkness.

One thing is for certain: the influence of women writers—whether anonymously writing under male pseudonyms or under their own names—upon the landscape of the weird is not only significant, but momentous. If one can identify a trope or a device, the chances are that if one goes back far enough it originated somewhere in the untended and rarely visited forest of female writers of the irresistibly odd and disturbing. From a personal perspective, the tracing of the threads of inception back to the beginning is one of the more fascinating bookselling journeys I've undertaken, and could conceivably end up being an entire career.

JONATHAN KEARNS is a rescuer of weird women, a cataloguer of forgotten crimes, and a purveyor of books forbidden and fine. He is the proprietor of Jonathan Kearns Rare Books & Curiosities, based in London, which focuses on nineteenth- and twentieth-century speculative fiction and all manner of oddities that don't fit comfortably into safe and established versions of history.

A bookseller for almost twenty years, Kearns started out working on Charing Cross Road, has worked for Adrian Harrington Rare Books and other firms, and started his own business in 2015. He is a frequently sought speaker and advisor on nineteenth-century fiction; the business, practices, and ethics of bookselling; and methods for summoning and appeasing the Elder Gods.

Kearns also runs the Bibliodeviancy book blog and is a co-director and faculty member of the York Antiquarian Book Seminar. The Lilly Library has purchased a number of books from his catalogues in the past two years, several of which are included in this exhibition.

PREFACE

Stitched and Bound by Love and Fear: Books, Monsters, and Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*

By Rebecca Baumann, Head of Public Services, The Lilly Library

> Monsters are the patron saints of our blissful imperfections.
>
> Guillermo del Toro

> Monsters are tragic beings. They are born too tall, too strong, too heavy. They are not evil by choice. That is their tragedy. They do not attack people because they want to, but because of their size and strength, mankind has no other choice but to defend himself. After several stories such as this, people end up having a kind of affection for the monsters. They end up caring about them.
>
> Ishirō Honda

> If I cannot inspire love, I will cause fear.
>
> The Monster, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, 1818

All books are monsters. They are created things, sewn together by their authors from ideas, memories, and—most importantly—fragments and half-digested scraps of *other books*. Then they are printed, stitched and bound, sent out into the world to inspire love or cause fear. They do not always obey their creators. They can be dangerous. Mary Shelley concluded the introduction to the 1831 edition of *Frankenstein* by writing, "And now, once again, I bid my hideous progeny go forth and prosper. I have an affection for it, for it was the offspring of happy days, when death and grief were but words, which found no true echo in my heart." In the interim between the first and third editions, she had known unspeakable loss—her husband had drowned, Lord Byron had died of illness in Greece, John Polidori had committed suicide, and she had lost two small children and suffered a miscarriage. But through it all, her book shambled on, the child that survived. Mary Shelley knew and embraced the monstrosity of books.

This exhibition in celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the publication of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* makes the assumption that *Frankenstein* was written by a teenage girl. Period. Not her husband. Not Byron. Not somehow authored by "the times" or "the ideas in the air." But a genius girl who absorbed all of

The 1818 first edition of *Frankenstein* beside the 1958 first issue of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. Our exhibition celebrates two hundred years of Mary Shelley's influence on our imaginations.

those things—watched with a keen eye—and gave birth to something remarkable. For the most part, anyone who has *been* (or known) a teenage girl, awash with uncontrollable emotions, feeling like "a filthy mass that moves and talks," does not doubt its authorship.

Furthermore, this exhibition does not offer a truly new reading of the novel, which has already been read in thousands of ways. One can find political, psychoanalytic, feminist, Marxist, and queer readings of the text; all are compelling, and all are, in different ways, true. The most common reading of the novel—in high school classes, popular journalism, and so on—is as a *warning*. Don't overreach. Don't play God. Don't be too curious. Don't go poking your profane fingers around in nature's

hiding places. This is an oddly conservative reading for a novel written by a young woman who was the daughter, lover, and friend of anarchists, atheists, feminists, and sexual rebels—and who shared many of their views and practices. As a cautionary fable in the face of devastating unchecked climate change and ever-expanding frontiers of gene therapy, cloning, VR, AI, and other scientific discoveries that make us nervous, this admonitory reading can provide a starting point for important conversations. But it is also odd to focus so fixedly on the *science* of the novel. Although she was voraciously curious, Mary Shelley was no scientist. She read contemporary science, kept abreast of scientific debates, and discussed new discoveries with her husband and friends, but it was hardly the foremost concern of her writing, and she left the actual process of creating the monster deliberately vague—was it electricity? Alchemy? We don't really know.

The novel can be interpreted on any point on a wide-ranging spectrum from world-encompassing archetype to domestic drama. I confess that my own personal understanding of the novel skews toward the latter, toward the emotional core of a girl and her monster. One of my favorite passages from the novel is this:

> Alas! why does man boast of sensibilities superior to those apparent in the brute; it only renders them more necessary beings. If our impulses were confined to hunger, thirst, and desire, we might be nearly free; but now we are moved by every wind that blows, and a chance word or scene that that word may convey to us.

To me, *this* is the undead-but-still-beating heart of the novel, a text which has been a beacon, a banner, and a salvation to outsiders, kooks, and weirdos for two hundred years. Mary Shelley is telling us that we cannot control what we feel. We cannot control what we are. Both Victor and the monster refer to themselves and to each other as "slaves" several times. Victor creates life and expects it to obey him; it does not. The monster also tries to bend the world to his will, and the world will not bend. He thinks he can "glut the maw of death" and make himself feel better, but he finds that he is still a slave to his own impulses, his own emotions, his own need to be loved. In the monster, we glimpse the worst of humanity: the school shooter, the serial killer, the child murderer. And in Victor—who at times may deserve the moniker "monster" more than his creation—we can see the egomaniac, the unethical scientist, the racist politician, and the cruel parent. Mary Shelley leads her readers through a twisty, exhausting maze of emotions regarding these two characters. We shudder between horror and empathy until the novel collapses in on itself, the monster receding, undying, into the darkness and distance of the unwritten.

The first half of this exhibition focuses on the way in which *Frankenstein* was monstrously and magically stitched together from other books. Mary Shelley, almost from her birth, was a voracious reader, and *Frankenstein* is a mad experiment of piecing together autobiography, travelogue, ghost stories, folklore, and orts of science, philosophy, and poetry that she had read, discussed with her circle of eccentric friends, digested, and repurposed into her own entirely unique intellectual child.

The exhibition also highlights the work of Mary Shelley's parents, William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and the circle of friends gathered at the Villa Diodati in the stormy summer of 1816 who all contributed seeds to the gestation of the novel: Percy Shelley, Claire Clairmont, Lord Byron, and John Polidori.

Within the novel itself, each character is shaped utterly by his or her reading. Robert Walton, the unspoiled idealist whose letters to his sister provide a frame for the text, was inspired to undertake an Arctic voyage by reading the books of travel and exploration in his uncle's library. Victor Frankenstein is both inspired to creation and led to ruin by the books of natural philosophy and alchemy which his father cruelly dismisses as "sad trash." His childhood playmates choose other books and thus, other fates. Elizabeth prefers "the aerial creations of the poets" while Henry Clerval selects fairy tales and stories of chivalry and romance. The cottagers, the monster's would-be surrogate family until they run from him in terror born of bigoted fear, are also readers. Felix teaches Safie to read French from Volney's *Ruins of Empires*, and the monster absorbs it all secondhand. The monster, more than any other character, is *made* (a kind of second creation) by his reading. While he is wandering, parentless and without language or voice in the cold world, he finds a leather satchel containing Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, Plutarch's *Lives*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

The monster models the universal experience of reading, as he weeps for Werther, ponders Plutarch, and (most significantly) finds in Milton's Satan a model for his own understanding of himself:

> As I read, however, I applied much personally to my own feelings and condition. I found myself similar, yet at the same time strangely unlike the beings concerning whom I read, and to whose conversation I was a listener. I sympathized with, and partly understood them, but I was unformed in mind; I was dependent on none and related to none. "The path of my departure was free," and there was none to lament my annihilation. My person was hideous, and my stature gigantic: what did this mean? Who was I? What was I? Whence did I come? What was my destination?

This is what books do for us: they cause us to ask "Who am I?" They give us characters upon whom we may model ourselves . . . or whose behavior we may choose to repudiate. The monster—unformed in mind and with only three books at hand—quotes from Percy Shelley's poem "Mutability," a poem not yet published in the timeline of the novel and which the monster could have no way of knowing. This may seems bizarre to modern readers, but it makes perfect sense in the world of the novel, which is essentially a "Shelleyverse," made up of the people, books, and ideas which Mary had imbibed since her youth. Her father and stepmother founded a publishing business; she listened to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poetry while hiding behind the sofa at age eight; she read her mother's works of philosophy and literature while dallying on Wollstonecraft's grave with Percy and while sailing around Europe with Claire; she was an astute critical reader whose feedback was sought by

Lord Byron, the most famous poet in the world; she was a reader of Gothic novels and a late-night weaver of ghost stories. All of this went into *Frankenstein*—and this exhibition tries to help us visualize and draw together some of the disparate fragments of literary, intellectual, and popular culture that sparked the life of Mary Shelley's novel.

The second half of this exhibition focuses on the way in which *Frankenstein* has become a nexus, a node, a universe unto itself, spawning and inspiring new texts, new ideas, and new monsters in a dizzying array of configurations that would baffle even the maddest mixer of potions, molder of homunculi, or splicer of genes. Two hundred years later, it can be difficult to make sense of the baffling number of faces the monster wears; how can we collapse or collate the monster with watery, yellow eyes and lustrous, black hair described by Shelley with the green-skinned, heavy-lidded, squared-headed Boris Karloff or the gaunt and ghoulish Christopher Lee, not to mention Young Frankenstein, Blackenstein, Frankenhooker, Frankenweenie, Lady Frankenstein, Frankenstein Girl, Dr. Frank N. Furter, and of course the pink-faced, bolt-necked shiller of children's cereal, Franken Berry?

There is a curious phenomenon associated with monsters—over time, they tend to become domesticated. Ishirō Honda, director of *Godzilla* and many Toho kaiju movies, explains that after a monster stomps our city so many times, we start to feel . . . affection. Godzilla is an excellent example, debuting in a genuinely terrifying film that responds to the post-World War II climate of atomic fear, and eventually becoming a protector of children in later films and a sort of national mascot for Japan (and arguably, the prototype for an even cuter, more domestic version of itself, Pikachu). Guillermo del Toro, director of such horror films as *Pan's Labyrinth, Crimson Peak*, and *The Shape of Water* calls monsters "the patron saints of our imperfections." His creative work, strongly inspired by *Frankenstein* (he wrote the introduction to *The New Annotated Frankenstein*, published in 2017, and expresses his undying affection for and debt toward Shelley's novel), wrestles with the fact that we eventually and inevitably fall in love with the monsters we create, and that the monsters are often more sympathetic than the humans that surround them. We love our monsters because they are ourselves; like them, we can inspire love *and* cause fear. The story of *Frankenstein* speaks to anyone who has felt (or been made to feel) that they are too big, too awkward, too female, too brown, too gay, too foreign, too ugly, too stupid, too old, too young, too powerless, too poor, too broken, too sad, too dead inside to fit in with the smiling, joyful villagers (who are, we know, always ready to break out the torches and pitchforks and chase us into a fiery windmill if we don't get in line). As different as all the adaptations of the novel are, they all have this in common: they all speak to the howling outrage, the everlasting agony of being an outsider.

Finally, this exhibition is a celebration of the collections of the Lilly Library; in putting it together I wanted to allow Mary Shelley's novel to lead us on a mazy trawl through the vast, deep, and eclectic treasure troves contained within our walls. Materials in the exhibition are drawn from collections that predate the founding of

the Lilly Library, including the staggeringly rich Wordsworth collection, all the way to materials acquired specifically for this exhibition. Special collections libraries are collections of collections, and as such, they can sometimes seem like monstrously complex hybrids of unearthed spare parts, grouped together haphazardly and troubled by the unquiet spirits of their former owners. But from such chaotic and glorious riches, we can create meaning, and I hope that this exhibition will lead researchers and curious students of the unhallowed arts to explore some of the Lilly Library's collections, both famous and obscure, and create their own monsters to take their place alongside the great books of the past.

Libraries are often portrayed in the media and in popular culture as musty repositories of dead things, the crypts of ideas, at best waiting for some intrepid scholar to "discover" what has been there all along. Our mission at the Lilly Library is not to lock away these cultural treasures in the dark vaults, but to preserve them and share them so that their voices can continue to be heard and new generations of readers can start to thread the wild and monstrous stitching that binds these books to one another and to us. I have been haunting the stacks of the Lilly Library in one way or another now for over ten years, and I can say with a little bit of fear and a great deal of love: *It's alive!!!*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Exhibitions are always collaborative efforts, and many people have helped stitch this one together.

I would like to thank, first and foremost, Lilly Library Director and Curator of Early Books and Manuscripts Joel Silver for his support on every level of this exhibition and for teaching me most of what I know about rare books. Words fail me utterly to express my thanks, so I will quote Boris Karloff's version of Frankenstein's monster and just say, "friend good."

Thank you to Gary Dunham, Peggy Solic, Anna Francis, Tony Brewer, and the IU Press team for dropping everything to help me bring this crazy monster into the world.

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Thank you to the Lilly Library's Conservation Department, Jim Canary and Jenny Mack, who are entirely responsible for the physical preparation and mounting of the exhibition, a truly monstrous task.

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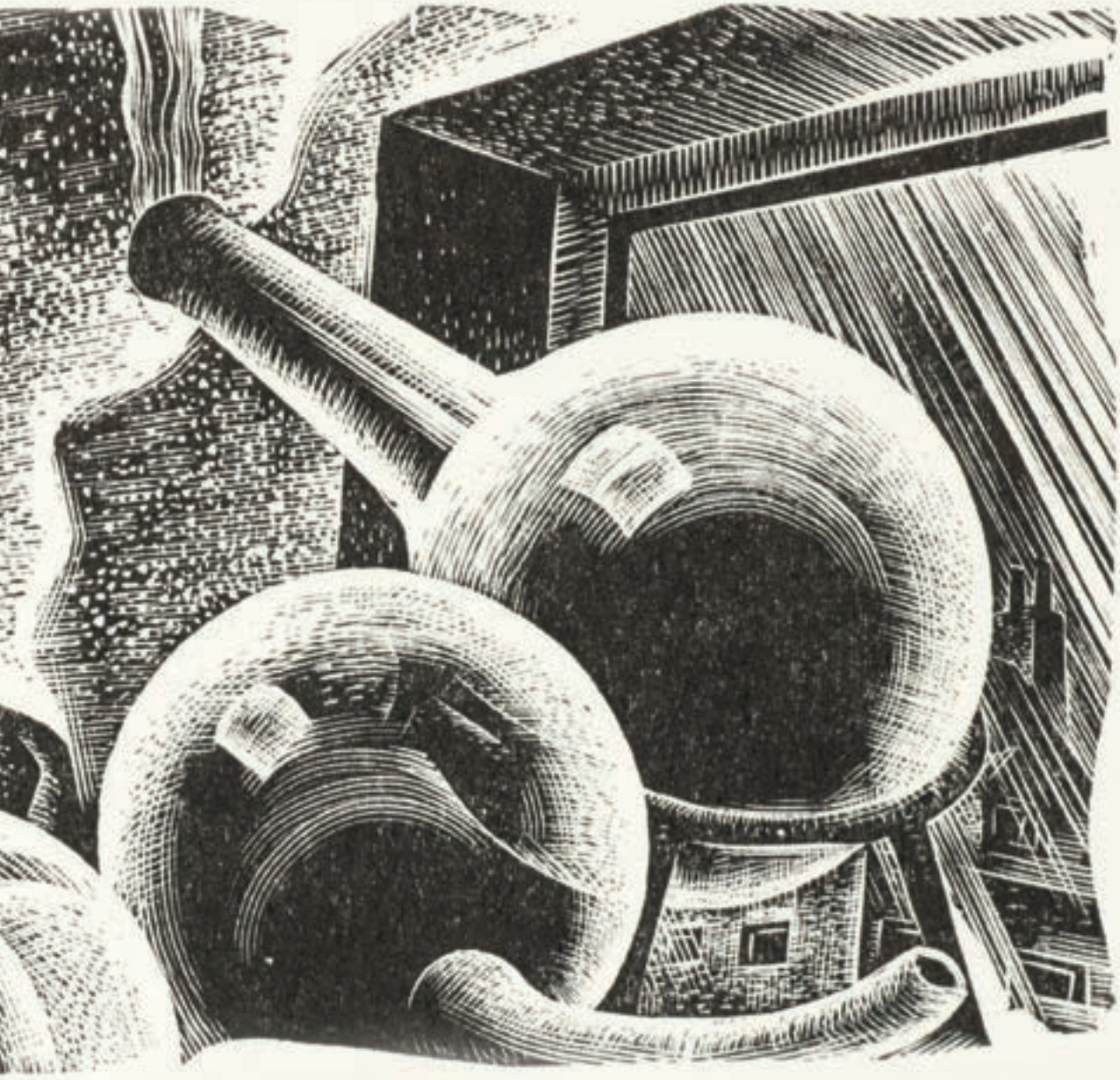
Finally, thank you to Jonathan Kearns, who not only provided the beautiful introduction for this catalogue but has also intellectually and emotionally supported the exhibition from its conception to its final form. And, most of all, thank you to Anne Delgado, who makes the monsters live for me every day . . . and makes me live too.



Mary Shelley. *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*. London: Printed for Lackington, Hughes, Harding, Mavor, & Jones, 1818.

CASE 1

Mary Shelley and the Birth of *Frankenstein*

> I collected bones from charnel houses; and disturbed with profane fingers, the tremendous secrets of the human frame. In a solitary chamber, or rather cell, at the top of the house, and separated from all the other apartments by a gallery and staircase, I kept my workshop of filthy creation; my eyeballs were starting from their sockets in attending to the details of my employment. The dissecting room and the slaughterhouse furnished many of my materials; and often did my human nature turn with loathing from my occupation, whilst, still urged on by an eagerness which perpetually increased, I brought my work near to a conclusion.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. I, Chapter III

Mary Shelley (1797–1851) writes at a white-hot heat when she leads her readers breathlessly through the scene of Victor Frankenstein's creation of a monster. Like Victor, she may have been trembling with her eyeballs starting from their sockets as she committed to page—and thus to life—a being whose very existence was blasphemous. Unlike Victor, she was not a privileged male student but a young woman, unmarried but living with her married lover, a renegade against decency in the eyes of many of her contemporaries.

The story of *Frankenstein*'s conception—and it is appropriate to think of it as being conceived and birthed, as the novel itself is an obsessive rumination on what it means to create and sustain life—is almost as legendary and well-known as the story contained within the novel itself. But it is worth retelling, and its cast of characters is every bit as fascinating as the gods and monsters of Gothic fiction.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822), the privileged golden child of a Member of Parliament, attended Eton (where he was known as "mad Shelley" for his science experiments and unconventional attitudes) and University College Oxford. He published his first novel (a Gothic tale called *Zastrozzi*) at age eighteen and followed it with the incendiary pamphlet "The Necessity of Atheism" (1811), for which he was expelled from Oxford. At age nineteen, he married his sister's friend Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a London coffee-house proprietor. Shortly after, he struck up a correspondence with Mary's father, William Godwin, whose work on political philosophy he admired. It was not until he wrote Godwin for a second time that the older man responded. Perhaps it was Percy's description of himself a "the son of a

man of fortune in Sussex" and "heir by entail to an estate of 6,000 £ per an" (Klinger xxix) that piqued Godwin's interest. He not only became a mentor and surrogate father by correspondence to Percy but also began accepting loans from the young man—who could little afford to give them, despite his lofty promises.

Percy and Mary met for the first time in November of 1812 but neither wrote about the meeting. Their friendship began in earnest in 1814; Mary was now sixteen, and Percy was dodging bailiffs, creditors, and financial obligations, and would dine with the Godwins to avoid being seen in public. Shelley was disappointed by the lack of intellectual rigor in his wife Harriet, and in the Godwin household, he found everything he could want in a companion. Godwin described his daughter as "singularly bold, somewhat imperious, and active of mind. Her desire of knowledge is great, and her perseverance in everything she undertakes almost invincible. My own daughter is, I believe, very pretty" (Klinger xxxvii).

Despite the fact that Percy was married and his wife pregnant (though he claimed it was by another man), Mary and Percy consummated their passion, choosing to follow the principles of free love espoused by Mary's parents and the radical Romantic ideals of Shelley, and on July 28, 1814, they left England to tour Europe. The rather miserable journey culminated with Mary giving birth to Percy's child, a girl who survived only two weeks. On March 19, 1815, Mary recorded in her journal, "Dreamt that my little baby came to life again; that it had only been cold, and that we rubbed it before the fire, and it lived. Awake and find no baby." The dream is often cited as one of the inspirations for *Frankenstein*, and indeed the story is haunted by the ghosts of dead infants. In January of 1824, Mary gave birth to a son, William—the same name as Victor Frankenstein's beloved younger brother who is murdered by the monster. In one of the great ironies of literary history, Mary Shelley's young William and her daughter Clara (born in 1817) died shortly after the publication of her first novel, a cruel substitution (the babies' lives for the life of the book and its monster) that mirrors in reality the somewhat surreal logic of Mary's story. Of course infant mortality was high in the early nineteenth century, but Mary's life in particular was strewn by the tragedy of tiny lives vanquished before they began, a situation made more terrible by Mary's constant awareness that her own birth had ended the life of her famous and brilliant mother, Mary Wollstonecraft. *Frankenstein* is pervaded by a sense of the *cost* of creation. And although latter-day critics and film adaptations have made much of the dangers of creating life in the lab, Mary herself was all too aware of the dangers of creating life in the normal way—and that one life can too often cost another. In the novel, one character after another perishes until in the end, it is really only the monster—life created by Mary's own imaginative powers rather than by her body—who survives, "borne away by the waves and lost in darkness and distance," persisting just out of reach on the edges of imagination so long as people continue to read the book.

Mary and Percy were joined on their journey—and indeed kept company throughout much of their marriage—by Mary's stepsister **Claire Clairmont (1798–**

1879). Claire was the illegitimate daughter of Mary's stepmother Mary-Jane and a man who Mary-Jane called "Charles Clairmont" (though in 2010, his identity was revealed by historical research to be John Lethbridge). Claire is perhaps the underdog of the great narrative of *Frankenstein*'s birth. Although after two hundred years, critics are (by and large) finally able to acknowledge that Mary was a genius, they have not been so kind to Claire. Many biographical sources treat Claire as a gadfly—an annoying parasite who flitted around her betters as they thought great thoughts and wrote great works. To be fair, there is evidence that she was a bit of a beautiful pest, with a tendency to be overly dramatic and demanding of attention. In 1836, Mary looked back on her journeys with Claire and wrote, "Now, I would not go to Paradise with her for a companion—she poisoned my life when young. . . . But years ago my idea of Heaven was a world without Claire—of course these feelings are altered—but she has still the faculty of making me more uncomfortable than any human being" (Mellor 34). In an 1817 letter, Byron described her as "that odd-headed girl" who "[came] prancing to [me] at all hours of the night" (Klinger xlv).

But Claire is a figure who should not be dismissed from the *Frankenstein* narrative. She was intelligent and well-read (reading Rousseau, Shakespeare, and Mary Wollstonecraft while she sailed with Mary and Percy throughout Europe) and could clearly hold her own with a group of geniuses. She outlived all of the other participants in the story, long enough to condemn the practices of the Romantic circle who passed her around with little care for her own feelings. After a hedonistic youth, she turned to Catholicism. Fragments of her unpublished memoirs, now held in the New York Public Library, describe her thoughts: "Under the influence of the doctrine and belief of free love, I saw the two first poets of England . . . become monsters" (Hay 308). One of the poets of whom she speaks in Percy Shelley, who may have been her lover and to whom she may have borne a child given up for adoption, though evidence of the extent of their physical relationship is lost in rumors, gossip, and the silences of the historical record. Certainly, she, Mary, and Percy all saw themselves—sometimes quite happily—as a triangle, and despite Mary's later unkind words about Claire, they were extremely close, to the point that they may well have shared Percy's physical affections. Like many teenage girls, Mary and Claire seemed to adore and loathe one another in equal measure—and beneath all that love and hate was a fearsome competitiveness that began when Claire was unable to attract any attention or affection from Mary's father and Mary feared that her place of privilege would be supplanted. Particularly important to the conception of *Frankenstein* is the fact that Mary would often frighten and delight Claire with horror stories. Mary's journal records nights in which she would make monstrous faces and tell blood-soaked tales. In a sense, Claire was Mary's first audience for her horror stories, and their shared delight in fright is a prelude to a long history of women's readership of the Gothic, horror, science fiction, and crime—all genres in which women are too often overlooked as both creators and consumers. It is also worth noting that Claire might have written a ghost story as well. In his letters, Percy describes offering a novel

written by Claire to several publishers—who declined it—at the same time he was shopping *Frankenstein*. This never-published novel is unknown and could possibly have been something produced from the ghost story competition.

The other "monster" of whom Claire speaks—and, like Percy, one of the inspirations for (or perhaps more aptly, fathers to) *Frankenstein*—is **George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824)**, who at the time *Frankenstein* was conceived, was perhaps the most infamous man in Europe. Even today, his life is so mythically resonant that his name has become an adjective: *Byronic*, defined as "alluringly dark, mysterious, or moody." All of the streams of his biography join to create a thundering river of the Romantic figure—sympathetic and alluring but also cruel and perhaps dancing ever so dangerously on the border of sanity. His parentage is the stuff of a shilling shocker; he was the son of the rapacious and brutal Captain John "Mad Jack" Byron and his second wife, the aristocratic Catherine Gordon, heiress of the Gight estate in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. His school days were littered with lovers both male and female, and he allegedly kept a tame bear in his room at Trinity College, Cambridge.

From 1809 to 1811, Byron escaped debts, a nagging mother, and the corpses of scandalous romantic liaisons by touring the Mediterranean, and his sexual escapades have become the stuff of rumor and legend, including an intimate relationship with the fourteen-year-old Athenian boy Nicolo Giraud and an attempt to purchase the sexual favors of a twelve-year-old girl, who Byron immortalized in *The Maid of Athens*. He achieved almost overnight fame with the publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* in 1812. His literary celebrity grew with the publication of his "Oriental Tales," such as *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos* (both published in 1813). Most infamously, he was rumored to have had a passionate affair with his half sister Augusta Leigh, whose daughter Medora was suspected to have been fathered by Byron. Byron's overnight fame was soon transmuted into infamy.

Byron's fluid, open, and intense sexuality are significant in that all of our latter-day assumptions about nineteenth-century "lady novelists" (most of which were formed by the Victorian era) must be thrown out the window when we discuss Mary Shelley and her novels. One of the reasons why the Frankenstein myth has so persistently appealed to outsiders and sexual renegades is that Mary was one herself, and the circle of friends who inspired *Frankenstein* were certainly considered sexual deviants in their own age if not—depending on who you ask—our own. The playful decadent excesses of the "sweet transvestite from Transsexual, Transylvania" in the 1975 musical *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* are in some respects natural outgrowths of the Byronic circle in which Mary Shelley moved and thrived. The intense connection between Mary and Byron is often overlooked in discussions of the group dynamic. Mary seems to have been much less under the magnetic sway of Byron than was her husband, and Byron treated her as a friend and intellectual equal. They shared, more than the others in the group, a view of human selfishness that often swerved into pessimism and a view of the uncaring cosmos that tread dangerously

near nihilism. Byron sought Mary out as a reader and critic of his own work and admired her as a formidable talent.

There is one more point about Byron worth noting in regard to *Frankenstein*: he had a club foot—or some other similar deformity—that caused him to have a limp and chronic pain in his right foot. Although this may seem like a relatively minor problem today, it dominated Byron's psyche and caused him untold psychological agony. His mental view of himself as a Napoleonic genius was marred by this imperfection. He tried to hide it with special shoes, but he also nicknamed himself "*le diable boiteux*" (the limping devil)—simultaneously disavowing and embracing this monstrosity (and it should be noted that birth defects at this time were most certainly considered to be monstrous—or even a reflection of sin—in the popular culture of the day). Byron's foot and his response to it may have influenced Mary's creation of the monster. Most film versions of *Frankenstein*, following the precedent set by the direction of James Whale in 1931, depict the monster's ugliness as relative—in the eyes of the beholder. But Mary Shelley's novel proposes that ugliness is immutable and eternal. Everyone who the creature encounters—even innocent little William—turns in disgust and horror from his deformity. The gentle cottagers whom the monster so admires also run shrieking from him when they finally see his face.

In 1816, Byron fled England, never to return. His wife, Annabella Milbanke, considered him insane and separated from him, taking their daughter Ada. Ada (later the Countess of Lovelace) became a mathematician, a field of study encouraged by her mother to stave off the insanity of her father that might be lurking in her bloodline. She became a pioneer of computer technology with her work on Charles Babbage's Analytical Engine and was the author of the first computer program. Byron's chosen point of exile, the Villa Diodati by Lake Geneva, Switzerland, was where the powerful personalities that inspired *Frankenstein* converged in the summer of 1816.

The impetus for the convergence of forces was, to use modern parlance, a hookup between Claire Clairmont and Lord Byron. Claire had introduced herself to Byron in London in March of 1816; she was a fangirl of the literary celebrity and concocted a pretense of seeking advice about an acting career. Mary met him as well and was impressed by his gentleness. He managed to impregnate Claire and then was done with her. But she was not done with him. Were it not for Claire's determination to reunite with her lover, there probably would be no *Frankenstein*.

Mary, Percy, and Claire converged on the Villa Diodati in May of 1816. They brought with them Mary and Percy's baby, William, who had been born in January of that year (recounts of the summer of 1816 rarely emphasize the fact that Mary was a new mother at the time, caring for an infant). The final member of the group was **John Polidori (1795–1821)**, Byron's companion and personal physician, who was staying with him at the villa. Byron suffered from various complaints, including headaches, gonorrhea, and hemorrhoids, as well as problems related to the deformity in his club foot. Polidori, the son of an Italian émigré scholar and an English governess, had earned his doctor of medicine from the University of Edinburgh with

a thesis on sleepwalking. Polidori was dark haired and strikingly handsome, dressing "mostly in black and going about bare-necked with his shirt collars down in a study of artistic dishevelment. Indeed, he looked more Byronic than Byron, who, it was said, 'barely escaped being short and thick'" (Stott 17). Polidori remains, perhaps, the most mysterious and least understood member of the group. He is written out of many filmic versions of *Frankenstein*'s conception (including *The Bride of Frankenstein*) and is portrayed in Ken Russell's 1986 film *Gothic* as a dumpy, sycophantic, leech-loving loser with a mad and mostly unrequited crush on Byron. In reality, he was temperamental at best, bad-tempered at worst—a moody young man who felt himself somewhat above his medical profession and who harbored deep literary ambitions which he hoped Byron could help him fulfill. He romantically pursued Mary at the Villa Diodati, and she found herself constantly dodging his advances. As a factor in the formation of *Frankenstein*, he should not be ignored or sidelined. Save for Mary, he is the only member of the party who published a completed piece of writing from the ghost story challenge, and his Byronic *Vampyre* would go on to shape popular culture just as profoundly as Mary's monster.

Imagine the gathering of Byron, the eldest at age twenty-eight; Percy, twenty-four; Polidori, twenty; Mary, nineteen; and Claire, just eighteen: it was a heady mix of intellectualism and sexual intrigue. Byron's villa (Percy, Mary, and Claire rented property nearby and often visited) became the source of local gossip, with rumors that it was a nest of libertine excesses of the English poets and their shared mistresses. Some accounts go so far as to say that the locals used telescopes to spy on the goings-on of the group. They were truly the rock stars of their day, and every bit as tabloid-worthy.

The story of the genesis of *Frankenstein* is told by Mary herself in the introduction to the 1831 edition of the novel—though it must be kept in mind that at this point, Mary was looking back from the distance of some years and that all the other participants save Claire were now dead. She says that the publishers of the novel wished her to answer "How I, then a young girl, came to think of, and to dilate upon, so very hideous an idea?" Mary herself began the tradition of seeing *Frankenstein* as a collaborative project, but though it is true that the mix of personalities at the Villa Diodati provided crucial parentage to the novel, it is also important to recognize the monstrous book did indeed spring from the brain of a nineteen-year-old woman.

Mary's 1831 introduction is modest. She says she is "averse to bringing myself forward in print" (the novel was originally published anonymously) and dismisses her early writings as scribblings. On the other hand, she locates the origins of the novel, not in her writings, which she says were imitative, but in her dreams, which "were all my own; I accounted for them to nobody." In this regard, she asserts her individual authorship and locates the genesis of the novel *before* the summer of 1816.

The summer of 1816 was known as the "Year without a Summer." It was cool and rainy, due to the eruption of Mount Tambora in Indonesia the previous year. During the storms that swept across Europe that summer, the group at Diodati were reading

volumes of ghost stories and Gothic horror; in particular, they were influenced by a volume of German ghost stories translated into French called *Fantasmagoriana, ou Recueil d'histoires, d'apparitions, de spectres, revenans, fantômes, etc*, translated by Jean-Baptiste Benoît Eyriès and published in Paris in 1812. It included, for example, a story of an inconstant lover who, when he tries to marry, finds himself embracing the ghost of the dead girl he once promised to love forever, and also a story of a gigantic suit of armor which comes to life and menaces a father who kills his sons—all Gothic fare of the sort that was popular at the time.

When Mary recounts the story, she leaves out Claire entirely, saying "There were four of us." As she tells it, it was Byron's idea that each of them should write a ghost story. At the time of the 1831 writing, Polidori's *The Vampyre* was credited to Byron, and she ascribes other minor tales to Percy and "Poor Polidori." As for herself, she writes, "I busied myself to *think of a story,*—a story to rival those which had excited us to this task. One which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature, and awaken thrilling horrors—one to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart." But she is stymied by the "blank incapability of invention." In many regards, her description is sexual in nature, as well as overly modest: she is the womb or void into which the seeds of ideas are planted by the "many and long . . . conversations between Lord Byron and Shelley, to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener." These conversations included discussion of "the principle of life," "the experiments of Dr. [Erasmus] Darwin," and the possibility that a corpse could be reanimated by galvanism.

In Mary's own retelling of the conception, those seeds of ideas then took root in Mary's fertile imagination, and her powerful dreams—possibly influenced by opium, which was certainly available in the Villa—blossomed:

> My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I saw—with shut eye but acute mental vision,—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. . . . He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade; that this thing, which received such imperfect animation, would subside into dead matter; and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench for ever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes.

As she recounts it, Mary realizes that the "spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow" will also terrify others; she had "*thought of a story*." Mary explains that Percy greatly encouraged her, but her modesty stops at giving him credit: "I certain-

ly did not owe the suggestion of one incident, nor scarcely one train of feeling, to my husband." Nevertheless, numerous critics have attempted to credit Percy with writing either parts of the novel (certainly, he made many additions and edits) or its entirety (see, for example, John Lauritsen's insultingly titled 2007 book *The Man Who Wrote Frankenstein*). The issue is confused by the fact that the original manuscript is lost. The earliest iteration of the novel, now held in the Bodleian Libraries at the University of Oxford, is the fair copy of the draft made by Mary—with further revisions by Mary and Percy—in 1817.

Stepping back from two hundred years of criticism and looking with clear eyes (or, if one prefers, "with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes") at the internal evidence of the text of *Frankenstein*, two things seem clear. First, the novel is an enduring work of genius authored primarily by a nineteen-year-old woman. Second, that woman was influenced by a heady soup of sexual energy, demonic and delightful personalities, intellectual vigor, and rebellious philosophy pervading the Villa Diodati in the tempestuous summer of 1816. Percy, Byron, Claire, and Polidori all had a hand in the conception of *Frankenstein*, but Mary Shelley alone is the mother of monsters.

Mary Shelley. *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*. London: Printed for Lackington, Hughes, Harding, Mavor, & Jones, 1818.

Clearly, this book is the gem of the exhibition—the holy grail for any monster-loving bibliophile. Only five hundred copies of the first edition of *Frankenstein* were printed, and of those that have survived, most have been rebound. The Lilly Library's copy is one of the few that survives in contemporary nineteenth-century boards—which is how the volumes were issued by the publisher. The book, however, was never intended to stay in the boards, a temporary covering that the customers would normally have replaced with a binding of their choosing, depending on their means and taste. This copy, in blue boards (some other surviving copies are in pink), with the paper labels affixed to the spine, is in splendid condition. It allows us to experience what Mary Shelley felt in her hands when she received six copies in boards from Lackington upon its publication on January 1, 1818.

This copy came to Indiana University as part of the gift given in the mid-1950s of over 20,000 rare books and 17,000 manuscripts by J. K. Lilly, Jr. The Lilly Library was built to house his magnificent collection in addition to the other rare books and manuscripts that the University already owned and has now grown to hold over 450,000 books and over 8.5 million pieces of manuscript. Lilly purchased this copy of *Frankenstein* from the Rosenbach Company for $650 in March of 1939. A. S. W. Rosenbach was one of the greatest booksellers of the twentieth century; his boundless knowledge of bibliography and inimitable wit made him one of the greatest influences in shaping the collections of America's greatest rare book libraries, including

the Lilly Library, for he educated and molded the taste of the collectors who built them. He obtained this copy of *Frankenstein* from the sale of the library of Boston collector Frank Brewer Bemis, another of his frequent clients. When Bemis died in 1935, Rosenbach handled the sale of many of the best books in a collection that he called "the finest ever gathered by a single collector" (Silver 48). Through Rosenbach and Lilly, a number of books from Bemis's collection have made their way to the Lilly Library, including *Frankenstein*.

Frankenstein did not have an easy road to publication. Although it borrows numerous elements from the popular Gothic mode, it broke with the Gothic tradition in several key ways, perhaps most significantly in making the ghoul of the novel a material science experiment gone awry rather than a spectral ghost—a change that made the novel potentially blasphemous (portraying creation without God) as well as espousing the political radicalism of its dedicatee, William Godwin. Mary was pregnant for the third time when she finished the novel; her first infant had died after two weeks and the second, William, was just barely a year old. So Percy took charge alone in trying to sell the manuscript. Percy shopped the novel to publishers on behalf of "a friend"—never telling prospective printers that the author was his wife or even that she was a woman. He first went to John Murray, Byron's publisher, who turned it down, and next to his own publisher Charles Ollier, who also declined.

It was eventually accepted by the firm of Lackington, Allen, and Co. in August of 1817. In that month, Mary received an agreement to publish her first novel and turned twenty years old. Three days after her birthday, she gave birth to her third child, her daughter Clara.

Lackington, Allen, and Co. was an interesting choice of publisher. At the age of thirteen, George Lackington began working in the book trade in the printing house of his distant cousin James Lackington, a prominent and successful London bookseller who "cheerfully violat[ed] all the traditions of the trade [and] set an example of aggressive enterprise which was destined to benefit the common reader of future generations as well as his own" (Altick 57). In 1825, he bought the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly and rented it out for exhibitions, panoramas, lectures, and displays of "human oddities." At the time Percy was looking for a publisher, Lackington was putting out material that suggested his firm might be a good fit for Mary's nightmarish tale. The two-page advertisement bound into some extant copies of *Frankenstein* (lacking in the Lilly Library's copy) shows that Lackington was at the time deeply invested in literature of the occult and the supernatural. Other titles include Francis Barrett's *The Magus* (see Case 6), Joseph Taylor's *Apparitions; or, the Mystery of Ghosts, Hobgoblins, and Haunted Houses*, and the English translation of *Fantasmagoriana*, the volume of German ghost stories that inspired the storytelling competition at the Villa Diodati. Percy accepted terms of publication at half-profits, which means that after the cost of printing was deducted, the profits would be split between the publisher and author, an arrangement Percy and Lackington agreed was fair for a new,

untried author. An agreement was also reached for Percy to make revisions to the novel, particularly to some of the language that the publishers deemed awkward, but the revisions were never completed.

Frankenstein, like many books authored by women, was published anonymously. Many readers of the time assumed the author to be Percy Shelley. He was the one who had submitted the manuscript, and the dedication to Godwin, of whom he was known to be a disciple, was thought to be a clue to authorship. After its publication in January, the reviews of the novel were decidedly mixed. Sir Walter Scott, writing in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, said that the novel "is said to be written by Mr Percy Bysshe Shelley" (Colavito 82) and that it "impresses us with a high idea of the author's original genius and happy power of expression" (Colavito 92). But Scott also quibbled with some of the details (like many later critics, he questioned the realism of the monster's powers of speech) and hoped that the author ("he") would aspire to "the *paullo majora*" (loftier strain, a quote from Vergil) in future writing—in other words, rise above the mire of the Gothic to write respectable literature. Other reviewers were even less kind, taking part in a long tradition that challenges the existence of horror fiction and questions the health and sanity of those who choose to read it. The *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany* declared, "It is one of those works, however, which, when we have read, we do not well see why it was written . . . [for] some of our highest and most reverential feelings receive a shock from the conception on which it turns, so as to produce a painful and bewildered state of mind while we peruse it" (Colavito 95). The *Quarterly Review* was equally harsh: "Our taste and our judgment alike revolt at this kind of writing, and the greater the ability with which it may be executed, the worse it is—it inculcates no lesson of conduct, manners, or morality; it cannot mend, and will not even amuse its readers, unless their taste have been deplorably vitiated" (Klinger lxix). Imagine how this kind of moral disdain would have grown had it been publicly known that the author was a young woman—one who had been living with a married man, an infamous bisexual poet, and her runaway teen stepsister at the time of its writing! Mary Shelley was not definitely identified as the author of *Frankenstein* until the publication of the two-volume 1823 edition, of which the Lilly Library unfortunately does not hold a copy.

Frankenstein was composed during an age of revolution. The French and American Revolutions—and their effects, which rippled throughout the world—changed the relationship of those who held power and those who did not around the globe. The industrial revolution changed the nature of work, the balance between the cities and the countryside, and ushered in a modern era of technology. And another no less important revolution—one of print—was also taking place, changing the balance of power as well—shifting who had access to print culture and who had the ability to tell their stories. New technologies such as the iron press and the Fourdrinier machine for making paper (both introduced around the turn of the nineteenth century)

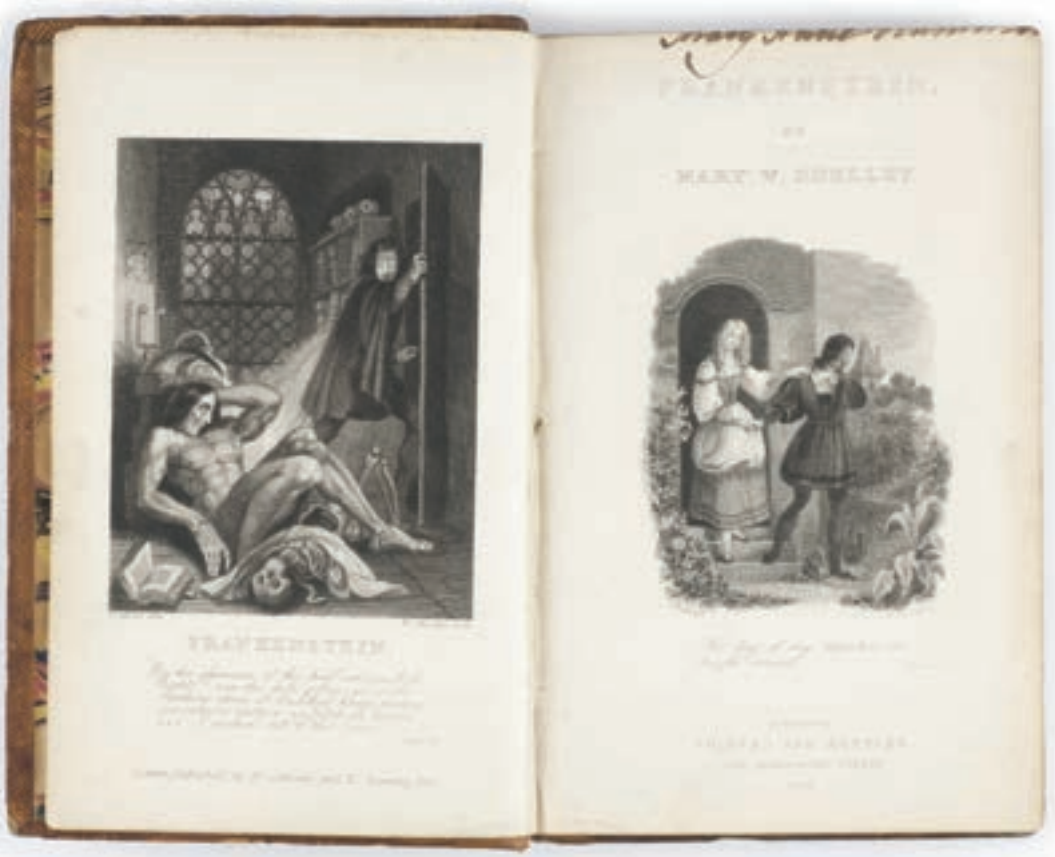
were swiftly making books, newspapers, pamphlets, and broadsides cheaper and easier to use to spread dangerous ideas and dangerous fiction.

Many modern readers may wonder why *Frankenstein*, a relatively short novel, was split into three shorter volumes, and the answer has to do with these changes in print technology and reading habits. The three-volume novel—or "triple-decker"—was swiftly becoming the standard form of publication at the time of *Frankenstein*'s publication due to the rise in circulating libraries. The first circulating library in London was established in 1740, and by the mid-nineteenth century, they were the dominant mode for the consumption of fiction. Novels were split into multiple parts (usually three) so that they could circulate among multiple patrons at the same time. Subscribers paid an annual fee to take out one volume at a time, a method that made it possible for many middle-class readers—housewives, servants, and shopkeepers—to become avid consumers of fiction. There were great cultural debates about the harmfulness, especially to women, that such readily available reading material would cause. Some feared that it would cultivate habits of idleness and stoke the dangerous fires of curiosity in the minds of female readers. One eighteenth-century conservative critic ranted: "A circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge!" (Altick 64). Circulating libraries at the time *Frankenstein* was published could be found not only at booksellers' but at grocers', tobacconists', and stationers' shops. Thus, the triple-decker format of *Frankenstein* meant that although only five hundred copies were printed, some copies no doubt circulated among many readers, allowing the diabolical knowledge offered within to spread to many readers, male and female alike. Thomas Love Peacock, novelist and friend of the Shelleys, provided some anecdotal evidence about the popularity of *Frankenstein*, beyond its tepid reviews. After its publication, he wrote to Mary, "I went to the Egham races. I met on the course a great number of my old acquaintance, by the reading portion of whom I was asked a multitude of questions concerning 'Frankenstein' and its author. It seems to be universally known and read" (Klinger 309). By 1851, *Frankenstein* had sold more than seven thousand copies, more than all of Percy Shelley's volumes of poetry combined.

Mary W. Shelley. *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*. Bound with Friedrich Schiller. *The Ghost-Seer*! Vol. 1. London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1831.

Friedrich Schiller. *The Ghost-Seer*! Vol. 2. Bound with Charles Brockden Brown. *Edgar Huntly; or, The Sleep Walker*. London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1831.

The third and most influential edition of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* is an interesting hybrid publication which speaks to the publishing practices of the time as well as the way that contemporary readers would have understood and consumed the novel.



Mary W. Shelley. *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*. Bound with Friedrich Schiller. *The Ghost-Seer!* Vol. 1. London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1831.

The first edition of *Frankenstein* was ushered into publication by Mary's husband, and the second (1823) edition by her father. The third edition—the one which cemented the novel's fame—was stewarded by Mary alone. In February of 1831, she wrote to Charles Ollier (who had declined to publish the first edition of the novel) and asked if his firm of Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley would be interested in including *Frankenstein* in their new series of popular novels. They were, and *Frankenstein* would become number IX in the Bentley's Standard Novels series. It was initially to be paired in one volume with Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* but was instead paired with volume one of an English translation of Friedrich Schiller's *The Ghost-Seer*, which was originally published in serial form from 1787 to 1789. Although Schiller's novel was never finished, it was later issued in a three-volume edition and remained popular into the nineteenth century. It is squarely in the tradition of the type of ghost stories which inspired *Frankenstein* in the first place and thus an appropriate companion for *Frankenstein*.

The publishers also added the first illustrations to accompany the novel—and the only illustrations to appear in the nineteenth century. The frontispiece, engraved by W. Chevalier after a drawing by Theodor von Holst, depicts Victor Frankenstein

fleeing from his newly awakened monster: "by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs. . . . I rushed out of the room." The monster is much larger than Victor, with long black hair and bulging eyes. Although he is not visibly deformed, the muscles and sinews of his body are darkly engraved, suggesting perhaps the formation of the limbs from other corpses. Bones are strewn about the room, which further suggest Victor's horrific task of assembling his creation. The monster seems confused, baffled, newly born. There is a bookcase by the window, and an open book near the monster's hand. The inclusion of books into this first illustration of the novel is superbly apt. Just as Victor was inspired to create the monster by his readings both in science and alchemy, the monster will be shaped and inspired by reading the books he has found. Mary Shelley suggests that we are all monsters stitched together from the texts that we have read. The other illustration shows Victor leaving Elizabeth: "The day of my departure at length arrived." It is a much more conventional, less horrifying inclusion, perhaps broadening the scope of readership for the novel.

