

58

STRUCTURE AND NARRATIVE IN WUTHERING HEIGHTS

STRUCTURE AND NARRATIVE IN EMILY BRONTE'S
WUTHERING HEIGHTS

By

WILLIAM E. MARKHAM, B.A.

A Thesis

Submitted to the School of Graduate Studies

in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements

for the Degree

Master of Arts

McMaster University

September 1980

MASTER OF ARTS (1980)
(English)

McMASTER UNIVERSITY
Hamilton, Ontario

TITLE: Structure and Narrative in Emily Brontë's
 Wuthering Heights

AUTHOR: William E. Markham, B.A. (The University of Stirling)

SUPERVISOR: Dr H. J. Ferns

NUMBER OF PAGES: v, 116

ABSTRACT

Wuthering Heights has been a centre of argument for literary critics for over one hundred and thirty years. The following discussion offers insights into the way Emily Brontë may have conceived the novel's structure on the basis of an Elizabethan dramatic design -- Shakespeare's tragedies being generally the model. At the same time, the narrative -- being an unusual feature of the book as far as it concerns the mid-nineteenth century -- looks forward to the kind of techniques Joseph Conrad was later to use. Together, the historical design of the novel's structure and its then futuristic narrative method, produce a unique work of genius -- one reason, perhaps, why Wuthering Heights in 1980 still attracts attention from readers and critics alike.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I should like to express my sincere thanks to my supervisor, Dr John Ferns, for his invaluable help in commenting upon my ideas; for introducing me to the more recent criticism of Wuthering Heights, and for his unfailing readiness to discuss any and every part of this thesis from the first outline to the final form presented here.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I	Introduction	1
II	Structure, Part One: From the arrival of Mr Lockwood to the death of Catherine Earnshaw	17
III	Structure, Part Two: From the birth of Catherine Linton to the end of the novel	49
IV	The Narrative	77
V	Conclusion	100
	Footnotes	110
	Bibliography	115

I

INTRODUCTION

Wuthering Heights (1847) never seems to go out of fashion: like Jane Eyre (1847) or Great Expectations (1861), it is frequently read as a school text, because of its manageable length, unlike Vanity Fair (1848) or Middlemarch (1871). It is no less popular today with what Virginia Woolf once called "the common reader". Unlike these and other Victorian classics, Wuthering Heights has a distinctiveness which sets it apart from the tradition of nineteenth-century fiction; there is not another book which quite resembles it, and critics have found it much more complex than its everyday use as a classroom text might imply. The novel has enjoyed, and has in some cases had to suffer interpretation, though it is nearly always admired and continues, even now, to dazzle, fascinate and absorb its critics:

More than a hundred years of idolatrous literature have swelled the myth; more than a hundred years of critical interpretation, carried out almost universally in that tone "of personal tenderness, even passionate homage", have deepened the enigma -- for Emily Brontë is still several steps ahead of her critics. 1

The fairly recent view expressed here that "Emily Brontë is still several steps ahead of her critics", confirms the novel's effect upon contemporary critical exegetes; it still dazzles, fascinates and absorbs. Besides this, Ms. Smith's comment illustrates the sheer accumulation of commentaries on the novel, and its author, especially over the last thirty years. So many articles, anthologies of criticism and individual books devoted to the interpretation of Wuthering Heights begin, "More than a

hundred years ...", or, "Over a century has passed ...", and so on, because it is no longer possible to speak adequately of the number and variety of writings available -- instead, to facilitate a necessary economy, the more recent commentators measure the huge volume of existing material in a single sweep of time. In another feature of her introductory essay, Ms Smith is not uncommon as a critic quoting a critic who has quoted a critic -- apt phrases have a tendency to be repeated and Mrs Humphrey Ward's "... personal tenderness, even passionate homage" eminently suits the kind of treatment Wuthering Heights generally receives. The endearments are part and parcel of the Brontë obsession; the "personal tenderness" has become almost a prerequisite when taking-up the challenge of Emily Brontë's single novel, which proves its enigmatic qualities everytime a new attempt is made to fathom its depth.

How can a novel, which some have called 'untidy', still inspire this gentleness of approach and yet retain its continual challenge to the academic world? To begin with, the book's title offers indications of a real depth in the whole character and manner of the story. "Wuthering"² suggests an association of meanings: it combines 'weather' and 'whither' in the Yorkshire senses of a hard, cold and often unpredictable climate; add to this the volley of winds and the lack of shelter, with sensations of giddiness produced by "Heights", and the aura of the book with its centrepiece -- the isolated, monolithic farmhouse set well-up on a rugged moorland hillside -- becomes unforgettably defined in the imagination. "Wuthering Heights" is onomatopoeic; it is poetic in its compression of images and sensations. Similar qualities emerge in the story's uneven episodes; they reveal the distinctiveness of Emily Brontë's style and

express the wildness and free violence in much of the novel as a whole. In 1947, Klingopulos wrote an article for Scrutiny³ in collaboration with Dr and Mrs Leavis, which considers Wuthering Heights as a dramatic poem -- here, the idea of a prose work as a poem shows the seemingly limitless variety of approaches available to the critic of the novel. Not only this, but Klingopulos's particular method of approach has an instinctive rightness as a way of accounting for the actions of the characters and the story's formal shape, since Emily Brontë invests the book with qualities often nearer to poetry than to prose.

The history of the novel's critical interpretation is a story in itself which began, dramatically, in 1867. Not quite twenty years after the first, generally unfavourable reviews of the work had appeared, the famous question, "Who wrote Wuthering Heights?" was posed by one William Dearden in an article submitted in June, 1867, to the newspaper, The Halifax Guardian.⁴ Dearden had been a drinking friend of Emily's brother -- Patrick Branwell, who died in September, 1848 -- and he claimed that Branwell had written most of the story, crediting him with the original ideas for the plot and the characters involved. Ms Cooper Willis proves Dearden's article to be at best, an honest misinterpretation of actual events, and at worst, an attempt by Dearden to make a name for himself; either way, the question was taken-up again and again in literary and academic circles for the next eighty years, and is still taken-up even now, from time to time. Such tenacious apocrypha help to sustain the Brontë legend against the paucity of real knowledge about the family; information about their everyday lives is so fragmented that biographers find themselves reduced to probabilities, speculations, and the reported

sayings of persons such as the descendants of Brontë housekeepers and so on. The literary critic, more concerned with the works than with the family, finds himself equally helped and hindered by this lack of biographical certainty which may, in small part, account for the immense amount of material devoted to Wuthering Heights. Arnold Shapiro, for example, makes a very plausible case which argues against one of the views expressed in this thesis -- that Wuthering Heights is unique and belongs in a special category of its own as far as the tradition of nineteenth-century fiction is concerned -- by saying that the novel typically embodies the "... same ethical and moral tradition as other great Victorian novels." ⁵ Shapiro argues that Wuthering Heights shows Emily Brontë to have been a 'social reform visionary', since, during the first half of the book she:

... castigates society for its selfishness and hypocrisy -- she shows how Catherine Earnshaw destroys her relationship with Heathcliff by trying to compromise with Edgar Linton and the lifestyle of Thrushcross Grange. Heathcliff is shown, in his frustration and despair, also playing society's game by deciding to live for revenge. He perverts his gift of empathy by attempting to destroy Hareton. In the second half of the book, Brontë shows a way out for society as she describes the growth and education of Cathy Linton. The love between Cathy and Hareton embodies a teacher/pupil relationship as opposed to a master/slave relationship embodied by Heathcliff and his victims. It offers hope for the future, indicating a proper basis for society and civilization itself. ⁶

There is nothing radically wrong with Shapiro's interpretation; he goes on, having presented his case, to prove his argument and satisfy -- himself. The lack of biographical material about Emily Brontë both helps and hinders his argument because he assumes knowledge of Emily Brontë's centrally held opinions about social reform in the nineteenth

century. The article is simply an argument shaped to an academic pattern which ignores everything about the book except the historical-cum-sociological line. No proper account is taken of the peculiar narrative style or the strange poetic forms the author frequently employs -- if Shapiro's intention is to place Wuthering Heights between Jane Austen's Persuasion (1818) and Charles Dickens' Our Mutual Friend (1865), then he has a moderate success, but, Wuthering Heights has artistic complexities which reach beyond a concern with social history and the arbitrary boundaries of novelistic traditions; it cannot be categorized in such a simple way.

Some of the enquiries into diverse aspects of the novel are so minute that they serve best as 'spade-work' done for much larger pieces of critical interpretation; Eric Soloman's two-and-a-half page article on "The Incest Theme in Wuthering Heights"⁷ is not perhaps the best example of minutiae, except that it is surprisingly short. Soloman's is one of those marginal pieces, not of much use to the present case, though it does show how microscopic the treatment of a novel can become: he notes the incidence of cousin marriages and the fairly obvious but unresolved (he says) question of whether Heathcliff is a natural child of Earnshaw's or not, and ends with the question he began with, "'Nelly, I am Heathcliff' -- Does she (Emily Brontë) mean that they are of one flesh as well as one spirit?" As an article it is microscopic in every way; Soloman never gets beyond asking questions and leaving them unanswered and it is a good example really of extreme caution and failure to commit oneself.

Similar in this minor artery of criticism, but nowhere near as timid, are such pieces as, "Wuthering Heights: the Land East of Eden",

by Ruth M. Adams. Her argument involves an examination of Old Testament references in Wuthering Heights, together with Lockwood's dreams and the idea that in the novel, "no conventional morality prevails, that here resides a race strangely and abhorrently protected against the usual consequences of evil deeds."⁸ In a remarkably ingenious theory, Ms Adams finds clearly defined parallels between the novel and The Book of Genesis: her exposition is beautifully economical and the thematic coherence which she argues for, admits scarcely any flaws at all. Her most compelling evidence relates to the lack of any "conventional ethics or morality" in the world of the story, while her weakest comes from the tendency to see Cain, or Cain's descendant, Lamech, as being completely interchangeable with Heathcliff -- this goes a little too far and strains the novel as well as the theory's seams. Overall though, it is an impressive piece of interpretation which should really be seen as an alternative to Arnold Shapiro's exegesis; their common denominator, while being thousands of years apart, is the discussion of uncivilized behaviour and the need to improve society's ordering of itself -- in a sense, where their methodologies differ, the parable remains the same.

Among these minutely focussed, specialized critical interpretations -- and they are legion, for example, "The image of the book in Wuthering Heights";⁹ "Infanticide and Sadism in Wuthering Heights";¹⁰ Dorothy Van Ghent's "Two children figure"¹¹ in the novel, and Thomas Vargish's "Revenge and Wuthering Heights"¹² to add but four more to those already mentioned -- one occasionally finds a 'jewel'. G. J. Worth's contribution to the reader's understanding of Lockwood in "Emily Brontë's Mr Lockwood"¹³ is one such article, for it is straight character analysis, uncluttered

by Lockwood's role as one of the narrators and completely devoid of the more usually cumbersome elaborations which Wuthering Heights generally invites critics to ponder, if they are to deal with 'everything'.

Worth's patient and thoughtful examination of Lockwood's character, from the sole standpoint of 'Lockwood as a man', saves hours of laborious 'cut and sew' analysis for those wishing to examine some larger, related topic. Thorough-going character analyses permit many commentators to fairly catapult themselves into their work; indeed, a good, unpretentious piece on one or more characters, of all the marginal pieces available, very often becomes chiefly rewarding as a preserver of time and energy, and Worth's article makes just this kind of valuable contribution.

Having provided a brief account of the kind of interpretations to which the novel has been subjected, the concern of this thesis, is to account for the novel's peculiar symmetry by presenting a study of structure and narrative function as co-terminous, that is, the one as a necessary part of the other. In view of the huge amount of interpretive material on Wuthering Heights, it comes as something of a surprise to find that barely any work has been done to unite these two important elements, when it seems such an obvious method of approaching 'the whole novel'. Up until recently, studies have tended to polarize themselves around either the narrators or the structure, with a rearguard brought up by any number of partial investigations into this or that theme.

While many critics discuss the narrators in Wuthering Heights, articles and books devoted solely to the novel's structure are comparatively rare. C. P. Sanger's The Structure of Wuthering Heights ¹⁴ is probably the best known, judging by the number of times it has

appeared in quotation over the last fifty years. It is certainly one of the most rewarding pieces to read. He foregoes any discussion of the novel's literary merits, and instead, offers a factual basis as to why Wuthering Heights belongs in a separate category, distinct from all other fiction of the nineteenth century. To begin with, Sanger recapitulates the main events of the story, clearly and economically: afterwards, he formally describes the novel's structure, founding his discussion upon three, connecting principles -- the symmetry of the Earnshaw and Linton "pedigrees"; a hidden, but not undiscoverable chronological order to the sequence of events in the story; and a discussion of Emily Brontë's proper use, and accurate knowledge of, early nineteenth-century property and probate law. Sanger's book is more a technical aid to criticism rather than criticism itself; he notes, for example, that after Catherine Earnshaw's death, "there is a long gap in the story", ¹⁵ presumably because he finds the Thrushcross Grange setting of most of the novel's second half static, when compared to the vitality of the Heights. Few critics today would agree to any gaps occurring in the story, though it seems unfair to begin arguing with Sanger over something he never intended to discuss. As to his structural division of Emily Brontë's novel, he divides the book into three segments, in each of which, successive generations of Earnshaws and Lintons become extinct, as opposed to the more usual division of the novel into two halves. His main discovery of an almost mathematical symmetry to Wuthering Heights leads him to conclude: "There is as far as I know, no other novel in the world which it is possible to subject to an analysis of the kind I have tried to make. This in itself makes the book very

unusual." ¹⁶ The Structure of Wuthering Heights has been available for fifty-four years now and its value, in the study and appreciation of Emily Brontë's art, extends beyond its being a classic example of literary detective work -- it will survive, one imagines, for as long as Wuthering Heights continues to be reprinted.