Also included in this exhibition is a copy of Volume X of Bentley's Standard Novels, which includes the second volume of *The Ghost-Seer* as well as the full text of Charles Brockden Brown's *Edgar Huntly; or, The Sleep Walker*, another Gothic novel. *Edgar Huntly* takes place in America and tells the story of the titular hero, who is convinced that a servant from a neighboring farm has committed a murder while sleepwalking. While investigating, Edgar blacks out and awakes in a cave. He kills a panther, drinks its blood, and then runs into a tribe of Indians holding a white woman prisoner. Eventually, he rescues and marries the girl, kills many of the Indians, learns that he himself is the sleepwalker, and that the murder was committed by one of the Indians he killed. As the convoluted plot suggests, it is a novel whose popularity has not been sustained.

The Lilly Library's copies of these two volumes are not a matched set. Both were acquired specially for this exhibition.

The importance of the 1831 edition of *Frankenstein* cannot be underestimated, and, indeed, it is the edition that most people read today. Mary's life had changed utterly since she penned the novel in 1816, and she had suffered unimaginable tragedy. She calls *Frankenstein* the "offspring of happy days, when death and grief were but words, which found no true echo in my heart." Shortly after writing the novel, Mary's half sister Fanny, just twenty-two, and Percy's wife Harriet, then twenty-one, committed suicide. Within five years, Polidori would also die of apparent suicide at age twenty-five. Shelley died less than a year after that, at the age of thirty, and Byron only two years after Shelley, at the age of thirty-six. Claire Clairmont was the only other member of the Villa Diodati party who lived. Byron had cut all relations with her and took custody of their child, Allegra. Allegra died the same year as Shelley, who claimed he saw her ghost on the lake in which he, only weeks later, would drown. All of Mary's children died before the age of three except for Percy Florence.

Her horror story which began as a rainy-evening lark now reflected deeper sadness than she could ever have imagined in the heady summer days of 1816.

The 1831 edition was substantially revised. Mary had grown in her craft of writing, and she wanted to amend and expand her writing to reflect her growing expertise. She also toned down the work's political radicalism and dangerous views on science and materialism. The most substantial revisions were made to the novel's epistolary opening, which Mary felt had been hastily and inelegantly written. Victor is made a much more sympathetic character, more the victim of fate and transgressor of divine order than morally responsible for transgressing against the benevolent life force of nature and being an irresponsible giver of life. Victor's family history is also significantly altered, making his parents more laudable and changing Elizabeth from his blood cousin to his foster sister, removing any suggestion of incest from the story. Many of the differences are subtle, but they serve to shift the novel's meaning toward a more conservative perspective, more in line with social norms of the day, less the product of a rebellious teenaged mind. Mary also added a preface which immortalized the story of the novel's conception and helped to ensure that she—now a named and successful author rather than an anonymous nobody—would be as famous as the monster she created.

Friedrich Schiller. *The Ghost-Seer!* Vol. 2. Bound with Charles Brockden Brown. *Edgar Huntly; or, The Sleep Walker*. London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1831.

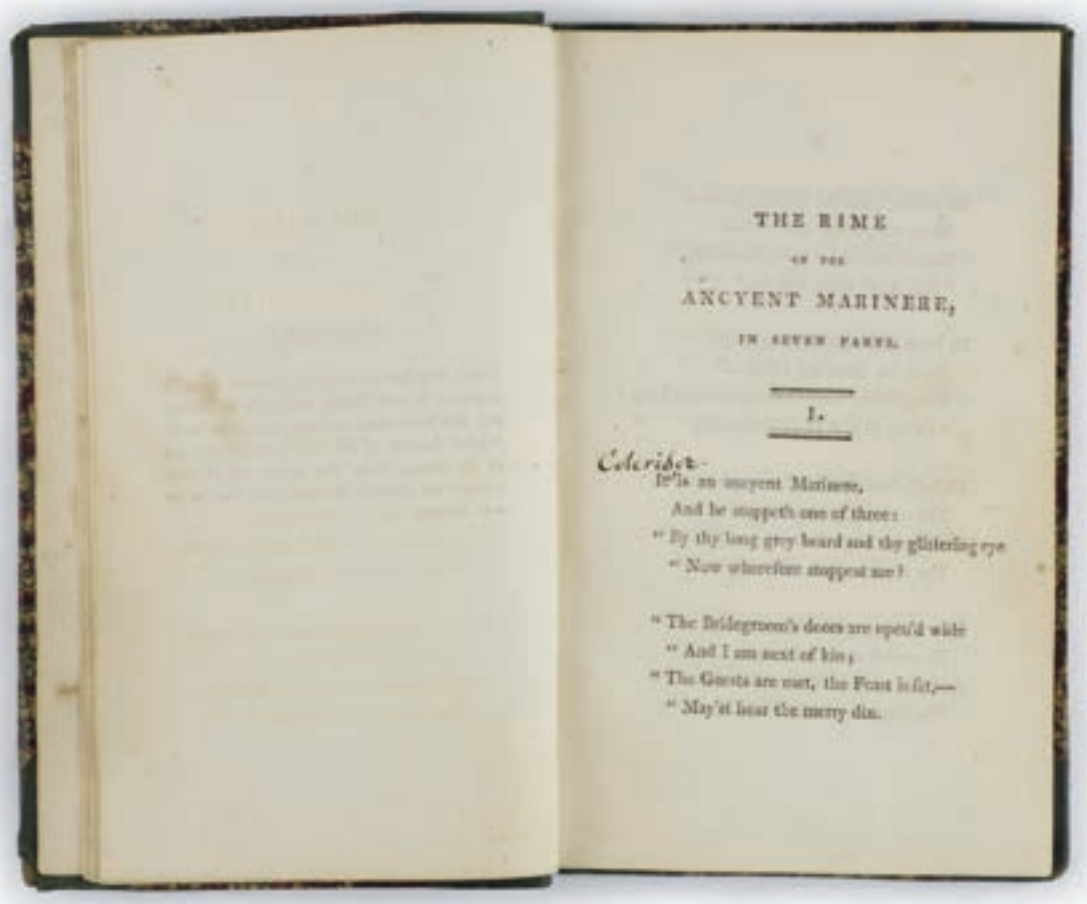
Most readers today do not realize that there are two distinct versions of the novel and that (more often than not) they are reading the revised and edited edition. The first edition, the more raw and uncensored product of Mary's fertile imagination, is worth revisiting as well.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth. *Lyrical Ballads, with A Few Other Poems.* Bristol: Printed by Biggs and Cottle for Longman, 1798.

To understand *Frankenstein*, it is important also to examine the Romantic tradition in which Mary Shelley had been immersed since she was a little girl. The Romantic manifesto is unquestionably *Lyrical Ballads*, published anonymously in 1798 and containing poems by both William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Shelley quotes Wordsworth in *Frankenstein*, but it is Coleridge who profoundly influenced her writing.

Coleridge was a close friend and admirer of William Godwin (and an even greater admirer of Mary Wollstonecraft), and Mary Godwin knew him as an avuncular

Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth. *Lyrical Ballads, with A Few Other Poems*. Bristol: Printed by Biggs and Cottle for Longman, 1798.



THE RIME

OF THE

ANCYENT MARINERE,

IN SEVEN PARTS.

I.

Coleridge-

It's an ancyent Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long grey beard and thy glittering eye
"Now wherefore stoppest me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide
"And I am next of kin;
"The Guests are met, the Feast is set,—
"May'st hear the merry din.

visitor from the age of two. "To [Mary and her sister Fanny], he was like a magical creature from *Mother Goose*. With a dimpled chin, a pudgy face, long messy hair, bushy eyebrows, and astonishingly red lips, Coleridge was a spellbinding storyteller" (Gordon 8–9). When Mary was a bit older and chafing under the rule of her new stepmother, she was forbidden to see her visiting friend but hid behind the couch in Godwin's study to listen to Coleridge recite *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*: "Coleridge's rounded, rolling voice created wild imaginary scenes she would never forget. For the rest of her days, she would be able to recall each word, reciting it to the poets she would later come to know, ensuring Coleridge's influence on the next generation of Romantic writers" (Gordon 30). Gordon argues that Mary "suffered under the weight of a heavy guilt" over killing her mother and used the poem in her own fiction to "explore and lay bare the oppressive feelings of self-blame that had plagued her all her life. . . . As an adult, Mary would understand that *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is essentially a report from the deep, an exploration of the dark grottoes of Coleridge's mind. But as a little girl, she experienced this viscerally, felt firsthand how creations can control their creators" (Gordon 30–31).

The *Rime* is referenced several times in *Frankenstein*. Robert Walton writes to his sister, "I am going to unexplored regions, to 'the land of mist and snow'; but I shall kill no albatross." In Coleridge's poem, the Ancient Mariner shoots an albatross on a whim, and it brings down a curse of torment upon his ship that is only released when he freely blesses the slimy sea beasts that surround his ship. Victor also quotes from the poem that was likely one of the major inspirations for *Frankenstein* in the first place:

> Like one who, on a lonely road,
> Doth walk in fear and dread,
> And, having once turn'd round, walks on,
> And he turns no more his head;
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread.

The Lilly Library's first edition, first issue of *Lyrical Ballads* is part of its extensive holdings in the writings of the Romantic circle. The core of the collection is the Wordsworth collection formed by Oscar L. Watkins of Indianapolis, acquired by Indiana University in 1943. After the opening of the Lilly Library in 1960, the collection has been further developed. In building his collection, Watkins sought to include everything in printed form that would be of value to the scholar's understanding of Wordsworth. To that end, the collection not only includes first editions of Wordsworth but also of his contemporaries, works on the Lake District in England, and contemporary responses to Romanticism.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. New York, Harper & Bro., 1877.

Gustave Doré's engravings of Coleridge's poem provide a stunning visual suggestion of the "land of mist and snow" in which Robert Walton's ship is becalmed. One can almost imagine Frankenstein's monster speeding across the ice, with Victor in dogged pursuit.

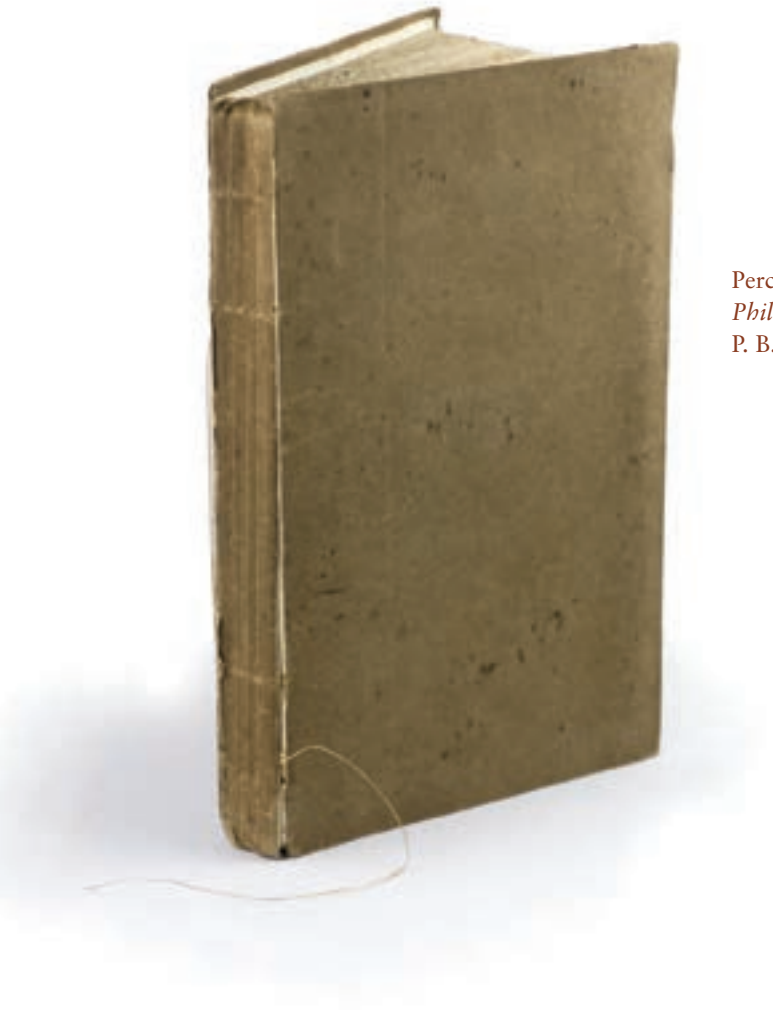
Samuel Taylor Coleridge. *Christabel; Kubla Khan, a Vision; The Pains of Sleep*. London: Printed for John Murray, 1816.

Coleridge's unfinished poem "Christabel" tells the story of an innocent girl seduced by another woman—Geraldine, who may be some kind of succubus or supernatural being. Byron read the poem aloud at the Villa Diodati, an act which may have been specially calculated to torment Mary. In the poem, Christabel's father cannot ever let her forget that she killed her mother by being born and rings bells every morning in memory of her. Mary would of course think of her own mother who died shortly after her own birth. But it was Percy who was more affected by the poem. When Christabel invites Geraldine into her chambers, she begins to undress:

> Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
> And slowly rolled her eyes around;
> Then drawing in her breath aloud,
> Like one that shuddered, she unbound
> The cincture from beneath her breast:
> Her silken robe, and inner vest,
> Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
> Behold! her bosom and half her side—
> A sight to dream of, not to tell!
> O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

After hearing this, Percy had a (perhaps drug-induced) vision of a Mary with eyes where her nipples should be and went bounding like a ravening madman through the villa until Polidori could calm him down, an incident he later recorded in his journal. The suggestion probably came from Mary herself, who had heard from her avuncular childhood friend Coleridge that he initially had planned to give Geraldine eyes where her nipples should be.

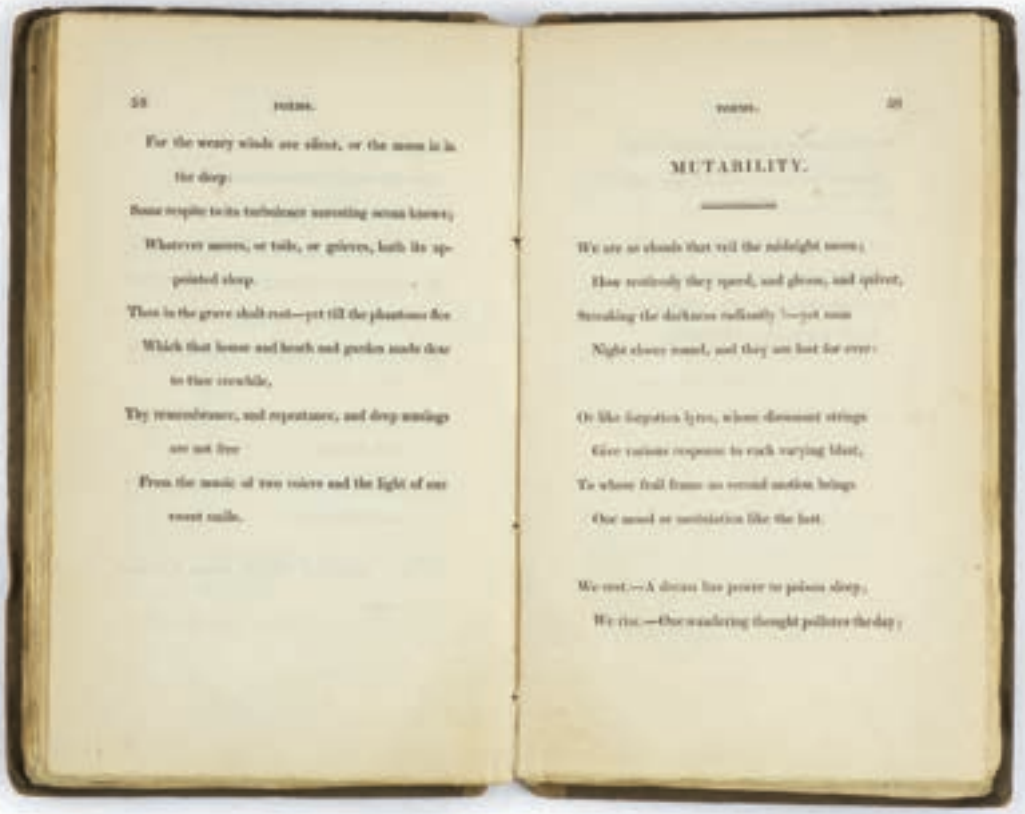
Polidori recounts this episode again in the preliminary note to *The Vampyre* and cites this incident, which followed the reading of German ghost stories, as the immediate spur to the competition which produced both *Frankenstein* and *The Vampyre*. "Christabel" is itself potentially a tale of vampirism, though we never quite learn enough about Geraldine to identify what sort of monster she is. But she seems to feed on the life force of her virginal victim, and the poem can be traced as an inspiration for Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu's lesbian vampire tale "Carmilla" (1871–72).



Percy Bysshe Shelley. *Queen Mab: A Philosophical Poem*. London: Printed by P. B. Shelley, 1813.

Percy Bysshe Shelley. *Queen Mab: A Philosophical Poem*. London: Printed by P. B. Shelley, 1813.

Queen Mab was Percy Shelley's first published book of poetry, an aspirational meditation about the perfectibility of mankind, heavily influenced by William Godwin's idea of "necessity." Percy presented Mary with a copy of this book in July of 1814. She wrote on the flyleaf, "This book is sacred to me and as no other creature shall ever look into it I may write in it what I please—yet what shall I write—that I love the author beyond all powers of expression and that I am parted from him dearest & only love—by that love we have promised to each other although I may not be yours I can never be anothers. But I am thine exclusively thine." That inscribed copy is now in the Huntington Library. J. K. Lilly, Jr.'s first edition, bound in contemporary drab boards, was previously in the library of Frank Brewer Bemis, along with the Lilly Library's copy of *Frankenstein*.



MUTABILITY.

Percy Bysshe Shelley. *Alastor; or, The Spirit of Solitude and Other Poems*. London: Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; and Carpenter and Sons, 1816.

Percy Bysshe Shelley. *Alastor; or, The Spirit of Solitude and Other Poems*. London: Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; and Carpenter and Sons, 1816.

Shelley's *Alastor* contains the first printing of the poem "Mutability," which is quoted extensively in *Frankenstein*. Characters in the novel quote poems by Byron and Shelley that had not been written at the time that Victor would have been alive—almost as if the novel takes place inside some kind of Romantic alternate universe, ruled by the thoughts and visions of Mary's circle of friends and influences.

"Mutability" is referenced several times in *Frankenstein*, most extensively in Volume II, Chapter II:

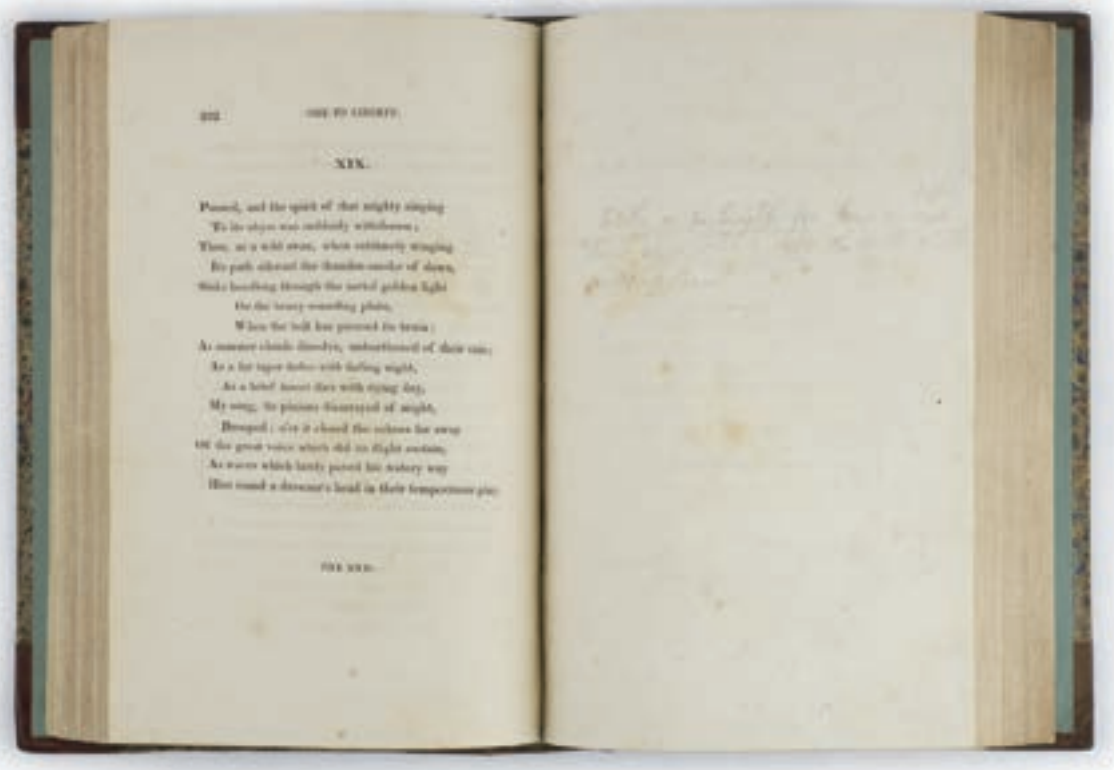
> We rest; a dream has power to poison sleep,
> We rise; one wand'ring thought pollutes the day.
> We feel, conceive, or reason; laugh, or weep,
> Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away;
> It is the same: for, be it joy or sorrow,
> The past of its departure still is free.
> Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
> Nought may endure but mutability!

The poem epitomizes some of the themes of the novel, especially the idea that the transformative processes of life and death are beyond the control of men and women. Neither Victor nor the monster are content to ride the tides of mutability; both try to shape the world to their will—Victor by creating the monster and the monster by trying to gain the love of his creator by blackmailing him with the lives of his family and friends. Percy's "Mutability" is solidly within the Romantic tradition, developed especially by William Wordsworth, of "emotion recollected in tranquility." Each an amalgamation of Percy, Byron, and herself, Mary Shelley's man and monster both violate this spirit of Romanticism, and the inclusion of the poem throws into relief the extent to which the Gothic/Byronic/Frankensteinian hero is a slave to the very powers he tries to control: nature and emotion.

Percy Bysshe Shelley. *Prometheus Unbound: A Lyrical Drama in Four Acts with Other Verses*. London: C and J Ollier, 1820.

Prometheus Unbound is a four-act closet drama, first published two years after Mary Shelley's version of the myth of the modern Prometheus—the Greek hero who steals fire from the gods—was published. In Percy Shelley's version of the myth, Prometheus escapes the power and punishment of Jupiter, who is dethroned by his son Demogorgon, a dark, shapeless, genderless spirit. Prometheus, like Frankenstein's

Percy Bysshe Shelley. *Prometheus Unbound: A Lyrical Drama in Four Acts with Other Verses*. London: C and J Ollier, 1820. With autograph annotation by Percy Bysshe Shelley.



monster, is modeled after Milton's Satan. The play ends with an anarchists' paradise; rather than replacing one tyrant with another (as Shelley witnessed in the French Revolution), an "unbound," free society is created in which men and women can govern themselves.

The Lilly Library's copy of the play is the first edition, second issue, from the library of J. K. Lilly, Jr. It is a presentation copy, inscribed by the author "To Edw. Trelawny, from his friend P. B. Shelley Lerici July 1822." Three lines in the hand of Shelley and fifteen in the hand of Trelawny are penciled on the blank leaf following *Prometheus Unbound*.

The lines Shelley wrote read: "Truth is too bright for human ~~eyes~~ sight. When it comes suddenly before them their eyes blink like the owl's at the midday sun."

Percy Bysshe Shelley. *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments.* Ed. Mary Shelley. Vol. 2. London: Edward Moxon, 1840.

This posthumous collection of Percy Shelley's essays and letters was edited for publication by Mary, who worked diligently to preserve and maintain her husband's legacy. An excerpt from Percy's journal dated "Geneva, Sunday, 18th August, 1816" reads, "We talk of Ghosts. Neither Lord Byron nor M. G. L. seems to believe in them; and they both agree, in the very face of reason, that none could believe in ghosts without believing in God." M. G. L. is Matthew Lewis (see Case 6), author of the Gothic shocker *The Monk*, a particular favorite of Percy's. Percy goes on to detail a ghost story that Lewis told the Princess of Wales and concludes "Lewis told four other stories—all grim."

Lord Byron. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage: A Romaunt.* London: Printed for John Murray, 1812.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage was the book that made Byron famous. It embodies much of Byron's philosophy of sensation, which he also articulated to his wife Annabella Milbanke in a letter of September 6, 1816: "The great object of life is Sensation—to feel that we exist—even though in pain—it is this 'craving void' which drives us to Gaming—to Battle—to Travel—to intemperate but keenly felt pursuits of every description whose principal attraction is the agitation inseparable from their accomplishment."

Childe Harold, like Byron himself, was so in need of sensation that it drove him to world travel, to seek not only pleasure but pain. Shelley quotes the poem but briefly in *Frankenstein*, but its influence is felt in the undercurrents of the text, especially in the mad pursuit of the monster by Victor at the end of the novel. Both characters seem to be on a Byronic pilgrimage for emotional satiation, which, as Byron suggests, can never truly be achieved.

This first edition of Cantos I and II is bound in contemporary boards and is from the library of J. K. Lilly, Jr.

Lord Byron. *The Giaour, a Fragment of a Turkish Tale*. London: John Murray, 1813.

Byron followed the success of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* with a series of three "Oriental romances," of which this is the first. The hero of the poem is a "giaour," or infidel, who is loved by a harem slave who is put in a bag and thrown into the sea by her master for her transgression.

The poem influenced both *Frankenstein* and *The Vampyre* in its depiction of vampirism, legends of which Byron imbibed on his Grand Tour through the Mediterranean. The narrator predicts that when the giaour dies he will be cursed to become a vampire:

> But first, on earth as vampire sent,
> Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:
> Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
> And suck the blood of all thy race;
> There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
> At midnight drain the stream of life;
> Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
> Must feed thy livid living corse:
> Thy victims ere they yet expire
> Shall know the demon for their sire,
> As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
> Thy flowers are withered on the stem.

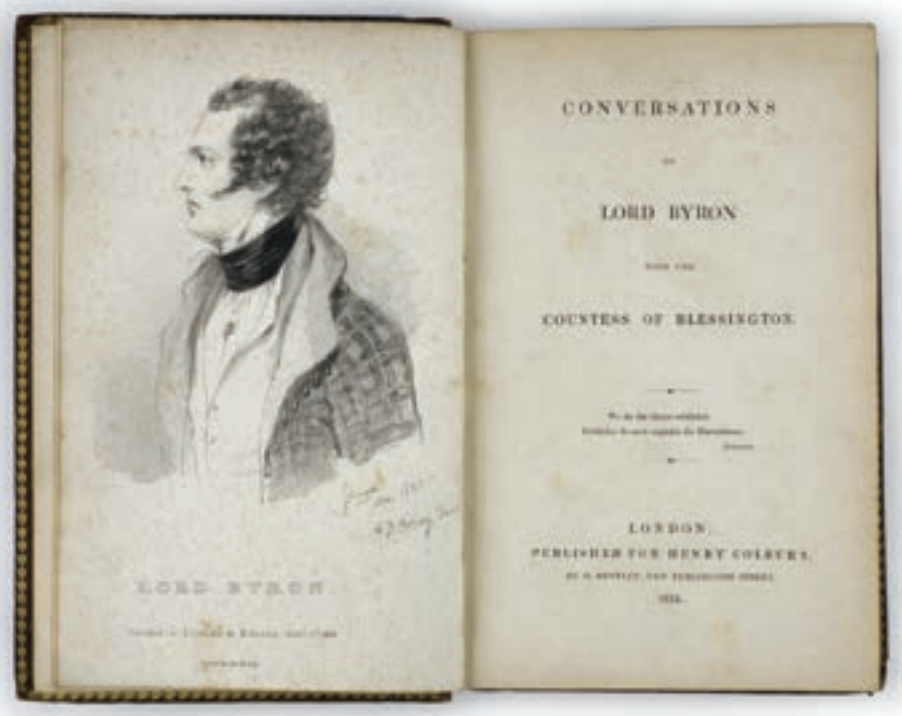
With the wild popularity of *The Giaour* already behind him, it is little wonder that readers almost universally assumed *The Vampyre* was written by Byron. The poem was also a major influence on the young Bostonian Edgar Allan Poe, whose first published work, *Tamerlane*, was stylistically similar to *The Giaour*.

Lord Byron. *Manfred: A Dramatic Poem*. London: John Murray, 1817.

Manfred, a Gothic closet drama, is the work by Byron most influenced by the ghost storytelling competition. He began work on it only a few months after the 1816 summer sojourn, and it is, in a sense, a ghost story. The hero Manfred is a Byronic young man (spoiler alert: *all* of Byron's heroes are Byronic young men) who is tormented by the guilt of some unspecified crime related to the death of his lover Astarte. The work was written after Byron's marriage had failed and he had fled England to escape rumors of incest with his half sister Augusta Leigh. Manfred uses sorcery to summon seven spirits who will grant him forgetfulness, but they are unable to change events of the past and so he must live with his burden of guilt or choose suicide.

Lord Byron. *Mazeppa: A Poem*. London: J. Murray, 1819.

Appended to the end of *Mazeppa* is "A Fragment," an unfinished tale called "Augustus Darvell." This is Byron's never-completed response to the call to think of a ghost



Marguerite Gardiner, Countess of Blessington. *Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington*. London: Published for Henry Colburn, 1834.

story. Polidori read the fragment and was inspired to attempt to finish it. In Byron's fragment Augustus Darvell dies and, in front of his horrified friend, rapidly decomposes and is buried in a Turkish cemetery. According to Polidori, Byron intended for Darvell to return as a vampire.

The fragment was appended to *Mazeppa* by publisher John Murray without Byron's permission.

Marguerite Gardiner, Countess of Blessington. *Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington*. London: Published for Henry Colburn, 1834.

The Countess of Blessington was a remarkable woman who lived a life straight out of a Regency romance. She was born in Ireland to an impoverished small landowner and at age fifteen was forced by her parents to marry a drunken and brutal English officer. She left him after three months, and he died shortly thereafter when he fell out of a window while in debtor's prison. A friend introduced her to wealthy widower Charles John Gardiner, 1st Earl of Blessington, and, reader, she married him. Now fabulously well-to-do (though her tastes soon outstripped her new wealth, and she racked up debts with careless glee), she set off on a Grand Tour with her husband and younger sister and met all sorts of other fabulously well-to-do people and literary celebrities, including Lord Byron, who she befriended. She wrote this book recounting their splendid and witty conversations.

When her husband died, she scandalously took up with the man who had married her husband's daughter by his first marriage. She was known to the end of her life for her literary salon, which included such luminaries as Benjamin Disraeli and Charles Dickens.

The Countess was also the editor from 1841 to 1849 of the popular literary annual *The Keepsake*, in which Mary Shelley published a number of stories and poems (see Case 3).

The Lilly Library's copy is inscribed by the author to Joseph Jekyll, Esq.

Lady Caroline Lamb. *Glenarvon*. London: Printed for Henry Colburn, 1816.

Lady Caroline Lamb famously called her lover Byron "mad, bad, and dangerous to know"—an epitaph that has clung to the poet throughout history. Lamb was the aristocratic wife of a prominent politician, and she scandalized the pearl-clutching peerage when she embarked on a not-so-clandestine affair with Byron in 1812, when she was twenty-six and he twenty-four. When her husband caught wind of the lame-footed Lothario's liaisons with his wife, he shipped her off to Ireland, where she merrily continued on with the affair via correspondence.

When she returned to London in 1813, Caroline expected to pick right back up with Lord Mad, Bad, and Dangerous. But Byron was bored with her. Things came to a head when, bereft, she committed the ultimate social *faux pas* of breaking a wine glass and trying to slit her wrists at a ball. After that, she spent the rest of her life living the maxim that "Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd, Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd."

Glenarvon, published in three volumes in 1816, was the social media scandal of its day, as, although published anonymously, it was scarcely a secret who wrote it or who it was about. Set against the backdrop of the Irish Revolution of 1798, it tells the thinly-veiled story of the Lamb-Byron affair, with many other socialites

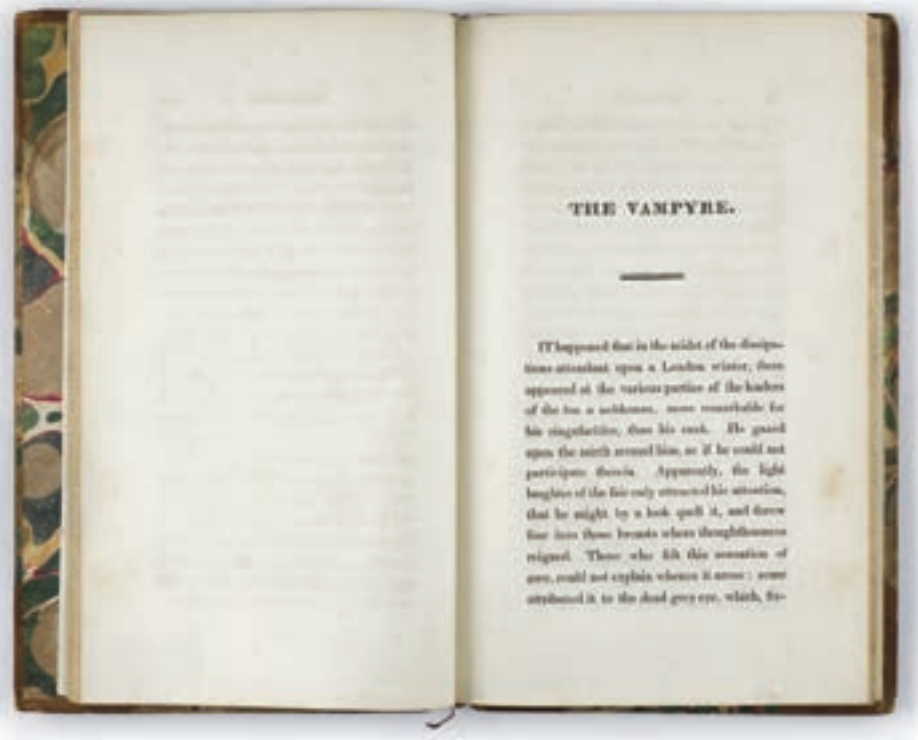
Lady Carolyn Lamb. *Glenarvon*. London: Printed for Henry Colburn, 1816.

lampooned as minor characters. Naturally, it was a runaway bestseller. And naturally, Caroline was blackballed from fashionable society. Byron, plagued by rumors (probably true) of incest with his half sister, chafing under the laws of England which made homosexuality a criminal offense, and smeared by his former lover's hate-fueled revenge fanfiction, felt the time was right to flee his homeland, which is how he ended up in Geneva in the summer of 1816.

John Polidori. *The Vampyre: A Tale*. London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, 1819.

John Polidori's *The Vampyre* is the only completed published work other than *Frankenstein* to emerge from the ghost storytelling competition at the Villa Diodati in 1816. Though all too little read today, its influence is massively felt, primarily through the more popular novel it was to inspire almost eighty years later: Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (see Case 11). While it was inspired by Eastern vampire folklore—much of it absorbed from Lord Byron—Polidori's novel was the first to fuse all of the disparate elements of vampire lore into a coherent tale. Polidori's choice to embody these vampire legends in the figure of a debauched aristocrat is one which has been profoundly influential, siring a lineage that includes Count Dracula in his many incarnations: Barnabas Collins, the star of over a thousand episodes of the long-running soap opera *Dark Shadows*; Anne Rice's Lestat; and the hilarious parody of the Byronic vampire "Vladislav the Poker" in the 2016 film *What We Do In the Shadows*.

John Polidori. *The Vampyre: A Tale*. London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, 1819.


THE VAMPYRE.

Polidori sent the story anonymously to the London *New Monthly Magazine* in 1818 along with a letter offering some gossipy details—including Percy's embarrassing freak-out when he imagined that Mary Shelley had eyes instead of nipples in her breasts—of the exploits of the group at the Villa Diodati in the summer of 1816. The magazine was thrilled, as the tale had every mark of being written by the most famous living author, Lord Byron. The story of the demonic Lord Ruthven, who seduces and then sucks the blood of beautiful and innocent young women, bore a strong resemblance to Byron's published work, and Ruthven was clearly of the same type as Byron's Childe Harold, Giaour, and Manfred—all characters based on himself.

It is likely that Polidori *wanted* the publishers to think the story was written by Byron. In the accompanying letter, he speaks of all parties in the third person. And he knew very well that if people thought the story was by Bryon, it would sell like mad. The magazine appended an editorial preface that introduced readers to Eastern vampire lore, and the story was a huge hit, rescuing the magazine's sluggish sales from the gutter and making it a major organ for weird and supernatural tales for decades to come. After the story was published, Byron declared that he was not the author, and Polidori declared that he was, but it little mattered. The story continued to be attributed to Byron for quite some time.

Thomas Love Peacock. *Nightmare Abbey*. London: Printed for T. Hookham, Jun. and Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, 1818.

Thomas Love Peacock was a novelist, poet, and official of the East India Company. He met Percy Bysshe Shelley in 1812. Thomas Hookham, Peacock's publisher, ran a circulating library which Shelley patronized. He also befriended Shelley's first wife, Harriet, who he defended many years later when Mary and Percy Shelley's daughter-in-law Jane justified Shelley's abandonment of Harriet by maligning her reputation. His 1818 novel *Nightmare Abbey* is a lighthearted satire of Gothic fiction and the Romantic movement, and many of the characters are based on the Shelley circle. Percy appears as Scythrop, a glum, dreamy young man who is torn between two women. Shelley was delighted with the portrayal. Stella, one of the novel's heroines, is an amalgam of Mary Shelley and Claire Clairmont. She is the mysterious and intellectual counterpart to Scythrop's other romantic choice, the more worldly and practical Marionetta.

The Lilly Library's first edition in contemporary drab boards is from the collection of J. K. Lilly, Jr. Lilly liked to collect from lists of important or great works, and one of the lists he completed was the list of "One Hundred Good Novels" compiled by A. Edward Newton, a bibliophile who popularized the hobby of book collecting in the early twentieth century. *Nightmare Abbey* was the last novel Lilly needed to complete this list, and he purchased it from A. S. W. Rosenbach in 1939. Another novel that Lilly collected because it was on Newton's list was *Frankenstein*.

CASE 2

Mary and Percy

> How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
> In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
> Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain.
>
> Percy Bysshe Shelley, "The Revolt of Islam," 1818

> If the study to which you apply yourself has a tendency to weaken your affections, and to destroy your taste for those simple pleasures in which no alloy can possibly mix, then that study is certainly unlawful, that is to say, not befitting the human mind. If this rule were always observed; if no man allowed any pursuit whatsoever to interfere with the tranquility of his domestic affections, Greece had not been enslaved; Caesar would have spared his country; America would have been discovered more gradually; and the empires of Mexico and Peru had not been destroyed.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. I, Chapter III

These sentiments, expressed by Victor Frankenstein as he tells his tale to Robert Walton, seem like a straightforward plea to balance a masculine, imperial, conquering, destructive thirst for knowledge with more feminine domesticity. Many critics have demonstrated parallels between the character of Victor and Percy Shelley; both were obsessed with science and knowledge, and both were Romantic overreachers whose passions left destruction in their wake. That being said, Mary herself was no paragon of domestic tranquility; rather, she was, as her lover immortalized her in his 1818 verse, actively rending in twain the chains of custom. At the time she was writing *Frankenstein*, she would have been considered a wayward homewrecker by her society, openly flouting every rule of what made a woman "good." Her own father—a radical in his own right—called her elopement with a married man a crime, and the novel that Mary crafted creates a world in which parentage is a zero-sum game: either the child destroys the parent on its way out of the womb (as she felt she had done to her mother) or the parent destroys the child through neglect (as Victor does with his misbegotten offspring, as Percy did with the children of his first marriage that he abandoned, and as Byron did with the children he left in the wake of his innumerable liaisons). There is no healthy,

Left: Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. From the painting by Richard Rothwell, 1841. Bound with autograph letter, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin to Percy Bysshe Shelley. October 27, 1814.

Right: Portrait of Percy Bysshe Shelley, after Alfred Clint. Bound with autograph letter, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin to Percy Bysshe Shelley. October 27, 1814.

successful, *sustained* parent/child relationship in *Frankenstein*. There is no domestic bliss but only obsessive pursuits of dangerous passions.

Unquestionably, at the time of *Frankenstein*'s writing, Percy Shelley and Mary—then still Godwin—were deeply in love. They had met at Mary's home in 1814, and their passion seemed fated. Percy was the perfect embodiment of the rebellious literary age, "with his disheveled hair, muddy boots, and passionate eyes. He had a general air of disarray and bewilderment, as though the world were too extraordinary for him to fathom. He wore his shirt open, exposing a pale chest" (Gordon 74–75). Mary, the daughter of his mentor and a famous (or infamous, depending on who you asked), dead female intellectual, had "'thoughtful' greenish-gray eyes, an oval face, a small mouth, and a 'gentle' voice." According to her stepsister Jane (later called Claire), her hair was "of sunny and burnished brightness like the autumnal foliage when played upon by the rays of the setting sun . . . so fine it looks as if the wind had tangled it together into a golden network" (Gordon 76). These two beautiful young and idealistic people would eventually spawn one of literature's most famous horrors.

But Mary and Percy's relationship was far from easy. Their lives together were pocked by tragedy, and it is hard to separate the conception, writing, and publication of *Frankenstein* from Mary and Percy's history as parents. While writing, she was grieving for a dead baby, was raising another child, and became pregnant again as a publisher was sought. When the book debuted, she was raising William and new baby Clara, but shortly after, in September 1818, Clara died, and nine months later, William followed. Mary had one more child, Percy Florence, less than half a year after William died. Mary suffered a miscarriage in 1822, the same year that Claire and Byron's daughter Allegra died. Percy Florence, alone, survived the union of the Shelleys. And it was not only babies who were lost. While Mary was completing *Frankenstein*, both Percy's wife Harriet (at the time pregnant with another man's child) and Mary's half sister, Fanny Imlay, committed suicide, the former prompted at least in part by the hopeless situation in which Percy had left her and the latter prompted in part by unrequited love for Percy. Mary and Percy were finally married on December 30, 1816 at the encouragement of William Godwin, whose anger toward the young lovers had softened.

After the publication of *Frankenstein*, Mary and Percy's ardor cooled. By 1820, Percy and Claire Clairmont mostly likely became lovers, and Percy had relationships with numerous women, to whom he was always ready to complain of Mary's shortcomings. Percy's life was cut tragically short when he was lost at sea while sailing off the Italian coast in July of 1822. His body was found after eleven days and identified by the copy of Keats's poems that he kept in his jacket pocket. Italian sanitary law dictated that his body be buried where found, but he was exhumed a month later and burned on a funeral pyre attended by Mary, Byron, and other friends. Ironically, Percy's end reflects the death that Frankenstein's monster plans for himself. Percy's friend Edward Trelawny recounted that Percy's heart refused to burn and that Mary kept it wrapped in a page from Percy's poem *Adonais*. After his death, Mary wrote in her journal (October 2, 1822), "I have no friend," the same words spoken by Robert Walton in *Frankenstein* ("I have no friend, Margaret"), and continues, "I am alone," the same words spoken by her monster.

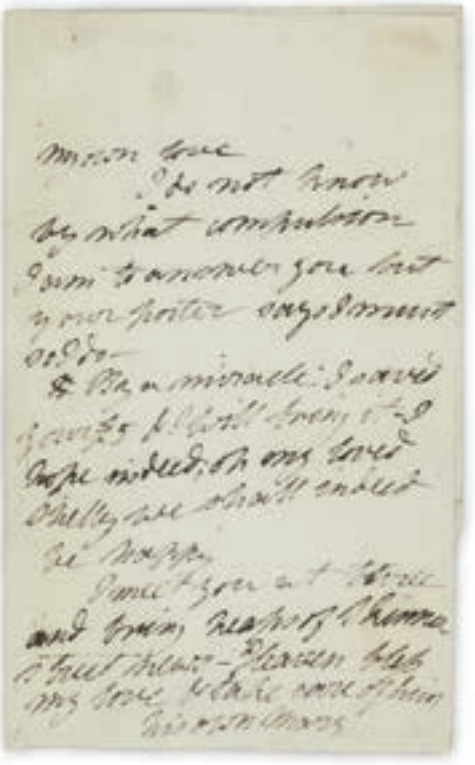
Autograph letter, William Godwin to John Taylor, August 27, 1814.

This remarkable document from the Lilly Library's English Literature manuscript collection demonstrates the extent of William Godwin's wrath and disappointment when his daughters Mary and Jane (who would soon change her name to the more romantic "Claire") ran off with his protégé Percy Shelley. He writes, "Jane has been guilty of indiscretion only, & has shown a want of these filial sentiments, which it would have been most desirable to us to have discovered in her. Mary has been guilty of a crime." Although Godwin had himself espoused and lived by the principles of free love, he was now himself married and execrated Mary for her relationship with the married Shelley—though it is difficult to say if he was more angry with her or

Autograph letter, William Godwin to John Taylor, August 27, 1814.

with the wayward poet. He also writes, "On Sunday, June 26th, he accompanied Mary, and her sister Jane Clairmont, to the tomb of Mary's mother one mile distant from London; and there, it seems, the impious idea first occurred to him of seducing her, playing traitor to me and deserting his wife."

Mary and Percy would often meet at the grave of Mary Wollstonecraft, a site to which Mary and her stepsister Jane had often retreated to escape Mary's stepmother. There, they would read aloud from books they carried, including the writings of Mary Wollstonecraft, complain about their woes (Mary's domineering stepmother and Percy's unsympathetic wife), and discuss the possibility of life after death and the potential for true love between intellectual equals. Although their mutual seduction began as one of words, it soon became something more. Percy later recalled: "The sublime and rapturous moment when she confessed herself mine, who had so long been hers in secret cannot be painted to mortal imaginations." Mary described giving Percy the "full ardour of love" on a visit to her mother's grave on June 27, 1814. Although it is often reported that Mary lost her virginity on her mother's grave, it is unlikely that that is the exact spot where the deed occurred, given its relative public view, "not to mention the complicated undergarments worn by Englishwomen" (Gordon 80).



Autograph letter, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin to Percy Bysshe Shelley. October 27, 1814.

Autograph letter, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin to Percy Bysshe Shelley. October 27, 1814.

This brief letter—the only one in Mary's hand in the Lilly Library's collections—was written shortly after Mary, Percy, and Claire fled England in what is often referred to as Mary and Percy's "elopement" although they did not marry for another two years. Though hastily dashed off, it provides a testimony of the height of the passion that spawned *Frankenstein*. "Oh my loved Shelley," she writes, "we shall indeed be happy . . . Heaven help my love and take care of him."

Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *History of a Six Weeks' Tour Through a Part of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland with Letters Descriptive of a Sail Round the Lake of Geneva, and of the Glaciers of Chamouni*. London: T. Hookham; and C. and J. Ollier, 1817.

Mary, Percy, and Claire left England in July of 1814, against the wishes of William Godwin and Claire's mother (Mary's stepmother), Mary-Jane. Mary and Percy chronicled their journeys in this travelogue, which also became a foundational document for *Frankenstein*. The trio was friendless and penniless throughout the trip, and it was on the whole probably rather miserable, but the people, culture, and, most significantly, the sublime landscapes that Mary experienced on this trip provided her with much raw material that she used to construct Victor Frankenstein's Genevese childhood and the sweeping landscapes over which Victor and his monster pursue

each other. The depth of environmental realism that Mary provides in the novel is part of its greatness, as it provides a tangible background upon which the fantastic events of the novel can unfold.

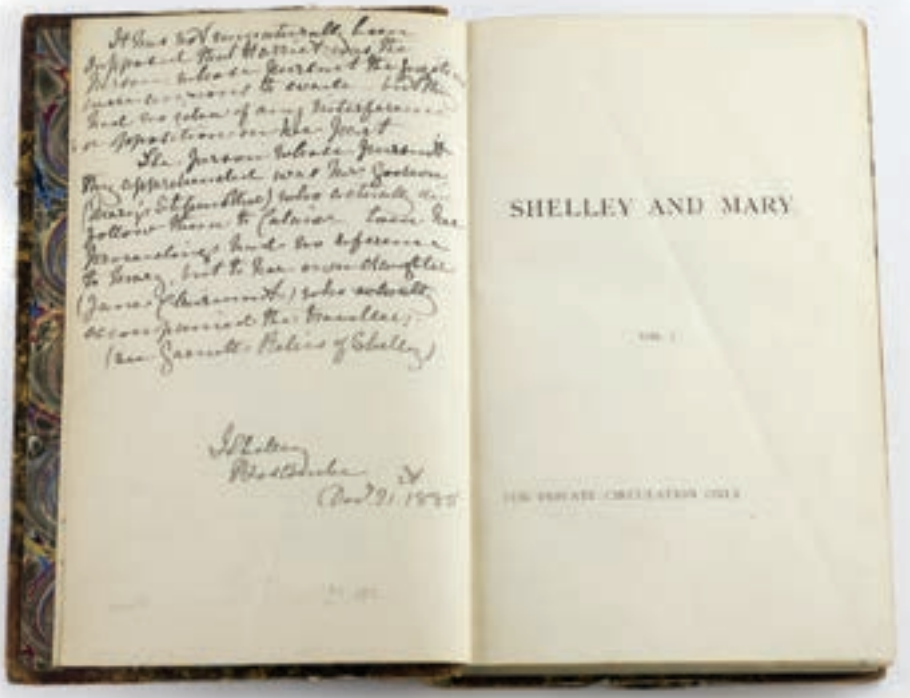
The Lilly Library copy is a first edition in contemporary drab boards. The book does not include either author's name on the title page. Mary wrote most of the travelogue, while Percy contributed the poem "Mont Blanc."

Shelley and Mary. Edited by Sir Percy F. Shelley and Lady Jane Shelley. London: J. and P. F. Shelley, 1882.