As an alternative treatment of the novel's structure, Chapters II and III of this thesis offer an interpretation of the story's world, and the way this world appears to have been formed by the author. The first part of the discussion, (up to and including the death of Catherine Earnshaw), suggests that the localized focus of the novel presents the reader with the Heights as a microcosm of disorder, of the kind found in Macbeth and King Lear and other Shakespearean tragedies. Themes and effects occurring in these two plays in particular abound in the first half of the novel, which seems to indicate that Emily Brontë drew upon her knowledge of Shakespeare for the essential pattern of her story. Chapter III continues the concern with the novel's structure from the death of Catherine Earnshaw and the birth of Catherine Linton to the end of the novel. In this second half, the violence and exaggerated reality of the Heights becomes muted as the story shifts to events occurring, for the most part, at Thrushcross Grange. The world of the story retains its similarity to Elizabethan drama by becoming disordered through disease. Energy is absent from part two of Wuthering Heights, except in the closing sequence of the story where a resurgence of energy combines with sickness to be purged from the world of the novel by Heathcliff's strange death. Wuthering Heights presents a Shakespearean world as a structural foundation for the novel -- Macbeth forms a good comparison

example from which the parallel might be drawn. The world of Macbeth shows political and moral disorder reflected in three ways. To begin with, events in the play compound unnatural crimes and horrors -- violence, visions and unwonted cruelty become Shakespeare's themes which underline Macbeth's lack of fitness to be Scotland's natural king. These themes transcend the play's entire atmosphere, becoming part and parcel of the metaphysical correlatives wherein the heavens reflect the aura of sickness and disunity with the rest of Britain; Scotland becomes cut-off from reality, as though it were a boiling centre containing evil. The principle characters, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, as the third way of reflecting disorder, fire one another to promote this atmosphere of evil spreading as if by instinct. The play ends with its small world restored to peace; Lady Macbeth dies, leaving Macbeth to struggle uselessly against his doom and his tragedy. Wuthering Heights has a similar kind of movement and effect -- the three qualities of Macbeth exist around and between Heathcliff and Catherine. Heathcliff and Catherine are bad for one another and the small world of Wuthering Heights. Their love works through them as well as upon them; after Catherine dies, Heathcliff becomes a victim of their love and events in part two of the novel, as in Macbeth, become inevitable -- Heathcliff dies as tragically as the woman he worships. Wuthering Heights is basically a love story containing the sophistry of self-delusion -- Catherine and Heathcliff try to create a purpose for their impossible, consuming passion, but the love is its own end, and as such, cannot survive in the changing worlds of Heights and Grange. Catherine and Heathcliff are intensely human, poetic and spiritual --

the storms which their separations and deaths produce come as Shakespearean correlatives to show how these human figures throw even the heavens out of order, indicating at the same time, the couple's inability to subvert the will of their own nature. The effects of their love build and express the atmosphere of the small world in which they live -- a world being rent apart by sheer emotional force, so much so that, in the novel, their love has huge physical effects and portents for the entire locality of Gimmerton.

Mrs Q. D. Leavis and Frank Kermode provide differing interpretations of Wuthering Heights which are important to consider if the thesis chapters dealing with the novel's structure are not to become just another mechanistic formula. Mrs Leavis's "A Fresh Approach to Wuthering Heights"¹⁷ has much to say about the social history of Yorkshire and its people during Emily Brontë's lifetime, which helps to balance ideas presented here by preventing Wuthering Heights from losing its relevance to the real world, through too much concentration upon the theoretical aspects of its overall dramatic design. Mrs Leavis's critical evaluations, especially in Chapter II of the thesis, become altogether a useful part of the discussion for the detailed examination of Catherine Earnshaw and, not least, in upholding the overall richness of the novel's humanity. In turn, Frank Kermode's interpretation offers a contrast from Mrs Leavis in his view of Heathcliff as the story's central pivot -- "all the movement", he says, "must be through Heathcliff."¹⁸ Kermode's exegesis suitably applies to the discussion in Chapter III, where Heathcliff appears very much alone following Catherine Earnshaw's death, but nonetheless a reckonable force in determining the lives of those around

him. Additional relevance for the discussion as a whole comes of Kermode's specific intention to discover what makes Wuthering Heights, in his opinion, a "classic" -- it may be recalled that part of the concern here is to account for why Wuthering Heights is unique in nineteenth-century fiction. Chapters II and III then, offer an interpretation of the novel's structure while retaining a balanced view of other aspects essential to a complete reading of the book as a whole.

Following upon the discussion of structure, Chapter IV examines Emily Brontë's narrative technique. As with articles and books on the structure of Wuthering Heights, criticism dealing with the narrative functions of Ellen Dean and Mr Lockwood seem to be equally scarce, though there are several which examine the narrators purely as characters. James Hafley's "The Villain in Wuthering Heights" presents a particularly over-zealous example of the kind of treatment which the Wuthering Heights narrative can inspire: in general, most commentators acknowledge the role of Ellen Dean as being that of the principle narrator, but Hafley believes, this amounts to a serious misreading of the novel altogether:

To propose, over one hundred years after its publication, that a celebrated novel has been consistently and seriously misread -- so much so that its essential meaning has not in that time been recognized by the countless persons who have discussed it -- is to assume a responsibility that almost certainly can't be satisfied within the bounds of a single essay; nonetheless, that is what I should like to propose here about Wuthering Heights. 19

James Hafley's misfortunes being with his sense of self-importance; he writes as though all his fellow critics have been fools and straight away alienates anyone sympathetic to his stated intention. In some ways his ideas about Ellen Dean appear not to be totally wrong-headed -- according to him, she is the villain of Wuthering Heights. Most critics would agree

that Hafley argues his case far too strongly by presenting evidence of Ellen Dean's hypocrisy and self-seeking schemes as a source of evil. The deduction overstates Ellen's fallibility and becomes almost absurd by using, in the manner of a measuring pole, the evil ways of Heathcliff who "never in his life learned, as Cathy did, anything like the full horror of Ellen Dean's character".²⁰

In his reading of the novel, Hafley looks for a moral censure of Ellen Dean's character where there probably isn't one possessing the degree of intensity he seeks. To strengthen his case, he draws his conclusions from the arguable paradigm of Heathcliff's 'immoral' conduct throughout the novel, which again does not properly work for him; these factors, together with a conceited style of addressing his reader, cause him to be regarded with general disfavour by other critics. And yet by no means can Ellen Dean be thought of as wholly innocent and pure: Mr Hafley regrettably goes a little too far in his anxiety to prove the "full horror" of her guilt.

"The Villain in Wuthering Heights" presents the reverse of an earlier article entitled "Nelly Dean and the power of Wuthering Heights", by John K. Mathison. Mathison too had the idea of conducting: "a detailed examination not of the general question of the use of a narrator but specifically of the fully developed character of Nelly Dean."²¹ In his analysis, Mathison notes Ellen Dean's physical vigour and good health; her being "held in affection by all the major characters in the book"; and her morality, which results from "her training, experiences and reading, combined with her native temperament". Ellen Dean, Mathison argues, becomes "admirable" to the reader because of the foregoing

characteristics when they are added to her refusal to pay any attention to Joseph's ideas about personal conduct in the eyes of God. Joseph's puritannical Methodism throws into relief the "warmth and human kindness" Mathison says Ellen embodies. Putting together the two pieces by Hafley and Mathison opens up a middle road for anyone who feels, as Brian Crick ²² does, that both critics are too much one way in their respective directions.

In Chapter IV, while agreeing with much of what Crick has to say about Ellen Dean, a substantial portion of the discussion centres upon her function as one of the narrators. There is clearly room for the development of a fuller interpretation of the narrative in Wuthering Heights; it becomes increasingly clear that both narrators are agents in the story and not merely technical devices. The thesis offers a view founded upon the idea that while the overall structure of the work casts a backward glance at the dramatic world of Shakespeare's tragedies, the narrative style, in fact, looks forward to the kind of effect achieved by Joseph Conrad, for example, in his novel Chance (1913), where two narrators become fully realized as characters who are a necessary part of the action in the story they are telling. The design of the novel's narrative function to include the Wuthering Heights narrators as a working part of the actual story, appears to be quite unlike any novel written previously; not so much in the sense that the narrators are more than bystanders watching the action go by and reporting upon it, but more in the degree of complexity Lockwood and Ellen Dean provide by having separate interests in the way the story terminates. The novel begins in the present with Lockwood describing a visit to his new landlord: straight away, readers become aware that the world of the novel is as new to them as it is to the narrator; they become drawn into a world, the like of which

could not even be suspected. The narrative quite soon falls to Ellen Dean, (whom Lockwood introduces), and the story alters form to become the history of the Earnshaws and the Lintons. This history turns out to be unexpectedly long, though eventually, the story comes up to the present again, only with the difference that the present now connects with the past and Lockwood has become absorbed into the strange, often horrifying, world of the book. The manner of the narration underscores a thoroughly complicated set of events which nonetheless preclude the tale's curious symmetry, for while the history of the Earnshaws and Lintons is being revealed, the last painful stages of restoring peace to Emily Brontë's disordered world are being completed. A compression hitherto unknown and possibly unequalled even now, in the novel form, is made possible through the reader's awareness of two stories being told at the same time. Both narrators have separate and dissimilar interests in the way the Earnshaw/Linton history concludes, which tends to make their respective perceptions over subjective: in effect, this makes the narrators themselves unreliable as the sole basis upon which readers might form judgements -- the things Ellen and Lockwood say cannot be accepted at face value. It comes as a measure of Emily Brontë's art that she invites the readers to draw their own conclusions outside the information provided by the narrators and reveals too, the degree of complexity of the novel's design as certainly unique in the nineteenth century.

The conclusion, (Chapter V), begins with a brief look at the novel's "human core" ²³ as a unique expression of Emily Brontë's creative genius, and then proceeds to compare and evaluate the influence of Wuthering Heights upon Emily Brontë's sisters, Charlotte and Anne. Finally, to

conclude properly, the two concerns within this thesis -- the novel's structural foundation and its advanced narrative technique -- are linked together as a way of showing how a more complete reading of the book might be achieved. The exposition offers at least another view of Wuthering Heights, for it would be perverse to claim, as one writer has done, that the novel can be fully fathomed; it cannot, and that is the source of its enjoyment, its charm, and its remarkable fascination.

II

STRUCTURE, PART ONE:

FROM THE ARRIVAL OF MR LOCKWOOD TO THE DEATH OF CATHERINE EARNSHAW

The exclusive world of Wuthering Heights shows a small, geographically defined locality subjected to the clutches of metaphysical disorder; an 'unwordly' disturbance which defies rational explanation from a set of nascent facts. Throughout the novel, Emily Brontë intensifies the sharpness of definition upon the Heights world by making the rest of Britain singularly vague and of no account to her story. When Heathcliff arrives with old Mr Earnshaw from Liverpool, for example, how Heathcliff was found, why he was brought and even why a Yorkshire farmer should find it necessary to go to Liverpool in the first place, are treated by the author as circumstantial matters of no importance, other than that they occurred. Similarly, Lockwood comes from southern England with carefully veiled reasons for his self-imposed exile -- southern England has no place in the story, and Emily Brontë insists upon this by directing the reader's attention always on to the Heights. Heathcliff leaves the Heights and returns a rich man; why he goes and why he returns intimately concerns events in the Heights world, but the author deliberately leaves blank what he does in his absence, because it is outside the Heights world. Finally, Isabella, first to marry Heathcliff and later to flee from him, shows how Emily Brontë's 'ill-charmed circle'

necessitates desperate acts of energy in order to break out of it. This lack of attention to events occurring outside the Heights world is not a failure of art, but rather an insistence that Wuthering Heights should not be thought of as being about an ordinary world: people have to run the gauntlet to get out, or like Lockwood, blunder into it from the safety of outside. Such appears to be the preternatural stage Emily Brontë sets, and it finds its genesis in plays such as Macbeth, King Lear and Hamlet, where the atmospheres of the dramatic worlds have correlative roles in the events portrayed.

Shakespearean reflections in the world of the novel make their appearance in the earliest pages of the story; Lockwood, for example, notices specific architectural details on his first visit to the Heights:

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door, above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins, and shameless little boys, I detected the date '1500', and the name 'Hareton Earnshaw'. 24

The passage accounts for more than an adjectival note of the Heights being a very old building together with Lockwood's having an unusual eye for decorative minutiae. The "grotesque" representations of "crumbling griffins" herald Lockwood's entrance into a world where the superstitions of a bygone epoch become more than just shades of fancy and imagination. (On his second visit he spends a night at the farmhouse and his dreams become only too real apparitions which completely unfix his reliance upon sense -- human rationality does not serve him, especially in the second dream about the waif at the window). The date and the name above the Heights door further unite the novel's world with an earlier, dramatic world, in which untrustworthy sensations and unreliable moralities form the bases for action -- the worlds of Hamlet and Macbeth, for example. The pre-

Elizabethan date of "1500" helps to define the novel's mode of old-fashioned occurrences in a comparatively modern setting. The use of Shakespearean theme and effect immediately become structural clothing for Emily Brontë's story; the preternatural has the lead hand in destiny rather than the characters themselves, for, the Hareton Earnshaw of 1500 becomes the Hareton Earnshaw of 1802 at the end of the novel -- as in some Shakespearean drama, the tale concerns the rightful place and recognition of an heir as much as anything else. Similarly, the two Catherine's in the book should not be thought of as an encumbrance designed to confuse the reader, rather, they add to the novel's moral development and unity. One Catherine Earnshaw dies as a consequence of 'evil' in the story's world; another Catherine, born of the first, will marry into the name 'Earnshaw', so that a circle completes itself. The beginning of the story unites with the end; a nineteenth century present engages with a sixteenth century past to complete a curtailed or interrupted sequence of events whose origins have long since been forgotten. Here, the idea of the novel's structure being founded upon Elizabethan dramatic principles accounts for the paucity of facts which would lead to a more successful analysis of why the characters act as they do, and, why Emily Brontë offers no information pertaining to events occurring outside the novel's strict focus. Wuthering Heights is a microcosm of disorder in which life becomes free of its dependance on facts; the author governs events in the tale with a kind of metaphysical inevitability in which the terms 'good' and 'bad' do not wholly apply. As criteria of interpretation, 'good' and 'bad' are neither necessary nor sufficient cause for action in the story; overall, the novel is poetic, dramatic and spiritual in its structural essence rather than didactic, socially symbolic

and so on, for all there is a social novel to be read in Wuthering Heights.

Wuthering Heights has a given structure, (outwith any structures born of critical interpretations), in which the author consciously arranges the story's chronology to be read out of sequence. This deliberate disjointing of orbits suits very well the idea of the book's essential pattern following an Elizabethan dramatic design. The story begins with an emphatic statement of the date, "1801"; it begins in a present which really belongs to the second half of the novel. The peculiarity of this commencement is not an inept false start wherein the author quickly tells one story and then struggles to begin another with Nelly Dean's narration; instead, the peculiar beginning intentionally forms part of the novel's overall structure. In a way similar to that of an Elizabethan play, the restoration of peace to a troubled world depends upon two consequent factors -- the painful allowance of the disorder's burning much of itself out, and, the late intrusion of an outsider who lets the ordinary world back in, (Macduff is a good example of this type of character fulfilling the role in Shakespeare's Macbeth). When Lockwood arrives to begin narrating the story in 1801, the disorder of the Heights world has become sufficiently advanced for him to be that outside agent, though he must first become part of its separateness from the ordinary world. Lockwood's being pitched into the chronological sequence of events at such a crucial stage, and being turned to account for the novel's beginning, shows Emily Brontë's adherence to an older dramatic design and her solving of the structural problem, namely, how to get Lockwood into the book without losing any of the story's insistent tension. By re-arranging the story's chronology she improves the quality of the story's telling through increase

of initial impact; straight away she plunges Lockwood into unfamiliar dimensions where, in Chapter III, the horror of nightmare fuses into the waking consciousness; she dips him into a past thick with apparitions and extraordinary violence:

-- terror made me cruel; and, finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on to the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bedclothes: still it wailed, 'let me in!' and maintained its tenacious gripe, almost maddening me with fear. 25

In the above passage, Lockwood recounts part of his second dream experience in which the aura of scenes in Macbeth come readily to mind; the images have that kind of graphic horror in them. Much has been written about Lockwood's dreams, from various points of approach, often showing ways in which the two dreams link together. Edgar F. Shannon Jr.²⁶ suggests that the staves with which Lockwood is beaten in the first dream become the fir branch which knocks against the window in the second dream. The branch 'wakes' Lockwood while still in his dream, and he tries to grab it only to be grabbed himself by the waif, Cathy. Ruth M. Adams²⁷ says that the second dream follows consequently upon the first as an expression of there being "no conventional morality" at the Heights; instead, religion becomes perverted into violence and cruelty with Lockwood betraying his weakness of character by being so open to the perversion. Shannon caps this latter to make psychological truth of the dreams:

The cruelty in the nightmare indicates that all men -- sophisticate as well as boor -- re-act vehemently to exacerbation of nerves and negation of sympathy. Repelled, (as he has been at Wuthering Heights), even Lockwood's well-bred gestures towards social intercourse, overnight degenerate into brutality. 28

The undeniable psychological insights in the patterning of the dreams

account only for the bases of the dreams in the reality of Lockwood's fear -- "- terror made me cruel". Fear makes Lockwood cruel, and while the fear may be real, the cause is not, because "it", "the creature", (as opposed to "the delicate child" which Ms Adams fancies at the window),²⁹ has strength disproportionate to its size. What begin as mere dreams become, by the end of the second dream, a seamless fusion of reality and unreality in Lockwood's description of them. The Cathy dream has the quality of apparition: Lockwood does not know whether he dreams or sees and he gains no solace from Heathcliff, who, awakened by the noise, wants to believe in the apparition rather than the dream:

He (Heathcliff) got onto the bed, and wrenched open the lattice, bursting, as he pulled at it, into an uncontrollable passion of tears.