This is one of only twelve copies of this three-volume book printed for private circulation by Mary and Percy's only surviving son, Percy Florence, and daughter-in-law Jane. Jane, even more than her husband, was the keeper of the Shelley family legacy, and this highly selective grouping of letters focuses on the romantic aspects of the marriage, rather than the scandalous ones.

The Lilly Library's copy also contains an extensive three-page note by Jane Shelley, which details Percy's separation from his first wife Harriet, providing a rather gentle account of a story that ended with Harriet's suicide. Percy's reputation was imperiled after Mary's death, when details of his scandalous treatment of his first wife and his children with her came out. Percy Florence and Jane loaned letters and other papers to family friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg and asked him to write a biography. When published, it was, however, so inaccurate and incendiary that they issued this three-volume work as a corrective account of the Shelleys' relationship.

Shelley and Mary. Edited by Sir Percy F. Shelley and Lady Jane Shelley. London: J. and P. F. Shelley, 1882. With autograph note by Lady Jane Shelley.



CASE 3

Mary Beyond *Frankenstein*

> I shall thus give a general answer to the question, so very frequently asked me—'How I, then a young girl, came to think of, and to dilate upon, so very hideous an idea?' It is true that I am very averse to bringing myself forward in print; but as my account will only appear as an appendage to a former production, and as it will be confined to such topics as have connection with my authorship alone, I can scarcely accuse myself of a personal intrusion.
>
> Mary Shelley, Author's Introduction to *Frankenstein*, 1831

Mary was forever known by the name of her most famous creation. On every work she published in her lifetime, she was identified as "the author of *Frankenstein*"—often with no other attribution. After her death, well into the twentieth century, her name often appeared as only "Mrs. Shelley."

But Mary Shelley wrote a great deal more than *Frankenstein*, and although none of her other works have achieved the kind of immortal fame as her first publication, they are fascinating works of early nineteenth-century literature and worthy of study in their own right. Mary's novels immediately subsequent to *Frankenstein* were written while she and Percy traveled around Italy, moving in and out of their circles of friends and lovers. Mary was often ill and depressed, never quite recovering from the deaths of her small children William and Clara—though she did have her surviving son, Percy Florence, to raise. Their lives continued to inspire scandal and gossip, including extortions from a pair of former servants who threatened to reveal the birth of a baby registered as being born to Percy and Mary. The child was certainly not Mary's but may have been Percy's by Claire Clairmont or another woman. Mary's novels of this period continued also to be haunted by her father William Godwin. She wrote *Valperga* (1823), a historical novel about a fourteenth-century Italian despot and feminist response to the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott, to make money to support Godwin after Percy cut off aid. One of her strangest publications, a work not in the Lilly Library's collection, is *Matilda*, a novel in which a father is consumed by incestuous lust for his daughter. He commits suicide rather than acting on his desires, but Matilda suffers guilt for the rest of her life through no fault of her own. It is a powerful critique of patriarchal society and has raised questions about Godwin's relationship with his daughter.

Novels by Mary Shelley.

After Percy's death in 1822, Mary returned to England and continued to write. Mary's later writing was somewhat hampered by Sir Timothy Shelley, Percy's father, who destroyed copies of Percy's *Posthumous Poems*, which Mary edited, and periodically withdrew or threatened to withdraw Mary's and Percy Florence's allowances if she continued to write (he particularly did not want her to write Percy's biography). Along with writing novels, Mary also supplemented her income—and supported her son and her father—by writing for magazines and journals. Although she had numerous close friendships and romances with both men and women, Mary never formed a partnership as powerful as the one that she had with Percy Shelley.

Mary died in 1851 at the age of fifty-three, after suffering for three years from a brain tumor. Although she was famous within her lifetime, posterity was slow to embrace her. In the 1888 edition of the *Encyclopeida Britannica*, Percy Shelley was afforded an entry of nine and a half columns, while Mary's half column reads, "the second wife of the poet Shelley . . . deserves some notice on her own account, as a writer of romance, chiefly imaginative" (Klinger lxv). *The Literary Gazette* was even harsher: "It is not . . . as the authoress even of *Frankenstein* . . . that she derives her most endearing title to our affection, but as the faithful and devoted wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley" (Gordon 537). It was not until Muriel Spark's 1951 biography that she ceased to be thought of only as "Mrs. Shelley" and began to emerge as a radical, freethinking, imaginative force in her own right.

The Keepsake for MDCCCXXXI. Ed. Frederic Mansel Reynolds. London: Published by Hurst, Chance, and Co., 1831.

The Keepsake was a popular English literary annual, published from 1828 to 1857 and featuring some of the highest-regarded authors of the day, including Wordsworth, Coleridge, Percy Shelley, Sir Walter Scott, Felicia Hemens, and the Countess of Blessington (who also edited the annual for some years). As in her novels, Mary Shelley published only under the name "The Author of Frankenstein" and had many stories and poems appear in the annual. The publication capitalized on the thriving market for gift annuals. Part of the popular appeal was not only the high-quality literature but the beautiful steel-plate-engraved illustrations.

This issue of the annual contains Shelley's story, "Transformation, A Tale," and her poem, "The Dirge." Mary's forays into supernatural fiction beyond *Frankenstein* were in the shorter format of the tale or poem, rather than novel-length publications. "Transformation" is a more traditionally Gothic tale than *Frankenstein* and includes a debauched Byronic aristocrat, a doomed love story, and a body-swapping dwarf who can command the elements with his magic powers.

The Keepsake for MDCCCXXXII. Ed. Frederic Mansel Reynolds. London: Published by Longmans, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, 1832.

This issue of *The Keepsake* contains the story "The Dream, A Tale," by Mary Shelley. It is a historical Gothic romance in which the heroine, Constance, softens toward the lover she has rejected only when she has a dream vision of him as a ghastly corpse: "my heart whispered me that this was my doing: and who could recall the life that

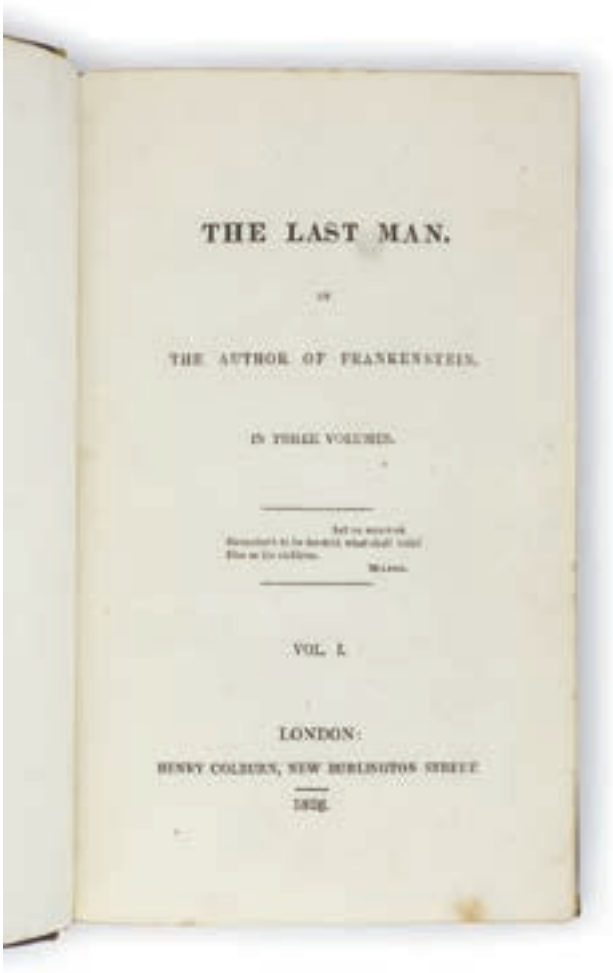
The Keepsake for MDCCCXXXII. Ed. Frederic Mansel Reynolds. London: Published by Longmans, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, 1832.

waned in your pulses—who restore, save the destroyer? My heart never warmed to my living happy knight as then it did his wasted image, as it lay, in the visions of night, at my feet. . . . Methought I then knew for the first time what life and what death was." Mary Shelley's short Gothic tales are great fun and greatly understudied today. They make one wish that she had written more in the horror genre, for, like Constance, she is at her best when rhapsodizing over a corpse.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *The Last Man*. London: Henry Colburn, 1826.

Mary's second-most widely read novel (though it is still relatively obscure) today is her post-apocalyptic science fiction novel *The Last Man*, which deserves far more attention as an early example of a genre that thrives to this day. It was not popular when it was published and was disparaged by critics for its tired theme (several other "last man" stories had recently been published) and its diseased and dangerous ideas.

A portion of the novel takes place in the year 2092, when the earth has been ravaged by a plague. In a sense, Mary's own life had been ravaged, and she used the novel to memorialize dead friends—including Percy, who appears as the idealistic


THE LAST MAN.

OR

THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1826.

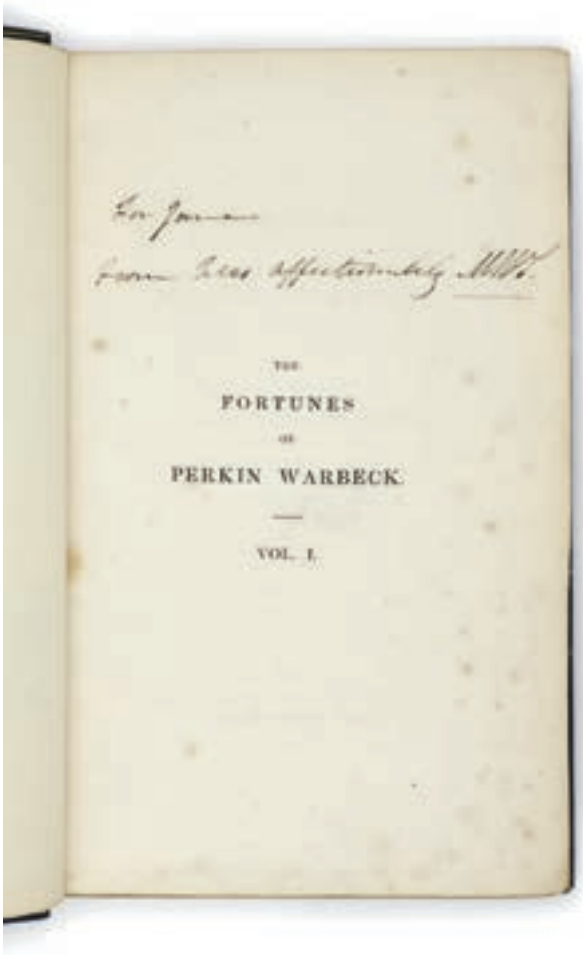
Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *The Last Man*. London: Henry Colburn, 1826.

Adrian, Earl of Windsor, son of the last king of England, and Byron, who appears as the passionate and ambitious Lord Raymond. The character most like herself is the willful and intelligent Last Man himself, Lionel Verney. If readers expect this science fiction to be "futuristic," they will be disappointed, as the novel reads more like an extraordinarily convoluted historical political romance than a sleek novel of the future. It is also a complex response to the Romantic ideal and critique of the work of Shelley's father and husband.

Although Shelley named *The Last Man* as one of her favorite novels that she had written, its negative reviews caused her to turn away from science fiction for the rest of her writing career.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck: A Romance.* London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1830.

This historical novel is about Perkin Warbeck, a fifteenth-century pretender to the English throne. It offers a Yorkist alternate history in which the real Perkin Warbeck died in childhood and was replaced by Richard of Shrewsbury, who, with his older brother, mysteriously disappeared after Richard III usurped the throne of England.


THE
FORTUNES
OF
PERKIN WARBECK.
—
VOL. I.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck: A Romance*. London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1830.

The Lilly Library copy is inscribed "For Jane / From hers affectionately MWS." This is likely Mary's own hand, and Jane is probably Jane Williams, one of Percy Shelley's lovers, with whom Mary was close after Percy's death. Muriel Spark, who wrote the first major biography of Mary Shelley in 1951 and is responsible from rescuing her from literary oblivion, believed that Mary was herself "a little in love" with Jane—though Jane later wounded her deeply by gossiping that Percy preferred her to Mary's inadequacies.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *Lodore*. London: Richard Bentley, 1835.

Lodore is one of Mary Shelley's most interesting novels in terms of its representation of women. Mary's portrayal of women can be frustrating to modern readers who hope to find characters as intellectual, complex, and rebellious as Mary herself. *Frankenstein*'s Elizabeth is typical of Mary Shelley's portrayal of women—golden, self-sacrificing, focused primarily on men—and *Lodore* focuses on devoted daughter Ethel Lodore and wayward wife Cordelia Lodore. But *Lodore* also introduces the reader to the intellectual and independent Fanny Derham.

Fanny is intriguingly described as a woman "more made to be loved by her own sex than by the opposite one." But her story ends prematurely; it is one that Shelley was not ready to tell: "What the events are that have already diversified her existence, cannot now be recounted; and it would require the gift of prophecy to foretell the conclusion. In after times these may be told." Mary herself may have flirted with the love of her own sex. She wrote to a friend, "Ten years ago I was so ready to give myself away—& being afraid of men, I was apt to get *tousy-mousy* for women" (Gordon 596). What "tousy-mousy" means remains obscure, but Mary used the phrase again when describing her relationship with Edward Trelawny, an old friend with whom she rekindled a friendship/romance in later life. In 1827, she helped her friend Mary Diana Dods (a Scottish writer who wrote Byronic dramas under various male pseudonyms) forge a passport so that she could leave the country dressed as a man and marry her female lover. So whether or not Mary ever had any lesbian relationships herself, she was at least an abbetter of lesbian love.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *Falkner: A Novel*. London: Saunders and Otley, 1837.

Mary's final novels *Lodore* (1835) and *Falkner* (1837) are about tyrannical fathers, perhaps critiques of her own father, who both loved her terribly and "kept her at arm's length, perhaps seeing her more as an experimental subject than as a beloved daughter" (Klinger, lxiii).

CASE 4

Mary's Father, William Godwin

> A new species would bless me as its creator and source; many happy and excellent natures would owe their being to me. No father could claim the gratitude of his child so completely as I should deserve theirs.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. I, Chapter III

Mary Shelley might have almost seemed to some of her contemporaries to be so strange as to be a new species, and the words she puts in the mouth of Victor Frankenstein as he fantasizes about violating the boundary between life and death could well have been inspired by her own father, William Godwin, to whom *Frankenstein* is dedicated and whose great intellect and cold, distant love for his daughter loom large over its pages.

William Godwin (1756–1836) was the son of a strict Nonconformist minister and grew up to became one of the most famous political radicals in England and a key figure among the Jacobins—that is, English supporter of the French Revolution, who also counted among their numbers such brilliant minds as Thomas Paine, William Blake, and Mary Wollstonecraft. His best-known work is *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice, and Its Influence on General Virtue and Happiness* (1793), which recapitulated Edmund Burke's *A Vindication of Natural Society* (1756), argued that all government should be abolished, and added further material on how an anarchist society could practically function. Although it was a costly publication at £1 (Prime Minister William Pitt said it was too expensive to bother censoring), it eventually sold over four thousand copies and brought fame to its author (if not fortune—to the end of his days, he struggled financially and was supported in his later years almost entirely by Mary). With fame came also disciples, chief among them brazen and passionate young Percy Shelley.

Like his daughter, William was one half of a famous intellectual pairing. He married Mary Wollstonecraft, author of *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, in 1796, despite the fact that he had advocated for the abolition of marriage in his writing. Mary already had an illegitimate daughter, Fanny, and the couple decided not to burden their new child with the social stigma of illegitimacy.

After Mary Wollstonecraft died, Godwin felt he was unfit to educate his infant daughter, Mary, and Mary's half sister, Fanny, who was left in his care. He determined to shape himself into an educator, based on philosophical and dispassionate

C. Kegan Paul. *William Godwin; His Friends and Contemporaries*. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1876.

principles. He was emotionally distant, but Mary treated him as her God. She wrote to Maria Gisborne (October 30, 1834), "I could justly say that he was my God . . . I remember many childish instances of the excess of attachment I bore him." Their close relationship was a constant source of friction within Godwin's second family. In 1801, Godwin married his neighbor, Mary-Jane Clairmont. Fanny and Mary were joined by Mary-Jane's son Charles and daughter Jane (who would later change her name to Claire), both of whom were illegitimate. The nineteenth-century's answer to the Brady Bunch was something of a tempestuous household. As biographer Charlotte Gordon explains it, "the Clairmonts resented Godwinian condescension; the Godwins despised Clairmont histrionics" (Gordon 28). The most friction occurred between little Mary and her stepmother and between Mary and her new stepsister Jane. At the center of these conflicts was a desire to please and curry attention from William Godwin. There is no model for a healthy, stable family in *Frankenstein*. The healthiest family—in that they defend and protect one another, comfort each other, and love each other—is that of the cottagers upon whom the monster spies, from whom he learns language, and who he desperately wants to befriend. And although they are happy as a unit, the moment they catch sight of the ugly monster, they turn ugly themselves. They close ranks against the outsider, even though he has done nothing but help them.

It is unsurprising, then, that the father/child relationships in *Frankenstein* range from fraught to downright disastrous. Victor's father, Alphonse Frankenstein, is, like

Godwin, detached, distant, and devastated by the loss of his beloved wife, who dies after tending Victor's cousin (or, in the 1831 revision, his foster sister) Elizabeth through scarlet fever. Victor recalls his childhood as idyllic—even more so in the 1831 revisions, in which he recalls that "during every hour of my infant life I received a lesson of patience, of charity, and of self-control, I was so guided by a silken cord that all seemed but one train of enjoyment to me." But in their Godwinian education, the children are largely left to fend for themselves, Elizabeth is passed around like a family heirloom, and Alphonse's cavalier dismissal of Victor's passion for natural philosophy sets him down the path that leads to the creation of the monster. Certainly psychoanalytic critics have made much of the idea that Victor is driven by the oedipal wish to kill his father and marry his mother, a reading that grossly oversimplifies the complex web of parent-child relationships that are woven throughout the novel, often manifesting as substitutions or doublings: Caroline Beaufort's father dies, and Alphonse steps in to become a father/husband; Elizabeth's scarlet fever kills her mother, and then she must become a mother figure; Justine is the subject of a complex series of shifts from roles of rejected child, to embraced child, to mother figure who allows the child in her charge to be murdered—the list goes on. Most significantly, the monster sees Victor as his negligent, irresponsible father, and the combination of all-consuming love and rage that the monster feels for his progenitor may reflect Mary's own feelings.

Godwin also played a parental role in the novel's continued literary life. On August 29, 1823, William Godwin and Mary Shelley attended a performance of *Presumption; or, the Fate of Frankenstein*, the first adaptation of the novel, a play in three acts by Richard Brinsley Peake. To capitalize on the great success of the play, Godwin arranged for the 1823 two-volume second printing of *Frankenstein*, the first edition to bear Mary's name.

The Lilly Library has extensive holdings in William Godwin's philosophy, fiction, and other work, far more than is represented by this small sampling of a few compelling volumes.

William Godwin. *Things as They Are; or, The Adventures of Caleb Williams.* London: Printed for B. Crosby, 1794.

William Godwin was not only famous for his works of political philosophy but also for his fiction, which served as a way to popularize his radical viewpoints and greatly influenced the fictional undertakings of his daughter.

Caleb Williams (as it is commonly known) was published three years before the birth of Mary and was intended to articulate Godwin's philosophical and political principles in novel form. It is the story of two men who pursue one another with dogged determination, a scenario that recurs when Victor relentlessly trails his creation throughout the world and into the Arctic wasteland. The main characters are Caleb Williams, an orphan who becomes a servant, and his aristocratic master,

William Godwin.
Things as They Are; or, The Adventures of Caleb Williams.
London: Printed for B. Crosby, 1794.

Falkland. When Caleb discovers Falkland's dark secret—that he murdered his neighboring tyrannical landlord—Falkland falsely accuses him of theft. The unjust trial that ensues is echoed in Mary's depiction of the trial, conviction, and hanging of the innocent Justine Moritz in *Frankenstein*. Falkland pursues him, and the novel only grows more complex from there, though it ends—in the published version (the darker original ending was scrapped)—with forgiveness. Some critics have called it the first detective novel, though (as with Mary's claim on the first science fiction novel), the attribution is hotly debated. The scenario of two powerful antagonists locked in relentless antipathy pursuing each other across the world prefigures Victor's pursuit of his monster across the Arctic ice.

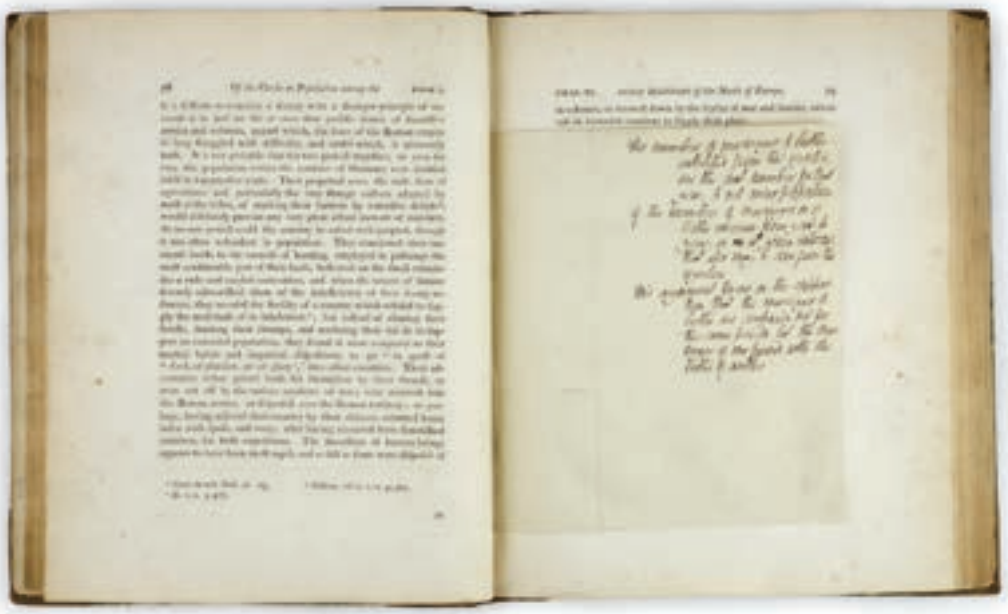
The Lilly Library's copy of the three-volume first edition is in contemporary boards.

T. R. Malthus. *An Essay on the Principle of Population, or, A View of Its Past and Present Effects on Human Happiness: With an Inquiry into Our Prospects Respecting the Future Removal or Mitigation of the Evils Which It Occasions.* A new edition, very much enlarged. London: Printed for J. Johnson by T. Bensley, 1803.

An Essay on the Principle of Population was first published anonymously in 1798. This edition, now openly attributed to Thomas Malthus, belonged to William Godwin and contains autograph manuscript notes challenging Malthus's argument bound between pages 78 and 79. The essay is in part a direct response to Godwin's views on the perfectibility of society—that technology and increased development of intellectual pursuits could lead to an increase in the standard of living for everyone. Malthus argued that poverty, disease, and scarcity are inevitable and necessary checks on dangerous population growth and that without strict policies of sexual abstinence, population growth would be exponential and disastrous. In 1820, Godwin published a rebuttal of Malthus titled, *Of Population: An Enquiry Concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind*.

The book has further distinguished provenance beyond Godwin. It was later owned by H. Buxton Forman and contains his bookplate and ownership signature. Buxton Forman (1842–1917) was an antiquarian bookseller, bibliographer, and collector. He edited Percy Shelley and compiled a definitive bibliography of his works.

T. R. Malthus. *An Essay on the Principle of Population, or, A View of Its Past and Present Effects on Human Happiness: With an Inquiry into Our Prospects Respecting the Future Removal or Mitigation of the Evils Which It Occasions*. A new edition, very much enlarged. London: Printed for J. Johnson by T. Bensley, 1803. With autograph notes by William Godwin.

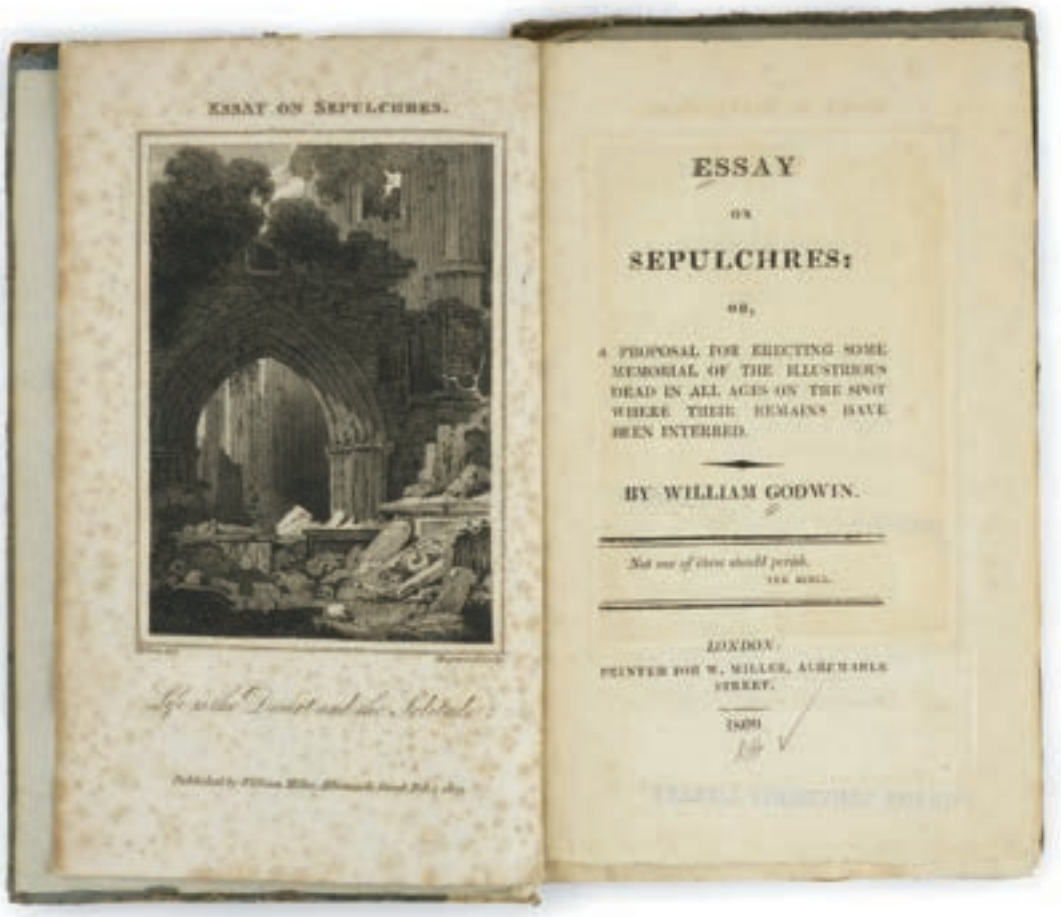


Godwin's Malthus was part of his extensive collection of Shelley-related material. Buxton Forman's reputation was later tarnished by his involvement, with Thomas J. Wise, in forging printings of Romantic writers.

William Godwin. *Essay on Sepulchres: or, A Proposal for Erecting Some Memorial of the Illustrious Dead in All Ages on the Spot Where their Remains Have Been Interred*. London: Printed for W. Miller, 1809.

Although Godwin is best known for his political philosophy and fiction, the scope of his writing was wide. This essay on graveyard monuments—including the plan that a kind of massive monument to the "illustrious dead of all ages" be undertaken—reveals an interest in the kind of morbid subject that was soon to become the province of Mary. Godwin also published a book in 1834 called *Lives of the Necromancers*, which details legends of the supernatural and stories of historical figures like John Dee who were supposed to have had magic powers, and which was reviewed by Edgar Allan Poe.

William Godwin. *Essay on Sepulchres: or, A Proposal for Erecting Some Memorial of the Illustrious Dead in All Ages on the Spot Where their Remains Have Been Interred*. London, Printed for W. Miller, 1809.



Mary Shelley. *Mounseer Nongtongpaw: A New Version*. London: Printed for M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, 1810.

Mary Shelley's first published work was not *Frankenstein* but this book, published by her father when she was eleven years old. First published in 1808 (the blue printed wrapper on this edition shows it to be a later printing of 1810), it was so popular that it went through several editions, including one in 1830 illustrated by George Cruikshank. It is a thirty-nine line expansion of a satirical poem on English provincialism by Charles Dibdin. When John Bull (the personification of the United Kingdom) goes to Paris and asks who owns everything, he always gets the answer "*Je vous n'entends pas*" (I don't hear you). John Bull misinterprets this answer as "Mounseer Nontongpaw."

William Godwin and his second wife, Mary-Jane, began a publishing business called the Juvenile Library to print children's primers and works such as Mary and Charles Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. The canny business idea, which capitalized on a newly growing market for children's literature, was primarily that of Mary-Jane, who, though she has gone down in history as a shrill, temperamental, and often unreasonable woman, ever at odds with her gifted stepdaughter, was a fascinating woman in her own right, who survived debtors' prison with two children after being abandoned by her lover and who worked as a French translator. The business was also an outgrowth of Godwin's ideals of education, which he practiced on Mary, who never attended school. In 1802 Godwin sent a syllabus of books for twelve-year-old girls to his friend William Cole, along with this advice: "Without imagination there can be no genuine ardour in any pursuit, or for any acquisition, and without imagination, there can be no genuine morality, no profound feeling of other men's sorrow, no ardent and persevering anxiety for their interest" (Mellor 9).

Mary Shelley. *Mounseer Nongtongpaw: A New Version*. London: Printed for M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, 1810.

CASE 5

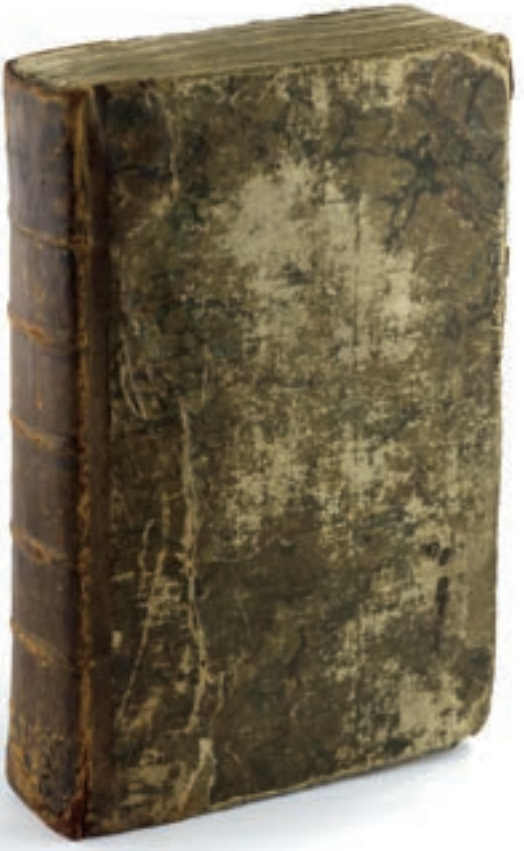
Mary's Father, William Godwin

> No father had watched my infant days, no mother had blessed me with smiles and caresses; or if they had, all my past life was now a blot, a blind vacancy in which I distinguished nothing. . . . What was I? The question again recurred, to be answered only with groans.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. II, Chapter V

Mary Wollstonecraft died because the doctor who attended to her afterbirth did not wash his hands. Ten days after her undersized and weak baby was born, Wollstonecraft succumbed to puerperal fever. That something so utterly stupid (to our modern minds) as poor hygiene could kill a woman whose intellect was nothing short of titanic and deprive history and literature of what could have been the most fruitful, influential, and revolutionary mother-daughter collaboration of all time is painful to contemplate. But that was what it meant to be a woman in 1797, when Mary Godwin was born and Mary Wollstonecraft died. And if she had lived, what would she have faced? "Experts preached that women were irrational and weak. Girls were taught to submit to their brothers, fathers, and husbands. Wives could not own property. Except in very rare circumstances, they could not initiate divorce. Children were the father's property. Not only was it legal for a husband to beat his wife, but men were encouraged to keep women in check, punishing any behavior they regarded as unruly" (Gordon xvii). The social and political world Mary Wollstonecraft exited and Mary Godwin entered was a game in which the cards were stacked against them.

Mary Wollstonecraft was the eldest daughter of a once-wealthy family who had fallen on hard times—a scenario replicated in *Frankenstein* by Victor's mother Caroline Beaufort. Mary had to protect her ailing mother (she had dropsy and other complaints) and younger siblings against a violent-tempered father. She left home at nineteen and started a school with her friend Fanny Blood. She subsequently worked as a caretaker and a governess, all roles that shaped her understanding of women's circumscribed existence.

Wollstonecraft was already a literary and sexual rebel by the time she met William Godwin. As a young woman, she had an ongoing affair with the painter Henry Fuseli, until his wife put a stop to it. One of Fuseli's masterpieces is *The Nightmare* (1791), which became one of the primary visual influences on Mary Shelley's



Mary Wollstonecraft. *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman with Strictures on Political and Moral Subjects*. London: Printed for J. Johnson, 1792.

Frankenstein. In the painting, a blond woman draped in white collapses, with arms thrown over her head, on a couch. A dark, hairy incubus squats on her chest and glares balefully out of the painting. In the background, the Night Mare, a black horse with mad white eyes, emerges from the red drapes. The imagery of the pale fainting woman beset by monsters has deep resonance throughout the life of the Frankenstein story. In the novel itself, Elizabeth's death scene recreates *The Nightmare*: "She was there, lifeless and inanimate, thrown across the bed, her head hanging down, and her pale and distorted features half covered by her hair. Every where I turn I see the same figure—her bloodless arms and relaxed form flung by the murderer on its bridal bier. Could I behold this, and live?" James Whale's 1931 adaptation of the novel places its Elizabeth in the same pose to great dramatic effect, and Ken Russell's 1987 *Gothic* used the imagery not only in the film itself (Byron becomes the incubus, crouched on a fainting Mary Shelley) but also in its ad campaign. Mary Shelley was aware of her mother's previous love affairs because her father wrote openly about them after Wollstonecraft's death, but it is still remarkable that the imagery created by Mary's mother's lover had such a lingering effect. Another of Wollstonecraft's lovers was Gilbert Imlay, with whom she had a daughter, Fanny, after which Imlay began a slow and painful abandonment. Wollstonecraft followed him to London, where she attempted suicide twice. Their daughter Fanny would eventually succeed

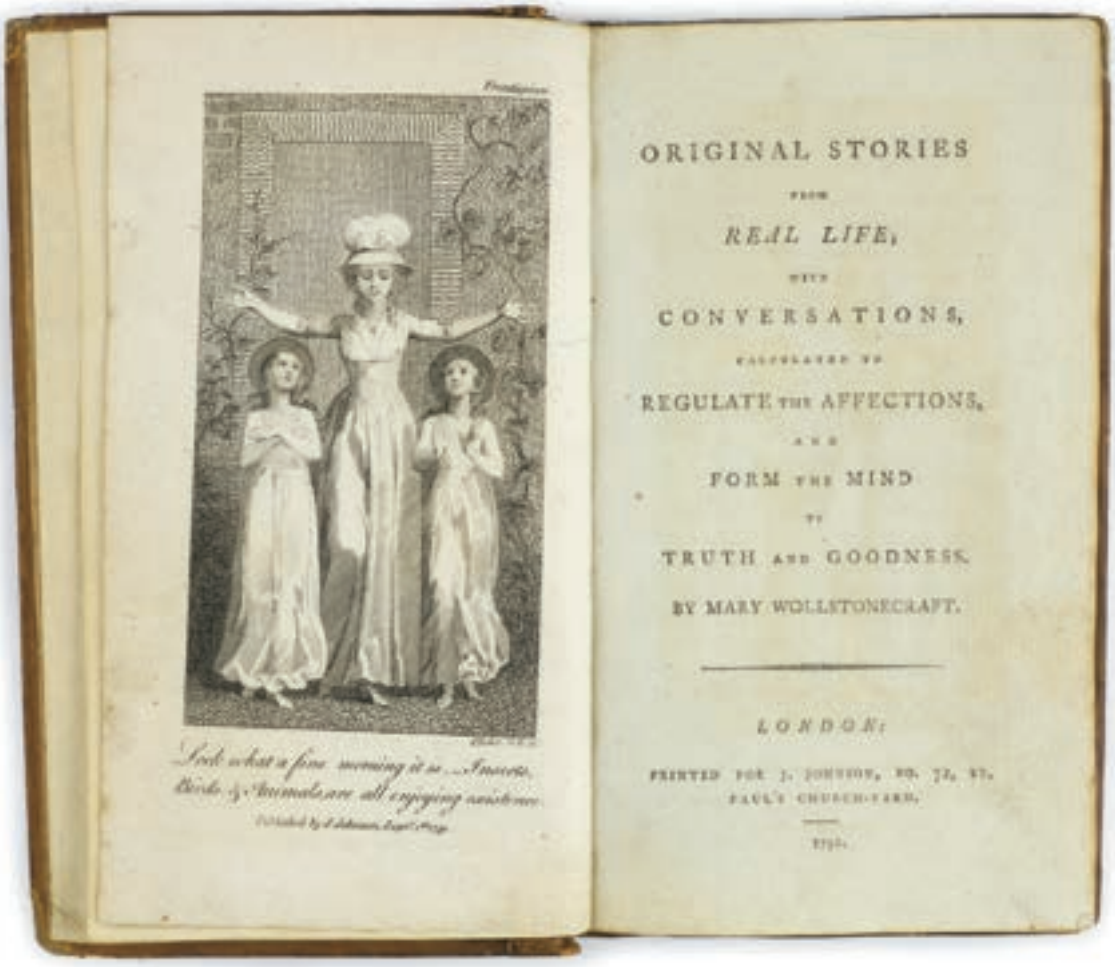
in killing herself, taking an overdose of laudanum at age twenty-two in October of 1816, while Mary was still working on writing *Frankenstein*.

Mary Wollstonecraft met William Godwin a year after she published her first major political work, *A Vindication of the Rights of Men*, but they didn't get along. When they reconnected in 1796, they began an intellectual friendship that eventually turned into a romantic and political partnership. Although both were vehemently against marriage, believing that it turned women into possessions, they decided to marry to give their child the legitimacy that Fanny Imlay lacked. Mary Wollstonecraft always wanted to be a mother, and her writing shows that she thought deeply about how to raise and educate a daughter to face a world that would often be against her. The infant Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin was denied the stable and profoundly intellectual family that seemed her birthright, but she was powerfully shaped by the mother she lost, shaped by something that was simultaneously a gaping absence and a painful, ever-present wound, creating a sense of alienation that she channeled in the writing of *Frankenstein*. Without a mother, a woman—or a monster—must gaze back at her past life and ask "What was I?" The daughter's life also paralleled her mother's in many ways. Charlotte Gordon, who wrote a dual biography of the two women, concludes: "Their contemporaries ridiculed and abused them, calling them whores and worse. Even their own families rejected them. To their enemies, they were like bolts of lightning, destructive and unpredictable. . . . [Both women] weathered poverty, hatred, loneliness, and exile, as well as the slights of everyday life—the insults and gossip, the silences and turned backs—in order to write words they were not supposed to write and live lives they were not supposed to live" (xviii).

Mary Wollstonecraft. *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters with Reflections on Female Conduct, in the More Important Duties of Life*. London: Printed for J. Johnson, 1787.

Along with her *Original Stories* and *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, this book is a testament to Wollstonecraft's profound interest in countering Jean Jacques Rousseau's assertions that women's minds were too weak to be educated in the same way as men. In his influential novel *Emile* (1792), Rousseau argued that men and women are essentially different, and that equal education would be a detriment to them both. Women, he argues, are "passive and weak" and "made specially to please men." *Thoughts* is essentially an early self-help book, offering advice on everything from tending to infants (something Wollstonecraft never had the chance to do for her daughter Mary) to self-discipline and analytical thinking.

The book was published by Joseph Johnson, who published the works of Benjamin Franklin, Erasmus Darwin, Joseph Priestley, and others whose work skirted lines of thinking considered too dangerous or radical to be put in print. This was a time when work considered treasonous could land a publisher in prison—which is indeed what happened to Johnson in 1799 when he published a pamphlet critical of Parliament.



Mary Wollstonecraft. *Original Stories from Real Life; with Conversations, Calculated to Regulate the Affections, and Form the Mind to Truth and Goodness*. Engraved by William Blake. London: Printed for J. Johnson, 1791.

Mary Wollstonecraft. *Original Stories from Real Life; with Conversations, Calculated to Regulate the Affections, and Form the Mind to Truth and Goodness*. Engraved by William Blake. London: Printed for J. Johnson, 1791.

Original Stories, first published in 1788, is an advice book on the moral development of children. Wollstonecraft was influenced by the school she ran with her friend Fanny Blood, as well as her years employed as a governess in the home of Lord and Lady Kingsborough in Ireland. The family was disgraced by the elopement of one of the girls Mary cared for, and Mary was blamed for indoctrinating the girl with impropriety and summarily dismissed.

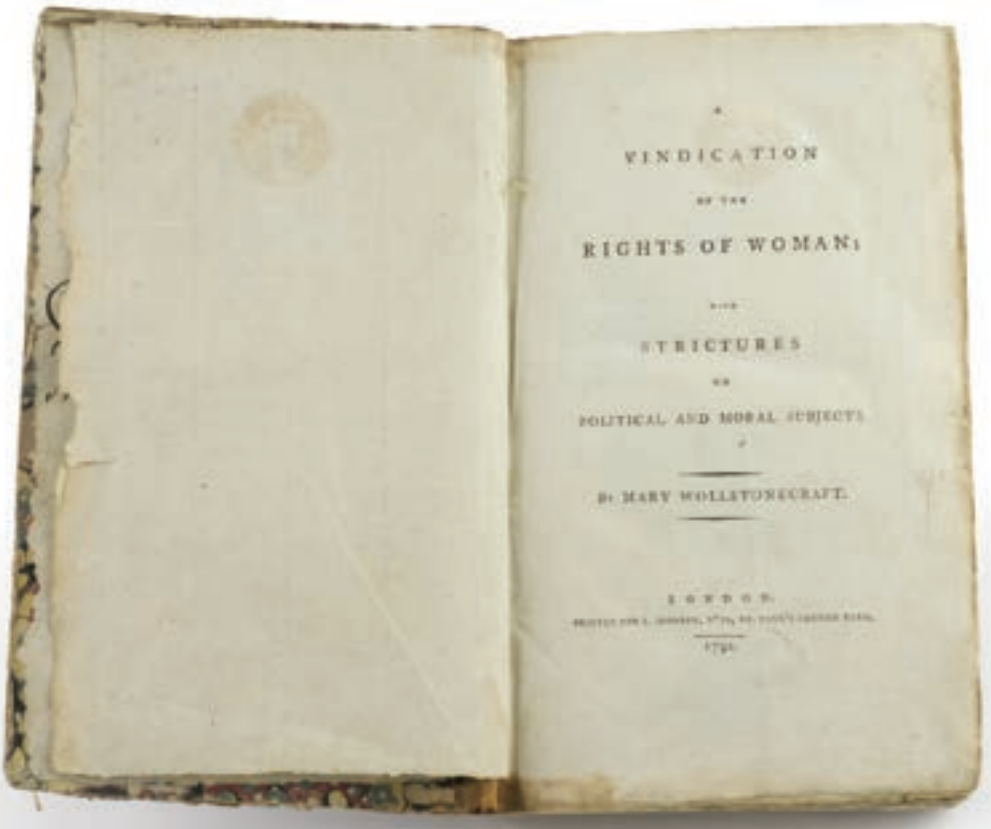
Original Stories depicts a series of original stories told to young girls by a governess named Mrs. Mason. The additional theme of the suffering of the poor is highlighted by engravings for the 1891 edition by visionary artist William Blake, who often worked with Joseph Johnson.

Mary Wollstonecraft. *A Vindication of the Rights of Men, in a Letter to the Right Honourable Edmund Burke; Occasioned by his Reflections on the Revolution in France*. London: Printed for J. Johnson, 1790.

In 1790, Edmund Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* began a long public debate in England over the merits and dangers of the French Revolution and the basic rights of citizenry. Wollstonecraft's *Vindication* supported Burke and the revolution and repudiated aristocratic privilege. The first printing, published anonymously, sold out in a matter of weeks. Along with subsequent works by Thomas Paine and William Godwin, it became a cornerstone of Jacobin thought.

Mary Wollstonecraft. *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman with Strictures on Political and Moral Subjects*. London: Printed for J. Johnson, 1792.

Mary Wollstonecraft. *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman with Strictures on Political and Moral Subjects*. London: Printed for J. Johnson, 1792.



Wollstonecraft does not explicitly call for equality of the sexes but argues that women should be educated in a rational manner and that women can provide powerful contributions toward building a just and peaceful society. If women seem like irrational "spaniels" or "toys," she argues, it is only because men have shaped them to be so. Both of Mary Shelley's parents thought and wrote extensively about education—especially the education of girls. All of the characters in *Frankenstein*—Victor, Elizabeth, Henry Clerval, Robert Walton, Safie, and the monster—are shaped by their educations, particularly the books they read, but they all lack someone to guide their education and are left to their own devices, to interpret what they read on their own—much as Mary Shelley herself was as a child. Without the guiding hand of a parent or someone who loves them, both Victor and the monster absorb both the best of what they read but also develop wayward and dangerous patterns of thinking (Victor's obsession with alchemy that inspires him to create unnatural life and the monster's dangerous identification with Milton's Satan). While many readings of the novel focus on the ways in which science can create monsters, Mary Shelley's parental legacy created a parallel thread that suggests that misguided education can also lead to monstrous error.

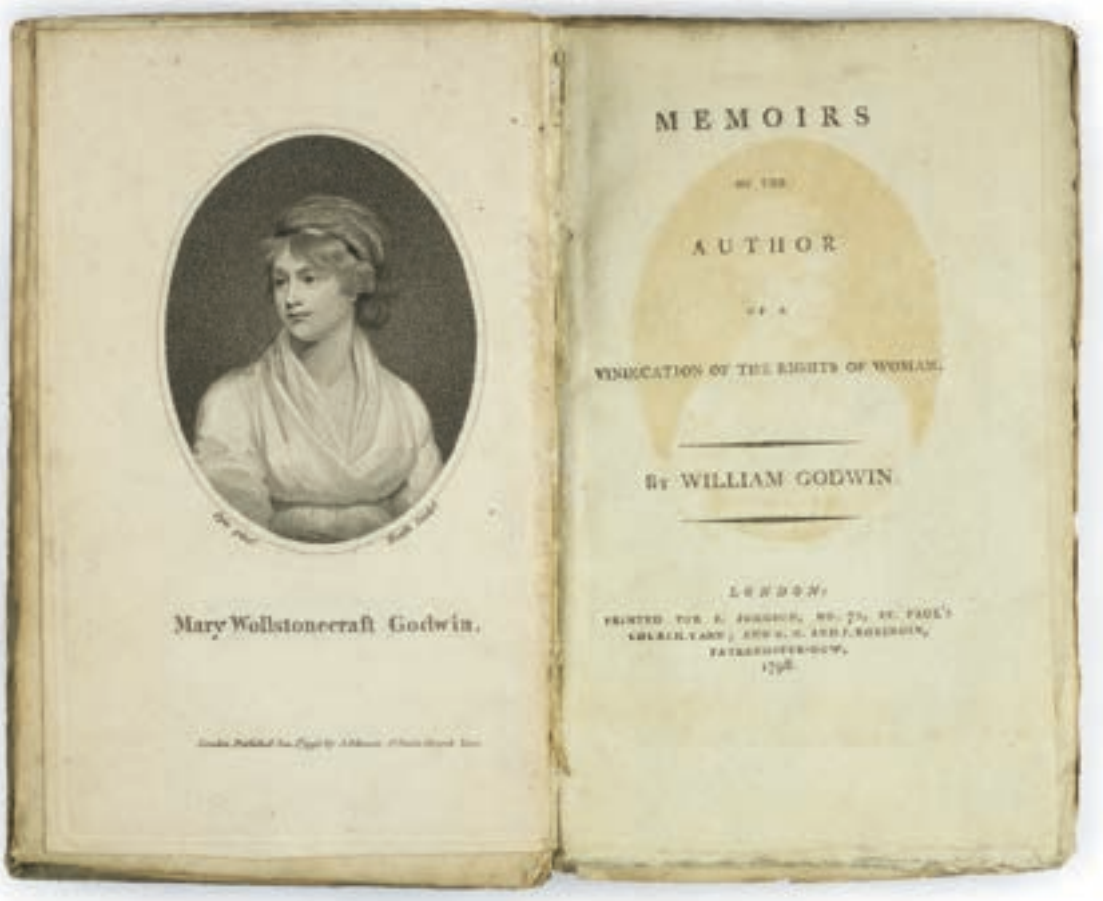
Wollstonecraft's purpose in educating women was simple and resonates strongly even today. She wrote, "I do not wish [for women] to have power over men; but over themselves."

The Lilly Library's beautiful copy of *Vindication*, from the library of J. K. Lilly, Jr. is bound in contemporary boards, with a calf spine.

William Godwin. *Memoir of the Author of a Vindication of the Rights of Woman.* London: Printed for J. Johnson, 1798.

Godwin was inconsolable after the death of his beloved wife and the mother of his newborn daughter; nevertheless, his decision to write and publish his wife's "memoir" is somewhat inexplicable, and the book destroyed Mary Wollstonecraft's reputation for almost two hundred years. Her affairs were considered sordid and immoral by the book's readers; and perhaps worse, Godwin did not do justice to his wife's intellectual power or the great political influence that she had in her own right.

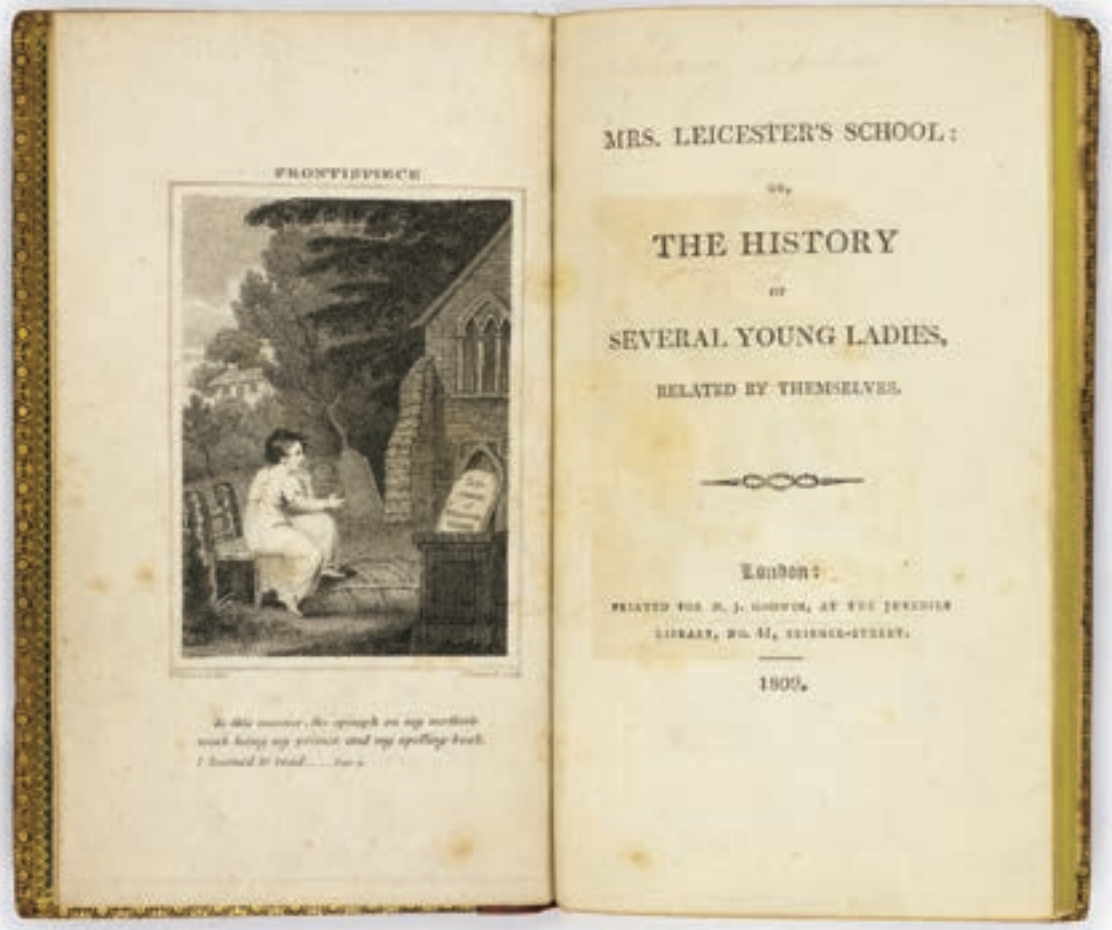
It is an account with no real literary precedent, mixing political theory with painful and rather prurient accounts of Wollstonecraft's unconventional life, including details of her affairs with Henry Fuseli and Gilbert Imlay. Godwin knew Wollstonecraft for a short time—they had been involved in a romantic relationship for only about a year and a half when she died—but Godwin presumed to mine her memories and tell the story of her life. He drew on not only what she had told him but also her letters and unpublished manuscripts. He burned a play she had been writing, deeming it unworthy of posterity. He did not, however, bother to contact her sisters, who could have shed more light than anyone on Wollstonecraft's upbringing and intellectual development. He also ignored her last-published work, "On Poetry, and



William Godwin. *Memoir of the Author of a Vindication of the Rights of Woman*. London: Printed for J. Johnson, 1798.

Our Relish for the Beauties of Nature," believing it to be too emotional and therefore incomprehensible.

There is little doubt that Godwin loved Wollstonecraft. But his misunderstanding of her intellect and her work is itself perhaps the best argument for her own assertion that women must be allowed by society to have power over themselves. Mary Shelley would always struggle to know her mother. She had Mary Wollstonecraft's words to guide her, but she also had the distorting lens of her father's memory and imagination, which has warped our understanding of Mary Wollstonecraft for a very long time.



Charles and Mary Lamb. *Mrs. Leicester's School: or, The History of Several Young Ladies, Related by Themselves*. London: Printed for M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, 1809.

Charles and Mary Lamb. *Mrs. Leicester's School: or, The History of Several Young Ladies, Related by Themselves*. London: Printed for M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, 1809.

This book, published by William and Mary-Jane Godwin, contains a frontispiece showing a little girl leaning against her mother's tomb. The caption reads: "The epitaph on my mother's tomb being my primer and my spelling book, I learned to read." This is an apt family portrait of Mary Godwin's childhood—she, her brilliant father, and her mother's grave. In a sense, she did learn to read from her mother, and although she was not fed on her mother's milk, she was fed on her mother's ideas.

CASE 6

Mad Science

> The ancient teachers of this science . . . promised impossibilities, and performed nothing. The modern masters promise very little; they know that metals cannot be transmuted, and that the elixir of life is a chimera. But these philosophers, whose hands seem only made to dabble in dirt, and their eyes to pour over the microscope or crucible, have indeed performed miracles. They penetrate into the recesses of nature, and shew how she works in her hiding places. They ascend into the heavens; they have discovered how the blood circulates, and the nature of the air we breathe. They have acquired new and almost unlimited powers; they can command the thunders of heaven, mimic the earthquake, and even mock the invisible world with its own shadows.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. I, Chapter II

Arguably the most popular reading of *Frankenstein* today—and indeed throughout most of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries—is as a dire warning against the dangers of science. Its fundamental question, these readings assert, is: "Just because we *can* do something, *should* we?" In this regard, many texts followed in the wake of *Frankenstein*: H. G. Wells's *The Island of Doctor Moreau* (1896), *The Fly* (1957 story by George Langelaan filmed in 1958 and 1986), and *Jurassic Park* (1990 novel by Michael Crichton filmed in 1993 with a franchise continuing to the present day), to name but a few. Every story in which robots run amok, animals grow to giant size and start stomping cities, clones murder their duplicates, damn dirty apes take over the planet, or radioactive science experiments take on a mind of their own, owes something to *Frankenstein*. In a sense, Mary Shelley is the grandmother or great-grandmother of Godzilla, the Blob, and the Terminator. The mad scientist—often depicted with white hair frizzing out in every direction, goofy goggles, and a beaker of bubbling fluid in his hand—is a warped cartoonish iteration of Victor, transformed through each facsimile until he is hardly recognizable (Shelley's Victor bears more similarity to the young, angst-ridden, open-shirted poets with whom she spent her time than to Doc Brown, Dr. Strangelove, Dr. Evil, or Dr. Frank N. Furter). Debatably, we would never be able to zanily bop our heads to Thomas Dolby's "She Blinded Me with Science" were it not for Mary Shelley. So . . . thanks for that, Mary.

Giovanni Aldini. *Essai théorique et expérimental sur le galvanisme*. Paris: De l'imprimerie de Fournier fils, 1804.

But these readings not only tend to ignore the emotional core of the novel but also grossly oversimplify the role of science in the story. Science fiction, a genre which *Frankenstein* arguably founded, is not always or often a simple warning to temper scientific exploration with moral caution; rather, it is a complex mode of writing which can be used for purposes both conservative (science is dangerous and we should be afraid of it) and progressive (hop on that rocket and explore the wonders of the universe next door), and every nuanced combination thereof. *Is* the novel a warning of the dangers of science—don't muck around with your penetrating fingers into the sacred mysteries of a feminized Nature—or is it a warning to tend to that which you create, however it is created? The novel has surprisingly little science in it. Victor studies chemistry, mathematics, and natural philosophy with M. Waldman and M. Krempe at the University of Ingolstadt, but the details of the monster's creation are vague. Imagery of the mad scientist, his hunchbacked or dwarfish assistant, and the laboratories filled with bubbling flasks, tanks of water equipped with electrodes, strange crackling devices for harnessing lightening, and mysterious levers (seriously, *don't* touch the levers) are all inventions of the stage and of Hollywood. It is strange to read Mary Shelley's novel and find the description of the lab and the scientific and/or alchemical processes by which the monster is created so lacking. We are not even explicitly told that electricity is used, although the symbolic blasting of a tree with a lightning bolt which inspires Victor, the reference to galvanism added

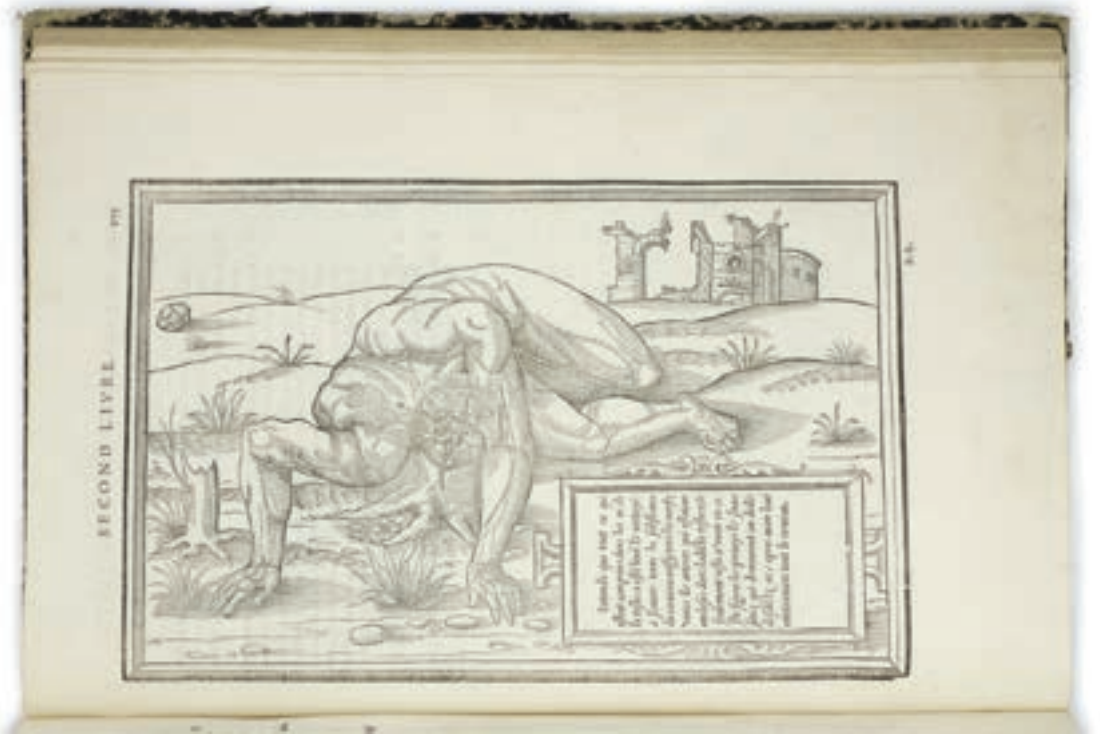
in the 1831 text, and the reference to the "spark of life" are suggestive. Electricity was not explicitly added until the John L. Balderston and Garrett Fort play of 1930, in which it was combined with the "Elixir of Life." The 1910 Thomas Edison film version uses alchemy to materialize the apparitional creature; it is not until James Whale's 1931 film that electricity alone brings the monster to life.

There is no question that *Frankenstein* has powerful resonance on modern scientific debates from cloning to climate change, and it is easy to find reference to the text in all sorts of think pieces about genetic engineering and artificial intelligence. A new edition of the novel, "annotated for scientists, engineers, and creators of all kinds" was published by the MIT Press in 2017. Isaac Asimov coined the term "Frankenstein complex" to describe a reflexive technophobia that he strongly opposed, but in reading the novel as anti-science, we are fundamentally misunderstanding it. Mary Shelley's primary response to the science of her day was *curiosity*, not fear. The books chosen for this exhibition were not selected with an eye toward our own anxieties about science. Rather, they show the contexts upon which Shelley drew and showcase the Lilly Library's magnificent collection of science and medicine, the holdings of which range from Vesalius to Watson and Crick and include some of the most important works of early medicine from the library of J. K. Lilly, Jr. as well as first printed editions of important modern scientific discoveries from the library of Ian Fleming.

Charles Estienne. *La dissection des parties du corps humain divisee en trois livres.* Paris: Simon de Colines, 1546.

One aspect of the science of *Frankenstein* is quite clear: Victor Frankenstein used the corpses of dead humans (and arguably animals as well) to build his creature: "One secret which I alone possessed was the hope to which I had dedicated myself; and the moon gazed on my midnight labours, while, with unrelaxed and breathless eagerness, I pursued nature to her hiding places. Who shall conceive the horrors of my secret toil, as I dabbled among the unhallowed damps of the grave, or tortured the living animal to animate the lifeless clay? . . . The dissecting room and the slaughterhouse furnished many of my materials; and often did my human nature turn with loathing from my occupation, whilst, still urged on by an eagerness which perpetually increased, I brought my work near to a conclusion."

It is important to remember that by the time *Frankenstein* was published, the study of anatomy in Europe was at an all-time high, and cadavers were in demand and hence, valuable. Body snatching was common, and "resurrection men" such as William Burke and William Hare of Edinburgh (who became infamous for their grave robbing after their 1828 trial) worked to provide the raw materials for the dissection theaters. The story of Burke and Hare has been somewhat entangled in the popular imagination with *Frankenstein* to turn the study of anatomy into something horrific.



Charles Estienne. *La dissection des parties du corps humain divisee en trois livres*. Paris: Simon de Colines, 1546.

Although the novel does not tell us that Victor Frankenstein studied anatomy, he must have done so, and perhaps he pored over great works of Renaissance anatomy, such as Andreas Vesalius's *De humani corporis fabrica* (1543) and Charles Estienne's *La dissection des parties du corps humain divisee en trois livres*, at the University of Ingolstadt. The woodcuts of dissection in Estienne (whose brother Robert was a famous printer) are especially fine, and the figure shown here with an open head and exposed brain, crouched in a monstrous pose with a Gothic castle in the background, seems particularly apt.

Robert Boyle. *New Experiments Physico-Mechanical, Touching the Spring of the Air, and Its Effects*. Second ed. Oxford: Printed by H. Hall, for Tho. Robinson, 1662.

Victor's scientific education prior to his entry into university is muddled with his passion for the study of alchemy and the occult; however, he does encounter some important scientific ideas: "The natural phenomena that take place every day before our eyes did not escape my examinations. Distillation, and the wonderful effects of steam, processes of which my favourite authors were utterly ignorant, excited my astonishment; but my utmost wonder was engaged by some experiments on an air-pump, which I saw employed by a gentleman whom we were in the habit of visiting."

Robert Boyle. *New Experiments Physico-Mechanical, Touching the Spring of the Air, and Its Effects*. Second ed. Oxford: Printed by H. Hall, for Tho. Robinson, 1662.

The English chemist Robert Boyle did extensive experiments with an air pump designed and manufactured by Robert Hooke. An engraving of such an air pump is shown here in Boyle's pioneering work in vacuum technology, *New Experiments Physico-Mechanical*, first published in 1660. Victor also no doubt owes some of his interests to Percy Shelley, who was known at university to keep vials, crucibles, microscopes, a telescope, a galvanic trough, an air pump, and other scientific equipment in his rooms. Mary was also strongly influenced in her depiction of science by Percy's personal physician and controversial materialist Sir William Lawrence, who was forced to withdraw a publication when its pre-Darwinian evolutionary ideas were ruled blasphemous by the Lord Chancellor.

Luigi Galvani. *De viribus electricitatis in motu musculari commentarius*. Mutinæ: Apud Societatem Typographicum, 1792.

The term "galvanism," which Shelley introduced into the 1831 third edition of *Frankenstein*, is an anachronist addition to the text. Galvinism was discovered in 1791, far past the years (around 1772 according to the internal chronology of the text) when Victor was discovering science as a young man. Nevertheless, Mary Shelley herself was certainly aware of the idea that an electrical current could cause muscle

Luigi Galvani. *De viribus electricitatis in motu musculari commentarius*. Mutinæ: Apud Societatem Typographicum, 1792.

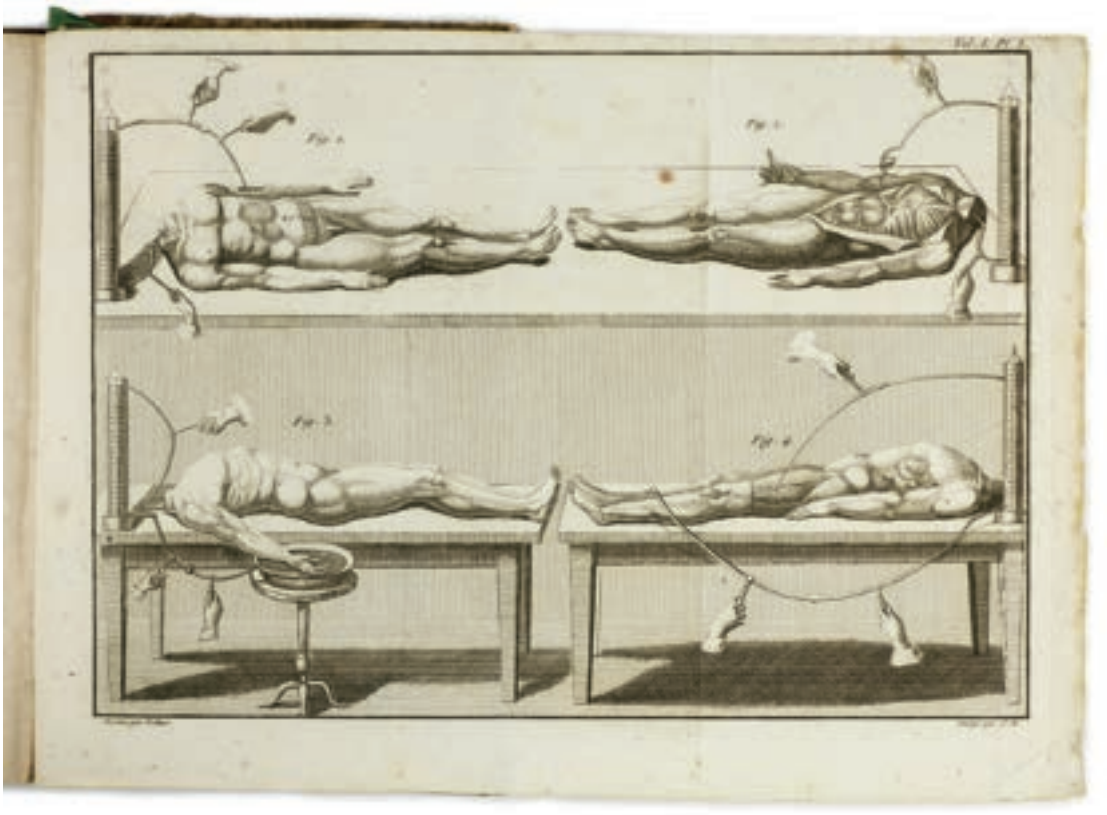
tissue to contract. In the 1780s and '90s, Italian physician and philosopher Luigi Galvani conducted experiments in which he touched dead frogs' legs with a copper probe and a piece of iron at the same time. They twitched, as though stimulated by an electric current. These experiments are shown in the engraved plates displayed here. Galvani theorized that this proved there was some kind of "animal electricity," an idea later disproved by Alessandro Volta, who attributed the effect to the different metals and created the first chemical electric battery. But at the time, it was a potent idea—one that in her 1831 preface to *Frankenstein* she says the group at the Villa Diodati discussed—and Mary Shelley's curious imagination ran with it.

Giovanni Aldini. *Essai théorique et expérimental sur le galvanisme*. Paris: De l'imprimerie de Fournier fils, 1804.

Giovanni Aldini was the nephew of Luigi Galvani, and he was impressed by his uncle's experiments. One such experiment showed that a dead frog's legs would twitch when exposed to the electricity in the air during a thunderstorm. These experiments suggested what seemed to be a very real possibility that the dead could be returned to life.

Some of the experiments that took place during this time were more horrific than anything from the pages of Shelley's novel. Frogs were sacrificed in scores in the

Giovanni Aldini. *Essai théorique et expérimental sur le galvanisme*. Paris: De l'imprimerie de Fournier fils, 1804.



name of science. Kittens were decapitated or had their brain cavities filled with silver and zinc and then made to leap and dance with electrical charges. Victor's reference to "tortur[ing] the living animal to animate the lifeless clay" suggests that he may have performed such experiments.

Victor's experiments were partly inspired by Giovanni Aldini, who in 1803 performed galvanic experiments on the corpse of George Forster, who was convicted of drowning his wife and child. Those who witnessed the experiment (and these endeavors were often pieces of theater as well as science) were horrified when the dead man's eye popped open and arm rose up as if to wave hello. The awakening of Frankenstein's monster could be taken directly from the records of such experiments: "I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated the limbs."

In 1818, Scottish physician Andrew Ure performed experiments on a human corpse, that of convicted murderer Matthew Clydesdale. Clydesdale was so horrified at the addition of dissection to his sentence that he tried (and nearly succeeded) to kill himself in his cell. He slashed his neck and wrists, but they were sewn up just well enough for him to be summarily hanged. Ure cut open the corpse's neck and inserted what he called a "minor voltaic battery," with one end on the spinal marrow and the other on the sciatic nerve. When the battery was turned on, the results were astounding. The corpse twitched and shuddered as if from cold. The chest heaved and, as Ure himself reported, "every muscle in his countenance was simultaneously thrown into fearful action; rage, horror, despair, anguish, and ghastly smiles united their hideous expression in the murderer's face." His fingers then moved "nimbly, like those of a violin performer" and "he seemed to point to the different spectators, some of whom thought he had come to life" (Montillo 215). Some viewers were so overcome with terror that they fainted. The goal of such experiments was to bring victims of drowning, suffocation, or hanging back to life.

Andrew Knapp and William Baldwin. *The Newgate Calendar Comprising Interesting Memoirs of the Most Notorious Characters Who Have Been Convicted of Outrages on the Laws of England*. Vol. 3. London: J. Robins and Co., 1825.

Mary's childhood home at 41 Skinner Street was a block away from Newgate Prison, and on execution days, she would have been able to hear the bells ring the death knell for the condemned. The keeper of Newgate Prison published the "Newgate Calendar" or "The Malefactors' Bloody Registry," a monthly bulletin of execution. It was so popular that bound volumes began to be published; shown here is the popular "new" edition of 1825, a work that influenced many nineteenth-century writers of horror and crime, open to the story of George Forster (misspelled Foster) and the experiments conducted by Aldini: "On the first application of the process to the face, the jaws of the deceased criminal began to quiver, and the adjoining muscles were

horribly contorted, and one eye was actually opened. In the subsequent part of the process the right hand was raised and clenched, and the legs and thighs were set in motion."

The Collected Works of Sir Humphry Davy. Vol. 3. *Researches, Chemical and Philosophical*. Ed. John Davy. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1839–1840.

In October of 1816, Mary Shelley recorded in her journal that she was reading Sir Humphry Davy's "Chemistry," by which she probably meant his *A Discourse, Introductory to a Course of Lectures on Chemistry*. As the only scientific work that she directly cites during the time of the writing of the novel, it has been identified as a possible source for scientific ideas and the scientific course of study undertaken by Victor in *Frankenstein*.

The Collected Works of Sir Humphry Davy. Vol. 3. *Researches, Chemical and Philosophical*. Ed. John Davy. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1839–1840.

CASE 7

The Gothic

> I wandered like an evil spirit, for I had committed deeds of mischief beyond description horrible, and more, much more, (I persuaded myself) was yet behind. Yet my heart overflowed with kindness, and the love of virtue. I had begun life with benevolent intentions, and thirsted for the moment when I should put them in practice, and make myself useful to my fellow-beings. Now all was blasted. . . . I was seized by remorse and a sense of guilt, which hurried me away to a hell of intense tortures, such as no language can describe.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. II, Chapter I

Ask someone today to explain "the Gothic," and they might tell you to talk to the teenage girl with black nail polish and Robert Smith hair shopping for striped tights in Hot Topic. Today's Gothic (or Goth) subculture—robustly represented in music, film, television, literature, and fashion—can be traced back to a literary and publishing phenomenon that began in the 1760s. The term "Gothic," as we use it today (as opposed to its original meaning used to refer to Germanic tribes that invaded the Roman Empire in the third to fifth centuries) was coined in the eighteenth century, and referred at first to medieval architecture. Gothic revival included a turn against the Classical and Neoclassical and an embracing of the overgrown, the ruined, the dark, and all things belonging to some romanticized remote age of barbarity, sexual license, and belief in the supernatural. Most Gothic novels are set in the past (though often vague and historically questionable versions of the past), set in ruins, castles, or dark forests of countries other than England (often European Catholic countries), and contain plots that revolve around ancestry, primogeniture, incest, and family crimes. Ghosts, skeletons, animated suits of armor, demons, and spectral nuns pop in and out of the narratives to terrorize the heroines, point the way to hidden passageways, and metaphorically externalize the protagonist's guilt, grief, torment, or sins.

It is easy to see that in some ways *Frankenstein* partakes of this tradition; both Victor and the monster are Gothic types, given to woeful speeches about being "blasted" and tortured beyond words. The first edition of the novel also contains an incestuous relationship between Victor and his cousin Elizabeth; Shelley removed the blood tie in the 1831 edition and changed Elizabeth to Victor's foster sister. But a strong whiff of the Gothic persists, for example, in the dream Victor has just after he

M. G. Lewis. *The Monk: A Romance of the Most Intense Interest*. London: Published by John Williams, 1826.

creates the monster: "I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of heath, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel." This dream is quite the Gordian knot of psycho-sexual energy, especially if we start by thinking about Mary Shelley herself and the complex ways in which she became a substitute/replacement for the mother she killed at birth. She may have lost her virginity on or near her own mother's grave—which would be enough to complicate anyone's understanding of sex and death, but she is also drawing from the popular Gothic literature of the day, which was filled with virgins being defiled (or menaced with defilement), lecherous priests, accidental incest punished by bloody ghosts, and all other sorts of erotic mischief.

Gothic fiction was both a result of and a driver for sweeping changes in the publishing industry that began to occur around the turn of the nineteenth century. By the end of the nineteenth century, technology had transformed the printing industry in every way: the introduction of machine-made and (later) wood pulp paper; the invention of the iron press around the turn of the century and the mechanical steam

press soon thereafter; and eventually the mechanization of typecasting, punch cutting, and composition. All of this was still in the future when Horace Walpole penned *The Castle of Otranto*, but the Gothic and other types of popular fiction drove the demand that sped along the transition from the hand press era of printing to the machine press era. The literate reading public—which was growing due to social factors such as increased access to education and mass migration to cities—created a growing need for triple-decker novels to line the shelves of circulating libraries. The Gothic phenomenon was part of a long shift to a consumer/reader-driven market for literature, and for the first time in history, middle-class women's tastes were dictating what was published.

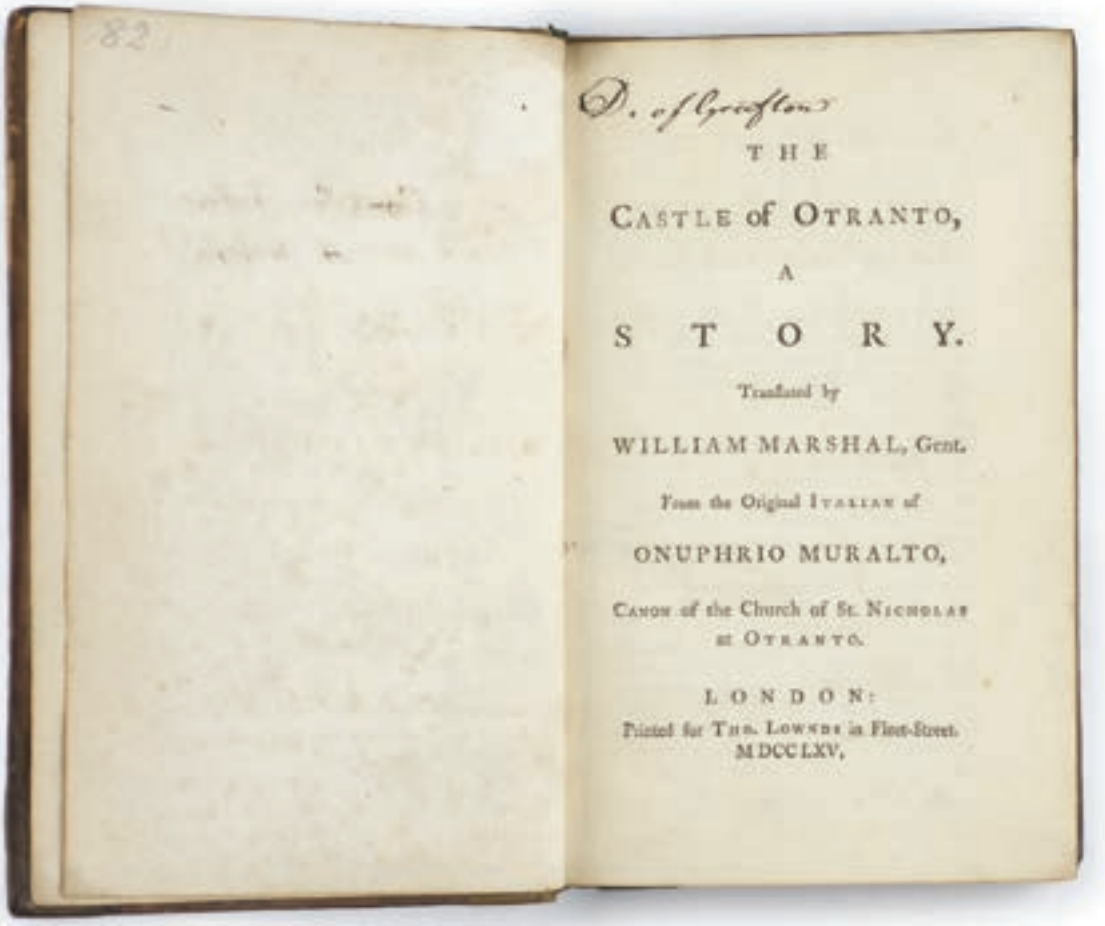
By the time *Frankenstein* was published, the Gothic genre was so well established as to have already been parodied many times, most effectively in Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey*. Shelley pushed the genre forward by replacing the ghost with a monster and supernatural agency with science. But Shelley was greatly influenced by her Gothic predecessors, and the emotional core of the novel is Gothic indeed.

Horace Walpole. *The Castle of Otranto: A Story*. London: Printed for Tho. Lownds, 1765.

Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford, a Whig politician and the son of the first prime minister of England, Robert Walpole, is usually credited with penning the first Gothic novel. To some extent, Walpole did not just write the Gothic but lived it. In 1747, he purchased an estate near Twickenham. He turned it into his "little Gothick castle" called Strawberry Hill, which he furnished with a private press that he used to publish poetry of the Graveyard School.

The idea for *The Castle of Otranto* came to Walpole in a dream of a "gigantic hand in armour." The story centers around a giant suit of armor; in fact, the novel opens with a gigantic helmet falling out of nowhere to crush a man, one of the greatest special effects in all of literature.

The first edition of the novel purports to be "translated by William Marshal, Gent. From the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto." Walpole acknowledged authorship in the second edition, though the tendency for Gothic stories to be nested within hoaxes or epistolary layers remained a fixture of the genre. Walpole laid out all the conventions of the Gothic novel in this ur-text, and a comparison with *Frankenstein* shows the extent to which Shelley's novel has strayed from its prototype. One of the common features of the Gothic is the inclusion of powerful antiheroes. To call *Otranto*'s Manfred "Byronic" is anachronistic but also accurate. In this regard, *Frankenstein* is true to form by giving us two villain-heroes, Victor and the monster, both titanic presences who we both admire and despise. The villain, of course, needs someone to menace, and the typical Gothic novel includes a beautiful and ever-harrowed heroine, who is in the habit of fainting, swooning, collapsing, dying, or otherwise ending up in a prostrate position. In *Otranto* it is Isabella, who at one


D. of Grafton

THE

CASTLE of OTRANTO,

A

S T O R Y.

Translated by

WILLIAM MARSHAL, Gent.

From the Original ITALIAN of

ONUPHRIO MURALTO,

CANON of the Church of St. NICHOLAS at OTRANTO.

LONDON:

Printed for THO. LOWNDS in Fleet-Street.

M DCC LXV.

Horace Walpole. *The Castle of Otranto: A Story*. London: Printed for Tho. Lownds, 1765.

point is chased through a subterranean passage of the castle. *Frankesnstein*'s Elizabeth is strong and resourceful, but she comes to the same bad (and horizontal) end as many Gothic leading ladies. The castle itself is often a character in Gothic fictions, never more so than in *The Castle of Otranto*. And of course any good castle has hidden passageways, haunted staircases, chambers of secrets, and plenty of ancestral gloom. Shelley forsook the Gothic castle and gave us the Gothic laboratory—though the film versions of *Frankenstein* often evoke the Gothic castle (as in the castle-like, stone windmill in the Universal films of the 1930s) in their set design.

Finally, *Frankenstein* changes the Gothic formula by replacing the supernatural with science. There are no ghosts, bleeding statues, floating torsos, apparitions, or devils. Religious terrors are replaced with an entirely material one: the monster. The monster is flesh and blood, he was made by a man (not God), and he speaks and thinks and feels . . . just like us.

The Lilly Library's first edition of *The Castle of Otranto*, from the library of J. K. Lilly, Jr. is a presentation copy, signed on the flyleaf "From the author H. Walpole."

Clara Reeve. *The Old English Baron: A Gothic Story*. London: Printed for Edward and Charles Dilly, 1778.

The Old English Baron, first published in 1777 as *The Champion of Virtue*, is generally considered to be the second Gothic novel, after Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto*, and the first written by a woman. In the preface to this, the second edition and first under this title, Reeve promises to "allow the appearance of the ghost" but keep it "within the limits of credibility." Rather than the over-the-top special effects of Walpole, she offers a rather tame version of the ghost; the main spirit here is the hero's murdered father in the form of an armored skeleton, who, rather than menace anyone, leads the hero to reestablish the rightful line of descent.

The novel is also significant in that it was exceedingly popular, going through fifteen editions before 1800 and forty more in the course of the nineteenth century. Reeve paved the way for other women writers, including Ann Radcliffe and Mary Shelley, to take up the bloody pen. Reeve and Radcliffe offered more restrained, well-behaved ghosts than their male counterparts—but Shelley broke from them all in leaving the spectral behind entirely.

Clara Reeve. *The Old English Baron: A Gothic Story*. London: Printed for Edward and Charles Dilly, 1778.

William Beckford. *An Arabian Tale from an Unpublished Manuscript, with Notes Critical and Explanatory*. London: Printed for J. Johnson, 1786.

An Arabian Tale is a Gothic novel much better known under the title given to it in its subsequent editions: *Vathek*. Its author, even more so than Walpole, not only wrote the Gothic but lived it. He built a fantastically opulent, always-in-progress, Gothic house called Fonthill Abbey, so large and elaborate that it allowed him to refer to Walpole's Strawberry Hill as a "toyshop." The tottering house was home to Beckford's spectacular collection of art, including works by Renaissance masters, Asian *objects d'art*, and classical sculptures; an elaborate library built up from the library of Edward Gibbon, which he had acquired in full; a 276-foot tower that kept collapsing; a harem of young male lovers; and a dwarf as a doorkeeper. In other words, *no one on earth* has ever been as Goth as William Beckford. He was born into one of England's wealthiest families and soon distinguished himself with scandalous accusations of sodomy, forcing him into a self-exiled version of the Grand Tour. It was during this time that he penned *Vathek*, in French, taking (he claimed) only two days and three nights.

The story combines the Gothic with the *Arabian Nights* and revolves around Caliph Vathek who renounces Islam and quests for forbidden knowledge and decadent pleasures, including a journey to hell to meet the demon Eblis, whose favor he tries to curry with horrific acts like tricking fifty children into being sacrificed in an ebony portal. The story was especially of interest to Lord Byron, who cited it as a major influence of his poem *The Giaour*. *The Castle of Otranto*, *Vathek*, and *Frankenstein* have often been published together and cited as the "top tier" of Gothic novels. They are quite different, but examined together provide a fascinating scope for the kind of ideas the genre can accomplish. What they share is an obsession with titanic and powerful hero-villains; it could be argued that one of Shelley's many innovations was to split a character like Manfred or Vathek in two, Victor and the monster, a ploy that would be taken up again by James Hogg in *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* (1824) and Robert Louis Stevenson in *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886).

Vathek has a complicated publishing history. It was written in French, but the first publication, shown here, was an unauthorized English edition, published by Beckford's friend who he had asked to translate the text. Further fragments were discovered in the twentieth century and added to most modern published versions of the novel.

The Lilly Library's copy of the first English edition is from the library of J. K. Lilly, Jr. The Lilly Library also holds one of the only recorded copies in the original binding of the first French edition of 1787.

Novels by Anne Radcliffe.

Ann Radcliffe. *The Mysteries of Udolpho: A Romance*. London: Printed for G. G. and J. Rovinson, 1794.

Ann Radcliffe. *The Romance of the Forest*. London: Printed for T. Hookham and Carpenter, 1791.

Ann Radcliffe. *The Italian, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents: A Romance*. London: Printed for T. Cadell Jun. and W. Davies, 1797.

As the Gothic novel grew in popularity, it soon split off into two distinct tracks: the "supernatural accepted" (often associated with male writers) and the "supernatural explained" (associated with women writers). The former requires that the reader accept the existence of ghost and other supernatural forces. The latter is basically the eighteenth-century version of *Scooby Doo*: a ghost terrorizes the protagonists but is unmasked at the end by those meddling kids and shown to be just an all-too-human villain. Theatrical props and elaborately staged set pieces allowed for the persistence in the appearance of impossible goings-on throughout the novel, but all was explained in the end. The master of this form of Gothic was Ann Radcliffe, who wrote six highly influential novels characterized by persecuted heroines, a focus on elaborate creations of sublime and haunting landscapes, and interspersed fragments of her own poetry.

In the novels of Radcliffe, supernatural-seeming elements are used to divert the protagonist from solving the mysteries that surround her, thus drawing out the plot for three- or four-volume novels. The Gothics of male writers tended to be shorter

and more bloodily brutal—causing more "horror" than "terror," in the terms of Edmund Burke's treatise on the sublime and the beautiful, a text upon which Gothic writers of both varieties often drew. In a posthumously published essay, Radcliffe explained, "Terror and Horror are so far opposite, that the first expands the soul and awakens the faculties to a high degree of life; the other contracts, freezes and nearly annihilates them." Radcliffe achieved immense popularity in her time but chose to shun public life, making her still an understudied figure in the history of the Gothic. The fragmentary evidence of her life suggest that she led a life of retiring decorum, but her fans saw her as a prophetess or mad genius.

Radcliffe is a pivotal figure in that she responded to writers who came before her and influenced writers to come. She shunned the histrionic supernaturalism of her male peers, directly writing against the excesses of *The Monk* in her novel *The Italian*. Jane Austen parodied the Gothic genre—particularly Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho*—in her 1817 novel, *Northanger Abbey*. Her protagonist, Catherine Morland, is an avid consumer of Gothic fiction and fancies herself to be "in training for a heroine." *Northanger Abbey* is simultaneously a love letter to the Gothic novels of Austen's day (and Catherine is the prototype of all geeky fangirls) and a searing critique of them, highlighting their pasteboard heroes and villains and predictable plots.

M. G. Lewis. *The Monk: A Romance of the Most Intense Interest.* London: Published by John Williams, 1826.

In many regards, Matthew Gregory Lewis's *The Monk* is the apotheosis of the Gothic; it is so over-the-top in its depictions of torrid sex and ghastly terrors that it immediately became one of the most popular, controversial, imitated, and execrated works of its day. The novel was published in 1796, when its unlikely author was only twenty years old—making him, like Mary Shelley, something of a Gothic prodigy. Lewis was a recent Oxford graduate working as an attaché to the British Embassy in the Hague when he began writing a romance inspired by his literary work translating German ghost stories.

The blisteringly anti-Catholic narrative follows the young monk Antonio on his path to corruption. The plot is as convoluted as a nest of vipers and includes incest, cross-dressing, sadomasochism, infanticide, rape, murder, the torments of the Inquisition, an angry mob ripping a group of fallen nuns limb from limb, and the summoning of Lucifer himself—a veritable cornucopia of forbidden fruits for the titillated reading public. The novel was so popular that Lewis became known as "Monk" Lewis.

The Monk was one of Percy Shelley's favorite novels, and Lewis has special bearing on the creation of *Frankenstein* for he visited the Villa Diodati in the summer of 1816 and recounted five ghost stories, which Percy recorded in his journal. Although at this point Lewis had largely given up literary pursuits in favor of managing his

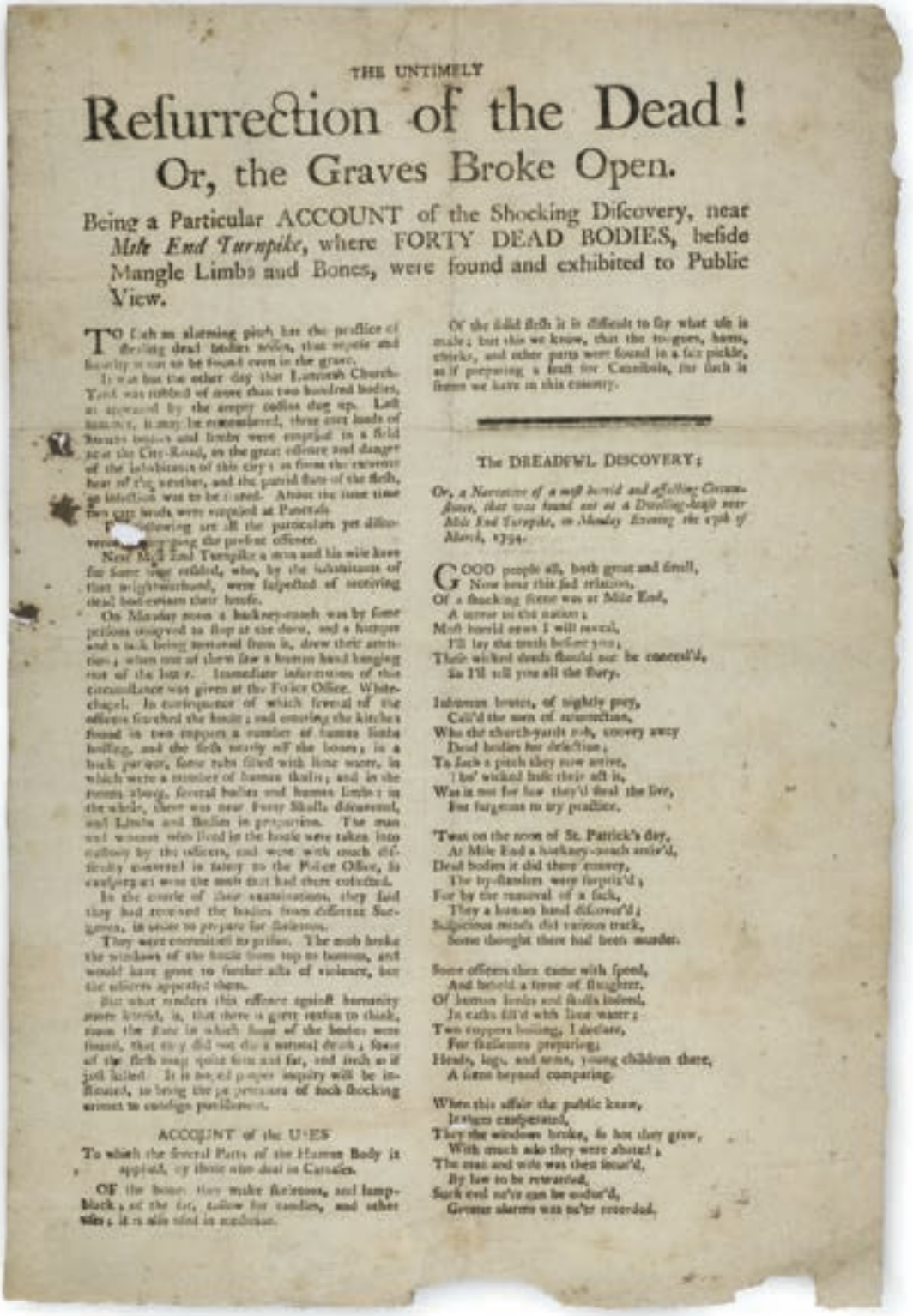
M. G. Lewis. *The Monk: A Romance of the Most Intense Interest*. London: Published by John Williams, 1826.

inherited Jamaican plantations, he retained a lifelong passion for German tales of the supernatural. His translation of Goethe's *Faust* influenced Byron's *Manfred*, and no doubt his presence was one of the many ingredients in the soup of supernatural energy that pervaded Diodati in the summer of 1816.

This lavish one-volume octavo edition, a recent addition to the Lilly Library's collections, was chosen for exhibition for its gorgeous colored plates. The Lilly Library also holds the 1796 first edition as well as numerous reprints and dramatic adaptations of this popular work.

***The Untimely Resurrection of the Dead, or, The Graves Broke Open, Being a Particular Account of the Shocking Discovery, Near Mile End Turnpike, where Forty Dead Bodies, Beside Mangle Limbs and Bones, were Found and Exhibited to Public View*. London: 1794.**

This broadside is included as a reminder that the Gothic novel was by no means the only way by which tales of horror and the supernatural were consumed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Broadsides such as this were printed cheaply and quickly and sold on the street, pinned up in shops, and passed around to provide



THE UNTIMELY

Resurrection of the Dead!

Or, the Graves Broke Open.

Being a Particular ACCOUNT of the Shocking Discovery, near *Mile End Turnpike*, where FORTY DEAD BODIES, beside Mangle Limbs and Bones, were found and exhibited to Public View.

TO [illegible] an alarming pitch has the practice of [illegible] dead bodies arisen, that repose and [illegible] is not to be found even in the grave.

It was but the other day that Lambeth Church-Yard was robbed of more than two hundred bodies, as appeared by the empty coffins dug up. Last summer, it may be remembered, three cart loads of human bodies and limbs were emptied in a field near the City-Road, to the great offence and danger of the inhabitants of this city: as from the recovery heat of the weather, and the putrid state of the flesh, an infection was to be dreaded. About the same time two cart loads were emptied at Pancras.

[illegible] following are all the particulars yet discovered [illegible] among the profane officers.

Near Mile End Turnpike a man and his wife have for some time resided, who, by the inhabitants of that neighbourhood, were suspected of receiving dead bodies from their hands.

On Monday noon a hackney-coach was by some persons observed to stop at the door, and a hamper and a sack being removed from it, drew their attention; when out of them flew a human hand hanging out of the latter. Immediate information of this circumstance was given at the Police Office, Whitechapel. In consequence of which several of the officers searched the house; and entering the kitchen found in two coppers a number of human limbs boiling, and the flesh nearly off the bones; in a back parlour, some tubs filled with lime water, in which were a number of human skulls; and in the room above, several bodies and human limbs: in the whole, there was near Forty Skulls discovered, and Limbs and Bodies in proportion. The man and woman who lived in the house were taken into custody by the officers, and were with much difficulty conveyed to safety to the Police Office, as numbers of men the mob that had there collected.

In the course of their examinations, they said they had received the bodies from different Surgeons, in order to prepare for Skeletons.

They were committed to prison. The mob broke the windows of the house from top to bottom, and would have gone to further acts of violence, but the officers appeased them.

But what renders this offence against humanity more horrid, is, that there is great reason to think, from the state in which most of the bodies were found, that they did not die a natural death; some of the flesh being quite torn out, and fresh as if just killed. It is hoped proper inquiry will be instituted, to bring the perpetrators of such shocking crimes to condign punishment.

ACCOUNT of the USES

To which the several Parts of the Human Body is applied, by those who deal in Carcases.

OF the bones they make [illegible], and lamp-black; of the fat, tallow for candles, and other uses; it is also used in medicine.

Of the solid flesh it is difficult to say what use is made; but this we know, that the tongues, hams, chines, and other parts were found in a fair pickle, as if preparing a feast for Cannibals, for such it seems we have in this country.

The DREADFUL DISCOVERY:

Or, a Narrative of a most horrid and affecting Circumstance, that was found out at a Dwelling-house near Mile End Turnpike, on Monday Evening the 17th of March, 1794.

GOOD people all, both great and small,
Now hear this sad relation,
Of a shocking scene was at Mile End,
A terror to the nation;
Most horrid news I will reveal,
I'll lay the truth before you;
Their wicked deeds should not be conceal'd,
So I'll tell you all the story.

Inhuman brutes, of nightly prey,
Call'd the men of resurrection,
Who the church-yards rob, every way
Dead bodies for detection;
To such a pitch they now arrive,
Tho' wicked trade their aft is,
Was it not for law they'd steal the live,
For surgeons to try practice.

'Twas on the noon of St. Patrick's day,
At Mile End a hackney-coach arriv'd,
Dead bodies it did there convey,
The by-standers were surpris'd;
For by the removal of a sack,
They a human hand discover'd;
Suspicious minds did various track,
Some thought there had been murder.

Some officers then came with speed,
And beheld a scene of slaughter,
Of human limbs and skulls indeed,
In casks fill'd with lime water;
Two coppers boiling, I declare,
For fleshmeats preparing;
Heads, legs, and arms, young children there,
A scene beyond comparing.