'Come in! Come in!' he sobbed. 'Cathy, do come. Oh do -- once more! Oh! my heart's darling! hear me this time -- Catherine, at last!' 30

The dream obviously has reality for Heathcliff; the above passage testifies to the fact. In this fusion then, of reality and unreality, Lockwood becomes part of the preternatural world of the Heights -- the dreams do not signify simply a lack of moral order and man's degeneration into animism, (though these are contained in the accounts); the dreams have a structural purpose to allow for Lockwood's becoming part of the story's violent past. In the dreams, Lockwood experiences, at first hand, the world of the novel which Nelly Dean later tells him about.

Upon returning to Thrushcross Grange after his night of horrors, Lockwood has a chill to confine him in sickness and unite him once more with the story's present, that is, the second half of the novel into whose world he stumbles after the violence has dissipated and become merely a world

diseased. In addition to the astonishing compression Emily Brontë achieves in the first three chapters of the novel, Lockwood's sickness provides a uniquely effective way of handing the narrative over to Ellen Dean. The story begins brilliantly in this joining of elements past and present to make Lockwood an agent in the story.³¹ What has often been considered an untidy preface, the merest promise of things to come or even a false start, more clearly demonstrates the overcoming of a structural problem at the outset of the novel's formal composition.

In a way, the first three chapters of Wuthering Heights anticipate the whole of the novel's character -- the book is about violence, sickness and the need for a restoration of peace to a troubled world, but it is also a book about human tragedies as a result of human love and already, in these first three chapters of the novel, something of the special feelings between Catherine Earnshaw and Heathcliff appear implied through Heathcliff's "uncontrollable passion of tears". (p. 35)

The free violence and discharge of energy up to Catherine Earnshaw's death has to be seen as being latent before Heathcliff arrives at the Heights with old Mr Earnshaw. Heathcliff sets the violence off; he comes from outside the Heights world and creates havoc, not in any conscious way any more than Lockwood comes consciously to restore peace, but nonetheless, Heathcliff is the catalyst through which the contained horrors suddenly find release. Mrs Leavis, commenting upon Emily Brontë's "false start", makes the following observations about the plot and Heathcliff's origins:

It seems clear to me that Emily Brontë had some trouble in getting free of a false start -- a start which suggests that we are going to have a regional version of the sub-plot of Lear (Shakespeare being generally the inspiration for those

early nineteenth century novelists who rejected the eighteenth century idea of the novel). In fact, the Lear-world of violence, cruelty, unnatural crimes, family disruption and physical horrors remains the world of the household at Wuthering Heights, a characteristic due not to sadism or perversion in the novelist (some of the violence is quite unrealized) but to the Shakespearean intention. The troubles of the Earnshaws started when the father brought home the boy Heathcliff (of which he gives an unconvincing explanation and for whom he shows an unaccountable weakness) and forced him in the protesting family; Heathcliff 'the cuckoo' by intrigue soon ousts the legitimate son Hindley and, like Edmund, Gloucester's natural son in Lear, his malice brings about the ruin of two families (the Earnshaws and the Lintons, his rival getting the name Edgar by attraction from Lear). Clearly, Heathcliff was originally the illegitimate son and Catherine's half-brother, which would explain why, though so attached to him by early associations and natural sympathies, Catherine never really thinks of him as a possible lover either before or after marriage; -- 32

The present discussion argues against Mrs Leavis's idea of "false starts" because clear evidence of Emily Brontë's consummate artistry can be found in the mounting of her story upon a consciously pre-determined structural design. The "Lear-world" of violence does owe to the "Shakespearean intention" but in an alternative way to the one which Mrs Leavis suggests. To begin with, while the "regional version of the sub-plot of Lear" seems to recommend itself as a plot design, the idea fits only part of the overall story; the Shakespearean intention in Wuthering Heights shows a world latent with disorder to be released from without, rather than from within, and in this, it does not matter where Heathcliff comes from or who his father was as long as his arrival from outside the Heights world is made clear, which of course it is. Mr Earnshaw's "unconvincing explanation" of Heathcliff, and his "unaccountable weakness" for him, can be argued with, if desired, for they show only Mrs Leavis's supporting her own guesswork about there being a false start and a mixed up version of a Lear sub-plot -- in Mrs Leavis's

interpretation there is too much Lear and not enough Wuthering Heights. Emily Brontë, though vague about Heathcliff's origins, does reveal the matter of his name as being the name of Earnshaw's first son, who died. Mr Earnshaw's weakness for the boy more fittingly springs from an old man's simple folly of trying to rebuild memories into living fact and becoming over fond of his illusion. The idea that "clearly, Heathcliff was originally the illegitimate son and Catherine's half-brother" is not "clear" at all but rather unplaced, if not repellent, both to the author and the nature of the story since Mrs Leavis's suggestion contains more than a hint, (for which not a shred of evidence exists), of Mr Earnshaw's having extra-marital conjugal affairs. Furthermore, the explanation of Catherine's attachment to Heathcliff by "early associations and natural sympathies" does not go quite far enough because the attachment between Catherine and Heathcliff forms a central pivot for the structural basis of the entire story. "Early associations and natural sympathies" may easily apply in a sense, but their love is almost unnatural; it becomes destructive and pathological of the perturbed world of the novel which Emily Brontë reflects in the greater disturbance throughout the Heights world. The important thing to note about Heathcliff's arrival is simply that he arrives, and from this point onward, events at the Heights move at a furious pace.

Earnshaw's adoption of Heathcliff has far reaching consequences; the "... gift of God; though it's as dark almost as if it came from the devil"³³ releases something in Catherine which radically modifies her behaviour. There is something a little 'hardened' about a six year old girl who, even before Heathcliff arrives, can handle any horse in the stable and who requests a whip as a present from her father when he goes to Liverpool -- as if Emily

Brontë wants to suggest Catherine has the basis for a bond with Heathcliff. It should strike the reader as odd that the vehemence with which she treats Heathcliff upon his arrival, while corresponding to vengeance for the whip's being lost, nevertheless quickly dissipates. The transition from hatred to union between Catherine and Heathcliff occurs while Nelly is under censure from Mr Earnshaw. Nelly finds herself temporarily thrown out of the house for leaving Heathcliff on the landing to spend his first night, this, because Catherine and Lindley would not have "it" in bed with them.³⁴ During the interval of Nelly's absence, something happens between Heathcliff and Catherine to unite them forever, though Emily Brontë keeps the actual occurrence dark. Upon her return to grace, Nelly discovers, "Miss Cathy and he were now very thick"; and that is all; no details to show how the transition takes place, or better still, why -- it simply happens. It is reminiscent of Macbeth that the origin of the affection between the two children, and later the 'unnatural' love between them as adults, should commence unseen. Just as Macbeth's killing Duncan forms an unnatural act committed off-stage while Macbeth "is not himself", so too this strange alliance in Wuthering Heights commences unseen and becomes unlike 'love', within the compass of ordinary understandings about what being 'in love' means. Everyone hates Heathcliff barring old Mr Earnshaw and Catherine -- in the early chapters, Catherine appears the wilful child, Heathcliff, her malleable companion who suffers appalling maltreatment at the hands of Hindley and Joseph, but who never complains or has Catherine speak for him. She sees his abuse with neither sympathy nor compassion; she simply lets it be as though she possesses Heathcliff utterly, which in a sense she does, even at this childhood stage of their togetherness. Catherine more or less

controls Wuthering Heights from the second day of Heathcliff's being in the place; she brings disorder within by adopting control of Heathcliff, an outside influence rather than a usurper in this view of his being governed by a Heights resident. Together they form a formidable pair and there appears to be no motive for their unruly behaviour, which matures at a pace with their own physical and mental developments, creating eventually, an imbalance in the Heights world of forbidding proportions, well beyond the control of human intervention until, with Catherine dead, Lockwood arrives.

The behaviour of Catherine and Heathcliff turns more and more inward; they become unruly and in this, their special enjoyment of a world personal to themselves, the reader may see how pivotal their actions become in view of the story's structure. From the seeds of childhood impishness grows an unchecked and increasingly serious sequence of events which will end in tragedy -- one of the irreversible turns in this series of events concerns their being caught, one Sunday, spying through a window at Thrushcross Grange. Their respective responses towards being caught give an indication of their developing attitudes both to life and to one another as they grow older; they are uncommonly tough, promising "savage" in Ellen's view, but there is more to them than mere savagery. Being caught, the Linton's bulldog, Skulker, draws Catherine's blood as the pair try to escape from the Grange garden: she does not cry, even though the wound is bad enough to confine her at the Grange for five weeks, and she bears no malice towards the dog either. Heathcliff describes her, himself having peered through the window again, after the incident:

'... Afterwards, they dried and combed her beautiful hair, and gave her a pair of enormous slippers, and wheeled her to the fire, and I left her, as merry as she could be, dividing her food between the little dog and Skulker, whose nose she pinched as she ate; and kindling a spark of spirit in the vacant blue eyes of the Lintons -- a dim reflection from her own enchanting face -- I saw they were full of stupid admiration; she is so immeasurably superior to them -- to everybody on earth; is she not, Nelly?' 36

Their responses towards being caught superficially appear to be the same -- neither of them care a whit about the consequences of their escapade. The above passage though, has bearings upon how the love between Catherine and Heathcliff will develop later on. Heathcliff's passion already consumes him although each becomes dormant unless the other is there to fuel their particular fire. As a structural development, this passage and the events which lead up to it show the interrelatedness of two things centrally significant to the novel as a whole; these are, an uncommon attitude to all forms of life which Catherine and Heathcliff share, and, a curiously balanced set of feelings the two people have for one another. To begin with the shared though uncommon attitude to life: Catherine's treatment of Skulker only minutes after he has savaged her shows her neither fearing nor hating the animal, such as a child might do in ordinary circumstances. Often in Wuthering Heights the reader finds animals exalted to parity with and sometimes even to exceed the regard normally reserved for, human beings. Equally, animals, especially dogs, receive cruel treatment, but then so do the human beings. Taken together, life in the novel has no divisions; it is variously precious and cheap be it animal or man -- at certain times it bears no consequence, at others, it bears all the consequence. When Skulker sinks his teeth into Cathy's

ankle, Heathcliff responds with similar brutishness, "I got a stone and thrust it between his jaws, and tried with all my might to cram it down his throat".³⁷ If he could have managed it, Heathcliff would have killed the dog, but later, in his description of Catherine's "dividing her food between the little dog and Skulker", none of this hatred for the animal appears. It occurs as something natural to him that Catherine should share her food with Skulker and their strange attitude resembles, here, almost an existentialist detachment from the field of normal human response. The reasons why the Lintons become alerted to the presence of someone in their garden has a root cause in this same detachment which Catherine and Heathcliff have from anything outside themselves; looking through the window they see:

'... in the middle of the table (sat) a little dog shaking its paw and yelping, which, from their mutual accusations, we understood they had nearly pulled in two between them. The idiots! That was their pleasure! to quarrel who should hold a heap of warm hair, and each begin to cry because both, after struggling to get it, refused to take it. We laughed outright at the petted things, we did despise them.'³⁸

They laugh and alert the household to their presence, but what is important for the discussion here is the fact that they laugh at all. Catherine and Heathcliff take a dismissive relish in scorning human emotions; they have neither compassion for the damaged animal nor anything other than glee at the cruelty which comes of childish jealousies between Edgar and Isabella. They simply laugh at and despise Edgar and Isabella for the irony of their emotions, (recall here Heathcliff's attitudes towards Skulker), which do not filter into the mutual consciousness of Catherine and Heathcliff. Catherine and Heathcliff are together separate and other - worldly from the rest of human kind; in their thoughts and actions they

have a savage and unnatural approach to civilized life which goes beyond the animus of unconscious childhood cruelty. Their shared attitude has a brutish rationality behind it which becomes enlarged during adulthood and appears, at times, thoroughly hideous to behold.

The other reflection of impending chaos in the Heights world (to return to the former passage where Heathcliff describes Catherine through one of the Grange windows), has to do with the balance of feelings between the two people. The nature of Catherine's regard for Heathcliff -- it cannot properly be called love on her part, as yet -- consists of this same brutish rationality, as an attitude contrasting with conventional friendship. She dominates him whenever they are together, he bends always to her will while she never cleaves to him or subjects herself to his wants. Examples of this feature as a growing spiritual union between them occur from as far back as Heathcliff's earliest days at the Heights. She never intervenes to put an end to his sufferings at the hands of Hindley, for example; she seeks him only when she needs comfort, not he, as when Mr Earnshaw dies -- altogether, Catherine's regard for Heathcliff is self-based and for his part, Heathcliff accepts this. It is as though she requires Heathcliff's presence to provoke her malevolence and Heathcliff is only too willing to comply so that it becomes their malevolence. In their adult lives, this bond, having become an intense spiritual union, generates into a love unlike any other kind of love. It is unnatural in its exclusiveness, and cannot thrive but rather poisons itself and grows rank, a rankness reflected in the disorder throughout the Heights world. When taken into the Grange with Heathcliff left outside, Catherine shows the necessity of Heathcliff's presence in order to create the 'abnormality' of their growing spiritual

unity. Once inside the Grange she gives no thought to him; all her attention falls upon the dogs and her contentment, nibbling cakes before the fire, becomes absolute. When removed from Heathcliff's immediate presence, Catherine acquires a dormancy and is no longer a force in the Heights world.