When this affair the public knew,
Images exasperated,
They the windows broke, so hot they grew,
With much ado they were abated;
The man and wife was then secur'd,
By law to be rewarded,
Such evil as'rs can be endur'd,
Greater alarms was ne'er recorded.

The Untimely Resurrection of the Dead, or, The Graves Broke Open, Being a Particular Account of the Shocking Discovery, Near Mile End Turnpike, where Forty Dead Bodies, Beside Mangle Limbs and Bones, were Found and Exhibited to Public View. London, 1794.

news, gossip, and entertainment to the lower classes. Because of their ephemeral nature, many survive in only one copy, if at all. This is an example of a broadside that survives in a unique copy and tells of the trade in stolen corpses for anatomical dissection.

Dramatic Tales and Romances. Vols. 3 and 4. London: Published by John Duncombe and Co., ca. 1830.

These bound volumes of chapbooks, part of a twelve-volume set, are crammed with stories of bandits, ghosts, skeleton lovers, sorcerers, damsels in distress, and heroic deeds. Their small size made them cheap, but their hand-colored, fold-out, engraved illustrations made them special and appealing. They provide a good example of the Gothic mode packaged in a popular format and consumable by a wide swath of the literate public.

Dramatic Tales and Romances. Vol. 3. London: Published by John Duncombe and Co., ca. 1830.

CASE 8

The Monster's Books

> The possession of these treasures gave me extreme delight; I now continually studied and exercised my mind upon these histories. . . . I can hardly describe to you the effect of these books. They produced in me an infinity of new images and feelings, that sometimes raised me to ecstasy, but more frequently sunk me into the lowest dejection.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. II, Chapter VII

For people who have only encountered Frankenstein's monster through films, the greatest surprise when reading the novel for the first time is usually that the monster is not an inarticulate, shambling brute but highly intelligent, educated, and well spoken. The monster as Mary Shelley created him is a literate being, fully able to express his anguish.

To believe in the monster's language and literacy requires something of a suspension of disbelief (and why not?—this is, after all, a novel of the fantastic, and the term *suspension of disbelief* was coined by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a great influence on Mary Shelley), which is why it is often cut from films and other adaptations. One must believe, first, that the monster was able to learn language (in this case, French, the language spoken by Victor Frankenstein and the family of cottagers with whom the monster becomes obsessed) remarkably quickly and only by observing from a distance. This feat is made slightly more believable by adding the detail that the monster is able to watch the language lessons given by Felix to his Arabic sweetheart Safie. He believes that if he can learn the "godlike science" of language, he will be able to speak to his friends in such a way that they will "become acquainted with my admiration of their virtues, they would compassionate me, and overlook my personal deformity."

The monster (impossibly) learns to read from watching Felix teach Safie French by reading from Volney's *The Ruins, Or, Meditation of the Revolutions of Empires: and the Law of Nature* (1791) even though he is presumably too far away to see the symbols in the text. His understanding of himself is greatly shaped by the reading from Volney, a book that is unfortunately not part of the Lilly Library's collections:

> The words induced me to turn towards myself. I learned that the possessions most esteemed by your fellow-creatures were, high and unsullied descent united with

John Milton. *Paradise Lost: A Poem in Twelve Books*. 4th edition, adorn'd with sculptures. London: Printed by Miles Flesher for Jacob Tonson, 1688.

> riches. A man might be respected with only one of these acquisitions, but without either he was considered, except in very rare instances, as a vagabond and a slave, doomed to waste his powers for the profit of the chosen few. And what was I? . . . I possessed no money, no friends, no kind of property. I was, besides, endowed with a figure hideously deformed and loathsome. . . . Was I then a monster, a blot upon the earth, from which all men fled, and whom all men disowned?

It is through reading, then, that the monster learns of the social organization of the world, that heredity and wealth dictate one's position in society. It is through reading, essentially, that he learns to hate himself, and he wishes that he could have remained in the woods as a kind of noble savage. His literacy and his misery increase when he finds a portmanteau in the woods containing copies of *Paradise Lost*, Plutarch's *Lives,* and *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, all of which are well represented in numerous editions in the Lilly Library's collections.

The monster's experiments in language ultimately fail him. He begins his introduction to the cottagers with the blind old man; here, he is successful because he

cannot be seen. But as soon as the young people see him, Agatha faints, Safie runs out of the house, and Felix becomes violent: "[He] darted forward, and with supernatural force tore me from his father, to whose knees I clung: in a transport of fury, he dashed me to the ground, and struck me violently with a stick. I could have torn him limb from limb, as the lion rends the antelope. But my heart sunk within me as with bitter sickness, and I refrained." At the end of the day, language and literature cannot save the monster. The books he reads only cause him greater despair, as he comes to understand all the things he will never have—nurturing parents, kind companions, and a mate to whom he can give his love. His essential ugliness cannot be overcome by a gentle soul and pretty words . . . which, at the end of it all, may be the greatest tragedy of Mary Shelley's horrific tale.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers. Erster-Zweyter Theil.* Leipzig: In der Weygandschen Buchhandlung, 1774.

The Sorrows of Young Werther, first published in 1774 when Goethe was only twenty-four, was one of the greatest influences on the Romantic movement in literature, and by having her monster read it, Shelley connects him with what was essentially the popular culture of her day.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers. Erster-Zweyter Theil.* Leipzig: In der Weygandschen Buchhandlung, 1774.

Like *Frankenstein*, it is an epistolary novel, told in letters from the sensitive-souled Werther to his friend Wilhelm. The monster is introduced to a startling array of concepts, including friendship, romantic love, and burning jealousy. He explains to Victor, "I thought Werther himself a more divine being than I had ever beheld or imagined; his character contained no pretension, but it sunk deep." The monster, however, ultimately does not choose to fashion himself on the young romantic hero. Werther cannot bear to live without his love Charlotte, but also cannot contemplate the murder of her lover Albert. Believing that one member of the love triangle must die to resolve the despair it causes everyone, he chooses to end his own life rather than someone else's. The monster is filled with wonder at "the hero, whose extinction I wept, without precisely understanding it." Unlike Werther, he will eventually murder others to try to assuage his own pain and manipulate his creator into creating a mate for him. Victor also waxes poetic about suicide but is far too self-absorbed to commit it, even though his continuing existence puts his loved ones at risk as long as both he and his monster are alive. The monster eventually comes around to Werther's position again at the end of the novel when he chooses to commit suicide . . . though the reader is left forever wondering if he carried out his plan to immolate himself in the midst of the Arctic.

The Lilly Library's first impression of the first edition is from the collection of Ian Fleming.

Plutarchus. *Le vite di Plvtarco ridotte in compendio, per M. Dario Tiberto da Cesena*. Venetia: Michele Tramezino, 1543.

Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans* provides an interesting contrast to Goethe, giving the monster an education that is both modern and classical. Of the text, the monster relates, "Plutarch taught me high thoughts; he elevated me above the wretched sphere of my own reflections, to admire and love the heroes of the past ages. . . . I felt the greatest ardour for virtue rise within me, and abhorrence for vice, as far as I understood the signification of those terms, relative as they were, as I applied them, to pleasure and pain alone." Thus, the monster's sense of justice and virtue is shaped by the Greeks and Romans, which may partly explain his recourse to murder when he cannot get what he wants.

The Lilly Library holds numerous editions of this text, though none from the eighteenth century of the sort the monster might have found in his satchel. This edition was chosen for its pleasing portable size (for the literate monster on the go), beautiful sixteenth-century binding, and gauffered fore-edges.

John Milton. *Paradise Lost: A Poem Written in Ten Books*. London: Printed by Peter Parker and by Robert Boulter and Matthias Walker, 1667.

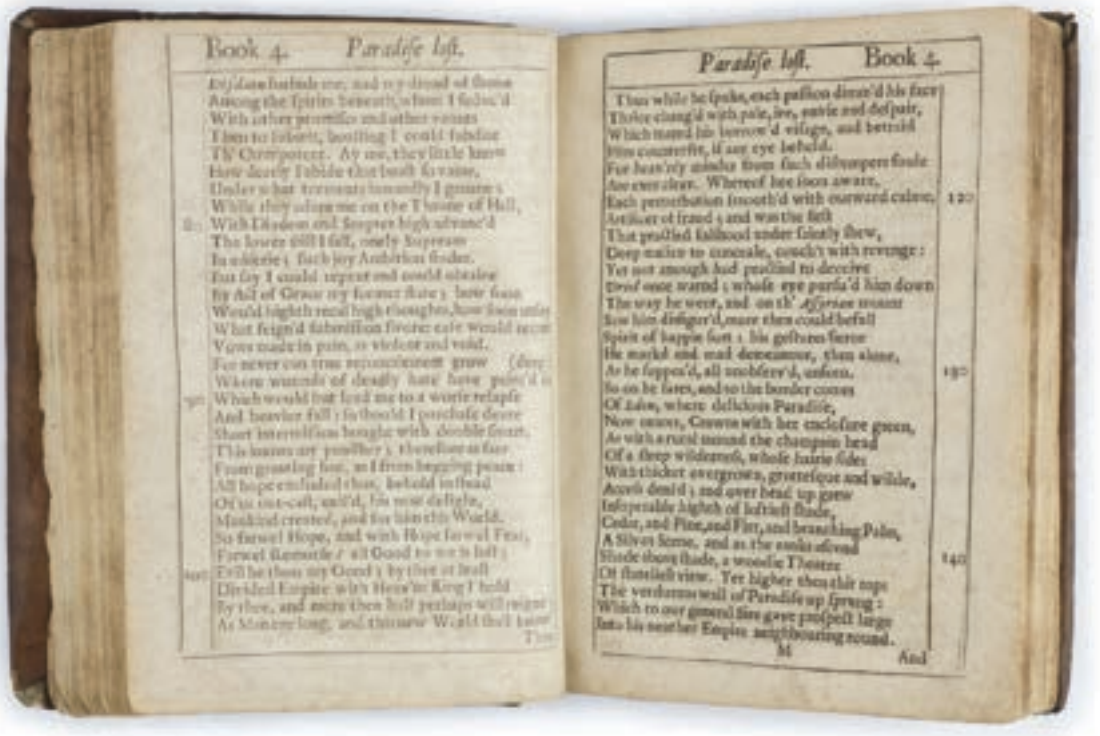
The title page of each of the three volumes of the first edition of *Frankenstein* bears a quote from Milton's *Paradise Lost*:

> Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
> To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
> From darkness to promote me?

More than any of his reading, the monster's entire understanding of his existence is shaped by *Paradise Lost*. When he and Victor first meet, his whole frame of reference is Miltonian: "Remember that I am thy creature: I ought to be thy Adam; but I am rather the fallen angel, whom thou drivest from joy for no misdeed. Every where I see bliss, from which I alone am irrevocably excluded."

In *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790–93), William Blake provided an explanation of Milton that is resonant with the way in which the monster understands the text: "The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels and God, and at liberty when of Devils and Hell, is because he was a true poet and of the Devils' party without knowing it." The monster too decides to join the Devil's party, identifying throughout the novel with Milton's Satan—cast out and rejected by his very creator, powerful yet impotent to obtain his desires. He explains to Victor:

John Milton. *Paradise Lost: A Poem Written in Ten Books*. London: Printed by Peter Parker and by Robert Boulter and Matthias Walker, 1667.



> But *Paradise Lost* excited different and far deeper emotions. I read it, as I had read the other volumes which had fallen into my hands, as a true history. It moved every feeling of wonder and awe, that the picture of an omnipotent God warring with his creatures was capable of exciting. I often referred the several situations, as their similarity struck me, to my own. Like Adam, I was created apparently united by no link to any other being in existence. . . . He had come forth from the hands of God a perfect creature, happy and prosperous, guarded by the especial care of his Creator. . . . but I was wretched, helpless, and alone. Many times I considered Satan as the fitter emblem of my condition; for often, like him, when I viewed the bliss of my protectors, the bitter gall of envy rose within me.

Unlike Adam, he has no mate to soothe him, and indeed it is perhaps his reading of *Paradise Lost* (as well as watching the amorous interactions of Felix and Safie) which give him the idea that Victor should create for him a mate. Unlike Satan, he has no companions in the form of other demons inhabiting Pandemonium. More than Goethe or Plutarch, Milton provides him with a rationale of rage: "I, like the arch fiend, bore a hell within me; and, finding myself unsympathized with, wished to tear up the trees, spread havoc and destruction around me, and then to have sat down and enjoyed the ruin . . . I declared everlasting war against the species, and, more than all, against him who had formed me." Denied companionship and sympathy, he comes to hate himself . . . but to hate others more. And, like many readers of Milton's poem, the monster sees Satan as the subject and hero and ignores just about everything else.

The Lilly Library's copy of the first state of the first edition of *Paradise Lost* is considered one of the finest extant copies of this book, one of only a handful of recorded copies in contemporary calf binding. It was purchased by J. K. Lilly, Jr. from William Parker Riley, Milton collector and Professor of English Literature at Indiana University. For the exhibition, we have chosen to open it to the line, quoted by the monster, "Evil be thou my Good."

John Milton. *Paradise Lost: A Poem in Twelve Books*. 4th edition, adorn'd with sculptures. London: Printed by Miles Flesher for Jacob Tonson, 1688.

The 1688 fourth edition of *Paradise Lost*, an early example of publishing by subscription, is one of the most magnificent presentations of the text. It is both the first folio edition and the first illustrated edition, with full-page engravings, which precede each of the twelve books of the poem.

CASE 9

Victor Frankenstein's Books

> I chanced to find a volume of the works of Cornelius Agrippa. I opened it with apathy; the theory which he attempts to demonstrate, and the wonderful facts which he relates, soon changed this feeling into enthusiasm. A new light seemed to dawn upon my mind; and, bounding with joy, I communicated my discovery to my father. I cannot help remarking here the many opportunities instructors possess of directing the attention of their pupils to useful knowledge, which they utterly neglect. My father looked carelessly at the title page of my book, and said, "Ah! Cornelius Agrippa! My dear Victor, do not waste your time upon this; it is sad trash."
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. II, Chapter VII

Just as the monster is shaped by his reading, so Victor is shaped by his. While Elizabeth "busied herself with following the aerial creations of the poets" and Henry Clerval "read [deeply] in books of chivalry and romance," young Victor becomes an eighteenth-century disciple of Renaissance alchemists such as Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, and Albertus Magnus. He dreams of discovering the philosopher's stone, the "Great Work" of alchemy that would transmute base metals into gold, or the elixir of life, said to grant eternal life or youth. He fantasizes about the glory he would garner if he "could banish disease from the human frame, and render man invulnerable to any but a violent death!" With the creation of the superpowered monster, he achieves his goal but earns only misery, not fame. He also daydreams about "the raising of ghosts or devils [which] was a promise liberally accorded by my favourite authors." Again, this is something in which he succeeds. Victor recognizes that his early reading led to ruin, but he blames his father. Rather than dismissing his choices as "sad trash," his father should have taken the opportunity to instruct Victor in the correct course of study. By the time his professors at the University of Ingolstadt provide him with an updated reading list, the fantasies of creating ghoulish life are too deeply entrenched to be rooted out.

Interestingly, Victor does not read supernatural tales: "In my education my father had taken the greatest precautions that my mind should be impressed with no supernatural horrors. I do not ever remember to have trembled at a tale of superstitions, or to have feared the apparition of a spirit. Darkness had no effect upon my fancy; and a church-yard was to me merely the receptacle of bodies deprived of life, which, from being the seat of beauty and strength, and had become food for the worm."

Paracelsus. *Der grossenn Wundartzney*. Augspurg: Heynrich Steyner, 1536–1537.

Perhaps if Victor had been a fervent consumer of Gothic fictions, he would have understood that darkness would have an effect on him in the end.

Paracelsus. *Der grossenn Wundartzney*. Augspurg: Heynrich Steyner, 1536–1537.

Paracelsus (1493–1541) was a doctor, chemist, lecturer and reformer. He spent years traveling Europe, collecting information, recipes, and knowledge from everyone he came into contact with: academics, alchemists, gypsies, midwives, astrologers, barbers, and executioners. He is an interesting author for Victor to have studied in that he combined magic and quack medicine with some of the most forward-thinking medicine of the day. He replaced the medieval idea of humors with the supposition that each disease was caused by specific external factors. He used laudanum to dull pain, was the first to describe congenital syphilis, and promoted the radical idea that wounds should be kept clean.

The Lilly Library's copy of Paracelsus is bound in green vellum and contains eighteenth-century inscriptions of the Franciscan Monastery Holy Saviour, at Ratisbon, and their Surgeon Ordinary. The illustrations were colored by hand at an early period.

Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim. *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*. Translated by J. F. [John French]. London: Printed by R. W. for Gregory Moule, 1651.

The most important Renaissance-era magician—and the most significant name to grace the title pages of early printed grimoires—was Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa

Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim. *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*. Translated by J. F. [John French]. London: Printed by R. W. for Gregory Moule, 1651.

whose *De occulta philosophia*, later known as *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*, was first published in Cologne in 1533. In this work he offers a distillation of early modern magical thought. Agrippa's occult philosophy is not "black magic" but rather celestial wisdom gained through ceremonial angelic communication, the Kabbalah, and a study of the occult sympathies that are said to unite the material and elemental worlds.

***Henrici Cornelii Agrippae liber quartus de oculta philosophia, seu de Cerimoniis magicis*. Marpurgi: Andreas Kolbe, 1559.**

This is the spurious "fourth book" of occult philosophy, falsely attributed to Agrippa, which was first published in Marburg in 1559, without a printer or place of publication on the title page. Unlike the natural magic described in the *Three Books*, this text deals with necromancy, black magic, and the invocation of evil spirits. Shelley does not specify whether Victor studied the fourth book, which at the time would have still been attributed to Agrippa.

Francis Barrett. *The Magus, or Celestial Intelligencer: Being a Complete System of Occult Philosophy*. London: Printed for Lackington, Allen, and Co., 1801.

The Magus is a handbook of occult and ceremonial magic compiled by eccentric English scholar Francis Barrett. Historian E. M. Butler called it "an abysmally learned treatise," and it is largely cribbed from older sources, particularly Agrippa's *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*. But Barrett does more than plagiarize past occult works; he also offers to meet would-be students at his house in Mary-le-Bonne, promising that they will become initiates into the mysteries of "Natural Philosophy,

Henrici Cornelii Agrippae liber quartus de oculta philosophia, seu de Cerimoniis magicis. Marpurgi: Andreas Kolbe, 1559.

Natural Magic, the Cabala, Chemistry, the Talismanic Art, Hermetic Philosophy, Astrology, Physiognomy, etc. etc." Although this book was published far too late to be on Victor Frankenstein's self-made syllabus, it is the type of text to which he was clearly drawn.

The Magus was published by George Lackington, who would later publish *Frankenstein*, suggesting that the two works may have shared a similar market of curious readers.

Francis Barrett. *The Magus, or Celestial Intelligencer: Being a Complete System of Occult Philosophy*. London: Printed for Lackington, Allen, and Co., 1801.

CASE 10

Frankenstein in Popular Culture

> We are about to unfold the story of Frankenstein, a man of science, who sought to create a man after his own image—without reckoning upon God. It is one of the strangest tales ever told. It deals with the two great mysteries of creation—life and death. I think it will thrill you. It may shock you. It might even . . . horrify you! So, if any of you feel that you do not care to subject your nerves to such a strain. Now is your chance to . . . Well, we've warned you!
>
> *Frankenstein*, 1931, Universal Pictures

How many characters from nineteenth-century novels have been transformed into mascots for children's cereal? The answer to that question is two—Frankenstein and Dracula, who became Franken Berry and Count Chocula, introduced in 1971 by General Mills to shill sugar-laden puffs of breakfast delight. One might ask—with good reason—*how*? How could the Milton-quoting, child-murdering, angst-ridden, yellow-eyed demon brought to life by Mary Shelley in 1818 become the pink, google-eyed friend to children everywhere?

The story of Frankenstein's journey into popular culture is every bit as complex and interesting as the heady mix of poetry, sexual tension, and bad weather that inspired the monster's conception at the Villa Diodati in the summer of 1816. Frankenstein has entered into the popular culture lexicon in an odd way in that the name has become synonymous for both the mad scientist creator *and* the monster. On Halloween night, if someone says "my kid dressed up as Frankenstein," we probably assume that little Timmy is trick-or-treating as a green-skinned dude with bolts in his neck, not a Byronic young scientist with a blousy shirt and troubled thoughts. And as much as we can be sticklers and correct Timmy's mom ("Oh now, Carol, I think you mean Frankenstein's *monster*"), it is also just as easy to accept that the monster is for all intents and purposes now named Frankenstein too.

The first adaptation of the novel, *Presumption; or the Fate of Frankenstein* by Richard Brinsley Peake, is treated separately in Case 13. Its importance cannot be understated, for without its popularity, there might never have been a second and third edition of the novel, and the story might not have made it to film—the medium in which it has thrived perhaps even more than on the printed page—at all. *Frankenstein* was adapted to film very early in the history of the medium. In 1910, Edison Studios (founded in 1889 by Thomas Edison, the modern Prometheus of the

Film still from *Frankenstein*. Universal Pictures, 1931.

silver screen) produced a fourteen-minute film that the title card called "A Liberal Adaptation of Mrs. Shelley's Famous Story." (A side note: Mary Shelley was referred to more commonly as "Mrs. Shelley" well into the twentieth century—it took feminist literary criticism to bring her out of Percy's shadow). The subject was chosen because it was out of copyright and deemed to have marketing value (movies were

at this time just beginning to be shown on their own rather than as part of larger entertainments) due to its potential for shocking thrills.

Though short and silent, the Edison film offers a clear interpretation of the story, presenting the monster as Frankenstein's double or outwardly manifested evil side, mixing imagery from Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde into the story. Ironically given Edison's involvement in the film, no electricity is used to create the monster; rather, he is created through what appears to be some sort of alchemy. Frankenstein tosses ingredients into a giant bubbling caldron (with a puff of smoke appearing theatrically each time), closes and bars a set of wooden doors, and peeks into the window and gesticulates manically as a skeleton emerges from the vat and begins to be covered in flesh. A title card reads "Instead of a perfect human being the evil in Frankenstein's mind creates a monster," suggesting that the monster is a psychological manifestation. The monster himself, played by Charles Ogle, a character actor who appeared in over three hundred films before his death in 1926, is difficult to describe. He is large and hunchbacked, with a heavily made-up, almost kabuki-like face and masses of frizzing hair. He is wrapped in bandages and draped with ropes. Most notable are his long hands, made up to look like rotting flesh, the fingers of which he wiggles menacingly at every opportunity. The printed story synopsis of the film provides insight into how the character was imagined: "The Monster, who is following his creator with the devotion of a dog, is insanely jealous of anyone else" (Svehla 21). So, rather than demanding a mate, the monster (whose pantomime actions are rather doglike) just wants to be with his master. Much is made of clever shots with mirrors—a rather heavy-handed but effective signal of the monster's doubling with his maker. The monster is banished *into* the mirror, and Frankenstein lives a happy life with his bride.

Edison's film, which also takes cues from Peake's *Presumption*, is an interesting bridge between Mary Shelley and the version of the story that would overtake hers in the popular imagination: *Frankenstein*, released by Universal Pictures in 1931. Although many people were involved in creating this iconic film, three stand out as especially shaping the Frankenstein legacy: director James Whale, makeup artist Jack Pierce, and the film's star, Boris Karloff.

James Whale (1889–1957) was born in England and served in the British Army during World War I. His first theatrical performances were in a German prison camp during the last years of the war (the impact of World War I on the massive upsurge in horror films in the 1930s cannot be underestimated). He moved to Hollywood in 1928 and began directing theater, then film. He was a reluctant recruit to the *Frankenstein* project, which was already well underway as the successor to Tod Browning's *Dracula*, starring Bela Lugosi. Originally, *Frankenstein* was to be helmed by the French directed Robert Florey and star Bela Lugosi as the monster. After his turn as the magnetic Count, Lugosi chaffed at the non-speaking role (though he would later go on to play the hardly more articulate Ygor in *Son of Frankenstein*, the third

installment in the Universal series). Accounts of the test makeup report that Lugosi would have had a large wig or headdress invoking the outré hairdo of the monster in the 1915 film *The Golem*, a unibrow, and deeply-blackened eyes to invoke the expressionism of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. It is hard to imagine that a Florey/Lugosi version of *Frankenstein* could have had the lasting cultural impart that the final product achieved . . . but who knows? Whale was able to take over the project when he so impressed studio head Carl Lammle, Jr. that he offered Whale his pick of thirty titles. Whale chose *Frankenstein* because it seemed the most interesting. Although he joked that at least it wasn't another war picture, we can only surmise that Whale saw potential in the story.

Whale was gay, and openly so, a rare thing in a Hollywood straightjacketed by the recently enacted Motion Picture Production Code of 1930. His undeniable and eternal contribution to the story of Frankenstein is a profound understanding of what it means to be persecuted and despised for merely existing, a feeling that he channeled into the representation of the monster as a sympathetic and misunderstood creature who just wants to be loved by his creator and find a mate who is *like him*.

Whale gave the role of Frankenstein—who in the film is named Henry, not Victor—to Colin Clive, whose nervy, almost-hysterical performance brings out a dimension of the character that is actually quite true to his temperament as Mary Shelley wrote him. Clive plays Frankenstein's madness with dead seriousness. When he says, wild-eyed and sweaty-browed, "I'm astonishingly sane," it is clear that he means it. The monster was more difficult to cast.

Enter **Boris Karloff (1887–1969)**, who, as he tells it, was offered the part over lunch: "I was sitting in the commissary at Universal, having lunch, and looking rather well turned out, I thought, when a man sent a note over to my table, asking if I'd like to audition for the part of a monster" (Skal 130). Karloff had been suggested to Whale by his longtime partner David Lewis, who thought Karloff's angular face had possibilities. Karloff (his stage name—his real name was William Henry Pratt) was an Anglo-Indian actor with a slight lisp to his sonorous voice and gentlemanly air. Most of the rest of his career would be spent playing parts that capitalized on his hypnotic vocal instrument . . . but for his most famous and career-making role, he primarily groaned. The opening credits of the film bill the monster as being played by "?" The end credits bill him as KARLOFF and launched him into a career in horror that lasted for almost forty more years, to the point where he parodied himself in *Arsenic and Old Lace*. Karloff brought an ineffable pathos to the role, and although his walk is often referred to as "shambling," his performance is remarkably energetic. The audience can sense the great power in the monster, as well as great tides of emotion, need, and confusion that he cannot control.

The final component to the monster's iconic presence was added by **Jack Pierce (1889–1968)**, a Greek immigrant who worked in almost every part of the movie industry before finding his vocation in makeup design. He had early success with the

terrifying rictus designed for Conrad Veidt for the 1928 adaptation of Victor Hugo's *The Man Who Laughs*. When Lon Chaney—who famously did his own grotesque makeup—died, he took over as Hollywood's most sought-after maker of monsters. Pierce and Whale worked together to develop the Frankenstein monster's look (though Pierce always tried to take full credit). Early sketches show a wide range of possibilities, from robot to Neanderthal to Expressionist ghoul. The final product is unique and brilliantly conceived: the sloping forehead and stitches reflect the need for the monster's brain to be inserted. What are usually called "bolts" on the neck are actually electrodes, used to bring the monster to life. The heavy-lidded eyes suggest not only an intelligence that is not fully formed but a wariness and pathos as well. The skin has a corpse-like pallor that was colored in the film's posters a greenish hue. Critic David J. Skal sums up the design of the monster: "The Karloff monster . . . undermines the principles of the machine aesthetic while drawing inspiration from it; although the creature is decidedly modern, he's certainly not deco—something more, indeed, like a battered hood ornament for a wrecked economy" (132–3).

The film was a roaring success in the midst of the Great Depression even though some theaters offered only censored versions. The blasphemous line "It's alive! It's alive! In the name of God! Now I know what it feels like to *be* God!" was cut in some theaters. The scene in which the monster tosses a little girl into a lake and kills her was cut completely (it wasn't rediscovered until the 1980s when it was added to modern prints of the film). Along with the equally successful *Dracula*, released the same year, it launched the reign of Gothic-inspired monsters in the box office that would last for almost two decades before giving way to a preference for science fiction (aliens in flying saucers, giant insects, and, of course, Godzilla) in the early 1950s. Karloff reprised his role twice, for *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935) and *Son of Frankenstein* (1939); five more sequels had the monster played by various other actors, including Bela Lugosi (who finally got a shot at the role) and Lon Chaney, Jr. (who was a much better Wolf Man than Frankenstein). *Bride of Frankenstein*, also directed by James Whale, is a masterpiece that equals or even surpasses its predecessor. While his 1931 performance is almost minimalist, Karloff and Whale fleshed out the character—and added a dark humor to the horror—for the 1935 sequel. The monster acquires enough language skills to deliver such immortal lines as "fire bad," "friend good," "she hate me," and "we belong dead." It is interesting that the monster's most memorable line, perhaps, is "GOOD" (friend is good, wine is good, smoke is good, alone is bad). Karloff places the monster on a simplified but powerful emotional axis. There is an infant-like quality to him that is quite endearing; he is a walking id. He wants what is good, and when something bad is thrust in front of his eyes, he snarls and waves his hands in frustrated rage. Honestly . . . who hasn't felt the same?

Bride is set within a frame that tells the story of *Frankenstein*'s conception, with Elsa Lanchester (the Bride) also playing Mary Shelley. Henry Frankenstein is tempt-

ed back to the lab by his mentor Dr. Pretorious, portrayed in campy glory by Ernest Thesinger. They fulfill the broken promise of Mary Shelley's novel and create a mate. When she awakes, skin stitched, eyes blinking, draped in bridal white, streaky hair crackling with electricity, she takes one look at her groom and hisses in fear and disgust. As Victor feared in Shelley's novel, she turns away from her intended mate, even though he offers friendship. The monster destroys the lab: "Go, you live," he says to Henry and Elizabeth. "We belong dead."

The next great resuscitation of the monster came in 1957 when England's Hammer Studios, known mostly for psychological thrillers, decided to make their first color picture and turned to Gothic horror as the perfect subject. *The Curse of Frankenstein*, followed in 1958 by *The Horror of Dracula*, created a new brand of horror film that was much more terrifying than the relatively tame creature features popular at the time—which by now had become the province of the Saturday afternoon kiddy matinee. It was the first really gory horror film, showing blood in brilliant Technicolor red for the first time. The film also produced two stars who would continue to typify British horror for decades to come. Christopher Lee played the monster. Lee, tall and handsome with a deep and posh silken voice, was an unlikely choice for the non-speaking monster and would later go on to be beloved for roles requiring a great deal more vocal talent: Francisco Scaramanga in *The Man With the Golden Gun*, Count Dooku in the *Star Wars* prequels, and Saruman in *The Lord of the Rings*. His Frankenstein monster was rather unmemorable: tall, thin, wrapped in bandages with one damaged eye like a runny soft boiled egg. The monster was played by lesser actors in sequels, and Lee went on to make his mark as one of the most famous Draculas of all time (second only to Lugosi) in the Hammer Dracula films (as well as many other roles for the studio). The Hammer Frankenstein films—of which there are six—are much more about Victor than they are the monster. In fact, Victor's cruel ambition makes him more of a villain than his creation could be. Victor Frankenstein is played by Hammer's other great star, Peter Cushing, who also played Abraham Van Helsing, Sherlock Holmes, Doctor Who, and has recently been distinguished posthumously by having his CGI likeness star in *Rogue One: A Star Wars Story*.

The great monster films of the mid-twentieth century, including the Frankenstein cycles of both Universal and Hammer, created a thriving monster culture that included magazines, comic books, trading cards, toys, bubble bath (really!—"Monster Bubble 'n' Clean" in the late 1950s), lamps, and just about anything else you could want. Monster culture was especially popular with children and teens—which may seem strange because monsters are supposed to be scary, but actually makes perfect sense. Monsters are outsiders; so are kids. Both are often misunderstood and must have their raw energy and wants reigned in, controlled, and captured. Kids *identify* with monsters, and popular culture answered back with long-running magazines like *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, fruity cereals, cartoons, and toys.

Frankenstein has had many opportunities to appear on television, perhaps most famously as America's favorite dad Herman Munster, played as a kindly and goofy version of Karloff's monster by Fred Gwynne. The story has been reimagined by numerous popular science fiction and horror franchises, including *Doctor Who* (*The Brain of Morbius* in 1976 features a Frankenstein monster made of alien bodies and the brain of a Time Lord), *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* (1997 episode *Some Assembly Required* has a teenage football player brought back to life as a monster, and later episodes featured a villain called Adam who was a reworking of Shelley's monster), and *The X-Files* (1997 episode *The Post-Modern Prometheus* creates a tongue-in-cheek reimagining of the monster called "The Great Mutato"). The recent series *Penny Dreadful* (2014–16) combines many of the classic nineteenth-century horror stories (including also *Dracula* and *The Picture of Dorian Gray*) and presents versions of both Victor Frankenstein and his monster that are probably closer to Shelley's descriptions and original intent than anything ever put on screen (although Kenneth Branagh's 1994 *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein* made a valiant if somewhat obnoxiously overwrought effort to stick to the source text). Most recently, *The Frankenstein Chronicles*, which originally aired on the UK's ITV Encore in 2015–17, debuted on Netflix in the United States in February of 2018. Set in 1827, it is a detective story which combines fictionalized versions of Mary Shelley, William Blake, and other historical figures with the Frankenstein mythology.

Although Sherlock Holmes, Dracula, and Tarzan bear the distinction of being the most-filmed characters in literature, Frankenstein is close behind. There have been hundreds of films featuring the monster in every genre imaginable. There are comedies (*Young Frankenstein*), musicals (the delightfully subversive *Rocky Horror Picture Show*), kids' movies (*Monster Squad, Frankenweenie*), erotic films (*Flesh for Frankenstein*, *The Erotic Rites of Frankenstein*), exploitation (*Blackenstein*, *Frankenhooker, Vampire Girl vs. Frankenstein Girl*), feminist revisions (*May*), science fiction (*Frankenstein Unbound*), and movies that defy classification or explanation (*Frankenstein Meets the Space Monster*, a 1965 film in which Martians are trying to abduct bikini-clad earthwomen and must fight an astronaut robot named "Frank," comes to mind). Some of the most recent adaptations have quietly flopped at the box office, including the SFX sci-fi extravaganza *I, Frankenstein* (2014) and *Victor Frankenstein* (2015), a prequel of sorts in which Victor meets Igor. In 2017, Universal launched its new Dark Universe franchise with much fanfare. With much less fanfare, the studio announced they were putting the project on indefinite hold after the spectacular flop of its first entry, a remake of *The Mummy*. The next film was to be *The Bride of Frankenstein*, a film that has only been remade once (*The Bride*, 1985). With such an expensive failure, the future of Frankenstein on film seems to be ready for a lull, but if history is true to form, the monster will, of course, return.

Items in this case marked with * are on loan from a private collection.

Film stills from *Frankenstein*. Universal Pictures, 1931. From the Atkins collection.

Much of the most iconic visual imagery associated with the Frankenstein story comes not from Mary Shelley's novel but from James Whale's film. Shelley scarcely describes Frankenstein's lab; in the film it is a stunning set—soaring towers of electrical equipment ready to be activated with lightening from above, a platform that rises up through the roof, bubbling beakers, blinking lights, and forbidden levers. Also added is Frankenstein's assistant, here named Fritz (Ygor or Igor in later films). It is unclear why the assistant was added—other than to give Frankenstein someone to talk to—though critics have pointed out that the addition allows two men to symbolically create life together. Many versions of *Frankenstein*—not the least of which is Mary Shelley's novel—have a homoerotic dimension to them. The story is at heart about men procreating without women, and the passionate hatred that binds man and monster together is often charged with an erotic energy.

Fritz also plays a key role as the procurer of the monster's brain. When stealing the organ from the university lab, he drops and ruins the "normal" brain and must go for his second-best option, the brain of a brutal murderer. This is a major change in the logic of the story. In Shelley's version, the monster is destructive because he

Film still from *Frankenstein*. Universal Pictures, 1931.

Film still from *Bride of Frankenstein*. Universal Pictures, 1935.

had no one to guide him—evil, she suggests, comes from a lack of nurturing. In the film, Henry Frankenstein does *not* abandon his creation but tries to train him and control him. The monster is bad, presumably, because he got a bad brain. As the franchise continues and the monster becomes increasingly sympathetic, this idea drops out of the mix.

Whale's film also shifts a fundamental philosophical point of Shelley's novel. In the novel, ugliness is absolute and eternal, rather than relative. Beauty is not in the eye of the beholder. But in the film, when the monster meets the little girl Maria, she is not afraid of him. She does not run screaming but shows him how to make "boats" from the petals of daisies. Unfortunately, the monster then tries to turn Maria herself into a "boat," tosses her in the lake, and drowns her (the last part of the scene was cut from the film, so that it implied but did not show her death). But the point is that the innocent eyes of children do not see a monster, a tradition that continues in film, perhaps best represented in *The Monster Squad* (1987), in which the Frankenstein monster betrays his monster kin (Dracula, the Wolf Man, etc.) to team up with a little girl and become her beloved protector. This is a major departure from Mary Shelley's vision. When the monster spies little William Frankenstein, Victor's brother, he thinks the child will be "unprejudiced, and had lived too short a time to have imbibed a horror of deformity. If, therefore, I could seize him, and educate him

as my companion and friend, I should not be so desolate in this peopled earth." But as soon as the child sees the monster, he cries, "Let me go . . . monster! ugly wretch! you wish to eat me, and tear me to pieces—You are an ogre—Let me go, or I will tell my papa." This fundamental shift is a big part of how the monster was transformed from a rampaging murderer to a cereal mascot. Whale recognized that to a child, the monster would not be horrible but could possibly be . . . a friend.

The Lilly Library's Atkins collection consists of film stills compiled by Thomas Atkins, editor and publisher of *The Film Journal*, which ran for six issues in 1971–75.

Film stills from *Bride of Frankenstein*. Universal Pictures, 1935. From the Atkins collection.

These images show two of the new characters introduced: Dr. Pretorius and the Bride herself. Pretorius is "a queer-looking fellow, booted out of the university," and Thesinger plays him with high camp. The film is full of in-jokes ("normal size has always been my difficulty") between Whale and his stars (Thesinger was gay, Clive was bisexual, and Elsa Lanchester was married to bisexual Charles Laughton). Pretorius also contributes the most bizarre scene in the film, in which he shows off a series of tiny homunculi in jars, which presumably he made by alchemical means. Only Frankenstein has the knowledge in "chemical galvanism and electrobiology" to create a fully formed bride. Although Elsa Lanchester's role in the film is small, her presence as the Bride is unforgettable.

Film still from *Revenge of Frankenstein*. Hammer Studios, 1958. From the Atkins collection.

Revenge of Frankenstein was the second of the Hammer Frankenstein films. Victor Frankenstein has escaped the gallows, abetted by his hunchbacked assistant Karl. Eager to create life once again, Frankenstein plans to give the deformed Karl a brand new body (all the better with which to seduce the buxom nurse Madeline—Hammer is known not only for its gore but for its seemingly endless parade of glamorous starlets, all eager to have their throats bitten, heads cut off, or become part of a deranged science experiment). Peter Cushing, better known for roles in which he is a brilliant force of good, portrays Victor Frankenstein as being truly nasty. The Hammer films lack the interest in family shown by Universal, which played up the themes of the monster as abandoned child and often included children as important characters, such as the son of Frankenstein who befriends the monster in *Son of Frankenstein*. The Hammer Frankenstein is ruthless, cold, ambitious, and utterly careless of human life. Worth a brief mention—to point out that the series becomes increasingly strange—is Hammer's *Frankenstein Created Woman* (1967), in which Dr. Frankenstein, himself resurrected from the dead, transplants the soul of his assistant Hans into the body of a woman who committed suicide.

****The House of Hammer*. Vol. 1, no. 12. London: Top Sellers, Ltd, September 1977.**

Just as the Universal films spawned a thriving fan culture in the United States, Hammer did the same in the United Kingdom. *The House of Hammer* included black-and-white comic stories featuring characters from Hammer films (this issue has a wonderful tale featuring the lesser-known female monster, the Gorgon), fiction, articles on the history of Hammer films, and articles about other upcoming horror films. Although it was similar in many regards (certainly in terms of gloriously garish covers) to *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, the content was a bit more sophisticated and aimed at a slightly older audience. It lasted twenty-three issues, from 1976 to 1978.

Promotional card for *Young Frankenstein*, 20th Century Fox, 1974. From the Kael collection.

Young Frankenstein is such a popular film that many people *only* know the story of Frankenstein through its comedic parody. What makes it such a brilliant and lovable film is that it doesn't really take much to push the Universal films into the territory of comedy—they danced the line of horror and dark humor from the very beginning. The film is written and directed by Mel Brooks and stars Gene Wilder as Frederick Frankenstein (or "Fronkensteen"), the descendent of Victor. The film is shot in black and white and uses props designed by Kenneth Strickfaden, the set designer for the 1931 *Frankenstein*. The monster, played by Peter Boyle, is childlike, violin loving, high voiced, and quite endearing.

The Lilly Library holds the papers of influential film critic Pauline Kael, including extensive correspondence, press kits and promotional materials for films, newspaper clippings, and Kael's notes for her reviews, scrawled on scraps of paper in dark theaters.

****Famous Monsters of Filmland*. Ed. Forrest J Ackerman. No. 1. Philadelphia: Warren Publishing Co., 1958.**

Famous Monsters of Filmland, a horror and science fiction-themed fan magazine launched in 1958, was the brainchild of the great champion of misunderstood monsters, Forrest J Ackerman (1916–2008), aka "Forry," "Uncle Forry," "The Ackermonster," or "Dr. Acula." Ackerman is widely considered to be the founder of science fiction, fantasy, and horror fandom; though certainly fans did exist and communicate in networks long before him, he united fans and created a shared culture of monster love that still persists today. He is also perhaps the greatest collector of science fiction and horror memorabilia who has ever lived, and his "Ackermansion" in Los Angeles was a veritable museum crammed with over three hundred thousand books, film posters, pieces of movie ephemera, props, and every kind of monster memorabilia imaginable. During his career as a literary agent, he represented such science fiction luminaries as Isaac Asimov, Curt Siodmak, and Ray Bradbury. He ed-

Famous Monsters of Filmland. Ed. Forrest J Ackerman. No. 1. Philadelphia: Warren Publishing Co., 1958.

ited dozens of horror and science fiction anthologies and was a friend to nearly every famous member of the science fiction and horror community in the second half of the twentieth century. By all accounts, he was kind and generous in the extreme, and he always promoted his fandoms as open and welcoming to everyone, believing in the ability of science fiction, fantasy, and horror to provide community and voice to the oppressed and the outsider. Ackerman has been cited as an inspiration by many

authors and filmmakers, including George Lucas, Peter Jackson, Steven Spielberg, and Tim Burton. He kept everything ever sent to him and once presented Stephen King with a short story King had submitted to *Famous Monsters* at age eleven.

The magazine was founded in 1958 by Ackerman and publisher James Warren, who went on to publish many other horror magazines, including *Creepy*, *Eerie*, and *Vampirella*. Ackerman and Warren realized the potential to cash in on the market of Baby Boomer children who were growing up watching old horror films on television. They gave the monsters a second (or third or fourth) life, and brought a love of Mary Shelley's monster to a new generation of fans.

Issue number one demonstrates the importance of Frankenstein to the monster culture fostered by Ackerman. The cover—while quite different from the subsequent issues, most of which feature eye-popping close-ups of monster faces—provides clues to the tone of the publication to the audience. A man in a suit (Jim Warren himself) wears a glum-looking Frankenstein mask while his svelte blonde date gazes at him adoringly: "Our Ivy-League Frankenstein is unhappy because his ghoul friend Marion Moore insisted that he dress for dinner, and poor Frank had to clean all the skeletons out of his closet to get to the clothes." The monsters in the magazine are seldom portrayed as terrifying; rather, they are funny, lovable friends and role models. The inclusion of a woman on the cover (other than female monsters) is unusual, but it does hint at the slightly sexy undercurrent that flowed beneath much of the mid-twentieth-century monster culture, most of it tame and calibrated to appeal to the lonely teenage fans who just wished, like the monster, that they could find a mate (or even just a date!). Warren had previously worked on a men's magazine similar to *Playboy*, and Ackerman was involved with many tamely naughty projects; he even penned lesbian fiction under the name "Laurajean Ermayne" for *Vice Versa* ("America's gayest magazine") and was named an honorary lesbian by the Daughters of Bilitis.

This issue's longest article is "THE FRANKENSTEIN STORY: The Biography of Father, Son, Bride, Ghost and All the Gang. Never Before Revealed: Closely Guarded Secrets of the Skeletons in the Closet of the Frankenstein Family!" The back cover asks "Who was the TEENAGE GIRL who created FRANKENSTEIN?" As the fan letters show, there were indeed many teenage girls who read *Famous Monsters* and followed in the monstrous footsteps of Mary Shelley herself.

The two-hundred-thousand-print run of this issue sold out in only a few days. The magazine continued under Ackerman's editorship with Warren as publisher until 1983. Ackerman personally edited every issue, and he became like a beloved uncle to many children. The magazine was revived in 1993 by Ray Ferry, whose contentious use of Ackerman's name (and failure to pay Ackerman for editorial work) resulted in a lawsuit. *Famous Monsters of Filmland* was revived a third time in 2010 and continues to be published to this day.

****Famous Monsters of Filmland*. Ed. Forrest J Ackerman. No. 17. Philadelphia: Warren Publishing Co., 1962.**

The cover of this issue is a painting of Elsa Lanchester as the Bride of Frankenstein by legendary horror artist Basil Gogos. Gogos was born to a Greek family living in Egypt and immigrated to the United State at age sixteen. After attending several New York art schools, he began getting work painting covers for pulp paperbacks and men's adventure magazines. He is best known for his luminous, leering, larger-than-life monsters. He passed away only a few months ago, in September of 2017. The table of contents of this issue touts, "It had to happen; A Woman on FM's cover!" Sadly, there is a dearth of female monsters. A few other female cover models include the Gorgon, Countess Dracula, and Norman Bates's mother.

****Famous Monsters of Filmland*. Ed. Forrest J Ackerman. No. 39. Philadelphia: Warren Publishing, Co., June 1966.**

Frankenstein and his monster are popular all over the world. The cover of this issue of *Famous Monsters* shows one of the stranger iterations of the monster, the gigantic creature from the Japanese film *Frankenstein Conquers the World* (1965, also known as *Frankenstein vs. Baragon*). Produced by Toho, the studio that gave us Godzilla, the film is part of the torrent of kaiju (giant monster) movies that came out of Japan in the 1950s and '60s. It was directed by Godzilla director Ishirō Honda with special effects by Eiji Tsuburaya, the man who created both Godzilla and Ultraman. In order to gain overseas appeal, it starred American actor Nick Adams, who appears in several other Toho films, including *Invasion of the Astro-Monster*.

The film is notable for portraying a version of Frankenstein that would have been unrecognizable to Mary Shelley. During World War II, the Nazis capture the immortal heart of Frankenstein (presumably the original monster from the novel, but who really knows?) and give it to their Japanese allies. It is presumed to be destroyed in the bombing of Hiroshima. Fifteen years later, a troglodytic feral boy is found attacking animals in the streets of Hiroshima. He is taken in by scientists and found to be growing at an alarming rate. To cut a convoluted plot short, the boy was grown from Frankenstein's heart. As he reaches massive proportions, he is blamed for destruction being caused in the area, but actually, the culprit is the kaiju Baragon. Cut to the chase: a massive battle between Frankenstein and Baragon ensues. Poor Frankenstein is a misunderstood monstrous hero, but both monsters are sucked into the earth. Although it didn't gain the cult following of the Godzilla franchise, it did well enough to have one sequel, *War of the Gargantuas*.

The issue of *Famous Monsters* contains numerous photos from the film and a plot summary by Ackerman. It gives readers the chance to "see" a film that they may never have access to. But here's the catch: Ackerman hadn't seen it either! He writes in his comments about how all he has to go on is a pressbook that has been badly translated from the Japanese. To add more confusion, the presskit contained photos

of Frankenstein fighting a giant octopus but no description of those scenes. The stills were from an alternate ending that never made it into the film. In our age when almost any film you could ever want to see if readily available on DVD, Blu-ray, or instant streaming, it is important to remember what it was like to be a fan before the world came to our feet. Young men and women pored over these magazines and fantasized about all of the impossibly cool monster movies they hoped they would one day be able to see. Until then, Uncle Forry was there to give them a glimpse of their icons.

****Famous Monsters of Filmland*. Ed. Forrest J Ackerman. No. 56. New York: Warren Publishing Co., July 1969.**

This issue of *Famous Monsters* provides a tribute to Boris Karloff, who passed away in February of 1969. The cover painting by Basil Gogos shows Karloff in his most iconic role: "The King is Gone: Karloff Called to Death's Domain." The entire issue is quite touching and provides a powerful sense of how beloved Karloff was, not just as an actor but as a person. He was someone who did not look down on the movies in which he starred, even as he moved into B-grade (and lower) roles at the end of his career. He always voiced affection for his monster and was kind and generous to his millions of fans, many of them young people. The issue includes a fulsome recounting of the 1931 Universal *Frankenstein*, which allowed fans to relive a beloved film; unlike today, they could not watch it any time they wanted, so the permanence of print that these magazines provides was priceless. The issue also includes tributes to Karloff from Ackerman, Lon Chaney, Jr., Christopher Lee, Robert Bloch, Elsa Lanchester, Vincent Price, and many other fans and stars. It provides a sense of how close-knit the monster community of the 1960s was.