Heathcliff's love for her appears, in the window description, to be a laboured infatuation to all intents and purposes. His smooth, even delivery and wistful tone, (note how the passage is one long sentence), come from the concentration of his gaze upon her. His eyes move, as if they can still see her, from "her beautiful hair" to her feet in the "enormous slippers" and back, through her actions and merriment, to "her own enchanting face" finally to conclude, "she is so immeasurably superior ... to everybody on earth". In a sense, Emily Brontë overdoes this passage; she gives Heathcliff just a little too much power of observation, for instance, when he refers to "the vacant blue eyes of the Lintons". Would Heathcliff really adopt such a poetic vowel run for people whom he thought of no account? And would he notice the blue of their eyes? It strains the passage in one way, though in another it may be seen as Emily Brontë's wish to point up the difference between Catherine's beauty and the relative dimness of the Linton children. The Linton children appear opaque and thoroughly lacking in spirit; they cry where Catherine and Heathcliff laugh, over who should love a dog and so on that the conventionality of the Linton children does seem "dim" by comparison. On the surface then, Heathcliff's description of Catherine denotes his infatuation with her, but it is not infatuation in the ordinary sense. Their feelings

for and about one another have a curious balance: Heathcliff's love for the girl, (and it is love on his part), requires no reciprocal devotion. He waits upon her, passively, for moments when she prompts him into sharing their especial togetherness and it does not matter to him that she ignores him from time to time. Seeing her through the window, he says he would have smashed the glass had she been miserable, but, as she is "as merry as she could be", he leaves her. This does not signify a childish infatuation on Heathcliff's part, nor does it correspond to anything like an ordinary human love either brotherly or sexual, rather, it contains a single-minded passion which simply absorbs him to the exclusion of everything else. The nature of Heathcliff's love combines with the nature of his hatred to form the obverse of Romantic love. Romantic love exists when the sensations it produces become limited by description in words, because the sensations dwell in regions connected with the 'soul' of the lover. In Wuthering Heights, the love between Heathcliff and Catherine comes of 'violent soul': the violent release of energy expresses love and hatred together in this novel, again dispensing with the need for words, emotions become actual in the explosiveness of action being simultaneous with thought and feeling. Heathcliff would willingly smash one of the Grange windows to rescue Catherine if she showed signs of wanting to escape; he tries to choke Skulker to death with a stone when the dog holds her fast -- Heathcliff does not pause for reflection upon the consequences of these actions, and the manner of them compares with the hatred he bears for the Lintons, Joseph and Hindley in:

'... I'd not exchange, for a thousand lives, my condition here, for Edgar Linton's at Thrushcross Grange -- not if I might have the privilege of flinging Joseph off the highest gable, and painting the housefront with Hindley's blood!' 38

His blood surges up and is reflected in the ugly power of his language: Heathcliff's love and hatred pull in one direction only. His hatred here, virulent and grotesque, descends almost into comedy because the violence of his desire does not have a chance of becoming real, nevertheless, he means every word. Contained in his conviction is the contentment he has in leaving Catherine in this Grange from whose gable he would hurl Joseph, and whose front he would have dripping with Hindley's blood. No distinction between love and hate exists in such attitudes, which flare at the least stimulation and then as quickly subside. In summation, the balance of the feelings Catherine and Heathcliff have for one another conforms with their mutually shared attitude to life resulting, when they are together, in unpredictable sudden violence and cruelty, neither of which has any softening, emotional effect upon the pair. Instead, they accept unnatural horror without pause or thought; they grow stronger from it when they are in malevolent unison; when separated, the physical outrages cease and the spirit within the two people sleeps, though Heathcliff at these times bears an uneasy countenance, in spite of his outward calm. In this particular episode in the novel, with Catherine cloistered in the Grange, Emily Brontë reaches a structural turning point. As the story progresses, the growing disorder in the Heights world reaches a hiatus which, when overcome, results in Heathcliff's climactic running away. From here on, the

increase of suffering borne by Catherine and Heathcliff after he returns, moves near to tragedy, for they are powerless to control their fates; the disruption in the Heights world infects everyone and everything.

Heathcliff runs away because his position at the Heights becomes, with regard to Catherine, untenable. Hindley sees to this by ensuring the separation of the pair as much as possible, in order to maintain the changes wrought upon Catherine by her exposure to the softened world of Thrushcross Grange. Hindley has less success than he imagines for the young pair manage to snatch intervals together through Catherine's stealth -- she may act the whitened lady she appears to have become, but their subversive bond remains intact. As a consequence of her protracted stay at the Grange while her ankle heals, the Grange now begins to intrude upon the Heights world through the visits of the Linton children; this is how the Sunday escapade to peer in at the life of the Lintons develops into a fateful turning point in the structural theme -- out of the violence of capture come forth changes; changes which bode ill and are irreversible, leading towards real destruction in the Heights world. Catherine begins to pollute the union she has with Heathcliff: she cannot do otherwise in her attempt to maintain the two positions she now becomes heir to -- the domination of Heathcliff and the need for his society that his presence demands and, her pride in her own beauty which forces her to bask in the Lintons' admiration. She has an awareness of the weakness that a defence of two fronts holds for her; she knows that she spreads her favours too thinly and this draws her, almost tragically, into being largely responsible for the increasing disorder. Nelly Dean notices the oddness of her designed

behaviour at the age of fifteen:

Catherine had kept up her acquaintance with the Lintons since her five weeks' residence among them; and as she had no temptation to show her rough side in their company, and had the sense to be ashamed of being rude where she experienced such invariable courtesy, she imposed unwittingly on the old lady and gentleman, by her ingenious cordiality; gained the admiration of Isabella, and the heart and soul of her brother -- acquisitions that flattered her from the first, for she was full of ambition -- and led her to adopt a double character without exactly intending to deceive anyone.

In the place where she had heard Heathcliff termed a 'vulgar young ruffian,' and 'worse than a brute,' she took care not to act like him; but at home she had small inclination to practise politeness that would only be laughed at, and restrain an unruly nature when it would bring her neither credit nor praise. 39

The above passage shows something of what the present discussion argues for; appreciation from the Grange appeals to Cathy's love of herself, and so on, but there is precision in the way Catherine's behaviour is narrated.⁴⁰ Catherine imposes "unwittingly" upon old Mr and Mrs Linton; a striking aptness occurs in the epithet "ingenious" as being the manner of her "cordiality"; she is like Macbeth, "full of ambition", and again like Macbeth and a little of Hamlet, she adopts "a double character", (which points again towards the Shakespearean design of the novel). Obviously, in this passage, Catherine heads towards a severe fall, the promise of which can be seen in the description of her designed behaviour, designed "without 'exactly' intending to deceive anyone". Of course Catherine deceives everyone, and no-one more than herself.

Not long afterwards, her façade breaks down over her intention to marry Edgar Linton and yet maintain her love for Heathcliff; she tells

Nelly,

'It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff, now; so he shall never know how I love him; and that, not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same, and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire.'

Ere this speech ended, I became sensible of Heathcliff's presence. Having noticed a slight movement, I turned my head, and saw him rise from the bench, and steal out noiselessly. He had listened till he heard Catherine say it would degrade her to marry him, and then he stayed to hear no further. 41

Heathcliff runs away and his action compounds his natural impulsiveness with the Shakespearean theme. Without waiting to hear the rest of what Catherine has to say about him, he considers himself rejected and his position intolerable; he runs, as one desperate to break-out of Emily Brontë's 'ill- charmed circle', to be followed by a storm. The aura of Shakespearean tragedy intensifies in this climax which brings to an end another phase in the lives of Catherine and Heathcliff. Catherine becomes a new tragic figure in the above passage as a result of her inability to spread her favours thinly enough to cover both Edgar Linton and Heathcliff. She has a weakness for herself as well as for Heathcliff and her effort to combine the two shows the impossibility of maintaining both. It would "degrade" her to marry Heathcliff "now" because his different kind of love for her fails to flatter her pride. Edgar's love flatters, but nothing more besides: he dotes upon her, and the material advantages of Thrushcross Grange, (for which she has cultivated a taste), serve amiably to reflect her self-image. Her love for Edgar has that kind of shallowness which, if pricked beneath the surface, shows only a compromise, the material gain and change makes it worth her while

because she feels she owes it to herself to live in the best way she can. Such ideas as these Heathcliff could not comprehend even if he were in a financial position that would enable him to plant luxury at Catherine's feet. Her love for Heathcliff, (which he does not stay to hear her describe), differs radically from the kind of superficial, empty love she bears towards Edgar. In the passage, her love for Heathcliff is as it has been developing throughout their childhood, the union of soul; 'violent soul' expressed metaphysically. She externalizes her love for Heathcliff in images which would be lost upon one such as Edgar; the images are simultaneously of death and life; of cold and heat; of stillness and of living energy: Edgar's soul the "moonbeam" or the "frost"; Heathcliff's, like Cathy's own, the "lightning" or the "fire". To be inexorably parted from Heathcliff's society deadens Catherine's soul; they are a fused oneness now, and she knows how useless it is to struggle against it -- better to go with it, as she tells Ellen, her fate can no longer be her own:

'My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods. Time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath -- a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I am Heathcliff -- he's always in my mind -- not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself -- but as my own being -- so don't talk of our separation again -- it is impracticable; and --' 42

Here, the context of the first part of the passage contains images to show that Cathy speaks not of soul, but of the mutability of earthly love and her extraordinary passion for Heathcliff; hence the change of analogy from the celestial "moonbeam" and "lightning", and the elemental opposition between "frost" and "fire". Her love for Edgar becomes a living thing,

subject to time's changes and the prospect of an eventual death, whereas for Heathcliff, her love is immutable, as "eternal rocks". The often quoted, "'Nelly, I am Heathcliff'", becomes assuredly plain in its meaning through the metaphysical imagery Emily Brontë uses as a precursor to what Catherine speaks of, that is, her love and her soul are one with Heathcliff's. When she says, "'he's always in my mind -- not as a pleasure'", she refers literally to their spiritual union, that their minds are as one mind. Their love for one another goes clearly beyond any earthly, physical passion, the objection to their marriage is not, as Mrs Leavis implies, because Heathcliff is really her half-brother, but rather, the objection to the marriage is, as suggested in the present discussion, owing to Catherine's more complex needs in the desire to be loved in the ordinary human way. The passage in which Catherine exclaims, "'Nelly, I am Heathcliff'", shows the girl a near tragic figure because, to begin with, Heathcliff has already gone and taken part of her with him, but the more so because Catherine cannot see the impossibility of her other reason for marrying Edgar, that is, to raise Heathcliff from the state Hindley reduces him to. She cannot see that it would not be unreasonable of Edgar to refuse the money and the means of raising Heathcliff's position; instead, she stupidly believes that Edgar would comply. Her failings, both inward and outward, become reflected in the disorder in the Heights world; her defects pollute the spiritual union she has with Heathcliff -- the world of the novel, and the characters in it, necessarily fit together in this way.

Heathcliff's error of running away before he knows the true state of Catherine's feelings for him make him tragic in a typically Shakespearean

way; the constant flaw in his nature, to act upon impulse rather than stay upon reflection, opens a chasm between himself and Catherine -- they both suffer as a result of his action. As a structural turn in the novel, his departure shows, in another way, his constancy to Catherine; he leaves to return later for revenge upon Edgar and Hindley whose coalition, he thinks parts him from his soul-mate. He bears her no malice, nor has he ever done, but the change in him is irreversible, like all the violent changes in this book. From his running away to his strange death his actions still spring from his love for Catherine but whereas once he would wait upon her, he now works upon his own; a gulf of independence forms between them. The storm which co-incides with Heathcliff's departure correlates the convolution of tragedy in the story not least because his flight pollutes his spiritual union with Catherine -- as he thinks she rejects him, so she thinks he rejects her -- they figuratively poison one another, the canker doubles upon itself and shows in the storm which opens hell's vault upon the Heights world:

About midnight, while we still sat up, the storm came rattling over the Heights in full fury. There was a violent wind, as well as thunder, and either one or the other split a tree off at the corner of the building; a huge bough fell across the roof, and knocked down a portion of the east chimney-stack, sending a clatter of stones and soot into the kitchen fire. 44

The storm forms the climax of another phase in the bond between Heathcliff and Catherine. The inevitability of their separation, almost tragic in the way their engrossing love throws them from pan to fire, finds a correlative in the storm, such as occurs in King Lear or more nearly in the unnatural darkness of Macbeth, (Nelly notices the evening

of the storm "'was' a very dark evening for summer", the word "was" being italicized in the text for emphasis). Emily Brontë puts the above storm passage to extremely effective artistic use, over and above its Shakespearean correlative function. It prevents, to start with, any thought of going after Heathcliff to bring him back and it damages the Heights farmhouse, but these are neither casual nor simply natural details. Catherine's love for Edgar is as the leaves upon a tree, whereas her love for Heathcliff figures in "eternal rocks : the joint soul of Catherine and Heathcliff she likens to "lightning" and "fire": when Heathcliff runs away the lightning of his soul strikes the tree, (wind might pull a tree down but would never "split" it, and thunder by itself could not have this effect, so that, either Nelly does not know her weather or Emily Brontë simply attempts to lessen the obviousness of the storm's effects), upon a night when no "moonbeam" could find its way through a blackened sky. The falling tree breaks the east chimney and the stones, ("rocks", for large stones would have been used in the construction of Wuthering Heights in 1500), fall into the fire, that is, Heathcliff's love for Catherine still resides in her soul, as her love does in the violence of his. This, it must be argued, is not 'ingenious' interpretation, but rather suggests the fullest artistic use of the storm; after all, of the myriad effects a storm might have, why should Emily Brontë alight upon this particular one? The answer, obviously, comes back to Edgar Linton, as a temporal tree, intruding upon the Heights world -- a natural softened affection has violent consequences in the Heights world and the storm reflects, equally as much as Heathcliff's running away, Edgar's intrusion into a sphere of life he can neither comprehend nor properly

become part of. His love for Catherine indirectly forces Heathcliff out of house, home and the special love he thought Catherine had for him. The violence of this special love becomes expressed in the atmospherics of the Wuthering Heights world by the storm -- it matches, in every detail, the metaphysical descriptions of the different types of love Catherine is aware of in her feelings for Heathcliff and Edgar both.

After the storm subsides, Catherine has a fever ostensibly caught while standing in the rain waiting and looking for Heathcliff. She survives the sickness, but imparts it fatally to old Mr and Mrs Linton. The sickness, as an ominous echo of Heathcliff's wrenching himself away equally prophecies the sickness in the novel's second half which, in the rapid deaths of Mr and Mrs Linton the elders, hurries the pace of the novel along, compressing and intensifying its structural development.

Catherine's subsequent marriage to Edgar fails to quell the disordered world of Wuthering Heights: the focus of attention shifts to Thrushcross Grange and an uneasy calm forewarns us of the spread of expanding disruption from the Heights, down the hill, into Thrushcross Park. Nelly's nature images capture perfectly the "seasons of gloom and silence" Catherine falls into, which owe more to Heathcliff's absence than Edgar's belief that her illness, after Heathcliff vanishes, still disturbs her constitution. Edgar and Isabella bear with her moods, and at times, Catherine, "seemed almost over fond of Mr Linton", but, "It was not the thorn bending to the honeysuckles but the honeysuckles embracing the thorn."⁴⁵

Catherine works tremendously hard to be responsive to Edgar's attentions -- "she seemed almost over fond" -- but the "thorn" cannot bend.

The image itself goes back to the Elizabethan era in which the technique of finding the natural expression of love in the behaviour of plants became a veritable commonplace. Nature, however, is reversed by Emily Brontë to show the impossibility of Edgar's desire for sweet and total possession of Catherine; honeysuckles do not "embrace" but more often choke the thorns over which they hang in heavy tresses, showing, in the image here, Edgar's attempt to go against nature to meet the lack of feeling in his wife whom, through no deficiency of his own, he cannot understand.

After a mere two or three pages of how the Lintons fare during Heathcliff's absence, the story once again becomes a world of violence and unnatural acts owing to the latter's sudden re-appearance. Heathcliff designs to marry Isabella, who opens willingly to the minimal attentions the man gives her, in spite of Catherine's efforts to put both of them off. Heathcliff's marriage plans are but a manoeuvre towards the legal possession of Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange together,⁴⁶ though Isabella -- convinced that Catherine's protestations against the match, ("he'd crush you like a sparrow's egg"),⁴⁷ come from jealousy -- believes Heathcliff sincere if socially backward in his inability to court her more effectively. Isabella rises to the bait with all the alacrity of simple human folly; her elopement commences with a foretaste of the marriage to come -- Heathcliff hangs her dog in the Grange garden, (a needless act of cruelty in anyone's imagination).

The degradation and almost criminal animism forming the difference between the Heights, now, and the Grange, can be seen among these chapters in Hindley's decline through alcoholism and the upbringing of Hareton by

Heathcliff, (since Hareton's own father has neither the competence nor the sober desire to see his boy raised properly). Heathcliff already controls the Heights in Hindley's promissory notes against gambling debts, but the most telling comment about life on the moor comes from Nelly, at the end of Chapter Ten:

His abode at the Heights was an oppression past explaining. I felt that God had forsaken the stray sheep there to its own wicked wanderings, and an evil beast prowled between it and the fold, waiting his time to spring and destroy. 48

Sufficient ambiguity exists in this passage to say that it affirms the consistency of the argument about Wuthering Heights being a world closed off from reality. Heathcliff's "abode at the Heights was an oppression past explaining", for example, can mean either, he is oppressed by his position at the farmhouse with regard to Catherine's residence, now at the Grange; he by himself oppresses the Heights, or most likely both, that is, Heathcliff is oppressor and oppressed. Both would be most clearly felt because "the sheep/that God had forsaken" is singular, by virtue of the pronoun "its", which conforms to the view of Heathcliff, orphan to begin with and now straying Godless on paths of cruelty and revenge, while the "evil beast", still Heathcliff though not himself, (like Macbeth again), becomes co-existent. All the indications, while appearing somewhat muddled on the surface, point towards two Heathcliffs at the Heights -- one a lost sheep who, in both halves of the novel often elicits Nelly's sympathy, and the other, an evil beast, the embodiment of some horrible force disordering the Heights world.

Catherine's death becomes the final structural turn bringing the first

half of the novel to a close. Emily Brontë prolongs the sequence in which sickness, violence and lapses of sanity mount to a raging pitch and then ebb to show a Catherine who faces death having come to see herself as a victim. Part of the prolongation has to do with Catherine's tragic recognition of herself, while at a formal level the lengthiness of her death owes to her being written out of the story as a living role, (since a character as centrally important as she has been cannot die quickly without the story's losing its balance). While she starves herself and appears selfish and spoilt to begin with, her inertia gradually gets out of hand and re-shapes again the tragedy of her defects -- she needs Heathcliff in order to feel whole; she needs Edgar and the Grange as accompaniment to her vain self-image. Emily Brontë maintains the earlier portraits of Catherine now in Catherine's own words, for she begins to see how she has become the prey of her own nature:

'These three awful nights, I've never closed my lids -- and oh, I've been tormented! I've been haunted, Nelly! But I begin to fancy you don't like me. How strange! I thought, though everybody hated and despised each other, they could not avoid loving me -- and they have all turned to enemies in a few hours. They have, I'm positive, the people here. How dreary to meet death surrounded by their cold faces! Isabella, terrified and repelled, afraid to enter the room, it would be so dreadful to watch Catherine go. And Edgar, standing solemnly by to see it over; then offering prayers of thanks to God, for restoring peace to his house, and going back to his books!' 49

This passage divides into two more or less equal halves. In the first, Cathy sees her pride and self-love in "'How strange! I thought, though everybody hated and despised each other, they could not avoid loving me -- and they have all turned to enemies in a few hours'". In a

sense, this is still her problem, (not that her friends have turned to enemies "in a few hours"), but that Edgar and Heathcliff still cannot avoid loving her: above this though, she recognizes the flaw in her nature, for the first time -- "'How strange! ... in a few hours'" -- the few hours of self-reflection during illness. In the remaining half of the passage, she wanders completely out of herself and drifts into the third person. She begins, here, to die; to move more towards her spiritual self which, for the most part of her marriage to Edgar has been submerged or suppressed. She laughs at the view of her own bodily remains -- "'How dreary to meet death surrounded by their cold faces!'" -- death is something warm for her; her tone of voice fills with sarcasm and becomes disembodied from her more human self in "'it would be so dreadful to watch Catherine go'". Emily Brontë presents here the two Catherines -- the one regretful of her earthly vanity who yet appeals for softness and tenderness simply by saying "'But I begin to fancy you don't like me'", the other, racing towards a physical death and an insidious spiritual essence; like Heathcliff, the "stray sheep" and the "evil beast", like Macbeth, who beneath his lunacy and self-delusion retains a corporeal frame and a sagacious capacity for self-analysis. The author once again shows her indebtedness to Shakespeare for the fusion of appearance and reality, and the fusion of tragic recognition with tragic inevitability: small wonder that Catherine says, "'oh, I've been tormented! I've been haunted, Nelly!'" truly, she has.

The illness, which is the agonized process of Catherine's death gathers way through more dreams, prophetic visions and torturing psychic

awareness of Heathcliff's presence. Her human past and future spirituality mingle to show her faults and her fate -- to die while Heathcliff lives. Again, the concern to have Catherine and Heathcliff separated by death forms an adherence to the Elizabethan structure of tragedy. Catherine in the disturbed days of her ravings becomes tragic because she recognizes herself for what she has been and has foreknowledge of what she will become, that is, until Heathcliff dies she cannot rest, nor will the world of the novel be restored to peace. If Heathcliff died with her, by suicide for example, he would lose tragic dignity, which is important both for structural balance in the novel and for Heathcliff himself since he must, as a part of Catherine, suffer her agonies himself. By living on, after her death, he comes to see the hollowness of his revenge, and suffers for his lack of her sharing the control he gains of the Heights world. In addition to Heathcliff's loss of tragic dignity, dying with Cathy would not be consistent with the rest of the events in the novel's first half; as Catherine herself recognizes, "'Be content, you always followed me!'"⁵⁰ so that in keeping him alive, Emily Brontë maintains a consistency begun much earlier.

The storm of Cathy's illness subsides leaving her resigned to the knowledge that for her, earthly life has ended. In a scene with an outraged Edgar she turns to him, in response to his ugly question -- "'Do you love that wretch, Heath-'" -- to cut him off by exclaiming,

'Hush! ... Hush this moment! you mention that name and I will end the matter instantly, by a spring from the window!
 What you touch at present, you may have; but my soul will be on that hill-top before you lay hands on me again. I don't want you, Edgar; I'm past wanting you...'⁵¹

Edgar must not mention Heathcliff because he cannot know of what he speaks. Catherine offers her husband her 'dead' being upon this condition rather because she does love Heathcliff in a way Edgar would find difficulty in both believing and understanding; and, while she does love Heathcliff, his name tortures her, because she knows she will have to wait for him -- Heathcliff acts independently of her will. When Catherine says, "'I don't want you, Edgar; I'm past wanting you ...'", it seems as though she could not be more cruel to a man who has worshipped her for as long as he has known her; yet she speaks only the truth of herself, having gone beyond any love and care he can still give her. She has no use for Edgar now, he cannot save her: if she wanted to hurt him it would be the simplest task for her to say, 'I do not love you, I love Heathcliff', but she goes to extremes to avoid this, threatening to jump out of the window and kill herself -- she makes every effort to spare him as much as she can. What appears to be cruel then, consists simply of a brutal honesty about their marriage; Catherine loves the man, or at least she does not deny it -- "'what you touch at present, you may have'" -- all she wants is the calm to bring his child into the world which, as if her spirit longs to take her, she delivers at seven months instead of the usual nine.

The last meeting between Heathcliff and Catherine becomes almost too painful to read; probably nowhere else in English fiction do such emotions rise and fall with such rapidity to make the scene so convincingly urgent; love combines with hatred, tenderness with violence, yet it ends upon a perceptibly flawed note: Heathcliff in anger and despair wildly cries

-- "'I love my murderer -- but yours! How can I?'" Heathcliff has killed Catherine as much as she has killed herself. What he says to her provides him with a reason to live; he excuses himself from culpability in her death by throwing all the blame upon her and, in a sense, he has never been further away from her in forgiving her murder of him while he yet lives. Heathcliff in this outburst feels himself driven by his own selfish impulses to act upon his own, independent of Catherine's will: he weakens in his love for her here, uncharacteristic as it may be, and it gives to Emily Brontë's art this one flaw, a kind of thinness not quite capturing the best of Elizabethan tragedy whose structural matrix the author has in mind throughout the novel -- at the closure of the novel's first half, Catherine and Heathcliff are clearly the centre of a world cut-off from reality; they exist for themselves only, the purpose of their love being an end in itself to the exclusion of everything and everyone: this, more than anything else, is their tragedy.

III

STRUCTURE, PART TWO:

FROM THE BIRTH OF CATHERINE LINTON TO THE END OF THE NOVEL

Sickness and death distinguish the second half of Wuthering Heights from its first half: violence and energy dissipate upon Catherine Earnshaw's death in favour of a moody, turgid atmosphere -- into this latter, Catherine Linton is born. The change from passionate releases of demonical force to malignant stagnation occurs overnight, though Emily Brontë carefully merges the effect, making the malaise of the Heights and Grange worlds appear inevitable. She does this through Hindley and Isabella, both of whom survive Catherine's death into the novel's second half, and both of whom embody, respectively, characteristics of disease and violent energy. The sickness of Hindley's alcoholism, for example, begins in the novel's first half but becomes more noticeable in part two. Alcoholism is a classic sickness here, since it begins as Hindley's comfort for the loss of his wife -- significantly enough, Frances dies from tuberculosis accelerated by the strain of Hareton's birth -- only to replace grief and become an addiction, a weakness and sickness in itself. Hindley dies from physical weakness in his inability to recover from a severe beating given him by Heathcliff; this occurs some seven months after Cathy Linton's birth. His physical weakness owes much to his psychological degeneration through gambling and drunkenness, the whole

train of events being traceable to his childhood -- he hates Heathcliff 'because' the fiddle was smashed; he shows a certain moral cowardice in allowing Heathcliff to have his pony after Heathcliff's own goes lame, though not without heaving an iron weight into Heathcliff's chest first, knowing full well that Mr Earnshaw will never hear of it. The death of Frances, the loss of the Heights to his enemy and so on -- Hindley's death results from sickness seen in the earliest chapters; it is a gradual process of breakdown in faculties moral, psychological, physical and spiritual, ending in death which introduces the disease theme of disorder into part two of the novel.

Smoothing the transition from energy to malignancy also occurs through Isabella's flight from the Heights to the Grange -- she brings a short-lived vitality into part two of the novel. Her escape from Emily Brontë's 'ill-charmed circle' requires a desperate act of energy, (see Chapter II), in order for her to break-out; her chance comes on the morning after Heathcliff's vicious attack upon Hindley, the air already being charged with violence of a most gruesome kind. Isabella arrives at the Grange having run and stumbled bloody-faced, scratched and soaked to the skin, all the way from the Heights. She braves the marshes, the snow and the cold in a thin silk frock and slippers, her urgency reflected in the severity of her need to flee by the fact that she is at least three months pregnant. She remains at the Grange long enough to drink a cup of tea, dry her clothes, and tell to an amazed Nelly the story of her escape. Isabella leaves the world of the novel on that same day, never to return; she finds refuge in "the south, near London".⁵³ In carrying

the note of violent energy over from part one into part two of the novel, certain changes occur in Isabella's character which alter the reader's previous view of her. Where she was once a "petted thing", rather silly and naive, marriage to Heathcliff and living in the farmhouse afterwards completely change her. She descends into animism, not as in Catherine's disregard for what appears cruel, but in a positive liking for, and enjoyment of, pain for its own sake, her own as well as others --

'... ah, see how it flows down my neck now!
The fire does make it smart.'

'... the brute beast! Oh, give me the poker!
This is the last thing of his I have about me.'
She slipped the gold ring from her third finger,
and threw it on the floor. 'I'll smash it!'
She continued, striking it with childish spite.
'And then I'll burn it!' and she took and dropped
the misused article among the coals.

'... Necessity compelled me to seek shelter here;
though if I had not learnt he was out of the way
I'd have halted at the kitchen, washed my face,
warmed myself, got you to bring what I wanted, and
departed again to anywhere out of the reach of my
accursed -- of that incarnate goblin! Ah, he was in
such a fury -- if he had caught me! It's a pity
Earnshaw is not his match in strength -- I wouldn't
have run, till I'd seen him all but demolished, had
Hindley been able to do it!' 54

In the first of these three passages Isabella almost relishes the deep cut below her ear being thawed and made to bleed by the fire; she enjoys the flow of it; it kindles and re-kindles her sense of success and the effort involved in her escape. The cut and its renewed flow becomes synonymous with the hard cruelty of the Heights together with the impulsive wrenching of herself from that world. She smashes her wedding ring with a poker in the next piece, obviously signalling an end of her marriage,

(such a marriage as it must have been), and the action follows consequentially upon the thawing effect of the fire -- "she dropped the misused article among the coals" -- fire, the elemental energy of the Heights, burns physically and figuratively in Isabella's need to destroy every vestige of Heathcliff. The change in her character shows her adaptation to life with Heathcliff; she shuns gentility and turns the force required simply to survive upon the moor, upon itself. Glee and violent action together take her out of the story's world: she does not stop to think nor pause in past remembrances of how life at the Grange once was for her, all her talk and thought spins upon the detestation of "that incarnate goblin", the word "husband" sticks in her throat. In a way she becomes, ironically, like her husband, not quite 'unnatural' in the same degree, but manifesting the same brutish cruelty upon the surface of her behaviour, and loving its thrill -- "I wouldn't have run, till I'd seen him all but demolished" -- she would delight in the spectacle of Hindley's destroying Heathcliff, much as she delights in the flowing cut upon her neck. Isabella's escape releases verbal and physical energy; it helps to merge the tone and character of the novel's first half with the second by providing a necessary overlap. She and Hindley must necessarily be written out of the story for the plot to develop Heathcliff's solitary control of the Heights, but the writing out is both thematic and economic; Isabella's flight bids farewell to what has been a characteristic atmosphere until now, whereas Hindley's death, from a progressive degeneration heralds a new atmosphere, the two events being tightly controlled and inter-related.

Another mark of atmospheric change between the two halves of the novel occurs in the disjoining of the weather from its season:

That Friday made the last of our fine days, for a month. In the evening the weather broke; the wind shifted from south to north-east, and brought rain first, and then sleet, and snow.