****Famous Monsters Speak*. New York: Wonderland Records, 1974.**

Famous Monsters spun off into many other forms of media, including this spoken word record in which Frankenstein's monster talks. Originally issued in 1963, with several reprints, the record was sold through Jim Warren's mail order company, Captain Company, which Warren founded when he had trouble finding advertisers to buy space in his unusual new publication. Monster kids could buy masks, toys, posters, and all kinds of other swag emblazoned with their favorite monster friends. One of the frequently advertised products was a six-foot poster of Frankenstein's monster. By all accounts of monster kids who gleefully sent away their pocket money, it was in reality a much-diminished, two-foot brute.

***Dick Gregory. *Dick Gregory's Frankenstein*. New York: Poppy Industries, 1970.**

Dick Gregory (1932–2017) was a comedian, civil rights activist, and social critic who used the story of Frankenstein in both his comedy and social commentary. In

Frankenstein proliferates in popular culture. Comics and movie magazines from this exhibiton.

a chapter called "Horror Movies" in his book *More Lies: The Myth and Reality of American History*, he writes:

> The old *Frankenstein* movies are parables of America's destruction. . . .
>
> . . . America is the world's mad doctor. The mad doctor paid people to sail to Africa, dig up the bodies of black folks from their native soil, steal them, and bring them back to him. The mad doctor put them in chains and made them do his bidding. He made black folks his monster, trained and controlled to do the dirty work for him. . .
>
> . . . America has become a mad scientist's laboratory. The monster must act on his own. The monster has turned and cannot be expected to be the same again.

In the 1970 performance recorded here, Gregory does not explicitly discuss the Frankenstein myth, but the title and cover art—a foldout of the monster wearing a suit of American stars and stripes—invites the listener to draw their own parallels between the plight of the black man in America and the monster; both, Gregory suggests, products of interpretation rather than nature—monstrous because they are assumed to be, violent because they are hated and despised.

Gregory is not the only person to associate the monster as an outsider with people of color. The most famous example is the 1973 exploitation film *Blackenstein*, in which African American Vietnam vet Eddie Turner, whose limbs have been blown off in combat, is transformed by a white scientist into a Frankensteinian monster, his squared-off afro taking the place of Karloff's iconic forehead. *Blackenstein* is very much the product of white Hollywood and the exploitation tradition; beyond some mild critique of the Vietnam war, it offers little political commentary, and it fails to fully capitalize on the potentially anti-racist message inherent in Mary Shelley's original story. Also worth a brief mention is Parliament's album *The Clones of Dr. Funkenstein* (the disco fiend with the monster sound) which contains the immortal lyrics "We love to funk you, Funkenstein."

Frankenstein has been used in political cartoons and commentary, often with racial or class-based overtones—for centuries. A famous cartoon by *Alice in Wonderland* illustrator John Tenniel, published in *Punch* in 1882, depicts "The Irish Frankenstein" as an oversized, grotesque caricature with a quote from Mary Shelley: "The baneful and blood-stained Monster." Irish nationalist Charles Stuart Parnell is depicted as the creator of the Fenian monster who is ready to stab and kill with his bloody knife. Another *Punch* cartoon from 1866 shows "The Brummagem Frankenstein," a gigantic proletariat waiting to be given the vote by the leaders of the Reform movement. More recently, in the wake of 9/11, filmmaker Michael Moore commented, "We Finally Got our Frankenstein," comparing Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein to a monster created by the US government. There are many other examples of the appropriation both as an anti-racist symbol of the need to break free from the chains of oppression and also as a racist and classist caricature of people who those in power deem "monstrous."

****Prize Comics*. Vol. 5, no. 6. New York: Feature Publications, Inc., July-August, 1945.**

There are thousands of issues of comic books devoted to Frankenstein and his monster. In fact, the first American horror comic is generally considered to be Richard "Dick" Briefer's *Frankenstein*, which debuted in *Prize Comics* in 1940. Briefer's Frankenstein was at its onset heavily influenced by the Universal films—although the monster is even more horrifying—inarticulate, rampaging, and brutal. He kills with impunity, which can be quite shocking to see in a comic book ostensibly marketed toward children. Then, in 1945, Briefer radically revised his monster, turning Frankenstein (and yes, he did use the name for the monster as well as the man) into a snub-nosed, adorable, and friendly "Merry Monster" who settles into small-town life and has charming adventures with his monster pals. In the early 1950s, during the horror comic boom, the monster once again became a murderous brute, but the series fell prey to the restrictive and censorious Comic Code Authority instituted in 1954.

Briefer, like so many who are drawn to Frankenstein (and in this case, who drew Frankenstein) was something of an outsider. Under the pseudonym Dick Flood, he drew a comic strip for *The Daily Worker*, the official organ of the American Communist Party. His hero was Pinky Rankin, "a proletarian hero who took part in the struggle against the Nazis as an underground fighter in the occupied countries of Europe" (Yoe 9–10). He was consequently blacklisted during the McCarthy era and struggled to find work in the comics industry.

Prize Comics. Vol. 5, no. 6. New York: Feature Publications, Inc., July-August, 1945.

The issue shown here contains the origin story of the new friendlier version of the monster, "The Story of His Childhood" in which we get to see how a Frankenbaby grows to adulthood, rather than being created in the lab.

***Dick Briefer. *Frankenstein*. Vol. 4, no. 1 [no. 23]. Canton, OH: Feature Publications, Inc., February-March, 1953.**

Dick Briefer expressed greater affection for his "Merry Monster" than for his terrible one. In 1950, the swell of popularity in horror comics forced him back to the scary version to earn money. The googly eyes reverted to the menacing glower of the lowered brow and the cute little nose that often rode so high as to be more on the Merry Monster's forehead than in the middle of his face, migrated back downward.

The story in this issue is "The Monster's Mate," in which the monster is finally given that which he desired when he says in Shelley's novel, "I am alone, and miserable; man will not associate with me; but one as deformed and horrible as myself would not deny herself to me. My companion must be of the same species, and have the same defects. This being you must create." Rather than being created, he finds a female monster roaming the countryside. A small boy falls off a cliff while looking at her in horror, and she is blamed for his death, beaten, and left for dead by the ignorant villagers. Frankenstein finds her and resuscitates her. She is blind, so she cannot

Dick Briefer. *Frankenstein*. Vol. 4, no. 1 [no. 23]. Canton, OH: Feature Publications, Inc., February-March, 1953.

see and hate him (though she is quite ugly too!). They form a bond, "and there is a sort of tenderness and compassion in the cold heart of the monster." He steals some perfume for her and they set up a domestic household, but the villagers soon return and kill her. The story ends with the monster plotting revenge: "Now those men who remain in the town will *pay*! Menacingly, the monster heads toward town—his enemy will *pay* for this!!"

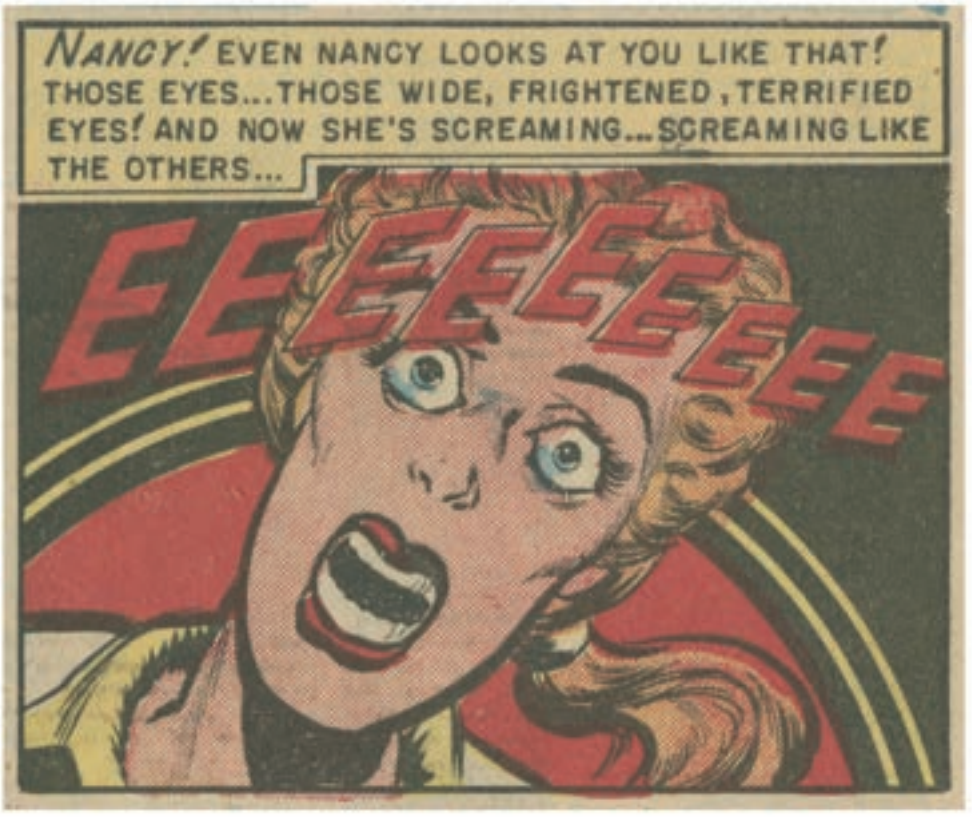
Tales from the Crypt. Vol. 1, no. 34. New York: EC Comics, February-March, 1953. From the Peter Weisz Comic Book Collection.

Tales from the Crypt was one of the horror titles offered by the infamous EC Comics, run by William Gaines, who turned his father's educational comic book company into a publisher of horror, crime, science fiction, and weird tales. The blood-soaked, gore-laden morality tales were funny, energetic, and quite entertaining. *Tales from the Crypt* and *Vault of Horror* inspired later films and television shows and are cited as a major inspiration for many modern masters of horror, including Stephen King and George Romero. The post-war comic book industry turned away from superheroes and children's fare and offered the kinds of tales that appealed to GIs who had become used to reading comics during the war—and of course they were still read by children and teens as well.

In 1954, psychiatrist Frederick Wertham published a book called *Seduction of the Innocent* that argued that horror and crime comic books were the direct cause of juvenile delinquency (Wertham also famously claimed that Batman was gay). The moral panic that arose in the book's wake eventually led to Congressional hearings in which comic book publishers, authors, and artists were called to account for themselves and the morally questionable stories they published. Although no laws

Below and following page: *Tales from the Crypt*. Vol. 1, no. 34. New York: EC Comics, February-March, 1953.


I MADE YOU LIVE! I ALWAYS BELIEVED IT WAS POSSIBLE! OUT THERE... IN MY CHAMBER OF HORRORS...THERE'S A TABLEAU OF FRANKENSTEIN ...AND HIS MONSTER! YOU'RE MY MONSTER... MY FRANKENSTEIN! WHAT AN EXHIBIT YOU'LL MAKE! I'LL BE FAMOUS! I'LL...I'LL...DON'T... LOOK AT ME... LIKE THAT! NO! EEEEEE...


NANCY! EVEN NANCY LOOKS AT YOU LIKE THAT! THOSE EYES...THOSE WIDE, FRIGHTENED, TERRIFIED EYES! AND NOW SHE'S SCREAMING...SCREAMING LIKE THE OTHERS...
EEEEEEEEEE

were passed, the comic book industry chose to censor itself with the Comic Code Authority, parts of which were still adhered to by the industry into the twenty-first century. The horror comics of EC were all axed, and Gaines went on to found *Mad* magazine.

This issue contains the Cryptkeeper's take on Frankenstein, a story called "Mirror, Mirror, on the Wall." It is quite an innovative comic in that all panels are seen through the eyes of the monster. It begins with "you" the monster looking up into the face of the mad scientist who created you. You escape and find yourself in a wax museum where people start screaming at you. You go home to your wife and she screams in terror, falls backward out a window, and dies. You return to the scientist and he shrieks, "I made you *live*! . . . Out there . . . in my chamber of horrors . . . there's a *tableau* of *Frankenstein* . . . and his *monster*! You're *my* monster . . . my *Frankenstein*! What an *exhibit* you'll make!" Then, you strangle him and return to the wax museum "and suddenly you *see* it! The most *revolting* scene of all! A *disgusting monster* . . . a conglamoration [*sic*] of *stitched flesh* . . . a *leering repulsive thing* . . . staring at *you*." And, of course, it's you in the mirror—a hall of mirrors—and you go berserk and die. It's a fun and creative take on the story that typifies the kind of darkly humorous tales EC had to offer.

The Peter Weisz Comic Book Collection—just one part of the Lilly Library's collection of over sixty thousand comic books and graphic novels—includes many issues of EC Comics.

The X-Men. Vol. 1, no. 40. New York: Marvel, 1967.

Frankenstein's greatest importance in the Marvel universe is probably as an inspiration for the Incredible Hulk. Anyone who has seen the first appearance of the Hulk—in which he is colored gray, not green, and is clearly a science experiment gone awry—can see the clear line of descent (the Lilly Library, incidentally, holds the first appearance of Hulk and most major Marvel superheroes in its comic book collections). But Frankenstein's monster also appeared as an early villain opposite both the X-Men and the Silver Surfer. In this issue of the *X-Men*, the monster is actually an android being controlled by a rogue mutant. Stan Lee, editor at Marvel and creator of many of the most iconic superheroes, is himself a huge fan of Frankenstein and monster culture. This issue is written by Roy Thomas and penciled by Don Heck.

The Lilly Library has impressive early runs of several classic Marvel titles, including *The X-Men*, *Fantastic Four*, *The Avengers*, and *The Incredible Hulk*.

**The Monster of Frankenstein*. Vol. 1, no. 1. New York: Marvel, 1972.

Marvel produced several monster-themed titles in the mid-1970s, including *Monster of Frankenstein, Tomb of Dracula, Werewolf by Night*, and *Tales of the Zombie*. The restrictive Comic Code Authority was finally easing up enough to let horror back into the mainstream (for a while, even the word "zombie" was forbidden!).

Mike Ploog provided art for the first six issues of the comic's eighteen-issue run, and Gary Friedrich wrote the story. The first four issues are a straightforward retelling of Mary Shelley's novel. Later issues continue the monster's story into the 1890s and then place the monster in suspended animation and revive him in modern times, where he has further adventures, including teaming up with Spider-Man.

***Stan Lee. *Monsters to Laugh With*. No. 2. New York: Non-Pareil Publishing Corp., 1964.**

Stan Lee is best known as the creator or co-creator of Spider-Man, the X-Men, the Incredible Hulk, Black Panther, and many other iconic superheroes. But he also has a soft spot for monsters, and his penchant for outsiders shaped the direction of the comic book industry. What distinguished the early Marvel comics was that instead of being about perfect superheroes, they were about flawed people who had great power (and thus great responsibility) thrust upon them. Some of them, like the Hulk and the Thing, were actually monsters. They had to learn to work together and work with their own gifts and curses to do good. Stan Lee essentially took the idea of Mary Shelley's monster and made him into a hero.

The short-lived (four issues) *Monsters to Laugh With* simply reprints stills from famous horror movies and adds punch lines to them—they are stupid . . . and wonderful!

****Mad*. Vol. 1, no. 89. New York: EC Publications, September 1964.**

Mad magazine was founded in 1952 by editor Harvey Kurtzman and publisher William Gaines. Gaines was best known for publishing horror comics such as *Tales from the Crypt*, and his love of the monstrous carried over into the new humor magazine, especially in the early issues. On the cover of this issue, rather than building a Frankenstein model kit, Frankenstein's monster builds *you*!

****Psycho*. Vol. 1, no. 3. New York. Skywald Publishing Corp., May 1971.**

Psycho, a comic magazine in the style of the better-known *Creepy* and *Eerie*, ran for twenty-four issues in 1974–75. *Psycho* and its sister publications, *Nightmare* and *Scream*, were more lurid and adult-oriented than the fare offered by Marvel and DC Comics. In this story, the monster is cursed with immortality, so he can be hacked up and still be writhing in pain. He is depicted here as a vengeful cannibal; at the end of the three-issue story, he reanimates the dead Victor Frankenstein only to decapitate him once more.

The cover, drawn by legendary fantasy artist Boris Vallejo, depicts a common motif found on this type of magazine: the monster carrying a beautiful, fainting woman, promising more sex than the issue actually delivers. These covers are titillating, but they also hearken back to the themes of the Gothic novels of the eighteenth century. If Monk Lewis had seen this, he probably would have chuckled in approval.

****Frankenstein Underground*. No. 1. Milwaukie, Oregon: Dark Horse Comics, 2015. Story by Mike Mignola. Art by Ben Stenbeck. Cover by Mike Mignola with Dave Stewart (colors). Signed by Mike Mignola.**

Mike Mignola is best known as the creator of the *Hellboy* series of comic books, which have been adapted into two films by director Guillermo del Toro. Both Mignola and Del Toro are avid fans of the Frankenstein mythology, and the themes of Frankenstein are strong in the *Hellboy* series. Hellboy, partially inspired by Shelley's monster, is a demon who is summoned from hell as a baby by Nazi occultists but who decides to turn to the side of good and fight against evil. *Frankenstein Underground*, a six-issue miniseries, is a spinoff of *Hellboy* that follows Shelley's monster through Mignola's fictional universe.

***Victor LaValle. *Destroyer*. No. 1. Illustrated by Dietrich Smith with Joana LaFuente (colors). Los Angeles: BOOM! Studios, May 2017.**

Destroyer is the most recent iteration of the Frankenstein story included in this exhibition, and it represents a promising new direction for the myth. LaValle is the author of several novels of literary horror, including *The Ecstatic*, *Big Machine*, *The Devil in Silver*, and *The Changeling*. His novella *The Ballad of Black Tom* broke new ground by retelling H. P. Lovecraft's "The Horror of Red Hook," a horror story fundamentally rooted in Lovecraft's racist terror of the inhabitants of Red Hook, New York, from the point of view of a young black man who becomes ensnared in the occult underground. *Destroyer*, a six-issue miniseries, similarly deconstructs a classic horror story and updates Shelley's theme of the outsider to apply to modern culture. *Destroyer* tells the story of parents grieving for their son Akai, a young black man killed in a police shooting. The boy's mother is a doctor and a descendent of Victor Frankenstein; of course, she brings her son back to life. Meanwhile, the original monster is still roaming free and has vowed vengeance on all the descendants of his creator.

LaValle challenges the sympathy we have cultivated for the monster over the generations. When Akai's father sees the bloody aftermath of the monster's attack, he points out the hypocrisy of people who can love a monster but not care that a young black man has been shot and killed by those who were supposed to protect him: "Look at the backflips people will do to find humanity in that monster. But when they saw a boy like mine, they had no love to spare." It is a sobering reminder to take the lessons that we learn from literature to heart; the empathy that Mary Shelley cultivates in *Frankenstein* must be brought into the real world if the story is to remain meaningful.

CASE 11

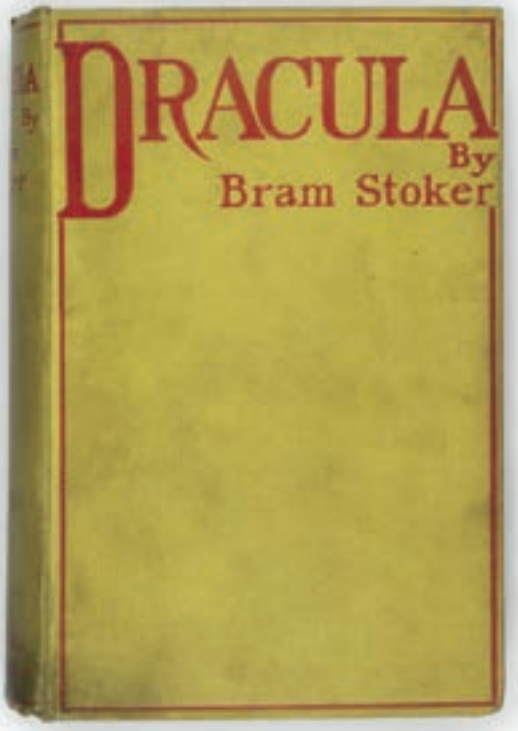
The Undead

> I considered the being whom I had cast among mankind, and endowed with the will and power to effect purposes of horror, such as the deed which he had now done, nearly in the light of my own vampire, my own spirit let loose from the grave, and forced to destroy all that was dear to me.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. I, Chapter VI

Frankenstein's monster and the vampire are close cousins; they are both "undead" in different ways, and the modern version of the vampire was born on the same stormy night as Mary Shelley's monster. Their evolutionary paths through popular culture, however, have led these cousins in very different directions. While the most iconic iteration of the Frankenstein monster is a groaning brute, the modern vampire is sex incarnate. Unsurprisingly, the vampire has been more successful in the twenty-first century. While *Frankenstein* speaks to our loneliest selves and to the self-loathing we feel in the dark of night, the vampire has over time become a sparkly wish-fulfillment—an immortal being, who, though also at times tormented, is eternally beautiful, powerful, and desirable. Notable examples include Anne Rice's sexually fluid creatures in her *Interview with the Vampire* series, the dangerous heartthrobs of *True Blood*, and of course the teenage fantasy of *Twilight*'s Edward—the high school girl's desire for a devoted and broody bloodsucker made flesh. Much more than Frankenstein's monster, vampires have inspired an entire alternative lifestyle. There are plenty of people who either pretend they are vampires or genuinely believe that they *are* vampires, and there is an entire industry of costumes, accessories, and props to aid them in their play, at any level of seriousness. Although there must be a few devoted Frankenstein cosplayers out there, there is nothing like the entire subculture that has mushroomed around the vampire legend.

But as different as these two monsters are now, they started in a similar place. Victor calls his creation "my own vampire, my own spirit let loose from the grave," echoing perhaps Prospero's recognition of Caliban: "This thing of darkness I / Acknowledge mine."

What the vampire and Frankenstein's monster most share is the potential to embody guilt, sin, or inner darkness. In 1814, Percy Shelley's first wife, Harriet, wrote to a friend, "Mr. Shelley has become profligate and sensual . . . and here I am, my dear friend, waiting to bring another infant into this woeful world. Next month I



Bram Stoker. *Dracula*. Westminster: Archibald Constable and Company, 1897.

shall be confined. He will not be near me. NO, he cares not for me now. He never asks after me or sends me word how he is going on. In short, the man I once loved is dead. This is a vampire." From Harriet's view, Percy is a sensuous monster who has abandoned his pregnant wife, an undead abomination in place of the reliable, upstanding husband she admired. Mary Shelley was well aware of this view of Percy, and she also was close to Byron, who was so vampiric that he inspired John Polidori to immortalize him as the Lord Ruthven in *The Vampyre*. Frankenstein's monster is, perhaps, Mary's own "thing of darkness," the manifestation of her guilt about the lives that were damaged when she eloped with Percy.

Bram Stoker. *Dracula*. Westminster: Archibald Constable and Company, 1897.

Although published almost eighty years apart, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and Bram Stoker's *Dracula* have become entwined in the public's imagination. They have helped each other in that any time one is successful, movie studios, comic book publishers, and theater producers look around for similar properties . . . and inevitably find the other. They have appeared on screen together many times, including in Universal's monster mash-ups *House of Frankenstein* and *House of Dracula*. In 1971, they duked it out in *Dracula vs. Frankenstein* (considered one of the worst movies of all time). And they inhabit a shared Gothic universe (which necessitates moving Frankenstein's timeline forward into the late Victorian period) in the recent television series *Penny Dreadful*. Because of their close connection, many people think of *Frankenstein* as "Victorian," but they are remembering film adaptations (including

those from Hammer Studios) that push the storyline toward *Dracula*'s moment in history.

Dracula is such a titanic presence in the landscape of horror literature that it could easily anchor an exhibition as large as this one. Published in 1897 in a yellow cloth binding, it was not particularly successful when it first debuted; indeed, Stoker struggled for funds. Nevertheless, the novel has never been out of print since it was published. Reviews of the novel often compared it to *Frankenstein* and recognized that it belonged in the Gothic lineage. Even more than *Frankenstein*, Stoker was obsessed with technology and modernity, including in the epistolary and document-based narrative references to new technologies and changing ideologies (about women's roles, social class, and so on), even as he resurrected an ancient folkloric figure. Many of the tropes associated with the vampire that persist today derive from Stoker's novel: an aversion to garlic and crucifixes, the need to sleep in native soil, death by a stake through the heart, the ability to transform into a bat or wolf, and the erotic seduction of the victim before death (made more explicit than in Polidori's novel—though it is suggested there as well). Specific Victorian fears of the Eastern invader and the threat of hereditary degeneration are also thrown into the mix.

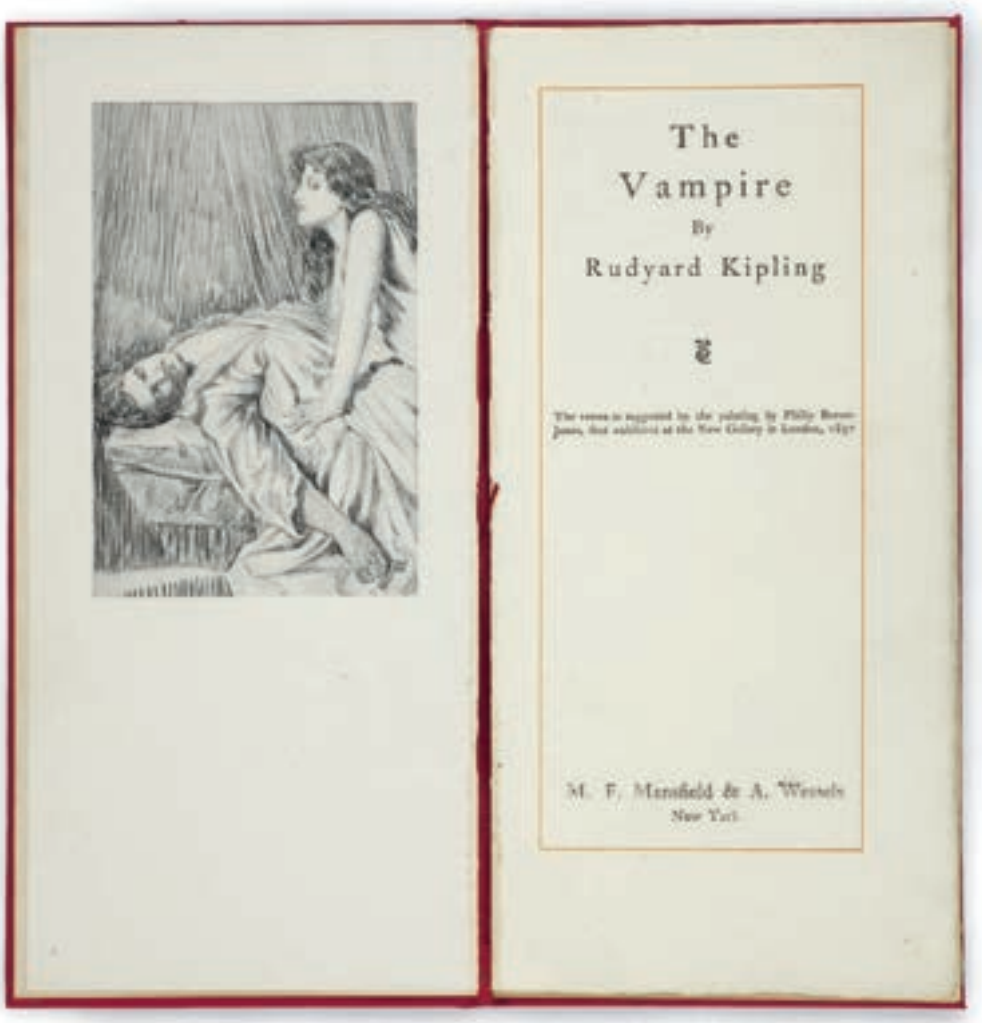
Bram Stoker. *The Jewel of Seven Stars*. London: William Heinemann, 1903.

None of Stoker's other novels have had the lasting impact of *Dracula*, but the immortal Count was not the only undead being that Stoker left to posterity. His *Jewel of the Seven Stars* is one of the inspirations for twentieth-century films about mummies. Unlike the mummy portrayed by Boris Karloff in Universal's *The Mummy*, Stoker's mummy is female—Queen Tara, a mummy brought to London by an Egyptologist. Tara is able to merge personalities with the Egyptologist's daughter and thus be brought back to life. It was filmed as *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* by Hammer in 1971.

Rudyard Kipling. *The Vampire*. New York: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, 1897.

1897 was a big year for vampires. The same year that Bram Stoker's *Dracula* debuted, Rudyard Kipling—arguably the most mainstream (popular and aligned with national views) poet in the British Empire, published this poem about a deadly woman (Kipling was also, it might be remembered, the man who penned the aphorism "The female of the species is more deadly than the male"). The poem begins:

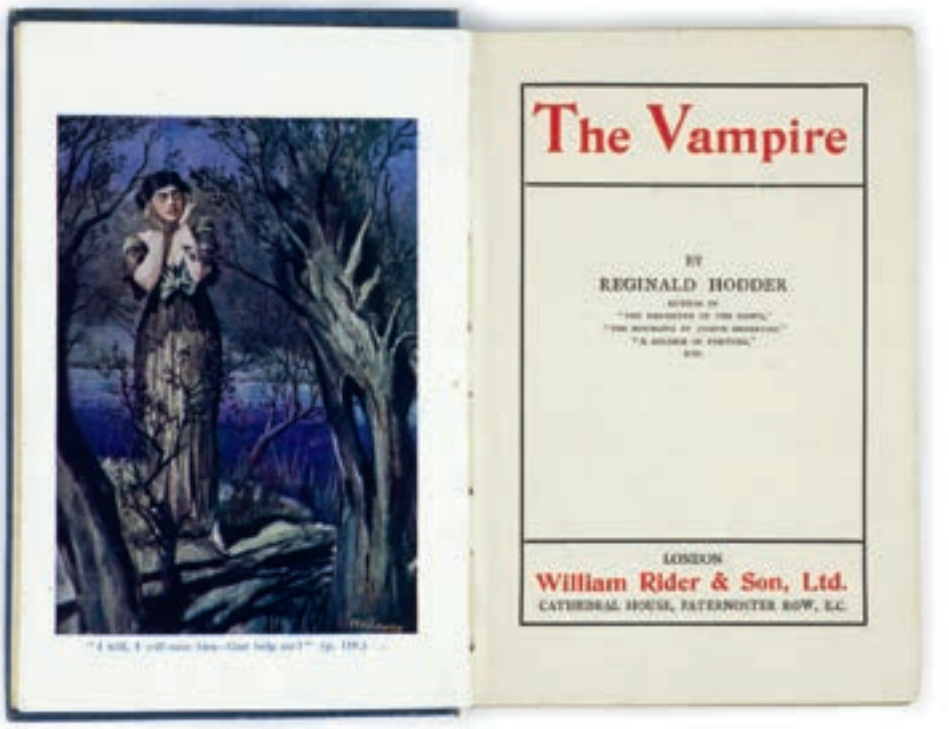
> A FOOL there was and he made his prayer
> (Even as you and I!)
> To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
> (We called her the woman who did not care)
> But the fool he called her his lady fair—
> (Even as you and I!)



Rudyard Kipling. *The Vampire*. New York: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, 1897.

There is nothing overtly supernatural about the poem; it is about a woman who sucks men dry with her needs and desires, especially for material things. It is a profoundly conservative poem and reflects a culture that was terribly nervous about the bicycle-riding, pants-wearing, independently thinking (and reading) "New Woman." The poem was inspired by a painting by the Pre-Raphaelite Philip Burne-Jones that depicts a woman with teeth bared climbing seductively atop a fainting young man, reversing the conventional gender roles of the Gothic novel. Burne-Jones was Kipling's cousin, and he wrote the poem to help promote the painting. The poem also inspired the 1915 film *A Fool There Was*, starring the famous "vamp" Theda Bara.

The Lilly Library's copy is an unauthorized edition printed by Milburg Francisco Mansfield. The bat illustration on the cover was done by Mansfield's wife Blanche McManus.



Reginald Hodder. *The Vampire*. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 1913.

Reginald Hodder. *The Vampire*. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 1913.

Reginald Hodder's *The Vampire* is neither an important nor an enduring book; in fact, copies of it are exceedingly scarce (the Lilly Library's copy is one of only two in the United States). But it represents a tide of vampire fiction that followed in *Dracula*'s wake as Stoker's tale steadily gained in popularity after its publication, and it contains within it advertisements for *Dracula*. It is the story of a female vampire (and leader of an occult society) who maintains her youth and beauty by psychically draining others.

Gustav Meyrink. *The Golem*. Trans. Madge Pemberton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1928.

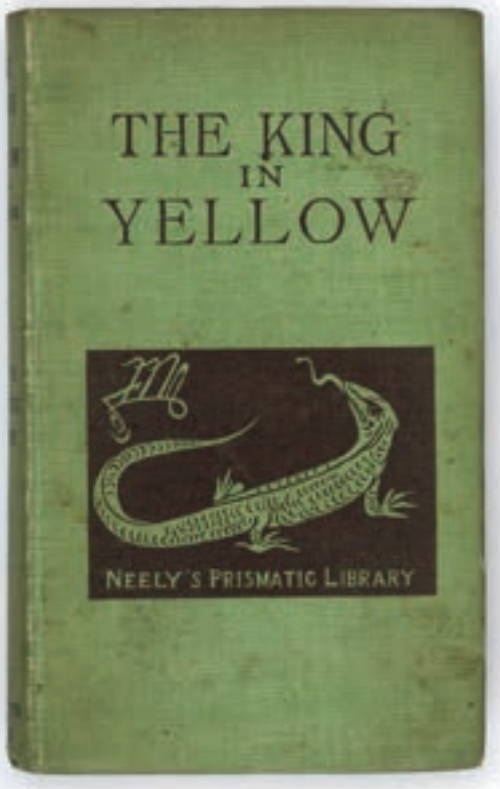
Der Golem by Gustav Meyrink was first published in Germany in 1915. It is based on the Jewish legend of the Golem of Prague, a creature of clay brought to life by the sixteenth-century rabbi Judah Loew ben Bezalel to defend the city of Prague against anti-Semitic attacks. There are many legends about the Golem, some of which include the being falling in love and turning violent and murderous when rejected. Clearly, there are strong parallels with Mary Shelley's monster.

Meyrink's novel strays from the traditional legend, but a more Frankenstein-like Golem appeared in the silent films of Paul Wegener, which influenced Universal's adaptation of *Frankenstein*.

Robert W. Chambers. *The King in Yellow*. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely, 1895.

Robert W. Chambers was a prolific American writer who occasionally delved into tales of the supernatural. He is best known for this collection of stories, the resounding strangeness of which is unequalled anywhere in literature. The stories invoke the intense illogic of a nightmare, and several of the stories center around a forbidden drama called *The King in Yellow*, which, if read aloud, will drive the reader insane. It also contains an undead creature quite unlike any other in weird literature, a sort of ambulatory coffin worm posing as a churchyard watchman who torments a decadent artist. It is an obscure little collection that until recently was known only to select devotees of the genre; reference to the work in the popular HBO television series *True Detective* brought it to wider attention and prompted several reprint editions. Beyond that, the volume taps into a surprisingly vast network of literary weirdness. Chambers himself borrowed some of the names of mythical places and characters from the stories of Ambrose Bierce. H. P. Lovecraft, in turn, slipped references to the enigmatic "Yellow Sign" and the mythical land of Carcosa into his own vast and complex mythos. Even detective novelist Raymond Chandler referenced the work in his detective story, also titled "The King in Yellow." It's one of those rare books that seems to have some kind of power of its own to shape the literary landscape around itself, and its influence only seems to grow.

The Lilly Library copy bears the bookplate of Ned Guymon, one of the most prolific collectors of detective fiction and related genres in the twentieth century.



Robert W. Chambers. *The King in Yellow*. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely, 1895.

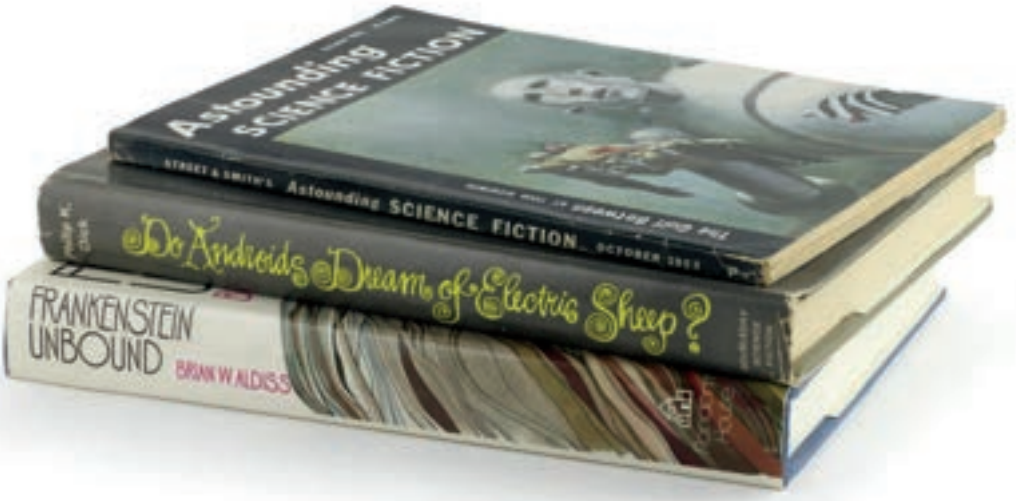
CASE 12

Artificial Life

> Learn from me, if not by my precepts, at least by my example, how dangerous is the acquirement of knowledge, and how much happier that man is who believes his native town to be the world, than he who aspires to become greater than his nature will allow.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. I, Chapter III

The above passage is spoken by Victor Frankenstein to his new friend Robert Walton and has been taken throughout the novel's long history of interpretation as a clear-cut statement about the dangers of science and technology. The same line is spoken again in the 2017 film *Alien: Covenant*, the sixth film in the franchise that began with James Cameron's 1979 *Alien*, which taught us that in space, no one can hear you scream. The two most recent entries in the series, *Prometheus* (2012) and *Alien: Covenant*, both directed by Ridley Scott, are both heavily influenced by *Frankenstein*. In the latter, the line from Shelley is borrowed by entrepreneur Peter Weyland, who speaks it to his newly created android David, as he promises his creation that they will search the universe for the origin of human life. David points out that he is potentially immortal, while his creator will die, something also true of Frankenstein's monster. As the film progresses, David plays both the role of the monster and the mad scientist, and we later visit his lab where he is experimenting with human and xenomorph life. The film also references Percy Shelley's poem "Ozymandias" and picks up on the monster's comparison of himself to Satan. In many regards *Alien: Covenant* is woven together from a number of Romantic and Gothic themes—disguised as twenty-first-century science fiction.

The themes of *Frankenstein* are prevalent in many twentieth- and twenty-first-century texts about artificial life, something Mary Shelley could scarcely have predicted . . . although her friend Byron's daughter Ada Lovelace would become instrumental in developing the first computer—the first step toward the android David, the Terminator, the Replicants of the *Blade Runner* universe, *Star Trek*'s good and evil android brothers Data and Lore, the Iron Giant, the disastrously self-aware androids of *Westworld*, and the female robot Ava of 2014's *Ex Machina*, who must destroy her creator to keep from becoming a slave to him. In a way, Mary Shelley anticipated the ethical problems of artificial life, which are still far from resolved. What respon-



Fiction which features artificial life.

sibility do we have toward something we have created? Once we bestow sentience, should the intelligence be free, or do we have a right to enslave what we have made? And how do we keep our creations from turning on us and becoming monsters?

Isaac Asimov. "Little Lost Robot." *Astounding Science Fiction*. Vol. 39, no. 1. New York: Smith & Smith Publications, March 1947.

Isaac Asimov coined the term "Frankenstein complex" in the story shown here, "Little Lost Robot," first published in the March 1947 edition of *Astounding Science Fiction* and later included in his 1950 collection *I, Robot*. For his science-fiction future, Asimov created the Three Laws of Robotics, which were meant to ensure that robots would not run amok and destroy their creators:

1. A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.
2. A robot must obey orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.
3. A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

Many of Asimov's robot stories deal with the viability of maintaining such laws. In "Little Lost Robot," an angry scientist tells a robot to "get lost." The being takes him literally and goes away to hide. The scientist and his colleague must find him because he has had the second part of the first law (that he can't allow a human being to come to harm through his inaction) disabled, which means that he could stand by and watch a human be killed (whereas a fully-enabled robot would have to sacrifice

itself to save the human). At the end of the story, the little lost robot is rather tragically destroyed.

This story introduces Asimov's phrase, "the Frankenstein complex," which is a human fear of AI. Following in the tradition of Mary Shelley, a great deal of AI-related fiction and film ultimately asks us to sympathize with the artificial intelligence.

Astounding Science Fiction. Vol. 52, no. 2. New York: Smith & Smith Publications, October 1953.

The cover of this issue of *Astounding* depicts a sad, rather Frankenstein-like robot holding up a bloody man. The robot's modernist design echoes Karloff's monstrous visage, and his mournfulness hearkens back to Mary Shelley's novel. It is an illustration for "The Gulf Between" by Tom Godwin, the tagline of which reads: "There was a man who hated men because they would not obey him like robots. Then he got a robot."

The Lilly Library has a staggeringly large collection of science-fiction pulp magazines, with complete or large runs of such seminal titles as *Amazing Stories*, *Astounding Science Fiction*, and *Thrilling Wonder Tales*. These collections are a treasure trove of fiction ranging from sublime to delightfully awful. Their eye-poppingly colorful covers are crammed with flying saucers, square-jawed, ray-gun-toting heroes, metal-bikini-clad heroines, and a veritable intergalactic menagerie of robots, aliens, ambulatory fungi, tentacled menaces, blob monsters, space dinosaurs, and more. It is a wonderful resource for anyone who wants to study how science fiction evolved beyond (and in debt to) *Frankenstein*.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. "Fortitude." *Playboy*. Vol. 15, no. 9. Chicago, IL: HMH Publishing Co., September 1968.

"Fortitude" is a short play about cyborg rights originally published in *Playboy* in 1968. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s stories are deeply rooted in pulp science fiction, so much so that he paid homage to them by embodying their ideas—from the weird to the sublime—in one of his recurring characters, Kilgore Trout.

"Fortitude" provides a new version of Dr. Frankenstein and his assistant Tom Swift. This Doctor has a female patient, Sylvia Lovejoy, who has been reduced to nothing but a head on a tripod controlled by the Doctor's machines. The woman who comes to do poor Sylvia's hair tries to help her commit suicide, but Sylvia's mechanical arms have been programmed to keep her from harming herself. The good Doctor, however, clearly didn't know about Asimov's First Law of Robotics because Sylvia ends up killing him instead. It is an interesting story about male power and control that rather challenges and subverts the very medium in which it appears.

The Lilly Library holds extensive collections related to Kurt Vonnegut, including correspondence and other personal papers and drafts of many of Vonnegut's stories and novels, including *Breakfast of Champions*, *Slaughterhouse Five*, and many

others. Several of his science fiction short stories in the Lilly Library's collections remained unpublished until 2017.

Philip K. Dick. *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* New York: Doubleday, 1968.

Many people who have seen one of the *Blade Runner* films are unfamiliar with their source material, which is quite different from the adaptations. The title comes from the fact that in a post-World War Terminus America, most animals are extinct, so owning a real animal is an elite status symbol. Most people have electric animals, like the protagonist Rick Deckard's electric sheep that graze on his roof. Deckard is a bounty hunter who "retires" rogue androids. He uses a test of empathy to unmask them. Unlike the film adaptation, there is no hint that Deckard may himself be an android.

Like most of Dick's novels, the story veers into surreal and at times almost psychedelic territory, questioning the function of religious belief, the nature of human life, and even the utility (or lack thereof) of the real world. At the end of the novel, Deckard is thrilled to find a toad, which he believes is real. When he discovers it is an electric toad, he concludes, "The electrical things have their lives too, paltry as those lives are."

Film stills from *Blade Runner*, 1982. From the Kael collection.

Even more so than its source novel, the *Blade Runner* films engage with the ethical and existential questions of AI life and pay homage to *Frankenstein*. The original film was released in 1982, re-edited significantly in 1992, and the sequel *Blade Runner 2049* was released in 2017. The films portray a future world in which the haves and the have-nots have become radically separate. The lowest members of society are shipped to the off-world colonies to become laboring drudges, and the underclasses of the glittering cities of the earth are crammed into tiny spaces and inundated by towering, glittering advertisements for consumer goods at every turn.

As in Dick's novel, Deckard (Harrison Ford) is a bounty hunter. He is seeking four androids (in the film called replicants) who have escaped the off-world colonies. Frankenstein's monster says, "Do your duty towards me, and I will do mine toward you and the rest of mankind. If you will comply with my conditions, I will leave them and you at peace; but if you refuse, I will glut the maw of death, until it be satiated with the blood of your remaining friends." This is the same plight that the replicants face. They wish for themselves and their kind to be freed from the slavery of their creators—in this case the powerful Tyrell Corporation. If not, they will glut the maw of death.

The stills here depict two of the replicants from *Blade Runner*: the fiercely intelligent Pris (Daryl Hannah) and the Byronic Roy Batty (Rutger Hauer). Deckard himself must also finally come to the realization that he too is a replicant.

Film still from *Blade Runner*, The Ladd Company, Warner Bros., 1982.

Brian Aldiss. *Frankenstein Unbound*. New York: Random House, 1973.

There are a number of novels that attempt to retell or extend Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, and Brian Aldiss's *Frankenstein Unbound* is one of the best. Aldiss also deserves a nod for being one of the first critics to argue that Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* was the first science-fiction novel, which he did in his history of science fiction, *Billion Year Spree* (1973). It was a contentious claim at the time, and many readers and critics who lean toward "hard" (technologically plausible) science fiction still feel that the science in the novel is not realistic enough to qualify it for the genre. But Aldiss's claim made an impact, and Shelley is now considered by many to be the mother of the genre.

Frankenstein Unbound was released in the same year as *Billion Year Spree* and was meant to compliment the work by embodying the centrality of Shelley in a new science-fiction novel to be set alongside science-fiction criticism. It is set in the twenty-first century, and involves a man named Joe Bodenland time traveling back to 1816, where he meets Mary Shelley at the Villa Diodati. He also meets a real-life Victor Frankenstein and must begin to question whether he has traveled back into history or into a fictional world. The creation of the female monster, in this version, comes to fruition, and Joe must hunt down the creator, the monster, and the monster's mate, all at the risk of losing his own soul and sanity in the process.

The novel was filmed in 1990 by legendary B-movie director Roger Corman. It strays quite far from the book and is almost impossible to describe in its over-the-top emotive absurdity; it is highly recommended for lovers of the so-bad-it's-brilliant school of cinema. Seeing a talking car drive around in a B-movie soundstage of nineteenth-century Geneva is worth the price of admission. The six-fingered, frizzy-red-haired, irritable monster is a bonus.

CASE 13

Adapting *Frankenstein*

> My tale was no one to announce publicly; its astounding horror would be looked upon as madness by the vulgar. Did any one indeed exist, except I, the creator, who would believe, unless his senses convinced him, in the existence of the living monument of presumption and rash ignorance which I had let loose upon the world?
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1831, Chapter VII

The above quote is a curious addition to the 1831 revised edition of *Frankenstein*. Oddly enough, Victor/Mary's tale *had* by this time been announced publicly, not only for the literate public but also for the "vulgar" masses. Shelley's inclusion of the word "presumption" is a nod to the play that did it, Richard Brinsley Peake's *Presumption; or, the Fate of Frankenstein*, first produced in 1823. Mary herself saw the play with her father, who, inspired by its success, helped Mary prepare the 1823 second edition of her novel to capitalize on the demand for the story. In a letter to Leigh Hunt of September 9, 1823, Mary wrote "The story is not well managed." With *Presumption*, the story of Frankenstein and his monster had taken on a life of its own.

More plays followed, including such tantalizing titles as *Frankenstitch* (1823) and *Frank-n-Stein, or the Modern Promise to Pay* (1824). The most influential dramatic adaptation other than Peake's is the 1927 adaptation by British novelist Peggy Webling, called *Frankenstein: An Adventure in the Macabre*. It was this adaptation, along with Mary Shelley's novel, upon which the 1931 Universal film adaptation was based. It was the first version of the story to call the monster *and* the creator "Frankenstein."

When cinema arrived, *Frankenstein* was an early adaptation (see Case 10). The story continues to be adapted to the stage, including the recent 2011 National Theatre production in which Jonny Lee Miller and Benedict Cumberbatch took turns trading off the roles of creator and monster.

Playbill for Richard Brinsley Peake, *Presumption; or, The Fate of Frankenstein*.

This playbill for an 1829 production of Peake's play gives us a glimpse of what audiences might have expected to see: "Among the many striking effects of this Piece, the following will be displayed: mysterious and terrific appearance of the Demon from

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

MAID of JUDAH;

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

PRESUMPTION

Or, The Fate of Frankenstein.

And the FALL of an AVALANCHE.

NOT AN ORDER WILL BE ADMITTED.

The MAID OF JUDAH; or, KNIGHTS TEMPLARS,

Home, sweet Home! or the Ranz des Vaches

Playbill for Richard Brinsley Peake, *Presumption; or, The Fate of Frankenstein*.

the Laboratory of Frankenstein. Destruction of a Cottage by Fire. And the Fall of an Avalanche." Nineteenth-century theater was *exciting*. The sets, special effects, and extravagant acting were all perfectly attuned to arouse and entertain large audiences. Much of what we consider great literature of this period was spread to many more people through theater than through the printed text.