On the morrow one could hardly imagine that there had been three weeks of summer: the primroses and crocuses were hidden under wintry drifts: the larks were silent, the young leaves of the early trees smitten and blackened -- and dreary, and chill, and dismal that morrow did creep over. 55

Nature with sudden unpredictability, 'goes into a pet' for Isabella's flight just as it does for Heathcliff's running away in part one. Emily Brontë once more reverses nature in the manner of a Shakespearean correlative and establishes the tenor of the atmosphere for the remainder of the novel. There is a month's unnaturalness; Isabella runs south and the winds shift from that quarter as if in an act of disassociation -- weather turns away from its season; the time falls "out of joint",⁵⁶ the skies become "troubled with man's act"⁵⁷ -- when another being runs the gauntlet for freedom, the author turns the world of the novel sick with itself, and, as if to signify this there is an iambic meter and deliberately poetic arrangement to the last half sentence of the passage: "and dreary, and chill, and dismal that morrow did creep over". The whole sense and feeling of the passage forces itself in the reader's perceptions by this careful arrangement of the last few words which stand, not just for the way of the novel's world at the moment of Isabella's escape, but for the manner of Heathcliff's life now that he stands so thoroughly alone.

To add a note to the interest in reversals with respect to the novel's structural unity, a certain 'perversity' occurs in the offspring of Isabella and Heathcliff, and, Hindley and Frances. Linton Heathcliff, born of the violent marriage between the former couple, is a sickly, weak, peevish child, barely able to stand -- this clearly has associations for the tone of the novel's second part. Hareton, on the other hand, born in the novel's first half, the son of a diseased Frances and a progressively weakening Hindley, ironically grows rudely strong and healthy. The unnaturalness of the type of child produced by these respective marriages symmetrically reverses the dominant character each child should inherit, adding still more to the peculiar nature of the Wuthering Heights world.

Disease then distinguishes the novel's second half from its first, the violence becoming absorbed in this 'new' Elizabethan theme of a small part of Yorkshire gone sour and unhealthy. Isabella's escape forms the highest release of energy in part two, far more intense than say Hareton, whom she flees past during his hanging of puppies from a chair-back. Hareton's composure, as he quietly commits this needless cruelty, shows that the viciousness has become muted, slothful, sick-minded; a literal sick-mindedness reflecting elsewhere in his adoptive father's unhealthy thoughts at this stage of the story's telling. Disease follows upon Catherine's death -- the larger disruptive effect of their passion upon the Heights world needs the two of them together, (Catherine and Heathcliff), to produce fiery energy; now the disruption lingers, inimically, it continues to disorder the world of the novel and will not

let go while Heathcliff lives: only the mode changes, the effects remain much the same.

The world into which Cathy Linton comes contains a Heathcliff very much alone; he withdraws into himself more and more to become obsessed with his role in the state of things after Catherine's death. Frank Kermode notices in the novel that "... all the movement must be through Heathcliff". In his analysis of the Wuthering Heights plot, he offers Heathcliff as a linchpin who holds all the action together while simultaneously causing disruption in the Heights world by being "a sort of interruption in the Earnshaw system". Presenting this view of Heathcliff as the story's central figure, Kermode refers to Heathcliff's difference from the Earnshaws and Lintons which he calls Heathcliff's "betweenness". Heathcliff's "betweenness" begins with his name serving as christian and surname both, as though he were "between names". Kermode shows how this "betweenness" becomes "a door" for the Earnshaws and Lintons to pass through in their inter-marriages and notes that these marriages eventually close the door of the Heights in a social and historical movement towards the Victorian 'civilization' of the Grange -- something which Mrs Leavis⁵⁸ also recognizes in her account of the novel and which it would be silly to refute. However, nothing of what Kermode argues contraverts the theory of the present discussion, but tends rather to support it, in the dual motion of Heathcliff's disturbing quality owing to his being from outside the novel's world, and his "betweenness" separating him from the rest of the community:

This betweenness persists, I think: Heathcliff, for instance, fluctuates between poverty and riches; also between virility and impotence. To Catherine he is between brother and lover; he slept with her as a child, and again in death, but not between latency and extinction. He has much force, yet fathers an exceptionally puny child. Domestic yet savage like the dogs, bleak yet full of fire like the house, he bestrides the great opposites: love and death, (the necrophiliac confession), culture and nature, (half-civilized ferocity). 59

Kermode wants reasonably to argue that the list of behavioural oddities in the above passage make Heathcliff more interesting, as befits a novel's central character. He might have helped himself more by saying that Heathcliff's is the longest living active role in the story, though even without this, Kermode's view of the queer interloper implies support for the present theory of the novel's structure. In the unnatural qualities of Heathcliff's "betweenness", for example, Heathcliff stands between a past and a present; between the Hareton Earnshaws of 1500 and 1802. A man who digs up the corpse of a woman he loves in order to spend the night with her cannot really be considered 'normal', but beyond this, the idea of necrophilia itself is Renaissance debauchery, or at least within the order of the grossest Jacobean tragedy if not the earlier mode. Then there are the unexplained mysteries: Heathcliff's saving from poverty to riches; the brother/lover motif; and the previously mentioned flout of genetic probability in the child produced by his marriage with Isabella -- as factual matters in the novel, Heathcliff's "betweenness" belongs nowhere in the nineteenth-century rationale of knowable, scientifically verifiable facts but rather to a much earlier time of superstition and occult mystification. Considering these things in their bearing upon the novel's

structure, (and adding them to Heathcliff's half-human irrational cruelty, his inward fire and his outward coldness), all of Kermode's identifications of "betweenness" go towards support of the argument begun in Chapter II, that Heathcliff's nature manifests something unfitted for the ordinary human world, something which has the larger force of oppressing the Heights world. He is his soul's subject; a soul he shares with Catherine who, being dead, leaves him pursuing his cold ambitions for whatever he can make of them. At this structural level of interpretation, and with regard to the dead Catherine, Heathcliff appears not unlike Macbeth, who says of his wife's demise, "she should have died hereafter."⁶⁰ The Scots king who is no king perceives the uselessness of his actions as early as Act III of the play, yet he continues to advance them because he has no worthwhile alternative. In the novel's second half, Heathcliff acts in a similar way; he perceives the pointlessness of owning both Grange and Heights, yet he has no other aim in life but to complete his designs towards a hollow, and with Catherine gone, meaningless victory. He becomes sick in act and mind through the inward recognition of his soul's force driving him, reflecting in such actions and feelings, the Shakespearean themes within the novel's overall design. Heathcliff the 'driven man' does not feel the loss, for example, of Isabella when she dies in the south of England, except in a cold gladness at the loss of an encumbrance. Her death serves his purposes in his striven for aim and leads to a structural turn in events with the arrival of Linton Heathcliff at the Grange. The young Cathy begins to 'fill out' as a fully fledged character at this juncture; she feels sorry for Linton Heathcliff because

he has not the strength to sit on a chair but must lie on a sofa, taking his tea from a saucer, "like a baby". Within twenty-four hours of his arrival, Heathcliff takes charge of his son, (as unfortunately he has every legal right to do), and removes him to the Heights -- the opposition between the two houses being established for the second time in the novel.

The interim preceding the arrival of Linton Heathcliff consists of twelve years which pass, for the sake of trying to keep the novel's pace up with the rapidity and fullness of the first half, in a mere three pages to summate the "sunshine" of Cathy's growing up, between Isabella's escape, and Isabella's death from "brain fever". The younger Cathy straight away invites comparisons between her and her mother: the structural development in part two superficially mirrors part one -- the first Catherine torn between Heathcliff and Edgar yet dominating both is comparable with Cathy, drawn first to Linton Heathcliff and later to Hareton Earnshaw, again dominating both but with an altered form of wilfulness, and, the time and space to receive the two suitors in sequence rather than together. The altered form of wilfulness is, in the main, a consequence of Cathy's ascendant human nature as opposed to her mother's ascendant spiritual force: this and the time to learn and appreciate the quality of simply being alive form the distinct advantages she has over her mother's lot -- her mother makes 'mistakes' mainly because of her own nature and the oppressive forces around her; she has no time, no release from external and internal pressures wrung together. Cathy's ascendant human nature however, compounds the structural turn

of Linton Heathcliff's arrival from the south and his near immediate transfer from the Grange to the Heights -- she too makes mistakes, but they are errors of naive reason rather than impassioned spirit ruling the reason; Cathy's humanity can take her dangerously near to tragedy, yet in the end, it is precisely her humanity which has her succeed with Hareton Earnshaw. Much earlier though, her first 'love' develops with the other cousin, a love which has its foundation in the disease theme of the novel's part two; it begins out of Cathy's pity for Linton. On her sixteenth birthday she persuades Nelly to take a ramble on the moors, during which they trespass upon Heathcliff's land, are caught, and cajoled by Heathcliff into accepting an invitation back to the Heights. Once inside, Heathcliff re-introduces his son whom Cathy has not seen for four years: the delicate boy has grown tall and has a prettiness which belies his true condition, being "merely temporary lustre borrowed from the salubrious air and genial sun".⁶¹ Heathcliff simply pushes them together; he wants their 'love' to develop and, while Linton's frailty seems initially to be a block upon his father's designs, it soon turns into a boon. Linton's congenital sickness prevents his visiting the Grange, henceforth, Cathy must come to the Heights. Edgar Linton refuses to allow the couple to meet upon these terms -- the man can see how the battle between himself and Heathcliff for control of the Grange will have to be fought through his daughter and Heathcliff's son. Cathy, in her naivety, will have none of the war; she sees only the pitiable Linton and, being forbidden to go to the Heights, embarks upon a series of love letters with Linton, the milk

boy playing postman between the couple. Nelly Dean puts a stop to this and destroys all her letters from Linton, though here, the structural theme of the novel's part two, in which the atmosphere of the story becomes languid and oppressed by instances of death and disease following one upon the other -- as it were, becoming the physical counterparts or parallels to Heathcliff's morbid ambition to secure for his dead Catherine, the totality of the little world which threw them together only to tear them apart -- begins to work seemingly in Heathcliff's favour. Edgar is suddenly brought low by a chill which confines him indoors. Cathy takes her afternoon walks with Nelly; they go to the edge of the park whose wall Cathy climbs only to have her hat fall off on the other side of the enclosure; minutes before, Cathy tells Nelly:

'I fret about nothing on earth except papa's illness ... I care for nothing in comparison with papa. And I'll never -- never -- oh, never, while I have my senses, do an act or say a word to vex him. I love him better than myself, Ellen; and I know it by this -- I pray every night that I may live after him; because I would rather be miserable than that he should be -- that proves I love him better than myself.' 62

The passage shows Cathy's artless familial devotion to her father, though the placing of it, (just before Cathy finds herself locked out of Thrushcross Park), helps to show how much she has yet to learn and that her unselfishness has more purity than is good for her. Going for her hat on the other side of the wall puts her face to face with Heathcliff, who happens to be riding by at that moment. He tells her of Linton's regrettable state; that he pines for her continually, and since he himself will be away for a week, would she not take advantage of his

absence and pay Linton a visit at the Heights. While the passage 'proves' Cathy loves her father better than she loves herself, it does not preclude the idea of her also loving Linton Heathcliff better than herself. Heathcliff presents the girl with an inward choice; he forces her to choose between two sick men so that, while with regard for her father she will "never, (while she has her senses), do an act or say a word to vex him", she will take advantage of his illness and Heathcliff's absence -- where would be the harm in this? -- to pay a visit to Linton out of unselfish pity. She goes to the Heights the very next day. The decision fits into the theme of the novel; Linton drags at Cathy's sympathy with his sickness and sickening persistence, and evidently he will not last long, while papa's sickness provides the means of going; papa does not know, and to tell him would "vex him" and might make him worse. Cathy's unselfishness becomes the appearance of acting wisely while being blinded in the belief that something good will come out of it. The sickness theme continues to grow; the secret visit to the Heights provides the usually robust Nelly with a chill so that with all interventions temporarily removed, Cathy becomes free to make clandestine visits to Linton for the next three weeks. The spread of contamination perversely opens the way for Cathy's human kindness and presents an ugly juxtaposition set fair to lead to her undoing. In a way, she appears to be very like her mother -- she rides; she makes secret visits out of her own wilfulness; she is prone to vivid imaginings rather than logical, reasoned thought. Yet these are similarities which, when examined, show positive differences to Catherine Earnshaw. Minny, the pony she rides, has a thoroughly docile temperament;

her wilfulness comes of altruism in her desire to make Linton's suffering more bearable; her imagination, which inspires her to describe Penistone Crag as "those golden rocks"⁶³ belongs to fairy-tale romanticism rather than submerged spiritual intensities which make the crags something quite other for Catherine Earnshaw. Cathy's nature shows her to be part of the world of reality; she has simple, human foibles and neither the art nor the means of being completely self-centred: she is pliable, susceptible to Heathcliff's dangerous designs, and made all the more so by the spread of physical disorders which gather head and seem to feed off her innocence.

Unnaturalness, disease and imminent deaths come together to create suspense in the kidnapping of Cathy and her forced marriage to the (by now) detestable Linton Heathcliff. The kidnapping and marriage do not weaken the story's plot but rather emphasize the theme of disorder and Heathcliff's driven genius for the fulfilment of his revenge. The marriage is morally unspeakable, and intentionally so, but nonetheless Heathcliff times it brilliantly to coincide with Edgar's lingering at death's door with Linton Heathcliff's demise not far in arrears. Heathcliff premeditates the kidnap of Cathy and Nelly for a multiplicity of reasons to do with the legality of claims upon Thrushcross Grange. To begin with, Linton Heathcliff will not live long and he must be married to Cathy while he can still stand through the ceremony -- it might be remembered that he cannot walk much beyond the Heights gate without falling in a consumptive heap at the side of the path. While

Cathy has no aversion to marrying Linton, (she would like to take him to the Grange and look after him), Heathcliff must still detain her at the Heights against her will to prevent any outside chances of his plans becoming known, as it were, accidentally. He bribes the local lawyer into collusion and subversion, first, by getting him not to interfere with the kidnapping, and otherwise by paying for private information about Edgar Linton's estate. Heathcliff knows of Edgar's critical condition from general talk; he knows too, from Lawyer Green, that Edgar's will requires an alteration to settle the estate upon Cathy for life and upon her children thereafter -- this because Green does not answer Edgar's request to go to the Grange and alter the will; instead, Green sends excuses to force delays and so on. Under these circumstances, anything Edgar leaves to Cathy passes straight to her husband, because in 1801 the Married Women's Property Act did not exist. When Linton Heathcliff dies, everything that belongs to him by marriage passes to Heathcliff because Heathcliff, by forcible inducements, has his son make a Will of Personalty in his father's favour.⁶⁴ In the story, Heathcliff's 'legal' manouvres leave him favoured in exactly this way: Linton Heathcliff marries Cathy; Edgar Linton dies; Linton Heathcliff dies a month after Edgar and Heathcliff controls the Grange and the Heights because legally speaking, and in spite of the law having been subverted, Cathy is destitute.