The plot of *Presumption* follows Shelley's story only loosely. Victor, rather than being a solitary and tormented genius, has an assistant, Fritz. The sidekick figure (who is often either deformed, a bumbling fool, or both) becomes an important part of the tradition of *Frankenstein* on film. He offers a counterpoint to Victor, gives him someone to talk to (so that the scenes of creation need not be without dialogue), and provides comic relief (as in *Young Frankenstein* when Igor informs Frankenstein that he has given him the brain of "Abby Normal"). Both Fritz and Clerval assist in the creation of the monster, here called the Hobgoblin or sometimes Demon, diffusing

the sense of responsibility. The romantic relationships are also amplified, and lovey duets inserted throughout the play. Fritz has a wife, Ninon. Victor is paired with Agatha, Felix with Safie (the only pairing true to the novel), and Elizabeth (here Victor's blood sister) with Clerval.

The monster, billed as ————————————, was played for over three hundred performances by T. P. Cooke. He had no speaking part and performed through pantomime—the most significant change from Shelley's novel and the most influential. He was quite large, and his skin was tinted blue for the part. Other than that, he was not particularly ugly; in fact, contemporary illustrations depict him as rather handsome, bursting into the light draped in a toga, with somewhat wild hair and eyes, but otherwise well-formed and proportionate. The play ends with Frankenstein destroying both himself and the monster in a dramatic avalanche. The orgy of destruction at the finale would also become a staple of cinematic adaptations.

Richard Brinsley Peake. *Frankenstein*. Dicks' Standard Plays. London: John Dicks, undated.

Dicks' Standard Plays were published by John Dicks in London between 1874 and 1900, providing cheap editions of popular dramas for mass consumption. The inclusion of *Frankenstein* (Peake's *Presumption*) shows the play's continuing popularity

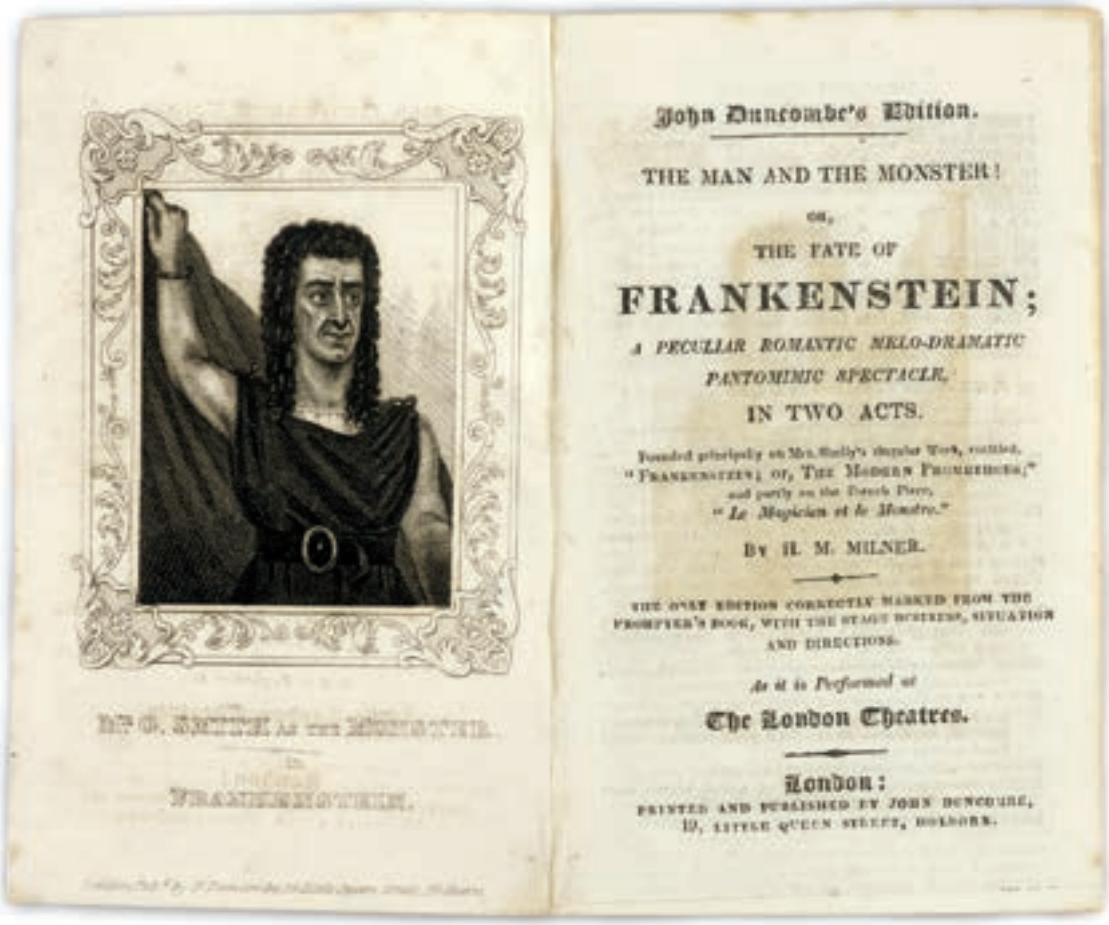
Richard Brinsley Peake. *Frankenstein*. Dick's Standard Plays. London: John Dicks, undated.

into the Victorian era. The cover illustration also provides a very different vision of the monster from that which we might expect: a large but beautiful and well-proportioned monster gazes coyly at Frankenstein, who, inexplicably, is armed with a dueling sword.

H. M. Milner. *The Man and the Monster! Or, the Fate of Frankenstein*. London: John Duncombe, 1826.

Milner's adaptation of *Frankenstein* combines elements from Peake's *Presumption* with a similar French drama of the time, *Le Monstre et le Magicien*. Like Peake's play, it focuses on the hubris of the protagonist, but allows him to learn his lesson. The monster, played by Mr. O. Smith and illustrated as a large, comely, curly haired man, is also mute, though stage directions indicate that he was to play the monster with sympathy.

H. M. Milner. *The Man and the Monster! Or, the Fate of Frankenstein*. London: John Duncombe, 1826.



John Duncombe's Edition.

THE MAN AND THE MONSTER!

OR,

THE FATE OF

FRANKENSTEIN;

A PECULIAR ROMANTIC MELO-DRAMATIC

PANTOMIMIC SPECTACLE,

IN TWO ACTS.

Founded principally on Mrs. Shelly's singular Work, entitled, "Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus," and partly on the French Piece, "Le Magicien et le Monstre."

BY H. M. MILNER.

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK, WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, SITUATION AND DIRECTIONS.

As it is Performed at

The London Theatres.

London:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, 19, LITTLE QUEEN STREET, HOLBORN.

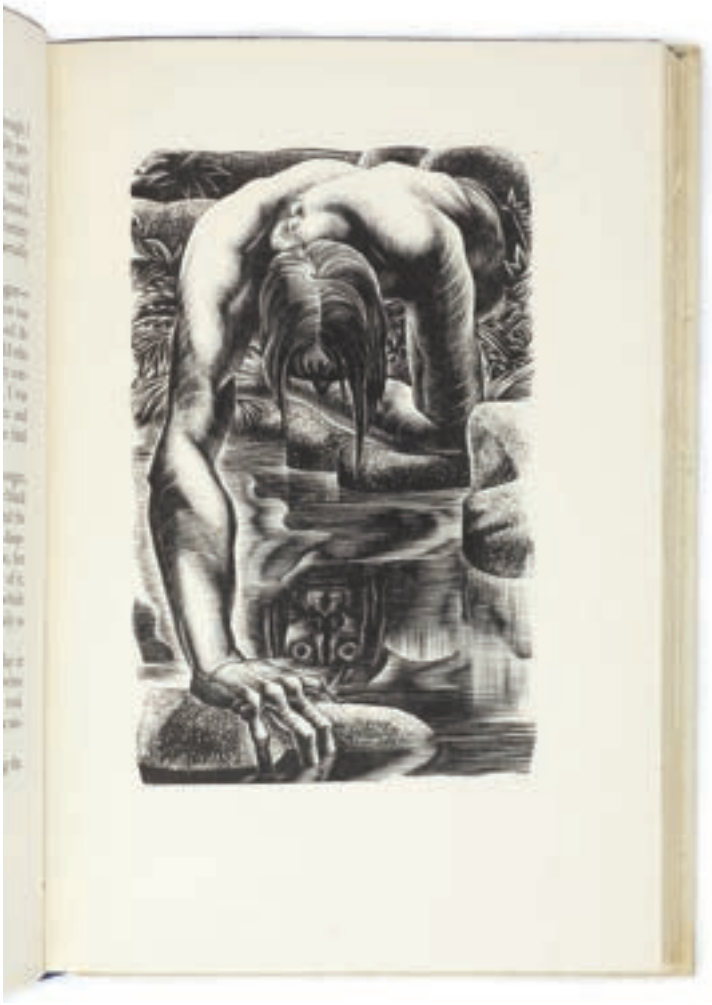
CASE 14

Illustrating *Frankenstein*

> His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful!—Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shriveled complexion, and the straight black lips.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. I, Chapter IV

Mary Shelley describes her monster in great detail. It does not seem like a challenge to illustrate: yellow skin, black flowing hair, and just generally . . . awful. He is referred to as "deformed" and "hideous" a number of times in the text. And yet the monster has been somewhat elusive to illustrators. The only illustrated edition of the nineteenth century was the 1831 third edition (in Case 1), with an engraved frontispiece showing Victor fleeing in terror from his newborn creation. The monster is reasonably accurate in comparison to the textual description, with large limbs and flowing black hair. Nothing about him is particularly hideous though. In early printings of dramatic representations of the story, such as Richard Brinsley Peake's *Presumption; or the Fate of Frankenstein* (see Case 13), the monster was depicted as being downright handsome. Played by popular actors of the day, the monster is drawn as well-formed (if large), bare-chested beneath a flowing toga, with lustrous, wavy locks of dark hair.

Once James Whale, Boris Karloff, and Jack Pierce created their iconic bolt-necked, heavy-lidded, green-skinned, square-headed icon, every illustrator who has tried to tackle drawing the monster has been faced with the challenge of how much of that depiction to borrow or discard. Modern reprints of the novel often have Karloff on their covers. Capturing the elusive soul of Frankenstein's monster is a challenge only accomplished by a handful of elite artists over the past two hundred years. We have chosen two of the very best to highlight in this exhibition.



Engraving on wood by Lynd Ward in Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *Frankenstein, or, The Modern Prometheus*. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, 1934.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *Frankenstein, or, The Modern Prometheus*. With engravings on wood by Lynd Ward. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, 1934.

Lynd Ward was a prominent twentieth-century American illustrator whose work—mostly wood engravings but also watercolors and lithography—are admired for their graphic strength and simplicity. He developed a form of novel in which he told stories only through wood engravings—without words—that are considered to be a predecessor to today's graphic novels.

Ward's interpretation of *Frankenstein* contains sixty-four wood engravings, of which fifteen are full page. The illustrations closely follow the text and each scene is not only a recognizable moment from the novel but also an emotionally significant one, such as the moment when the monster sees himself reflected in a pool and realizes how hideous he is. On the final page, the monster's hand and arm are stretching out of flames—presumably of his promised funeral pyre—so, in a way, Lynd offers closure and death where Shelley does not.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*. Illustrated by Barry Moser. West Hatfield, MA: Pennyroyal, 1983.

The Pennyroyal Press edition of *Frankenstein*, one of a limited 350-copy printing, is the most spectacular edition of the novel in the Lilly Library's collections. The owner, operator, and proprietor of the Pennyroyal Press is printmaker Barry Moser, and his gorgeous illustrations grace this large folio, which also includes an extra suite of the illustrations signed by the artist.

Unlike Ward's black and white wood engravings, Moser's prints use rich, deep color to bring the monster's face out of the inky darkness and into hideous relief. His monster is genuinely repellent, though through the corpse-like peeling skin, exposed sinews, crooked teeth, and watery eyes, we can still glimpse a soul that longs for affection.

The Lilly Library's copy has been specially bound by renowned binder Michael Wilcox. The intricate leatherwork of the binding depicts Frankenstein and his monster in what could alternatively be interpreted as a conflict or an embrace, threaded through with linear gilt tooling that echoes the delicate lines of Moser's illustrations.

Engraving on wood by Lynd Ward in Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. *Frankenstein, or, The Modern Prometheus*. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, 1934.

CASE 15

Outsiders and Others

> I had admired the perfect form of my cottagers—their grace, beauty, and delicate complexions: but how was I terrified, when I viewed myself in a transparent pool! At first I started back, unable to believe that it was indeed I who was reflected in the mirror; and when I became fully convinced that I was in reality the monster that I am, I was filled with the bitterest sensations of despondence and mortification. Alas! I did not yet entirely know the fatal effects of this miserable deformity.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. II, Chapter IV

Mary Shelley was an outsider. So, each in different ways, were Percy Shelley, Claire Clairmont, Lord Byron, and John Polidori. They chaffed against the sexual and moral constraints of their time. They wrote fiercely radical poetry. They were considered whores and anarchists, rebels and villains—mad, bad, and dangerous to know. Over the centuries, they have all gained some respectability. *Frankenstein* is taught on countless course syllabi—indeed, often as a highly moral tale cautioning against the dangers of "playing God." But the core of rebelliousness remains, and over the centuries, the novel's biggest fans have been outsiders themselves. And those who are outsiders—because they are women, brown-skinned, gay, unconventional, or just outright odd—will always come back to the story again and again.

This case highlights a publishing house devoted to the idea of the outsider as embodied in weird fiction. Arkham House, founded in 1939 in Sauk City, Wisconsin by August Derleth and Donald Wandrei, was the first publishing house to specialize in hardcover editions of horror, fantasy, or science fiction and, as such, was an important influence on what has become a tradition of small publishing houses dedicated to genre fiction, catering to an audience of aficionados who are uniquely attracted to a narrow field of writing often considered insignificant at best and perversely unhealthy at worst.

There would be no Arkham House without H. P. Lovecraft, whose stories, including "The Call of Cthulhu," "The Dunwich Horror," and "At the Mountains of Madness," are characterized by horror on a cosmic scale, an interest in the boundary between death and life, and a comingling of horror with awe—sometimes to the point of taking pleasure in terror. Lovecraft himself was a lifelong resident of Providence,

Books published by Arkham House, including H. P. Lovecraft. *The Outsider and Others*. Collected by August Derleth and Donald Wandrei. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1939.

Rhode Island and was an eccentric, something of a recluse, an antiquarian, and an outsider who seemed to belong in another century . . . or perhaps another dimension.

It should be acknowledged that Lovecraft's letters and his fiction reveal that he held deep-seated racist and anti-Semitic views. He feared and loathed those who were different from him, even as he struggled to survive in a world where he was so totally *other* that apocryphal stories tell of him being denied job interviews simply because he had such a strange look about him. In this regard, Lovecraft is rather similar to Shelley's monster. He is sympathetic to a point, but he is also horrible, and his own self-loathing often turned outward onto those unlike himself. That being said, in the literature of horror, his influence is perhaps second only to Mary Shelley. Like Shelley, he created an *idea* that has become so pervasive, not just in horror literature but in popular culture, that it can be easy to forget that it came from him. "Cosmic horror" is a nihilistic philosophy that suggests that rather than any kind of divine logical universe, we instead inhabit a cosmos that is incomprehensible and fundamentally chaotic. And if cosmic forces (often embodied in Lovecraft's writing as Elder Gods) notice humans at all, it is to torment or destroy us. This philosophy can be found in the literary and popular-culture world, from the fiction of well-regarded writers such as Michel Houellebecq and Thomas Ligotti to the video game franchise *Dark Souls*.

Though he never achieved mainstream fame, Lovecraft garnered a small but passionate circle of friends, readers, and correspondents, some of whom became devoted to ensuring that his works did not pass into obscurity. After Lovecraft's death, August Derleth and Donald Wandrei founded Arkham House in Derleth's home town of Sauk City, Wisconsin with the sole purpose of publishing Lovecraft's stories in hardcover. They scraped together the funds to publish *The Outsider and Others*,

a collection of Lovecraft's finest stories, at the price of $3.50 for prepaid orders and $5.00 for the book after publication. It took four years to sell out of the 1,268-copy run; today, copies are expensive, rare, and coveted by collectors.

Beginning with Arkham House, Lovecraft's fame began to grow. Now, Lovecraft is finally recognized as a significant American author. Within popular culture, his influence is widespread and undeniable. Countless films, comic books, and video games make use his ideas of cosmic horror, elder gods, and vast, tentacled monstrosities. Arkham House is important not only in bringing H. P. Lovecraft into print but also in giving many other authors of horror fiction and weird tales—including Ray Bradbury, Fritz Leiber, and Ramsey Campbell—their first hardback publications, bringing out-of-print stories back into publication, and providing a publishing model for small niche publishers. Founder August Derleth died in 1971, but Arkham House is still in existence and continues to publish weird tales.

Items in this case marked with * are on loan from a private collection.

H. P. Lovecraft. *The Outsider and Others*. Collected by August Derleth and Donald Wandrei. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1939.

This first volume published by Arkham House was partially funded by subscribers, who paid $3.50 for the forthcoming volume. It includes the best of Lovecraft's stories, as chosen by Derleth and Wandrei, along with an introductory essay of appreciation by the editors, and Lovecraft's seminal manifesto on weird fiction, "Supernatural Horror in Literature."

The title story, "The Outsider," has a special connection to *Frankenstein*. First published in *Weird Tales* in 1926, it is a first-person narrative of someone who has no memory except sadness, who is alone in an "infinitely old and infinitely horrible" castle that smells "of the piled-up corpses of dead generations." He learns to read from moldy books but never speaks. He associates himself with the beautiful heroes he reads about in the books. He leaves the castle and wanders in a dark forest to a tower, which he resolves to climb to see the light of the moon. He seems to climb through time or through another dimension back into his castle, but this time it holds light and people and merriment. He enters but everyone flees screaming from him, just as the cottagers run from Frankenstein's monster. He sees something and approaches it:

> And then, with the first and last sound I ever uttered—a ghastly ululation that revolted me almost as poignantly as its noxious cause—I beheld in full, frightful vividness the inconceivable, indescribable, and unmentionable monstrosity which had by its simple appearance changed a merry company to a herd of delirious fugitives.
>
> I cannot even hint what it was like, for it was a compound of all that is unclean, uncanny, unwelcome, abnormal, and detestable. It was the ghoulish shade of decay, antiquity, and desolation; the putrid, dripping eidolon of unwholesome revelation; the awful baring of that which the merciful earth should always hide. God knows it was not of this world—or no longer of this world—yet to my horror I saw in its eaten-

away and bone-revealing outlines a leering, abhorrent travesty on the human shape, and in its mouldy, disintegrating apparel an unspeakable duality that chilled me even more.

Of course, what he is seeing is the reflection of himself, just as Shelley's monster sees his reflection in the pool and is horrified at the knowledge that he is an undead abomination. Lovecraft's story ends: "I know always that I am an outsider; a stranger in this century and among those who are still men. This I have known ever since I stretched out my fingers to the abomination within that great gilded frame; stretched out my fingers and touched *a cold and unyielding surface of polished glass*."

Lovecraft's story "Herbert West—Reanimator" also pays homage to Shelley's mad scientist. It was written for a fanzine, *Home Brew*, where it was published serially from February to July 1922. In many regards, it is a straightforward reimagining of *Frankenstein*, with Victor replaced by the mad science student Herbert West. But West one-ups Victor by creating an entire horde of reanimated corpses that run amok and cause all manner of pulpy, bloody mayhem. As such, it is the pivotal story that provides a linkage and turning point between Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and the legion of zombie films, television shows, and video games that have been so popular in the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries.

August Derleth. *Someone in the Dark*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1941.

Arkham House's second publication was a collection of fourteen stories and two novelettes selected by the founder August Derleth as his best work, most of which had appeared previously in *Weird Tales* between 1932 and 1941.

The Lilly Library also holds a small collection of Derleth's papers, with some correspondence relating to the founding of Arkham House.

Books published by Arkham House.

Clark Ashton Smith. *Out of Space and Time*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1942.

The third volume published by Arkham House was this first published collection of stories by Clark Ashton Smith, another frequent contributor to the pulps. Smith's tales were undeniably horrific and weird, but, unlike Lovecraft, nearly all of his stories are set in secondary, unreal worlds rather than in our own recognizable universe.

Donald Wandrei. *The Eye and the Finger*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1944.

This collection of stories by Arkham House cofounder Donald Wandrei is the fifth book published by Arkham and the first to bear the Arkham House emblem on the title page, drawn by Frank Utpatel, one of the main illustrators for Arkham House.

H. P. Lovecraft. *The Dunwich Horror and Others: The Best Supernatural Stories of H. P. Lovecraft*. Selected and with an introduction by August Derleth. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1963.

Because Arkham House was created to publish the work of H. P. Lovecraft, his prose was kept in print. This book and *Dagon*, *At the Mountains of Madness*, and *The Horror in the Museum* are the only titles that Arkham House reprinted; all other titles were limited to one printing, usually of around one to three thousand copies.

H. P. Lovecraft. *At the Mountains of Madness and Other Novels*. Selected and with an introduction by August Derleth. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1964.

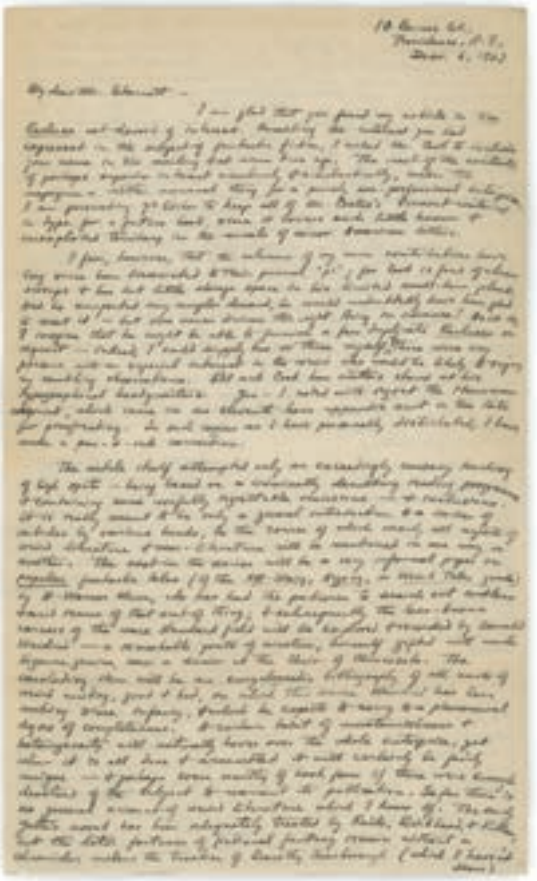
This is the second volume in Arkham House's program of reprinting Lovecraft's fiction. The Lilly Library also has the first printing of *At the Mountains of Madness*, often considered to be Lovecraft's masterpiece, serialized in the February, March, and April 1936 issues of *Amazing Stories*.

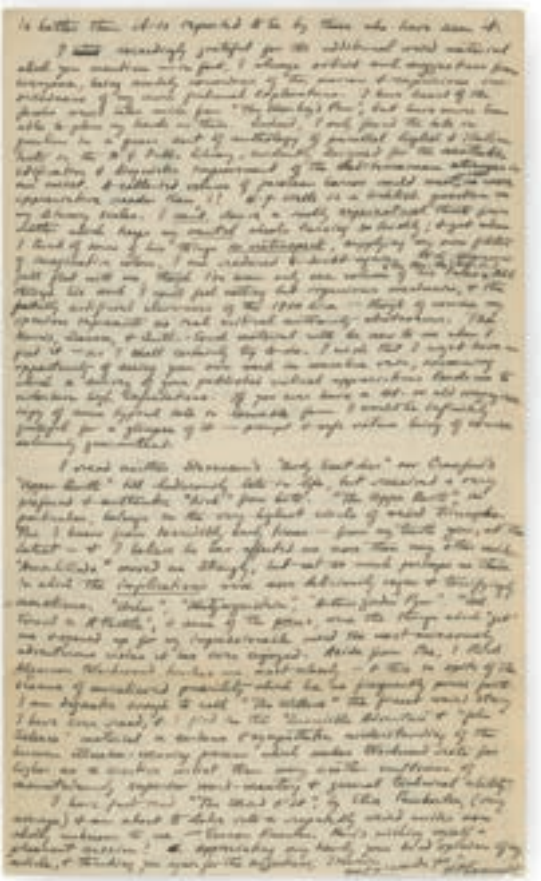
Books published by Arkham House.

H. P. Lovecraft to Vincent Starrett. December 6, 1927. From the Starrett collection.

The Lilly Library holds several letters from H. P. Lovecraft to Vincent Starrett, an American newspaperman and sometime writer of weird tales (though he was better known for his detective fiction and participation in Sherlockian fandom). Part of the reason why Lovecraft's influence on American horror fiction is so great is that he was an eloquent and generous correspondent with dozens of younger writers who admired him. He was also an astute reader and critic of horror fiction, and his analysis of the genre, particularly in his essay "Supernatural Horror in Literature," has greatly influenced the formation of a canon of British and American horror fiction. In this letter, Lovecraft discusses several important horror stories, including Algernon Blackwood's "The Willows" (which he calls "the finest weird story I have ever read"), Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Body Snatchers," and F. Marion Crawford's "The Upper Berth." Thanks to Lovecraft's latter-day popularity, many of the weird writers he enjoyed have found new appreciation.

H. P. Lovecraft to Vincent Starrett. December 6, 1927.





H. P. Lovecraft. *Dreams and Fancies*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1962.

In his letters Lovecraft often detailed the dreams that he used as the basis for his stories. This volume prints the stories along with the passages from the letters that describe the associated dreams.

August Derleth. *The Mask of Cthulhu*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1958.

The stories reprinted here represent an attempt to continue the Cthulhu mythos introduced by Lovecraft. Many scholars and fans of Lovecraft's work consider Derleth's understanding of Lovecraft to be fundamentally flawed, particularly due to his insertion of optimism and a Christian conception of good and evil into Lovecraft's amoral, nihilistic cosmos.

William Hope Hodgson. *The House on the Borderland, and Other Novels*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1946.

William Hope Hodgson was an early twentieth-century master of the macabre who was, after his death in World War I, all but forgotten. Book collector H. C. Koenig became obsessed with reading and collecting Hodgson and almost singlehandedly brought him back from the literary dead. Even Lovecraft, whose knowledge of supernatural fiction was encyclopedic, did not know of Hodgson until Koenig brought the lost writer to Lovecraft's attention. Hodgson spent his younger years as a cabin boy and a sailor, and many of his best tales take place at sea. This Arkham House volume brought Hodgson to the attention of many new fans, and his readership has grown since then. It contains Hodgson's novella "The Ghost Pirates" and his three major novels, *The Boats of the "Glen Carrig,"* *The House on the Borderland*, and *The Night Land*; he was one of the few early weird writers to take on the longer novel form.

Robert E. Howard. *Skull-Face and Others*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1946.

Along with Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard is the best-known author to have published in *Weird Tales*. Although he wrote in many genres, including Lovecraft pastiches, he is best known for his tales of Conan the Barbarian. Howard, a Texas native, has had a huge impact on literature, especially considering his early death in 1936, at age thirty, by suicide. He is often considered to be the father of the "sword and sorcery" genre, a category that has a great deal of crossover with weird fiction. *Skull-Face and Others* collects many of Howard's stories originally published in *Weird Tales*, including some featuring Conan.

Ray Bradbury. *Dark Carnival*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1947.

Ray Bradbury is now one of the best-known and most highly respected names in the literature of science fiction, fantasy, and horror, known for such titles as *Fahrenheit*

451, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, and *The Martian Chronicles*. Bradbury's first published book was this collection issued by Arkham House, comprised of stories that first appeared in *Weird Tales* and other pulp magazines of the 1940s. Fifteen of the twenty-seven stories were later reprinted in revised form under the title *The October Country* in 1955.

Robert Bloch. *The Opener of the Way*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1945.

Robert Bloch wrote hundreds of short stories (including such classics as "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" and "The Man Who Collected Poe"), film scripts, teleplays (including several episodes of the original *Star Trek* series), and novels (including *Psycho*, for which he is perhaps best remembered). As a teenager, Bloch wrote fan letters to H. P. Lovecraft and became the youngest member of Lovecraft's "circle," writers with whom Lovecraft corresponded, collaborated, and to whom he offered criticism. Bloch eventually became known for a brand of horror quite different from Lovecraft's, focusing on psychological terror and human monsters rather than supernatural or outside forces. *The Opener of the Way* was his first published collection. Once again, Arkham House took a chance on a young writer who went on to become a major figure in the field.

Frank Belknap Long. *The Hounds of Tindalos*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1946.

Frank Belknap Long was a longtime friend of both Lovecraft and Derleth. This volume is the first book publication of his fiction, reprinting stories chiefly published in *Weird Tales* between 1924 and the mid-1930s.

***Thomas Ligotti. *The Agonizing Resurrection of Victor Frankenstein and Other Gothic Tales*. Illustrated by Henry O. Morris. Centipede Press, 2011.**

The Arkham House tradition continues, and there are now numerous small presses that focus on horror and weird fiction. One such press is Centipede, founded in 2001 in Lakewood, Colorado by Jerad Walters to print lavish limited editions of rare and obscure works of horror, crime, and weird fiction.

Thomas Ligotti is widely considered to be the finest living author of horror fiction. Working mostly in the short form, he remained an obscure cult obsession until his work recently came to wider mainstream attention by being cited as an inspiration for the television show *True Detective* and being reissued by Penguin. *The Agonizing Resurrection of Victor Frankenstein* was first published in 1994 by Silver Salamander press. It retells the stories of Gothic fiction's greatest heroes and villains in short, cryptic fragments. This reprint is limited to five hundred copies, signed by Ligotti and Morris. This copy is number 40 of extra copies numbered in red, which are reserved for private distribution.

CASE 16

More Monsters

> I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window-shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. I, Chapter IV

The century that followed the publication of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* teemed, bounded, exploded with monsters. And what was so remarkable was that so many of these were *new* monsters. Yes, ghosts, vampires, and other folkloric figures proliferated—often transformed and reimagined in startling ways—but it was also a notably fertile time for the creation of monsters not previously imagined in literature.

Much of this teratological elaboration was sparked by rapidly changing ideas in the biological sciences. Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*, published in 1859, was a watershed moment of the nineteenth century, and like everything else, horror literature can be divided into pre-Darwinian and post-Darwinian thought. It is impossible to imagine today how unsettling the idea of evolution was to many Victorian readers. Suddenly, there was no clear and distinct line between the human and the ape . . . and the uncomfortable blurring of boundaries just kept going further down the evolutionary scale. We are related not just to apes but to lizards, to fungi, hermaphroditic sea slugs, to *everything*. T. H. Huxley's essay "On the Physical Basis of Life" (1869) argued that all life was made of the same physical substance: protoplasm. Huxley describes protoplasm, the material basis of all life on earth as "semi-fluid matter . . . in a condition of unceasing activity." Later Victorian belief in the protoplasmic basis of all life may help to explain the shifting trend in supernatural literature from Gothic apparitions to more hybrid, slimy monstrosities with bodies that are mutable and unpredictable. Huxley explains that if we look at a drop of our own blood magnified, we can begin to understand how we are made of the same viscous matter as all plant and animal life: "these colourless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvelous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing

Books from Cases 12 and 16. *Photograph by Zach Downey.*

in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms." The body begins to seem alien, and it pulsates with a life that is beyond the mental control of the organism. Weird fiction similarly features bodies that cannot be controlled, and their tendency toward viscosity suggests the body's inevitable drive toward death, disintegration, and decay. Huxley does not stop unsettling his audience by telling them that they are composed of the same viscous jelly that makes up fungi, jellyfish, trees, and apes, but he also explains that "under whatever disguise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but *is always dying*, and, strange as the paradox may sound, could not live unless it died."

Horror literature responded to this anxiety with a parade of hybrid nightmare monstrosities that blended the human with other forms of life. Ape men, snake ladies, bug monsters, and malevolent sentient plants began crawling out of the pages of popular fiction, which, with the rise of new print technologies, was cheaper and more widely available than ever before. Undead things began to walk, and the concept of the zombie was borrowed from Haitian folklore in the early twentieth century (popularized in William Seabrook's *The Magic Island*, 1929).

Mary Shelley anticipated all of this, and if the novel is to be studied in terms of science, it is perhaps biology to which we should look rather than chemistry or physics. Perhaps partly through her interest in Erasmus Darwin (which Mary passed on to Victor, who travels to England to chat with Erasmus Darwin before undertaking the creation of the monster's mate), Mary was a century ahead of her time in the field of horror fiction . . . and it took the popularization of the ideas of Erasmus's son

Charles Darwin until the rest of the field caught up with her. Shelley shifts the focus of supernatural literature from the spiritual to the physical basis of life.

It is perhaps worth noting that there is a gaping hole in the representation of the horror fiction of the nineteenth century in this exhibition: that of Edgar Allan Poe. The Lilly Library has one of the greatest collections of Poe material in the United States, including a first edition of "the black tulip" of American literature, *Tamerlane*, first editions and early periodical appearances of nearly all of Poe's work, correspondence between Poe and his paramour Sarah Helen Whitman, and even a lock of Poe's hair. But because the Poe collection is itself so extensive (and worthy perhaps of a larger exhibition of its own), we have chosen to leave connections between Poe and Shelley unexplored for the time being.

Robert Louis Stevenson. *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. London: Longman, Green, and Co., 1886.

Robert Louis Stevenson's famous novel owes a great deal to *Frankenstein*. It is quite easy to read *Frankenstein* not as the story of man versus monster but of one man, Victor Frankenstein, and his dark side or evil half who is psychologically manifested in his imagination as a monster. In fact, many psychoanalytic critics believe that Victor *fails* to create a monster, and everything that happens once the monster "wakes up" is a dream or delusion . . . and thus it is Victor himself who kills his family and his bride. Of course this reading cannot be sustained to the end of the novel because Robert Walton also sees the monster; nevertheless, it seems clear that Shelley intended her readers to see the monster as Victor's "double."

Stevenson's novella, which sold over fifty-six thousand copies in Britain and the United States within seven months of its publication, brings the Gothic theme of the double into the Victorian age, combining fear of atavistic degeneration prompted by evolutionary theory with anxiety about the dark underbelly of prim and proper London, rife with drug addiction, homosexuality, and crime, and ultimately suggesting that these dark undercurrents are within us all.

Oscar Wilde. *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. London; New York; Melbourne: Ward, Lock and Co., 1891.

The monster in Oscar Wilde's infamous *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is a beautiful and idle young man who discovers that all of the sins he commits are reflected not in his own perfect body and face but in the visage and physique of his portrait, painted by his lovestruck friend Basil. As well as being a rearticulation and revisioning of Faust, Satan, Victor Frankenstein, and Dr. Jekyll, it is also a philosophical treatise on the nature and transformative power of art and of books. Like *The King in Yellow* (see Case 10), it contains a "poisonous book": "It was the strangest book that he had ever read. It seemed to him that in exquisite raiment, and to the delicate sound of flutes, the sins of the world were passing in dumb show before him. Things of which

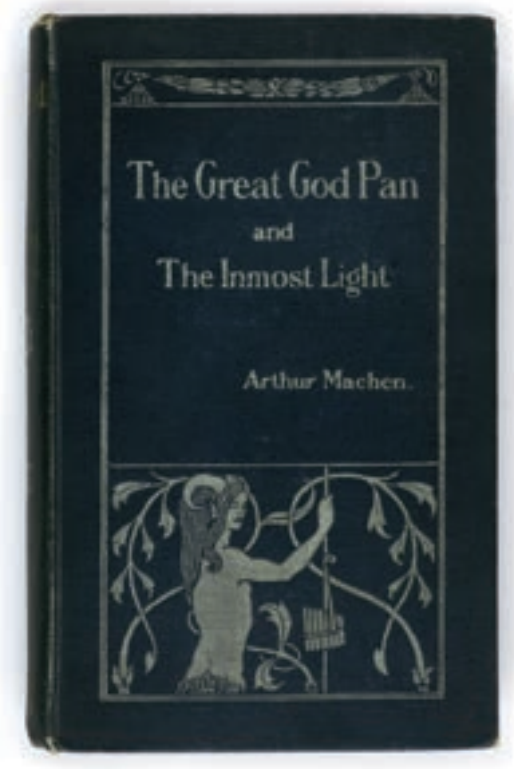
he had never dreamed were gradually revealed." Many of the books in this exhibition have been considered poisonous or dangerous at one time, and many contain transformative powers to change the way we think and feel.

The novel was first published in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* in July of 1890 and was then significantly revised for this, the first book edition. It played a key role in Wilde's 1885 trial in which he was convicted to two years' hard labor for "gross indecency" under the laws of England, which made sodomy a crime. Long segments of the novel were read aloud at the trial as "evidence" that Wilde was guilty not just of physically practicing but also of daring to articulate "the love that dare not speak its name."

Arthur Machen. *The Great God Pan and The Inmost Light*. Boston: Roberts; London: J. Lane, 1894.

Arthur Machen was a Welsh-born, Grub Street writer who made his living as a tutor, cataloguer for London booksellers, translator, and writer for newspapers and literary journals such as *The London Evening News*, *The Academy*, and *The Independent*. He also published poetry, translations, novels in several genres, a pseudophilosophical treatise on tobacco, and supernatural tales that made him somewhat infamous upon their publication and for which he is now best remembered.

Today, Machen is probably best known for his sublimely weird novella *The Great God Pan*. A shorter version of the story was written in 1890 and published that year



Arthur Machen. *The Great God Pan and The Inmost Light*. Boston: Roberts; London: J. Lane, 1894.

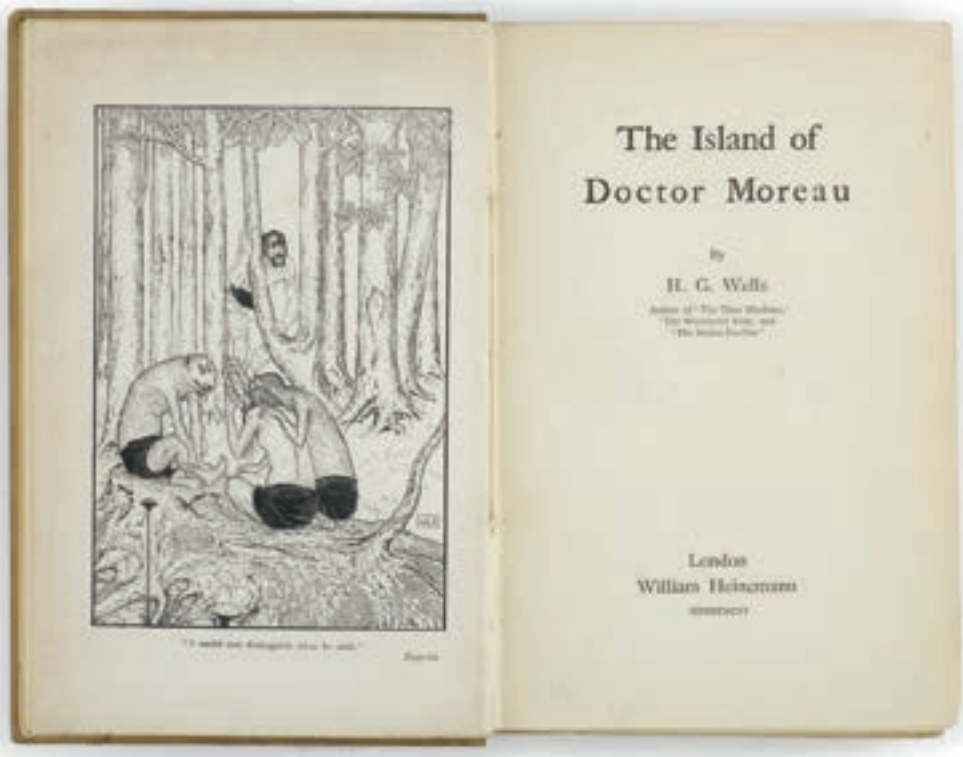
in the magazine *The Whirlwind*, but the story did not make a stir until it was expanded and republished (with the story "The Inmost Light") in 1894 by John Lane at the Bodley Head. The cover design depicts an androgynous satyr with Pan pipes and a vine motif by Aubrey Beardsley, instantly identifying it to potential consumers as a "decadent" novel in the same vein as the notorious *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

It is the story of a scientific experiment gone horribly wrong, a morality play that suggests that if we subscribe to scientific materialism, we ignore the realm of the spirit at our own peril. The story (told in elliptical, halting prose, full of gaps, ellipses, and unfinished fragments) is of a doctor who lobotomizes a young woman, causing her to "see Pan," or gain access to the spirit world. She becomes pregnant and gives birth to a daughter who will grow up to be monstrous—a woman who ruins lives and drives men and women into sexual depravity, moral despair, and suicide. At the climax of the novel, this woman undergoes a rapid, protoplasmic transformation in which she ascends and descends the ladder of evolution, through various animal forms, into a state of jelly, and then into death. It sounds quite insane . . . it *is* quite insane . . . but it is a wonderful book, worth far more attention than it receives.

H. G. Wells. *The Island of Doctor Moreau*. London: William Heinemann, 1896.

If Mary Shelley is the mother of science fiction, then H. G. Wells is the father, and Dr. Moreau is the fin-de-siècle, post-Darwinian version of Victor Frankenstein. The nar-

H. G. Wells. *The Island of Doctor Moreau*. London: William Heinemann, 1896.

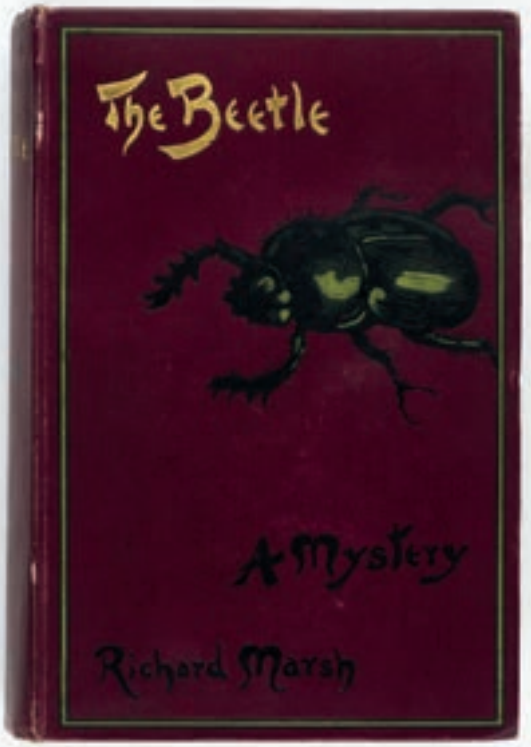


rator, Edward Prendick, is picked up after a shipwreck by the diabolical doctor, who has been vivisecting animals to give them human form and the power of speech. Unlike Victor, he does not flee from his creations but tries to colonize and civilize them with the "Law," which includes edicts against bestial behavior and requirements to praise Moreau as a god: "His is the House of Pain. His is the Hand that makes. His is the Hand that wounds. His is the Hand that heals." When Prendick escapes the island, he finds that he can no longer see real men and women in the same way, for he sees the beasts beneath their skin:

> Then I would turn aside into some chapel,—and even there, such was my disturbance, it seemed that the preacher gibbered "Big Thinks," even as the Ape-man had done; or into some library, and there the intent faces over the books seemed but patient creatures waiting for prey. Particularly nauseous were the blank, expressionless faces of people in trains and omnibuses; they seemed no more my fellow-creatures than dead bodies would be, so that I did not dare to travel unless I was assured of being alone. And even it seemed that I too was not a reasonable creature, but only an animal tormented with some strange disorder in its brain which sent it to wander alone, like a sheep stricken with gid.

Richard Marsh. *The Beetle: A Mystery*. London: Skeffington & Son, 1897.

Richard Marsh was a prolific writer of crime and supernatural tales around the turn of the century. He began his career under his real name, Richard Bernard Heldmann,

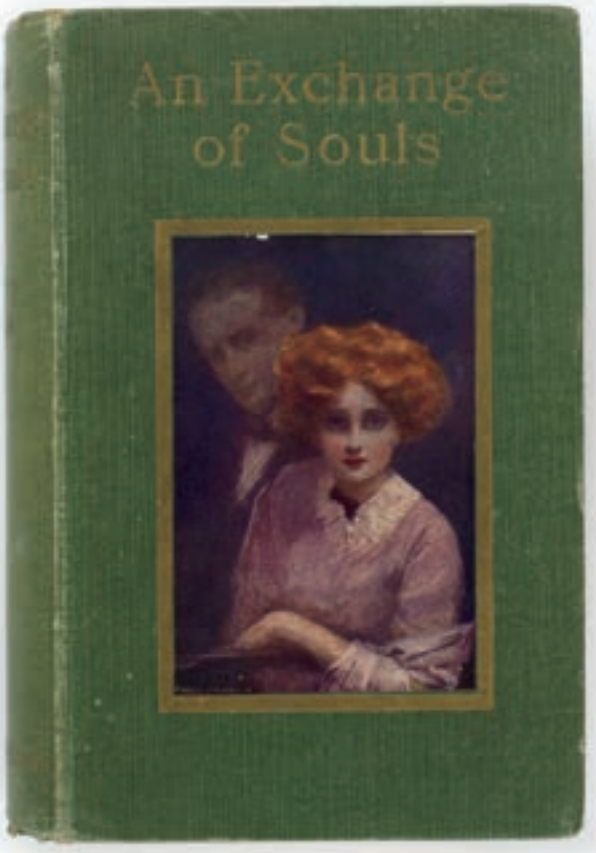


Richard Marsh. *The Beetle: A Mystery*. London: Skeffington & Son, 1897.

writing boys' adventure fiction. After he was sentenced to eighteen months hard labor for forging checks, he changed his name and soon began writing tales of a far stranger bent. His most popular work was *The Beetle*, which was published in the same year as *Dracula* and for a time outsold it. It is one of many Victorian horror novels (including *Dracula*) that hinges on racist fears of invaders from the East, only in this case the invading force is not a vampire, but a hybrid man-woman-giant beetle (really!) that sneaks into men's rooms at night to kiss them and threatens to kidnap virtuous English women and subject them to "a fate worse than death."

M. R. James. *Ghost-Stories of an Antiquary*. London: Edward Arnold, 1904.

On the surface, the stories of M. R. James might appear to be a return to the spectres of Gothic fiction; after all, this volume promises and delivers ghost stories "of an antiquary," drawing on James's extensive knowledge of rare books, manuscripts, history, architecture, and art of the medieval period through the eighteenth century. But the ghosts in these stories are curiously material. As H. P. Lovecraft explained in his essay *Supernatural Horror in Literature*, "the average James ghost is lean, dwarfish, and hairy—a sluggish, hellish night-abomination midway betwixt beast and man—and usually *touched* before it is *seen*." The ghouls of "Count Magus" have tentacled faces; the apparitions of "The Ash-Tree" are nightmarish hairy spiders that land on



Barry Pain. *An Exchange of Souls*. London: Eveleigh Nash, 1911.

the ground "with a soft plump, like a kitten," and the ghost of "Oh, Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad" has a tactile "face of crumpled linen." Along with many of the women writers featured in Case 17, M. R. James reinvented the ghost story for the twentieth century.

Algernon Blackwood. *The Empty House and Other Ghost Stories*. London: Eveleigh Nash, 1906.

Like M. R. James, Algernon Blackwood wrote "ghost" stories that were often monster stories. Some of his most famous stories include "The Wendigo," which is about the cannibal monster spirit of Ontario; "The Willows," in which trees terrorize two men in South America (which sounds ridiculous, but it is one of the eeriest stories ever written); and "Ancient Sorceries," upon which the film *Cat People* is based. *The Empty House* is his first published collection.

Barry Pain. *An Exchange of Souls*. London: Eveleigh Nash, 1911.

The almost completely forgotten *An Exchange of Souls* combines elements from *Frankenstein*, *The Great God Pan*, and *The Island of Doctor Moreau*. Pain, better known in his day for comic fiction, wrote some tales of the supernatural and this novel of science and spiritualism gone wrong. The mad scientist, after conducting experiments on animals, attempts to transfer the soul of one human to another. After he dies suddenly of a drug overdose, it slowly becomes clear that he has transferred his own soul into the body of his fiancée, which they now cohabit.

CASE 17 & CASE 18

Weird Women

> She might become ten thousand times more malignant than her mate, and delight, for its own sake, in murder and wretchedness. . . . She, who in all probability was to become a thinking and reasoning animal, might refuse to comply with a compact made before her creation. They might even hate each other; the creature who already lived loathed his own deformity, and might he not conceive a greater abhorrence for it when it came before his eyes in the female form? She might also turn with disgust from him to the superior beauty of man; she might quit him, and he be again alone.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. III, Chapter III

> "So why shouldn't I write of monsters?"
>
> Elsa Lanchester as Mary Shelley in *The Bride of Frankenstein*, Universal Pictures, 1935

One of the most fascinating characters of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* is the one who does not exist at all: the female monster, the unmade mate. What would she have been like? Would she have fulfilled the demands of the monster, going with him to the jungles of South America to live a harmless life of peaceful vegetarianism? Would she have, as Victor predicted, become a "filthy mass that moved and talked" like the male monster, ready to, with him, propagate the world with a race of demonic offspring? Or perhaps, as Victor feared, might she turn on the monster in disgust and look with watery, yellow, lustful eyes at human men? Or would she have been something else entirely, something perhaps that *neither* the male monster nor their male creator could control?