The two deaths of Cathy's father and husband, the one from an illness caught and exacerbated by worry and strain, the other from lifelong consumption and inborn physical weakness, work for Heathcliff's victory

of revenge only to turn quickly sour upon the achieved ambition. Heathcliff begins to move towards tragedy by recognizing the hollowness of his position -- everything he does to make himself master of Grange and Heights together seems needless to him: he has got nothing, because Catherine is dead. All crumbles in his fingers and the sickness of the novel's world becomes mortal; it turns inward upon him and he begins to absorb it, in a way, starting to cleanse the world of the novel and allowing the real humanity of love between Hareton and Cathy to develop. Heathcliff races towards his own destruction against this background of an emergent love which has a true reciprocity for the first time in the novel -- all the other loves being atmosphere overshadowing the Grange and the Heights. Into this changing world, with the disorder daily accumulating in Heathcliff, stumbles Mr Lockwood, the external agent who lets the ordinary world back into the enclosed world of 'unreal' events.

In his dramatic role; (as opposed to his narrative role) Lockwood as a bringer of peace to a troubled place immediately shows an unusual garrulity and insistence upon the common forms of polite behaviour.⁶⁵ This can be seen in the novel's first two chapters, (though chronologically his entrance belongs in part two of the novel), for example:

'Thrushcross Grange is my own, Sir,' he (Heathcliff) interrupted wincing, 'I should not allow anyone to inconvenience me, if I could hinder it -- walk in!'

The 'walk in' was uttered with closed teeth, and expressed the sentiment, 'go to the Deuce', even the gate over which he leant manifested no sympathizing movement to the words; and I think the circumstances determined me to accept the invitation: I felt interested in a man who seemed more exaggeratedly reserved than myself.

When he saw my horse's brest fairly pushing the barrier, he did pull out his hand to unchain it, and then sullenly preceded me up the causeway, ... 66

The passage makes it plain that Heathcliff cares so little about his new tenant as to be positively rude to him; no-one would inconvenience Heathcliff if he "could hinder it", and he does hinder it by saying "'walk in'" since Lockwood should not be obliged to dismount before passing through the gate. Lockwood makes a rough mental calculation upon this and finds himself sufficiently interested to conclude that the "circumstances determine" him to "accept the invitation". A less spirited gentleman might turn his horse and ride away at the insult to propriety offered by such an invitation, but not Lockwood, who elsewhere in the novel and oddly enough with respect to the situation here, reveals that in his own past lurk the feelings and actions of a moral coward. Here, the southerner becomes brave, more and more insistent, and finally forces Heathcliff to unchain the gate because his horse, whether spurred or not, "fairly" pushes his breast against the barrier. Lockwood gains admittance by force, by dogged refusals to acknowledge the barriers thrown up at him, including the "invitation" muttered for form's sake. In Chapter II Lockwood again visits the Heights having bluntly invited himself the previous day. Upon arriving for tea -- the man is wonderfully beligerent about insisting upon niceties -- he finds first that no-one will let him in, though he does get in, finally, by more dogged refusals to give up the attempt at entry. Cathy forces him to admit that the invitation to tea is his own and without further ado, she puts the lid

back on the caddy. This obliges Lockwood to leave, but he stubbornly holds his ground, in the end, having to spend the night at the Heights and being distracted by dreams which fuse reality and unreality.⁶⁷

Lockwood's dramatic role then, in gaining admittance as an outsider, brings the real world into the tortured world of Heathcliff, by forcing Heathcliff to behave in a manner acceptable to the forms of basic common courtesy. His persistence does not so much reward him as force Heathcliff to recognise that the time of isolation and freedom to act in any and every hideous way fast draws towards a close. The horrors of Lockwood's second dream tell Heathcliff that only death will ease his inner pains and re-unite him with Catherine: Lockwood's dream, it may be recalled, has much more reality for Heathcliff than it has for the dreamer in as much as it concerns what the dream actually means. The dream has meaning for Heathcliff; it fulfils a prophecy made to him and shatters his outward composure by reducing him to sobbing; to curling up like a child in sorrow.

Bringing the story in part two up to the present, Lockwood gives notice that he will not spend another winter at Thrushcross Grange: this prompts Heathcliff to say to him:

'Oh, indeed! you're tired of being banished from the world, are you? . . . But, if you be coming to plead off paying for a place you won't occupy, your journey is useless -- I never relent in exacting my due from anyone.' 68

"Being banished from the world" has obvious intimations from the point of view of the structural discussion here -- that is, Heathcliff is himself tired of it -- but what follows this remark sets up a curious contradiction. Heathcliff outrages Lockwood with the financial end of

the conversation, resulting immediately in an offer from Lockwood to pay the full balance of rent in advance. Heathcliff declines:

'No, no,' he replied coolly, 'you'll leave sufficient behind to cover your debts if you fail to return ... I'm not in such a hurry --' 68

What does Heathcliff mean by this? Lockwood will leave nothing behind when he leaves because everything at the Grange belongs to its owner anyway. It would seem to be a matter of a gentleman's honour: Heathcliff makes a nasty invitation that Lockwood should return to settle his debts, perhaps as a sniping return at his tenant for having forced Heathcliff into the manners and forms of the outside world to begin with. Certainly the pregnancy of the invitation, if it be one, does come to fruition for in September, 1802, Lockwood does return by way of breaking his journey to a grouse shoot with a night at Thrushcross Grange, the tenancy still having a month to run.

Lockwood prefaces his stay at the Grange with a visit to Wuthering Heights, where he learns of Heathcliff's death. The story recommences in familiar style, the past being narrated up to the present by Nelly Dean. She begins by describing how Hareton and Cathy become allies contrasting all the time the flowering of their love to the nightmarish descent of Heathcliff into the depths of his own soul. Several outwardly visible changes in the Heights household greet the reader after this break in the story for Lockwood's temporary residence in London. The house is clean, open and inviting; the windows and doors flung wide to let in the clear summer air and, more importantly, throwing

into relief the way the Heights used to be, that is, forbidding and requiring an effort of will to get in and an act of energy to get out. The love developing between Cathy and Hareton appears as open and wholesome as the house itself; the two young people are warm with one another and Hareton, especially, softens a great deal from what Emily Brontë first presented him as. An accident confines him to the house; his gun having back-fired and blown-up in his arms -- a symbolic reverberation that an end to violence, killing and cruelty has at last arrived. The sociological novel and the dramatic structural design combine in the wrecking of Hareton's gun and the injury to his arms and hands: he will become 'civilized'; Cathy teaches him to read, and, while this looks towards life at the Grange for the new couple, with the Heights closed up, signifying the end of an era, it is too the end of a drama wherein a little world becomes purged of terrible and barely understood influences which unfix its stability. The flowering of humanity comes of the first truly reciprocal love affair in the story, and while it creates a certain sadness to see the Heights closed up at the end of the novel, it is nonetheless just that it should be so. Times change and it occurs as fitting that the Heights doors should be sealed upon the hideous turmoil which begins and ends there: the inscription above the door reads 'Hareton Earnshaw, 1500', but Hareton can turn his back upon the past and his inheritance to become the gentleman's son he was born to be, the degradation forced upon him by designs not his own being gently removed by the tenderness of Cathy.

Emily Brontë times the changes in Hareton, making them quite believable and avoiding the pitfalls of sentimentality towards the end of the novel -- her achievement owes much to her art in showing Hareton's clumsy softness towards Cathy from before the time she married Linton Heathcliff. The change in Hareton is gradual, as it is in Cathy: they have both learned of life's brutality and they have still much to learn of its gentler side, a process which measures step for step the pouring into Heathcliff of everything vile, so that at the end he embodies the disorder, making him tragic, and his destruction horrible to behold. The end of the story moves towards a climax in this way; Hareton, Cathy and Heathcliff learn about themselves through suffering; note the following passages:

'If you strike me, Hareton will strike you!' she said; 'so you may as well sit down.' 'If Hareton does not turn you out of the room, I'll strike him to Hell,' thundered Heathcliff. 'Damnable witch! dare you pretend to rouse him against me?'

'He'll not obey you, wicked man, any more!' said Catherine; 'and he'll soon detest you, as much as I do!'

'Wisht! Wisht!' muttered the young man reproachfully. 'I will not hear you speak so to him -- have done.'

He had his hand in her hair; Hareton attempted to release the locks, entreating him not to hurt her that once. His black eyes flashed, he seemed ready to tear Catherine in pieces, and I was just worked up to risk coming to the rescue, when of a sudden, his fingers relaxed, he shifted his grasp from her head, to her arm, and gazed intently in her face -- Then, he drew his hand over his eyes, stood a moment to collect himself apparently, and turning anew to Catherine, said with an assumed calmness,

'You must learn to avoid putting me in a passion, or I shall really murder you, some time!' 70

These passages follow upon the revelation of Hareton's having uprooted some currant bushes for Cathy that she might plant a flower

garden. Mrs Leavis ⁷¹ cites that action as being stupid in itself for the hill farmers were in every way practical against the rigours of climate, their remote positions on the moors, and the poor chances of growing much in the way of good upon such hard ground -- flowers are a waste of precious soil in the garden; necessity demands that as much food as could be grown, should be grown, against the privations of the winter. Elsewhere in the novel, people know Gimmerton for being three weeks behind every other village with the harvest; being situated higher up, Gimmerton is late to seed owing to slower thaws and spring frosts upon high ground. When Joseph complains of the uselessness of a flower garden, he speaks eminent sense in view of the Heights and its geographical locality. This much apart, the three passages show movements towards the transfer of loyalties within the triumvirate. Cathy goes too far too soon in threatening Heathcliff with Hareton's intervention, and Hareton, for all his degradation at the 'master's' hands, still feels respect in spite of his loyalty being pinched. The respect comes out almost vehemently when Hareton says to Cathy, "' I will not hear you speak so to him -- have done. '" The situation actually breaks when Heathcliff grabs Cathy by the hair: it becomes a turning point for Hareton who realizes the possible danger to the girl, and he responds by trying to release Heathcliff's grip while "entreating him not to hurt her that once". While he does not strike Heathcliff, as Cathy wishes him to, he nevertheless acts in her interest; the movement shows a significant change in Hareton's attitude for it is a movement away from Heathcliff; a slight rebellion; a shift in loyalty. For his part, Heathcliff desists, not giving ground

as appearances might suggest, but rather because Cathy's face fixes the vision of her mother in his eyes. For some time such visions have affected him and they increase both in frequency and intensity; they occur as the sickness of his brain, weakening his outward violence and moving him deeper into the solitary contemplation of his visions. Cathy and Hareton remind him of what he himself and Catherine Earnshaw might have been: the parallel obsesses him so that when he says to Cathy, "'you must learn to avoid putting me in a passion, or I shall really murder you, sometime!'" his threat is at once empty; the violence dwells in him and he has no stomach for it, he has to acknowledge that much -- the passions and the visions are painful to him; he could never kill Cathy having lost the first Catherine; the constant reminders torture him; life slips away from him and his violence becomes impotent every time he sees the mother in the daughter. The man is ill: he tries to preserve an outward sanity while violence rages in him -- he has no outlets because all have died on the way to achieving his cold ambition; he has only himself to turn upon and this forms his tragedy, because all his love and his hate grow daily more rancid inside him; it has all been for nothing.

The Macbeth imagery from part one of the novel returns to mark the final days of Heathcliff's life. He can no longer conceal the fact of his illness, though only he knows why and what his sickness is; Nelly notices how he changes by the day, and that he keeps only his own company --

... he re-entered, when the room was clear, in no degree

calmer -- the same unnatural -- it was unnatural -- appearance of joy under his black brows; the same bloodless hue: and his teeth visible, now and then, in a kind of smile; his frame shivering, not as one shivers with chill or weakness, but as a tight stretched cord vibrates -- a strong thrilling, rather than trembling. 72

What Nelly calls unnatural exposes the limits of her understanding of Heathcliff's sickness. Her description of his physical changes show him "thrilling" to a vision of expectancy -- it is sexual and spiritual; a cold masochism of having done with life and its triviality; his "appearance of joy" and his "bloodless hue" belong elsewhere than Nelly can comprehend. Heathcliff wears the mantle of 'not life' in this passage where an instinctual aura of something cold and evil hovers, disturbs and confounds Nelly's down-to-earth understanding -- she can describe only his appearance, and, such as it is, she has every right to fear what she has never seen before: Heathcliff is filled with the horrors of hell.

Against his rapid decline the dramatic contrast increases; the disquiet of the novel's world centres entirely within Heathcliff now, he lives alone, unaware and uncaring about events taking place around him. While he refused food, Cathy and Hareton take breakfast together in the garden: the juxtaposition of the Heights in a holiday mood while being stalked by the spectre of the man who rules, used to rule it, with violence and cruelty, seems almost too odd, except that the reader witnesses and feels Heathcliff's tragedy where no character remaining in the story can possibly understand what he goes through.

Catherine appears everywhere in visions, and while Nelly knows that he has delusions, she cannot say what they are, yet the reader knows, and can feel pity for Heathcliff:

He didn't notice me, and yet he smiled. I'd rather have seen him gnash his teeth than smile so.

'Mr Heathcliff! master!' I cried. 'Don't for God's sake, stare as if you saw an unearthly vision.'

'Don't, for God's sake, shout so loud,' he replied.

'Turn round, and tell me, are we by ourselves?'

'Of course,' was my answer, 'of course we are!'

Now, I perceived he was not looking at the wall, for when I regarded him alone; it seemed, exactly, that he gazed at something within two yards distance. And, whatever it was, it communicated, apparently, both pleasure and pain, in exquisite extremes; at least, the anguished, yet raptured expression of his countenance suggested that idea.

The fancied object was not fixed either; his eyes pursued it with unwearied vigilance; and, even in speaking to me, were never weaned away. 73

The second of these two passages compresses beautifully the intense unnaturalness of Heathcliff's state; he is perhaps as much like Macbeth here as anywhere in the story. The first passage prepares and gives notice of what to expect -- together they form a fine piece of condensed writing leaving it impossible for the reader to remain unmoved. In the first passage then, Nelly would sooner have the old, cruel Heathcliff who, while he may seemingly lack reasons for his viciousness, nonetheless remains predictable. The "unearthly vision" -- Catherine, obviously -- comes to haunt him and claim him, as good as her promise:

'I'll not lie there by myself: they may bury me twelve feet deep, and throw the church down over me; but I won't rest till you are with me ... I never will!' 74

In the second of the former passages, Nelly's curious lack of imagination forbidding her even to guess what the vision might be, (Nelly is neither stupid nor forgetful as a rule), serves Emily Brontë as a means of increasing the tension in the atmosphere, "... whatever it was, it communicated, apparently, both pleasure and pain, in exquisite extremes..." -- the "pleasure" occurs at the prospect of an unbreakable reunion between Heathcliff and Catherine; the "pain" comes from his being still tied to the earth by life; the "exquisite extremes" of these mingled sensations express Heathcliff's anticipation of being 'unreal' yet capable of sense and awareness. The author draws upon Macbeth for Heathcliff's "raptured expression", bringing to mind Banquo's remark, "Look how our partner's rapt",⁷⁵ and Macbeth again in the last of the passage -- "The fancied object was not fixed, either; his eyes pursued it with unwearied vigilance", resembles, in theatrical effect, a fragment of the dagger soliloquy:

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. 76

For a man close to death's door, Heathcliff's "unwearied vigilance" while he follows what he sees can only be "unearthly" and unnatural -- what these passages re-create is the prospect of Heathcliff's death both for the reader and Heathcliff himself; like Catherine before him, death comes in visions of release from the useless mortal struggle to gain an impossible physical hold upon their soul. His tragedy comes of the earthly suffering he submits to: he cannot take his own life any more than he can nourish it because it does not belong to him any more, it belongs to Catherine, or better, to them both. He dies, not of starvation

but of some hideous pull wrenching him out of life. The suggestion that it must be Catherine who pulls him is too strong to ignore; it completes the circle which begins in Lockwood's dream:

I could not think him dead -- but his face and throat were washed with rain; the bed-clothes dripped, and he was perfectly still. The lattice, flapping to and fro, had grazed one hand that rested on the sill -- no blood trickled from the broken skin, and when I put my fingers to it, I could doubt no more -- he was dead and stark.