The female monster is created in several film adaptations of *Frankenstein*, most famously, of course, James Whale's *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935), in which the mate, played in electrical glory by Elsa Lanchester, almost immediately turns from the monster with a catlike hiss of revulsion. "She hate me," he mourns, and proceeds to destroy himself and her alike. Even though the monster returns in several further films, including *Son of Frankenstein* and *Ghost of Frankenstein*, the female monster is never mentioned again. Only one attempt has been made to remake *Bride of Frankenstein*: *The Bride* (1985), starring Sting as Baron Charles Frankenstein and Jennifer Beals, fresh from *Flashdance* fame, as his female creation. In this version,

the female monster is beautiful, and though Frankenstein believes she has the mind of a child, she immediately rejects the male monster, who, as in the original film, tries to destroy the lab. The monster survives and ends up in a circus act with a dwarf, who becomes his friend and champion (long story). Frankenstein and the female monster, who he names (predictably) Eva, survive as well, and Frankenstein and his friend Clerval begin to instruct her to be human and work on creating a perfect male mate for her. Ultimately, the film becomes the story of Eva gaining her sexual independence and choosing who *she* wants to be her mate. It is a rare iteration of the Frankenstein story that has a happy ending. In several adaptations, including *Prometheus Unbound* (1990) and *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein* (1994), Elizabeth becomes the second monster after she is killed. In *Penny Dreadful* (2014–16), an Irish immigrant working as a prostitute is reanimated by Victor Frankenstein after she dies of consumption. He renames her Lily Frankenstein. After a period of confused innocence, she realizes that she is a monster and immortal. She joins forces with the prince of decadence, Dorian Gray, and vows that she will kneel before no man. Together, they commence a reign of sexual debauchery, slaughter, and struggle for dominance in the mortal world.

All of these adaptations have two things in common. First, the female monster is never as hideous as her mate; in fact, she is beautiful (if a bit stitched up here and there). Second, there is always the threat that, in the words of Rudyard Kipling, "the female of the species is more deadly than the male"—that a monstrous woman, especially if beautiful, could be the more powerful creation. Certainly, there are plenty of myths and legends of monstrous women—Lilith, Medusa, the Sphinx, Circe, the Lamia—upon which Shelley could have drawn to inspire her own depiction of the monster's mate. But the female creation was an abortion. For whatever reason, in 1818, Mary Shelley felt that she simply could not be brought to term.

But what Mary Shelley *did* do was provide an example for future generations. In the *Bride of Frankenstein* frame story, Mary Shelley says saucily to Percy and Byron, "So why shouldn't I write of monsters?" And although Mary Shelley was by no means the first women to write of monsters, the enduring popularity of *Frankenstein* has helped to inspire generations of women to write of monsters, ghosts, demons, and scientific experiments gone mad. Mary Shelley allowed women to be weird.

These cases celebrate just a handful of the women writing horror and weird fiction in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Were we to continue to the present day, we could easily fill the gallery over and over again with women who owe a nod of gratitude to Mary and her monster: Margaret Atwood, Leigh Brackett, Octavia Butler, Pat Cadigan, C. J. Cherryh, Zenna Henderson, N. K. Jemisin, Caitlín R. Kiernan, Ann Leckie, Tanith Lee, Ursula K. Le Guin, Kelly Link, Daphne du Maurier, Judith Merril, Joyce Carol Oates, Nnedi Okorafor, Joanna Russ, James Tiptree, Jr. (Alice Sheldon), Jo Walton, and Connie Willis—to name but a very scant few of the thousands of women who have contributed works to the fields of horror and speculative fiction that are as profound and imaginative as *Frankenstein* itself.

There have also been many modern sequels and spin-offs to the story, nearly all of them written by men; notable examples include Alasdair Gray's *Poor Things* (1992) and Peter Ackroyd's *The Casebook of Victor Frankenstein* (2008). One of the few modern adaptations written by a woman is Shelley Jackson's 1995 hypertext novel *Patchwork Girl*. It is an experimental work of electronic literature in which the reader can click through different linked paths and options, almost as if playing a game. The various pieces can, like Frankenstein's monster, be "patched" together in various ways to create the story of the creation of the second, female monster, created in this version by Mary Shelley herself, who falls in love with her creation. The text also offers fragments of the stories of the lives of the women whose body parts went into the construction of the new monster.

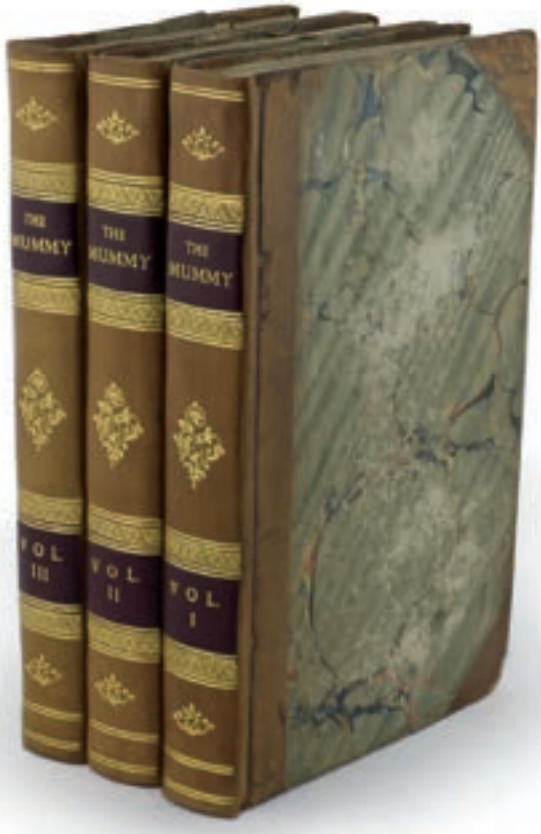
Patchwork Girl could not, unfortunately, be included in this exhibition because it does not exist in physical form. Although it is a direct and compelling response to Shelley's novel, after only a few decades it has become virtually unreadable, just like so many of the women writers throughout history who have been lost, obscured, overwritten, or overlooked. The digital age offers new opportunities for the Mary Shelleys of future generations to create monsters, but it also offers new challenges and new ways in which women can be silenced. For now, we close this exhibition with a testament to the physical traces left behind by Mary Shelley's weird sisters. Although the details of these women's lives are all too often lost to history, the books they left behind allow their monsters and ghosts to speak for them.

Items in this case marked with * are on loan from a private collection.

Jane Loudon. *The Mummy! A Tale of the Twenty-Second Century*. Second edition. London: Henry Colburn, 1828.

Jane Loudon's *The Mummy!*, published anonymously in 1828, is an example of a novel that should be as widely read and remembered as *Frankenstein* but that has instead faded into almost total obscurity. Loudon, born Jane Webb, had a privileged upbringing, traveling through Europe with her father, reading, and learning languages, but her father's business failed and he died penniless when Jane was only seventeen years old. *The Mummy!* was written to support herself and published when she was only twenty. She was very likely inspired by both *Frankenstein*, from which she borrowed the idea of a galvanically reanimated being (in fact, Shelley wrote of her monster, "A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch") and *The Last Man*, from which she borrowed the idea of a novel set in the distant future. She was also influenced by 1821 public unwrappings of Egyptian mummies in a theater near Piccadilly and a fad for all things Egyptian.

The Mummy! is set in the year 2126, a future to which the mummy Cheops travels in a hot-air balloon, eager to share his insights with twenty-second-century England. Rather than being ostracized for his grotesque appearance, as Frankenstein's monster is, he becomes a kind of beloved advisor to the people of the future.



Jane Loudon. *The Mummy! A Tale of the Twenty-Second Century*. Second edition. London: Henry Colburn, 1828.

Where *Frankenstein* and *The Last Man* are somewhat pessimistic (even nihilistic), *The Mummy!* is exuberant. In this future, women will wear trousers, lawyers and surgeons have been replaced by steam-powered automata, and the mail is delivered by cannon ball.

An agricultural journalist named John Claudius Loudon read the novel and was so captivated by the author's description of a mechanical milking machine that he asked to meet the author; Jane married him and was comfortably set for the rest of her life. She never again wrote science fiction but published a semi-autobiographical novel and several works on gardening.

The Lilly Library's copy of the 1828 second edition of *The Mummy!* has several interesting marks of ownership that speak to the novel's lasting appeal. The title page of each of the three volumes is inscribed "J. L. Minet amused much by this Book in May 1828," which tells us that the book was purchased, read, and enjoyed straight away. The volumes also bear the armorial bookplate of Thomas Arnoll Davis and a pencil notation subtracting 1894—possibly the year in which Davis or someone else read the novel—from 2126, the year in which the novel takes place. Both Minet, a ship owner from Ipswitch, and Davis, an army officer, were known to have been in India, which could be where the book changed hands. Thumbprints, crumb marks, and a stain from the edge of a teacup suggest that the novel's nineteenth-century readers enjoyed the novel—and their tea—with relish.

Catherine Crowe. *The Night Side of Nature: or, Ghosts and Ghost-Seers*. London: G. Routledge & Co., 1852.

Catherine Crowe. *Ghosts and Family Legends: A Volume for Christmas*. London: Thomas Cautley Newby, 1859.

Catherine Crowe (née Stevens) was born in Kent and married Lt. Col. John Crowe. She was an advocate of women's educational rights and a friend of Jane Loudon (see above), William Makepeace Thackeray, Hans Christian Anderson, and many other writers and artists. She wrote several plays and middle-class, mildly sensational novels. But what brought her great fame was her book of ghost stories, *The Night Side of Nature*, first published in two volumes by T. C. Newby in 1848. Ghost stories were, of course, already very popular, especially at Christmastime. But what made Crowe's collection different were that the stories were purported to be *true*. This was not entirely a new genre—chapbooks and broadsides had contained true ghost stories for quite some time—but Crowe's modern recounting of poltergeists, mesmerism, prophetic dreams, and psychic phenomena struck a chord with the public, and the book sold at least sixty-five thousand copies in Britain. Charles Dickens reviewed the book and called it "one of the most extraordinary collections" of ghost stories ever published, high praise from the author of *A Christmas Carol*.

Crowe's book was published on the cusp of a movement that would soon sweep America, and then Britain: Spiritualism, or the belief that the spirits of the dead can communicate with the living through various means, usually involving a spirit medium. The movement began with the séances of the Fox sisters (Kate and Margaret) in America, who channeled the spirit of a peddler named Charles B. Rosna, or "Mr. Splitfoot," who had been murdered five years earlier and buried in the cellar of their home just outside Newark, New York. They would ask the spirit questions, and he would answer with a series of rappings. The Spiritualist movement grew and throve throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and Crowe became an adherent as well as a disciple of the phrenologist George Combe. Charles Dickens, who was a staunch anti-Spiritualist throughout his life, later renounced Crowe (who had also published in his journal, *Household Words*) for her beliefs. He also propagated a story—almost certainly exaggerated—that in 1854 Crowe was found wandering the streets of Edinburgh, in Dickens's words, "stark mad" and "clothed only in her chastity." Although Crowe repudiated the claim, it seems certain that she suffered some kind of breakdown, possibly connected to her belief that she was haunted, and was hospitalized briefly at Hanwell Asylum. When Crowe read Dickens's slander, she submitted her own account to *The Daily News*, saying that she had not "gone mad on the subject of spirit rapping" but rather suffered from a chronic gastric inflammation: "During this aberration, I talked of spirit rapping, and fancied spirits were directing me, because the phenomena, so called, have been engaging my attention, and I was writing on the subject; but I was not—and am not—mad about spirits or anything else, thank God!"

Crowe's collections of ghost stories are extremely significant in the history of the ghost story as it continued through the nineteenth century and into the present day. Indeed, the "true ghost story" became a genre unto itself, as evidenced in widespread examples from modern popular culture, from *The Amityville Horror* to the television show *Ghost Hunters*. Her experience is also typical of women who write of ghosts, monsters, and horror; they are often suspected of being mad, hysterical, or otherwise fallen out of the proper, feminine sphere of interest.

Mrs. Oliphant. *A Beleaguered City . . . A Story of the Seen and Unseen*. London: Macmillan & Co., 1881.

The prolific novelist and biographer who wrote under the name "Mrs. Oliphant" (it was the custom of many female authors of the nineteenth century to publish under their married names) was born Margaret Oliphant Wilson. When she married her cousin Frank, she became Margaret Oliphant Wilson Oliphant. Frank, an artist working mostly in stained glass, died of tuberculosis in 1859, leaving her with three children (three other children had already died in infancy). Her life was beset with tragedy and struggle, but through it all, she persisted in making a living with her pen, and her literary output is impressive. She published over 120 volumes of fiction, biography, history, travel writing, and literary criticism. Her only daughter died young, and after struggling to pay for her sons' educations and working to co-author books with both of them, she ended up outliving them as well.

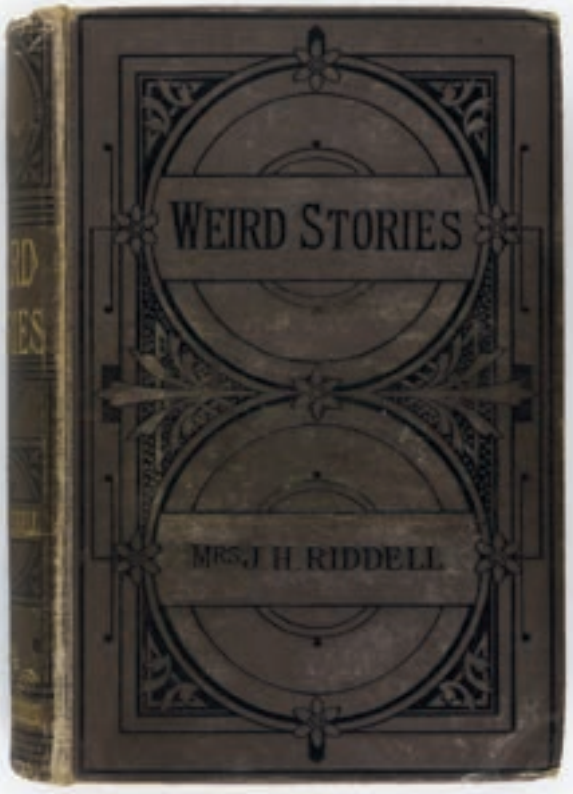
A Beleaguered City, first published in an American edition in 1879, is Oliphant's longest and most sustained tale of the supernatural (she also wrote a number of shorter ghost stories). It tells the story of a small French city, Semur. The spirits of the town's dead rise up and take over the town, feeling that the living residents are too materialistic and selfish. The dead chase the living outside the town wall until they promise to change their ways.

Mrs. J. H. Riddell. *The Disappearance of Mr. Jeremiah Redworth*. Routledge's Christmas Annual. London and New York: George Routledge and Sons, 1878.

Mrs. J. H. Riddell. *Weird Stories*. A New Edition. London: Chatto and Windus, 1884.

Irish-born Charlotte Eliza Lawson Cowen became one of the Victorian era's most highly regarded writers of ghost stories under her married name, Mrs. J. H. Riddell. Ghost stories were only a small part of her output, which included fifty-six volumes of fiction and many shorter works published in periodicals and annuals. She was part-owner and editor of *St. James Magazine*, a prominent London Literary Journal. She also contributed a number of tales to *Routledge's Christmas Annual*. The Victorian tradition of the Christmas annual was one of the major ways in which ghost stories were propagated and gained popularity throughout the period. Riddell

Mrs. J. H. Riddell. *The Disappearance of Mr. Jeremiah Redworth. Routledge's Christmas Annual*. London and New York: George Routledge and Sons, 1878.



Mrs. J. H. Riddell. *Weird Stories*. A New Edition. London: Chatto and Windus, 1884.

was best known in her lifetime as a "Novelist of the City," producing works such as *George Geith of Fen Court* (1864) which realistically treated the lives of London businessmen.

The Disappearance of Mr. Jeremiah Redworth is an example of a ghost story produced for consumption by the Christmas fire. Like many of Riddell's haunted productions, it also involves crime and, in this case, is also an early example of a novel of detection. The ghost of the story reveals his own murderer; many of Riddell's stories used the supernatural as a corrective to the unjust and corrupt world of the living.

Riddell's *Weird Stories* is unquestionably one of the greatest volumes of supernatural fiction produced in the Victorian period. It was first published by J. Hogg in 1882. Both the first and the second edition (displayed here) are exceedingly rare, with only a handful of surviving copies. The ghost stories contained in this volume are mostly domestic in nature; Riddell's spirits exist squarely within the fabric of middle-class society. They demand retribution for jilted lovers and for those deprived of their life, liberty, and property by the still-living; they punish those who disrupt the social order and set it back to rights. This may all sound rather conservative, especially compared to the mayhem brought about by monsters such as the one created by Shelley's Frankenstein. But Riddell was radical in her own way by using the supernatural to bring order, logic, and justice to a world that was often profoundly unjust, especially to those within it who were most vulnerable.

Mrs. Alfred Baldwin. *The Shadow on the Blind & Other Ghost Stories*. London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1895.

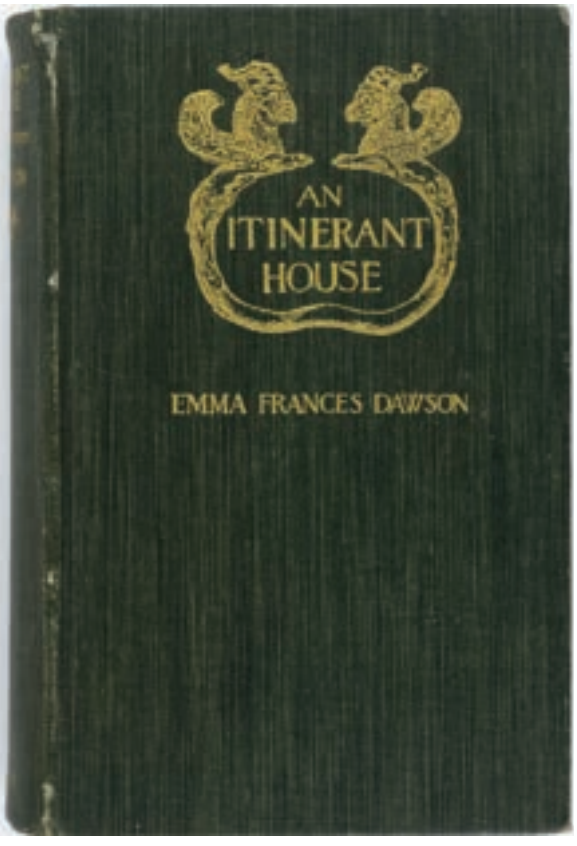
Louisa Baldwin (neé MacDonald) was a well-connected lady. This volume is dedicated to "My Friend and Kinsman [her nephew] Rudyard Kipling." One brother-in-law was the famous Pre-Raphaelite painter Edward Burne-Jones, another was artist and Head of the Royal Academy Edward Poynter, and her son Stanley became the Prime Minister of England. Most of her adult life, however, was spent bedridden or in a Bath chair (a kind of Victorian wheelchair—a rolling carriage with a hood), but her hatred of idleness set her on the path to authorship.

The Shadow on the Blind, published in 1895, contains nine ghost stories. Like those of Mrs. Riddell, they often use spirits to reveal crimes of the past. They are also quite imaginative and include a tale of a haunted bed ("The Weird of the Walfords"), a child with second sight ("The Uncanny Bairn"), and a costume ball attended by ghosts ("The Shadow on the Blind").

Emma Frances Dawson. *An Itinerant House and Other Stories*. San Francisco: William Doxey, 1897.

Little biographical information survives about Emma Frances Dawson, an American writer of supernatural tales, most of them collected in this volume. She was born in Bangor, Maine and moved with her mother to San Francisco, where she taught piano

Mrs. Alfred Baldwin. *The Shadow on the Blind & Other Ghost Stories*. London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1895.



Emma Frances Dawson. *An Itinerant House and Other Stories*. San Francisco: William Doxey, 1897.

and worked as a translator (of an astounding array of languages including Latin, Greek, Catalan, French, German, and Spanish) to make ends meet for herself and her frail mother. She was mentored by the great journalist, author of supernatural tales, and compiler of *The Devil's Dictionary*, Ambrose Bierce, who said she was "head and shoulders above any writer on this coast."

Dawson's stories are delicate and decadent gems, filled with rich details of the opium dens of San Francisco's Chinatown ("The Dramatic in My Destiny"), Hindu magic ("The Second Card Wins"), Russian pirates ("A Gracious Visitation"), and rotting corpses hidden behind painted screens ("A Stray Reveler"). A number of the stories deal with suicide, most notably, the title tale in which a house that is moved from building site to building site drives people to destruction. Dawson herself, however, lived to be eighty-six. Possibly apocryphal stories say that she died of starvation; however she went, she died in poverty and was not discovered for several days, a scenario that could have come straight out of one of her own darkly haunting tales.

Frances Forbes-Robertson. *Odd Stories*. London: Archibald Constable & Co., 1897.

Frances Forbes-Robertson was a member of the famous Forbes-Robertson theatre family. A sometime actress herself, she also published several volumes of fiction, including this collection of delicate, fairy-tale-like stories. Her brother Johnston Forbes-Robertson was considered the finest Hamlet of the Victorian era and her brother Norman was a cohort of Oscar Wilde and Sarah Bernhardt.

The Eerie Book. Ed. Margaret Armour. Illustrated by W. B. MacDougall. London: J. Shiells & Co., 1898.

Women contributed to the field of supernatural fiction not only as writers but as editors. This collection of supernatural tales is edited by Margaret Armour, a writer and translator of Richard Wagner and Heinrich Heine. The collection was first issued in white buckram; the Lilly Library's copy is the cheaper second issue in red cloth. But the large octavo format, high-quality paper, and starkly eerie woodcut illustrations by W. B. MacDougall in the mode of Aubrey Beardsley still mark it as a rather fancy production.

The collection includes Edgar Allan Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death," several ghost stories of Catherine Crowe, and, most significantly, a thirty-page distillation of *Frankenstein*, boiling the story down to the most thrilling bits and helping to squarely place Shelley's novel in a burgeoning tradition of popular supernatural fiction.

Marie Corelli. *The Sorrows of Satan*. London: Methuen, 1895.

Marie Corelli. *Ziska: The Problem of a Wicked Soul*. Bristol: Arrowsmith; London: Simpson, Marshall, 1897.

Marie Corelli. *The Mighty Atom*. London: Hutchinson & Co., 1906.

Marie Corelli. *The Young Diana: A Romance*. London: Hutchinson & Co., 1918.

Marie Corelli. *The Secret Power: A Romance of the Time*. London: Methuen & Co. Ltd., 1921.

Marie Corelli was one of the bestselling authors of her generation—in fact, she is one of the writers who inspired the term "bestseller" to be coined!—but is (sadly) seldom read now, largely because her novels are rather difficult for modern readers to swallow. But in her day, her novels sold more copies than those of Arthur Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, and Rudyard Kipling combined, and she was the highest paid author in England. Her fiction was devoured and beloved by everyone from Queen Victoria herself to common shop girls.

"Marie Corelli" was the highly romantic pen name of the more prosaic Mary Mackay. She was the illegitimate daughter of the Scottish poet Charles Mackay and his servant Elizabeth Mills. She was sent to be educated at a convent in Paris at age eleven and changed her name to hide her scandalous background when she began

Marie Corelli. *The Sorrows of Satan*. London: Methuen, 1895.

performing as a pianist. Although a gifted musician, she found her true calling in writing when she published *A Romance of Two Worlds* in 1886. It combined elements of occultism and the supernatural with a highly dramatic and romantic plot. Many of Corelli's novels sought to fuse Christianity with mysticism and an array of occult practices, including astral projection, reincarnation, and directed dreaming.

Her books were wildly popular. Her 1895 novel *The Sorrows of Satan* is often credited with being a major factor in the demise of the three-volume, or "triple-decker," novel. In June 1894, the circulating libraries of Britain announced that they would drastically lower the price they were willing to pay publishers for novels and that they expected publishers to wait a full year before issuing cheaper one-volume reprints. The publishers called the libraries' bluff and began selling cheap one-volume novels, including the massively popular *Sorrows of Satan*, directly to the public. Without the circulating libraries as arbiters of literary taste, the public's taste was king, and their taste ran to the sensational, the lurid, and the supernatural.

As beloved as she was by the public—and she was a genuine literary celebrity, chased by tabloids and autograph hounds—she was excoriated by the literary critics. Grant Allen, author of the sensational "New Woman" novel *The Woman Who Did*, said she was "a woman of deplorable talent who imagined that she was a genius." Literary critic James Agate said she had "the imagination of a Poe with the style of an Ouida [another popular female author of the day] and the mentality of a nursemaid." She was a bit of a snob and prissily rejected any social movement that wasn't squarely middle class or mainstream, often mocking the "New Women," even though, in many regards, she was one. The most radical element of her writing is her spiritual views, which were on the forefront of the growing interest in Spiritualism, Theosophy, the occult, and all things outré; in many regards, she prefigured the rise of "New Age" thought in the mid-twentieth century. One of the elements of her fiction that especially irked critics was her tendency to insert a version of herself (what we would now call a "Mary Sue") into her fiction. *The Sorrows of Satan*, which is one of her most readable novels and concerns the temptation of a millionaire playboy by the devil himself, contains the character Mavis Clare, an obvious stand-in for Marie Corelli. She is painted as a veritable angel, beset by beastly literary critics who know not what heavenly glory they besmirch when they criticize her writing. The name Mavis was invented by Corelli and became a popular name for baby girls upon the novel's publication.

Another Corelli stand-in is the character Diana in *The Young Diana: An Experiment of the Future* (1918), which owes a debt to *Frankenstein* in its use of reanimation as a plot device. Forty-year-old, emotionally starved Diana is rejuvenated and made young again through the ingestion of "soul fluid," given to her by a mad scientist, which puts her into suspended animation. When she awakes, she is eternally beautiful but a heartless, unloving, and immortal ethereal being.

Corelli herself knew something about the search for eternal beauty. As the newly born century aged, so did she, and new photographic processes made it possible for

the first time for photographs of authors to be included as frontispieces or on the jackets of novels. Corelli had photographs of herself highly touched-up to make her look twenty years younger and ethereally beautiful. Her skin was smoothed, her cheeks were tinted pink, and her thickening waist was cinched to corseted perfection—all a century before Photoshop. The copy of *The Secret Power* included in this exhibition contains one such photo. A reproduction of her signature and advertisements for cheap editions of her novels demonstrate how popular she remained, even into the 1910s.

Corelli is an endlessly fascinating figure, and she should not be forgotten. She paved the way for generations of bestselling women authors of the fantastic, and contemporary writers such as J. K. Rowling and Stephanie Meyer owe her a nod of gratitude. She was also undeniably eccentric, a "character" in her own right. In 1918, she was fined £50 for hoarding sugar during wartime (she claimed she just needed to make a lot of jam). She lived with her lifelong companion Bertha Vyver in a passionately devoted relationship that may or may not have included a sexual component (we'll never know for sure). She was one of the inspirations for her friend E. F. Benson's satirical Mapp and Lucia stories. In 1899, she moved to Stratford-upon-Avon, where she helped to preserve historic buildings and was frequently seen in a gondola (complete with her own gondolier) on the Avon. Some accounts even say that she claimed at times to be the reincarnation of Shakespeare himself.

Vernon Lee. *Pope Jacynth and Other Fantastic Tales*. London: Grant Richards, 1904.

Vernon Lee. *Hauntings: Fantastic Stories*. London: John Lane, the Bodley Head, 1906.

Although they were contemporaries, there could scarcely be two writers more different than Marie Corelli and Vernon Lee, the pseudonym of British author Violet Paget. Where Corelli used a hammer, Lee used a scalpel. Corelli's stories were blusteringly Victorian long after the great queen passed away, while Lee's slight, modernist tales were decades ahead of their time.

Lee spent most of her life in Italy and was strongly influenced by Italian art, architecture, and culture in her writing; she was also a scholar of the Italian Renaissance and an accomplished musician who corresponded with Walter Pater and befriended Henry James. She was an ardent feminist, a pacifist during World War I, and had numerous romantic relationships with women.

Her collection, *Hauntings*, first published in 1890, contains many of her best-known tales of the supernatural, weaving together her vast knowledge of art and music with the supernatural. Many of her stories, including "Prince Alberic and the Snake Lady" (published in the infamous periodical *The Yellow Book* in 1895 and later reprinted in *Pope Jacynth and Other Fantastic Tales*) feature diabolical, mysterious, complex, and sometimes monstrous female characters.

Princess Catherine Radziwill. *The Black Dwarf of Vienna and Other Weird Tales*. London: William Rider & Son, Limited, 1916.

Princess Catherine Radziwill, born Countess Ekaterina Adamovna Rzewuska in St. Petersburg, seems more likely to be character in a weird tale than to have written them. Born into a Polish family of adventurers, statesmen, and eccentrics, she became royalty when she married Prince Wilhelm Radziwiłł, a Polish officer in the Prussian army. She lived all over the world, and her life included many adventures, including romantic ones. She tried to seduce British politician Cecil Rhodes (who was probably gay) and ended up in a South African jail for sixteen months after forging his name to a check, an experience that later prompted her to write a memoir (*My Recollections*, 1904). She also wrote a gossipy exposé of Berlin's socialites and a peek *Behind the Veil of the Russian Courts* under the pen name Paul Valsili and worked to help expose the anti-Semitic "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" as a hoax.

The Black Dwarf of Vienna is one of her few volumes to contain supernatural stories. Published as a cheap paperback, it was the type of book that, beginning in the late nineteenth century, began to be available in railway stations for reading enjoyment on the train. Published in paper wrappers or mustard-plaster boards (hence the term "yellowbacks") these books offered tales of crime, sensation, and the supernatural and helped usher in a new era of fiction driven by the tastes of the reading public.

Regina Miriam Bloch. *The Swine-Gods and Other Visions*. First edition, second impression. Forward by Israel Zangwill. London: John Richmond, 1917.

Regina Miriam Bloch was of Jewish descent, born in Germany, educated in Berlin and London, and settled permanently in London after World War I. Her slim and enduringly strange volume of jewel-tinged occult tales contains a forward written by Israel Zangwill, best known as a writer on Zionism and as the coiner of the term "melting pot." Her fictional output was sparse,

Regina Miriam Bloch. *The Swine-Gods and Other Visions*. London: John Richmond, 1917.

and she died at age forty-nine. Her work reflects her deep interest in occultism and Sufi mysticism. Almost entirely forgotten, her tales deserve far greater attention.

***Bessie Kyffin-Taylor. *From Out of the Silence: Seven Strange Stories*. London: Books Limited, 1920.**

Almost nothing is known about Bessie Kyffin-Taylor, and she would probably be entirely forgotten were it not for this one surviving collection of stories (she had one other non-supernatural publication, of which no surviving copies are known). The little that is known about her is only through surviving records of her father, stepfather, and husband—the latter was Brigadier-General Gerald Kyffin-Taylor, a Member of Parliament, territorial soldier, and government official in charge of housing in Liverpool. If Bessie's own life is reflected in her stories, she was probably fairly independent, as her tales contain women who come and go rather freely in the world of men. And although her biography is painfully sparse, her stories should not be forgotten; they are profoundly unsettling tales that are especially inventive in the ways in which they negotiate gender, social class, and psychological trauma. Several stories directly address post-World War I trauma and another builds its supernatural menace around child abuse. She is also a bit obsessed with nurses, and the demonic ghost-nurse of "Room No. Ten" is not easily forgotten; Kyffin-Taylor seems to suggest that the deep impulse to care for others can be turned toward either good or ill in ways that are subtle and not always easy to parse. The title story, the centerpiece of the collection, invokes the most disorienting weird tales of Arthur Machen and H. P. Lovecraft . . . both well-known and thoroughly studied where Kyffin-Taylor is forgotten. She died in 1922, only two years after this collection was published.

Marjorie Bowen. *Black Magic: A Tale of the Rise and Fall of Antichrist*. London: John Lane at the Bodley Head Limited, 1926.

Marjorie Bowen. *Dark Ann and Other Stories*. London: John Lane the Bodley Head Ltd., 1927.

Marjorie Bowen. *Old Patch's Medley or A London Miscellany*. London: Selwyn & Blount, 1928.

Marjorie Bowen. *The Last Bouquet: Some Twilight Tales*. London: John Lane the Bodley Head Limited, 1933.

Marjorie Bowen was one of five pseudonyms (the other four names were male) used by Margaret Gabrielle Vere Long née Campbell, who published over 150 novels and collections in a wide array of genres, including historical fiction, romance, mystery, horror, and tales of the supernatural.

Bowen's alcoholic father was found dead in a London street, after which she endured a life of poverty with her mother and sister. As early as age sixteen, she began attempting to make a living by writing, though her first novel, *The Viper of*

Milan, was rejected as being inappropriate for a young lady to have written. When it was finally published in 1906 (she was twenty-one years old, and the novel had been rejected by eleven publishers), it became a bestseller, and Bowen supported her family, two husbands, several children, and a number of hangers-on throughout her life by her tireless ability to produce work. She not only wrote in many genres but also combined them, adding vivid historical detail to her novels of the supernatural and psychological realism to the characters in all of her work.

Of particular note is *Black Magic*, first published in 1909 and reviewed by the occultist Aleister Crowley, who said that Bowen had brewed various tales of sorcery into "a magnificent hell-broth." *Dark Ann* and *Old Patch's Medley*, both here shown in their first editions, offer some of Bowen's most haunting tales of the supernatural.

***C. L. Moore. "Shambleau." *Weird Tales*. Vol. 22, no. 5. Indianapolis: Popular Fiction Publishing Company, November 1933.**

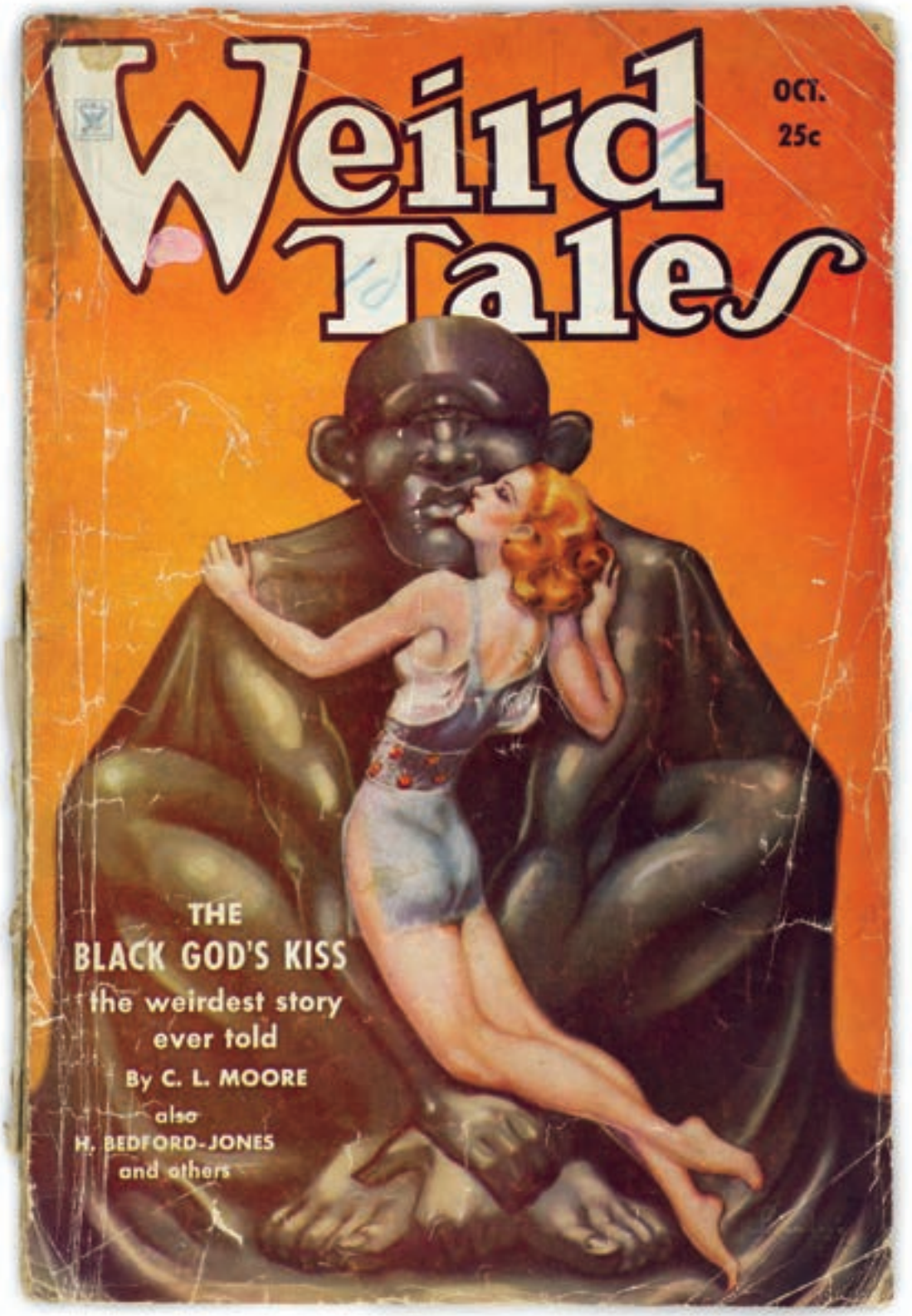
C. L. Moore. "The Black God's Kiss." *Weird Tales*. Vol. 24, no. 4. Indianapolis: Popular Fiction Publishing Company, October 1934.

C. L. Moore. "No Woman Born." *Astounding Science-Fiction*. Vol. 34, no. 4. New York: Street & Smith, December 1944.

The traditional narrative is that the pulp era of fantastic fiction and the "golden age" of science fiction were a time bereft of women—that women simply did not read or write science fiction until the second wave feminists discovered its radical potential in the 1960s. This is a lie. The pulps are full of women writers (though some have male pseudonyms or, like C. L. Moore, used their initials to create gender-neutral names), and the evidence for female readership of all sorts of pulps is copious, from anecdotal evidence, to letters from female readers, to advertisements targeted toward women audiences. In fact, roughly 17 percent of the writers published in *Weird Tales* were women.

Weird Tales, "The Unique Magazine," which originally ran from 1923–54, was one of the most significant pulp publications in that it pioneered an entirely new genre, now known as weird fiction, and published many significant authors, including H. P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert Bloch, Robert E. Howard, and even (surprisingly) Tennessee Williams. Readers of *Weird Tales* could expect to find in its pages stories of black magic, ghosts, psychic detectives, monsters of every description imaginable, sword-and-sorcery fantasies, and all manner of bizarre supernatural horror.

The two issues of *Weird Tales* featured in this exhibition both contain a story by one of pulp's greatest authors, C. L. (Catherine Lucille) Moore. Born in Indianapolis, Moore was a sickly child who turned early to the fantastic for solace. She studied for a year and a half at Indiana University before the financial pressures of the Depression forced her to leave; IU Archives holds one of her earliest publications in the student magazine *The Vagabond*.



Weird Tales. Vol. 24, no. 4. Indianapolis: Popular Fiction Publishing Company, October 1934.

She was working as a typist at a bank in Indianapolis when she sold her first story to *Weird Tales*. When editor Farnsworth Wright received the manuscript, he was so excited that he closed his office door and declared that it was "C. L. Moore Day." It was her first sale to the magazine, and there would be many others.

"Shambleau" debuted in the November 1933 issue of the magazine. The hero of the story (about whom Moore would write a number of other tales) is Northwest Smith, an intergalactic rogue and prototype of *Star Wars*'s Han Solo. Smith is killing time on Venus waiting for his Venusian partner and their famous ship to pick him up. He sees "a berry-brown girl in a single tattered garment" being chased by an angry mob. He saves her by claiming her ("She's mine! Keep back!"), a gesture from which the mob recoils in utter disgust. The girl, they tell him, is "Shambleau." Not understanding, he takes her back to his rooms to find that she is not human. She has green catlike eyes, four fingers and toes tipped in catlike claws, and a seemingly bald head covered by a red turban. She speaks with difficulty, refuses to eat, and also refuses to leave. Northwest eventually discovers, to his great sorrow, what lies beneath the girl's turban—thick, red, living tentacles, which can caress and envelop a man, sucking from him the energy that Shambleau needs to live. He falls into her trap, enveloped by her protoplasmic body in a state of complete rapture comingled with utter horror. He is eventually rescued by his friend, but he is left a changed man. He has tasted ultimate pleasure and terror and will never be the same again. It is a deft and surprisingly complex story—one of the best tales of a female monster ever penned.

Along with Northwest Smith, Moore's other famous recurring character was Jirel of Jory, a sword-and-sorcery heroine (a sort of female counterpart to Robert E. Howard's Conan the Barbarian), who first appeared in "The Black God's Kiss" in October of 1934.

The third work here, published in *Astounding Science-Fiction* in December of 1944, is Moore's "No Woman Born," her own retelling of the Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. It is the story of the actress Deirdre, the most beautiful woman in the world, who is killed in a fire and whose brain is brought back to consciousness and placed in a metal body by her former manager, who compares himself to Frankenstein and worries that he will make the same errors of overreaching. When Deirdre asks if he could replicate his work, he cannot answer, so she answers for him: "I think I was an accident. A sort of mutation halfway between flesh and metal. Something accidental and . . . and unnatural, turning off on a wrong course of evolution that never reaches a dead end. Another brain in a body like this might die or go mad." She is, then, like Frankenstein's monster, utterly alone, bereft of a companion, at a loss to be understood. The story ends with the subtle suggestion that Deirdre will continue to slowly lose her humanity until she is something completely unknowable.

Moore continued to work in the bank, becoming the bank president's secretary, all the while writing pulp, using her initials so her employer would not know about her secret life as the creator of an intergalactic, ray-gun-toting scoundrel and a sword-swinging, elder-god-battling female barbarian. She quit only after she mar-

ried pulp writer Henry Kuttner. They started writing fiction together and created many important and enduring tales. Together, they were so prolific that they needed seventeen pen names so as not to flood the market.

One of the most appealing aspects of *Weird Tales*, both to its original readers and to modern-day collectors, is its colorful and seductive cover art, often featuring fearsome monsters and beautiful women. Both of the *Weird Tales* covers in this exhibition were painted by one of the magazine's most prolific cover artists, Margaret Brundage. A former fashion designer and illustrator, she became known for her striking images of semi-nude young women, often in bondage scenes or seductive poses. Her controversial covers were a huge boon to *Weird Tales*'s sales, and she created a successful career for herself in a male-dominated field.

The Lilly Library recently acquired a significant donation of over one hundred issues of *Weird Tales* from the collection of Arthur Kraymer. The issue of *Astounding* comes from a nearly complete run of the magazine in the library's collection.

Margaret Irwin. *Madame Fears the Dark*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1935.

Margaret Irwin was best known for her historical fiction, including a trilogy of novels about Queen Elizabeth I. The tales and play included in this collection all contain supernatural or occult elements, including a tale of an evil book and several tales of black magic in eighteenth-century France. The silver jacket overprinted in black is of a quite striking design.

Evangeline Walton. *Witch House*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1945.

Evangeline Walton is best known for her Mabinogion tetralogy, a series of fantasy novels inspired by Welsh mythology, for which she did not find a publisher until the 1970s, though she began working on it in the '30s. Born Evangeline Wilna Ensley in Indianapolis, Indiana, she grew up reading the weird tales of Algernon Blackwood and the fantasy of L. Frank Baum and Lord Dunsany.

The neo-Gothic haunted house novel *Witch House* was written in the mid-1930s but not published until Arkham House (see Case 15) published it in 1945. It was the first full-length novel the publisher issued (having previously focused only on short fiction) and they used it to launch their new Library of Arkham House Novels of Fantasy and Terror. Unfortunately, it was a flop. Only 2,949 copies were printed but it took years to sell out, only achieving recognition when the author gained wider fame decades later.

Leah Bodine Drake. *A Hornbook for Witches*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1950.

Leah Bodine Drake published several short stories and numerous poems in *Weird Tales*, which provided a thriving market for weird poetry as well as fiction. *A Horn-*

book for Witches was published when she was living in Evansville, Indiana, where she was the music critic for the *Evansville Courier*.

Zelia Bishop. *The Curse of Yig*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1953.

Bishop is a rather curious writer. She penned almost exclusively romance novels, with the exception of three horror stories, first published in *Weird Tales* and collected by Arkham House in this volume. She was a pen pal of H. P. Lovecraft, who corresponded with dozens (if not hundreds) of aspiring young writers. All three of Bishop's horror stories were heavily revised by Lovecraft—to the point where some critics have called them "ghostwritten." Although the end products are not particularly stunning, the interest that Lovecraft took in an aspiring woman writer and the work they produced in collaboration is interesting.

Greye La Spina. *Invaders from the Dark*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1960.

Greye La Spina was born Fanny Greye Bragg in Massachusetts. Her second husband was an Italian aristocrat, Robert La Spina. She published in a number of pulp magazines, including *Weird Tales* and *Black Mask*, in several genres. *Invaders from the Dark*, a werewolf story, was originally serialized in *Weird Tales* in 1925.

Shirley Jackson. *The Haunting of Hill House*. New York: Viking Press, 1959.

Most readers best know Shirley Jackson for her disturbing short story, "The Lottery," still read by many middle and high school students as a cautionary tale about the dangers of mob mentality and scapegoatism. Her most famous novel, shown in this exhibition, is *The Haunting of Hill House*, a masterful psychological thriller in which a sheltered young woman leaves her stifling life with her sister to participate in a parapsychological experiment in a haunted house.

The opening of the novel provides a sense of just how *good* Jackson is: "No live organism can continue for long to exist sanely under conditions of absolute reality; even larks and katydids are supposed, by some, to dream. Hill House, not sane, stood by itself against its hills, holding darkness within; it had stood so for eighty years and might stand for eighty more." Jackson was married with several children and was a full-time homemaker—experiences she detailed in her memoir *Life Among the Savages*—all the while penning some of the most eerie, bizarre, subtle, and unforgettable novels and stories of the twentieth century. She was rather reclusive toward the end of her life and died at just forty-eight.

Shirley Jackson's novel is the last included in this exhibition, but it is far from the last word on weird women. The story told here is only fragmentary and leaves out hundreds of voices, not only of other women who, like the women shown here, published in the tradition of western ghost and horror literature, but also women of color, women writing in non-western traditions, women who did not meet gender

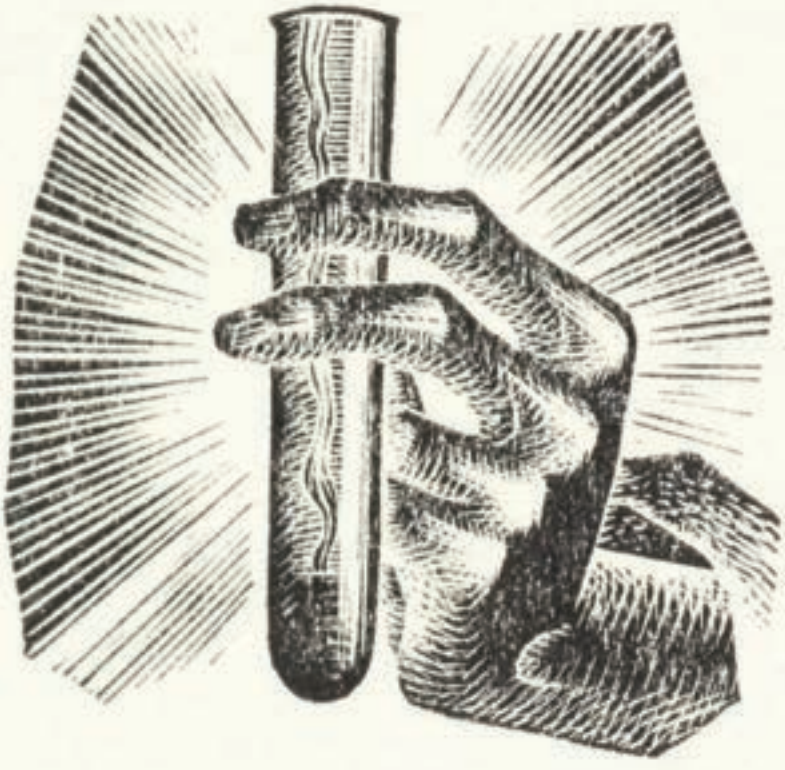
and sexual norms, and women who were never able to be published because they were just too different. We hope this exhibition encourages readers to seek out weird women the world over, the sisters and daughters of Mary Shelley—makers of monsters.

CODA

"Beware; for I am fearless, and therefore powerful." This line, spoken by the monster, can be found on a number of Mary Shelley-themed t-shirts, necklaces, and other bits of merchandise, marketed toward women and girls who love her and want to take on some of her power. It is a wonderful and inspiring quote, but I'm not sure that it is what Mary would have most wanted us to learn from her novel. For the monster, who speaks these words, is not fearless. He is afraid—rightly so—that no one will ever love him. Mary could also be fearless; she ran away from home and defied social conventions for most of her life. But she also knew great suffering, great loss, and great fear.

Through it all, she had the same thing we offer in this exhibition: books. She took a nightmare born of her own fear, combined it with all that she had read, and made it her own. And her monster took care of her as well, not only within her own lifetime, allowing her to support herself and her family as "The Author of Frankenstein," but also by granting her immortality. I have always believed that the monster is still out there, still running across the ice floe with demonic energy, stopping perhaps only to read some Milton from time to time, his funeral pyre never more than a flickering idea. And his mate? It's not the filthy mass of limbs trampled on the laboratory floor by the selfish man-child Victor. It is, of course, Mary herself; the weird woman and her monster belong together.

> "But soon," he cried, with sad and solemn enthusiasm, "I shall die, and what I now feel be on longer felt. Soon these burning miseries will be extinct. I shall ascend my funeral pile triumphantly, and exult in the agony of the torturing flames.
>
> The light of that conflagration will fade away; my ashes will be swept into the sea by the winds. My spirit will sleep in peace; or if it thinks, it will not surely think thus. Farewell."
>
> He sprung from the cabin-window, as he said this, upon the ice-raft which lay close to the vessel. He was soon borne away by the waves, and lost in the darkness and distance.
>
> Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818, Vol. III, Chapter VII



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