I hasped the window; I combed his black long hair from his forehead; I tried to close his eyes -- to extinguish, if possible, that frightful, life-like gaze of exultation, before anyone else beheld it. They would not shut -- they seemed to sneer at my attempts, and his parted lips, and sharp, white teeth sneered too. 77

The unnaturalness of Heathcliff's death fuses once again reality with unreality: his eyes will not close, he sneers with his visage, together they create a pitiable Heathcliff who dies alone as the spare vehicle of something above or below humanity, but certainly not of it. Catherine drags him through the window, drags his soul at least for Heathcliff dies in the same child's bed where Lockwood had his dream vision. What is real and unreal together for Lockwood, no less applies to Heathcliff -- appearance and reality, as one of the hubs of the play, Macbeth, illustrate here that the novel follows a principle of Elizabethan theatre. The horrid death releases the world of the story from its disorder; the violence and sickness leave with Heathcliff's soul. Lockwood remains as the outside agent to signify that the ordinary world of man can once again pass freely in and out of Gimmerton -- he quits the Heights by the back door having come in

at the front; Heathcliff made a point of preventing Lockwood from doing this earlier, only now, the house and hence the world of the story, is open.

IV

THE NARRATIVE

While the structural model of the Wuthering Heights world looks back to Shakespeare's designs for the worlds of his plays, the narrative technique belongs far in advance of 1847, when the novel was published, to pre-date Conrad's use of the double narrative form in a novel like Chance (1913).

Chance is a fine novel whose formal composition markedly resembles that of Wuthering Heights; the story has two parts and concerns a woman's two marriages -- the first marriage being 'convenient', the second being for love, (though in fact the story ends with this second marriage about to take place). The formal composition's similarity to Wuthering Heights has also to do with there being two narrators, and with the manner of the story's telling. Part One begins in a present and goes back into the history of circumstances which form the tale; these circumstances are given as a comedy of 'chance' events. Part two begins in a present again and continues the history begun earlier only this time as a tragedy. The novel ends (the whole of the inter-related events having been told) in a present which projects the happiness of two principal characters in the story. The narrators, Marlow and an un-named man who begins and ends the novel, resemble Ellen Dean and Mr Lockwood, that is,

Marlow takes up the story and tells it to the un-named listener. As the chief narrator, Marlow cannot always be wholly relied upon because he likes to be fluid and impressive in his worldliness and philosophy; to keep up his flow he tends to invent, (from his theories of what must have happened), details which he cannot supply directly from known fact -- a simpler version of what Faulkner does in Absalom, Absalom! (1936). Marlow appears to know more about what goes on in the story than the actual characters involved in the events he portrays, and the problem for the reader, indeed the fascination of Chance, comes from possibilities throughout that Marlow is wrong. His theories fit the facts and the second narrator begins to function, here, by challenging Marlow with skeptical interruptions whenever his friend goes just too far to be credible. Both narrators have an interest in the story; they both know the man who will marry the heroine at some point shortly after the novel's end. The story's concern lies with the idea that marriage can be a very convenient mode of life for several, not always honest, reasons, and at the end, having made this much clear by bringing the institution of marriage into question, Marlow will be best man at the projected wedding. Marlow does an about face by appearing to favour the coming marriage which, in view of his theories and probings beneath the fine surface of the institution itself, should make him a little more cautious in his zeal -- he exposes the flaws and frailties of human actions and the human psychology, and then seems to dismiss them. His

friend the second narrator realizes the hypocritical implications of this course, and he laughs, almost cynically. He agrees with so much of what Marlow says while the story is being told that, simply as a skeptic, he should be more serious if not perturbed. Conrad offers the view that marriage cannot always be trusted to be what it seems, that is, a 'safe' way of life through compromise, but then he notes that life itself is something of a compromise by having the narrators as 'untrustworthy'; they are not the altruists they appear to be since both pretend to friendship with one half of the engaged couple: friendship, like marriage, has a fine surface with different levels of trust underneath.

Chance is an enjoyable novel because it invites the readers to think and draw their own conclusions, since so much latitude exists between what is the story; what might be the story; and what the relation is between the characters in the story and the tellers. In this, the formal similarities between Conrad's novel and Wuthering Heights becomes quite plain. To begin with, Emily Brontë presents a tale in two parts, starting with Mr Lockwood and going back into the past with Ellen Dean. The story comes up to the present again when Lockwood returns to Thrushcross Grange, ((having earlier left the world of the novel for the summer months), on his way to a grouse shoot. Here the story dips into the past once more, to account for Heathcliff's race towards death, and ends, finally in a present with the projected marriage of Cathy and Hareton. Neither Ellen Dean nor Lockwood can be wholly relied upon as honest narrators, first because they both become involved in the events of the story itself, and

latterly because they do not really know what kind of a world they live in, that is, they try to put human reasons behind the spiritual causes of disorder leaving them, like Marlow, with theories fitting facts but not reflecting the true state of things. Through this, Emily Brontë throws the reader back upon the latitude between what is the story, and what looks like the story to the narrators. Ellen Dean, for example, cannot know Catherine's mind the way the author knows and portrays it so that the narrators, while being faithful to their limitations, have weaknesses which allow readers to draw their own conclusions. This neither restricts nor encloses what the author wants to show but rather underlines the novel's structural focus of irrational and unnatural forces having a place in the story's occurrences. It accounts for the novel's creative richness; the Elizabethan structural design contributes much towards the success of an essentially twentieth-century narrative style making Wuthering Heights a modern, psychological novel written during the first half of the nineteenth century. It forms a good part of the novel's uniqueness, for, despite its early composition, Wuthering Heights becomes contemporaneous with the likes of Conrad's and even Faulkner's work.

It becomes increasingly clear then, while reading Wuthering Heights that both narrators are 'agents' in the story and not simply bystanders reporting the action; they have separate interests in the way the story terminates. Brian Crick makes this point with reference to Ellen Dean's narrative,

The "telling" is itself ... as essential a part of the action

of Wuthering Heights as it is in the novels of her (Emily Brontë's) technically sophisticated successors. 78

What Crick's article does not find much space for is Lockwood's role in this modern narrative technique. Wuthering Heights presents two stories -- the novel itself, and the roles of the narrators within it. Lockwood's first role, obviously, provides moment for the story; he becomes a foil for Ellen Dean's narrative, or, as Worth puts it:

The character of Mr Lockwood, one of the two narrators of Wuthering Heights, is the one through whose consciousness all the events of the plot are ostensibly filtered. 79

That Lockwood "ostensibly" filters "events of the plot" carries the suggestion that he is not simply an ear-piece, though Worth does not develop this very far; yet it becomes worthy of developing in view of Chapters II and III of the present discussion. Lockwood has a Shakespearean role; he may be considered as the external 'agent' who settles the disturbed sphere of the novel by letting the ordinary world back into an enclosure shut off from reality. He becomes involved and absorbed in events which have nothing to do with him simply out of his own volition; he insists upon the involvement so that, while in one way he becomes a foil for Nelly's narrative, in another way, Nelly's narrative becomes a foil for him. He becomes involved, physically; he listens to Nelly's tale and makes judgements for himself with which he patronises the reader, but which he conceals from Nelly. He may well stand for conventional morality in a world where conventional morality has little

or no account, but at the same time he has no moral right to interfere with things that do not concern him, yet he does so. Lockwood is not a simple character; he has force, and in this he points up the unreality of the Heights world by making enormous efforts to resist its barbarism. Why should he do this? Part of the reasons exist in his narrative role as the raison d'être of the story's movement; the rest relates to his artistic role as the bringer of humanity to a disturbed world, (about which much has been written in Chapters II and III). Lockwood's reasons for being so insistent on his visits to Heathcliff relate to his Shakespearean role; he ends up by liberating the novel's world of its unnatural disturbances, this, done unconsciously, is part of the structural pattern; the man has reasons of his own for being forceful and insistent, to do with his original motives for being in Yorkshire at all:

... My dear mother used to say I should never have a comfortable home, and only last summer, I proved myself perfectly unworthy of one.

While enjoying a month of fine weather at the sea-coast I was thrown into the company of a fascinating creature, a real goddess, in my eyes, as long as she took no notice of me. I 'never told my love' vocally; Still, if looks have language, the merest idiot might have guessed I was over head and ears; she understood me, at last, and looked a return -- the sweetest of all imaginable looks -- and what did I do? I confess it with shame -- shrunk icily into myself, like a snail, at every glance retired colder and farther; till, finally, the poor innocent was led to doubt her own senses, and overwhelmed with confusion at her supposed mistake, persuaded her mamma to decamp.

By this curious turn of disposition I have gained the reputation of deliberate heartlessness, how undeserved, I alone can appreciate. 80

Lockwood's voyeurism forms the basis of a moral cowardice which, while not being altogether morally reprehensible, it nonetheless disturbs him sufficiently to make him "confess it with shame" in this passage. He comes to Yorkshire to run away from himself; to escape in a region where no-one knows him, only his character does not allow him the respite and the plan of escape turns awry from the very beginning. Lockwood cannot help being what he is: Worth notes:

Lockwood is endowed by Miss Brontë with three leading character traits, each important in helping him to fulfill his role in the novel: an ill-disguised gregariousness, a sentimental (as opposed to a passionate) view of life, and a clumsy, tactless garrulity. 81

Worth's identifications appear in the former passage taken from the novel, and in Lockwood's behaviour upon his first visits to the Heights. To begin with, Lockwood admits to his mother's opinion that he "should never have a comfortable home", and condemns himself with a further, more candid admission that "only last summer, I proved myself perfectly unworthy of one." His move to Yorkshire then, shows him trying to atone for the guilt of his fallibility; Thrushcross Grange will, for him, set a seal upon never having "a comfortable home" by proving otherwise. But the Grange ceases to be a comfortable home as soon as he arrives -- in his "ill-disguised gregariousness" he goes up to the Heights with "clumsy, tactless garrulity", proving once again the rightness of his mother's lamentation; the Grange may be comfortable in itself but its situation allows Lockwood to subject himself to all kinds of pain and horror up at his landlord's. The other reason, in fact the chief reason for Lockwood's taking the Grange springs from

events related in the quoted passage. He makes a mess of indulging his otherwise harmless voyeurism at the sea-coast -- "I was thrown into the company of a fascinating creature, a real goddess, in my eyes, as long as she took no notice of me." Lockwood's fetish is simple to understand; the sight of "the goddess" thrills him more than actual contact would; he worships her with his gaze, and loves her "as long as she" takes "no notice of" him. His elevation of her spoils as soon as she acknowledges his attention with "the sweetest of all imaginable looks" -- voyeurs tend to live in their imagination where real experience cannot interfere with the ideal perfection of the gazed-at object. The poor girl supposes she has made some mistake; she has not made any mistake except in looking a return; from here onward, Lockwood's enjoyment becomes marred because he cannot look at her without her 'knowing' that he loves her, and she, poor "fascinating creature" cannot be told that looking is as far as Lockwood wants to go. His appearance of "deliberate heartlessness" he "alone can appreciate" for what it really hides, that is, his cowardice, his shame, his guilt, (note how he "proves" himself "perfectly unworthy" and "confesses with shame"), of enjoying a form viewed rather than touched and known. He comes to Yorkshire to get over the experience of having offended the girl without actually meaning any harm towards her; he comes to a region rural and remote where a good chance exists that temptation will not be placed in his way. Worth correctly sees Lockwood as "sentimental"; the man has an awareness, a sensitive knowledge of the damage his otherwise harmless fetish can cause. When he visits his landlord and finds him a misanthrope

(as he imagines himself to be), he determines to make a stand against rudeness and rejection; he cannot run any more because the Grange is his retreat for earlier "offences", and he would rather be accepted for the tough-minded creature he tries outwardly to be, that is, a man's man, such as he imagines Heathcliff to be. He gets more than he bargains for by underestimating Heathcliff in this way, yet his "clumsy, tactless garrulity" and "ill-disguised gregariousness" provide him with the strength to meet his rebuffs with stoicism, even to the point in his dream of Catherine where, like the girl at the sea-coast, he is "led to doubt his own senses". For his pains, Lockwood finds himself immersed in the grim unreality of the Wuthering Heights world; violence and sickness overcome him within two days of his arrival, but his character, his past 'offences', and his mother's prophetic opinion of him give him the strength to bear with his position and make him, unconsciously, the outside agent of release from disorder.

Lockwood's interest in Ellen Dean's narrative bears out the view of the man as a voyeur -- he cannot be cured of his voyeurism for all his attempts, even in the dreadful world of pain, visions and sickness which he becomes so much a part of. He has a personal interest in the story outside his narrative and Shakespearean roles; Nelly becomes his foil just as much as he becomes hers. Keeping the "fascinating creature" at the sea-coast in mind, we can consider the following:

I'll extract wholesome medicines from Mrs Dean's bitter herbs; and firstly, let me beware of the fascination that lurks in Catherine Heathcliff's brilliant eyes. I should be in a curious taking

if I surrendered my heart to that young person
and the daughter turned out a second edition
of the mother! 82

Lockwood knows and feels his own susceptibility to the weakness within him. At this stage of the story's telling he characteristically surmises the dangers of repeating the error which brought him to Thrushcross Grange in the first place. He finds Cathy "fascinating" all the same, and later on his danger becomes very real when Nelly intimates her approval of a Lockwood/Cathy union. The narrative clearly shows a second story being told by narrators about themselves and it has its own tension because Lockwood has every awareness of Nelly's first designs upon Cathy with regard to him. Emily Brontë executes with beautiful control this business of two stories being told simultaneously; Lockwood remains, throughout, well to the fore in all his roles -- here, as a party interested in another character whose history Nelly unrolls for him; here too as a Shakespearean figure slowly convalescing while the story regarding the Heights world descends into sickness so that, when Nelly has told her piece, all the sickness and death will have passed, bar the death of Heathcliff; and finally, Lockwood as narrator himself; a man who appears to be a fool at times but who has a sharpness of perception capable of piercing Nelly's bold inferences respecting his and Cathy's future. Emily Brontë completely realizes Lockwood as a device in the tale; he deserves more critical attention than he has hitherto received because he is not the least bit simple or woodenly drawn, quite the reverse in fact.

In a closing consideration of him, Lockwood leaves the world of Wuthering Heights in much the same way as he enters it. He leaves first because he cannot bear the place; one winter's isolation, most of it spent incapacitated by a chill, renews his desire for a greater variety of "fascinating" company, (doubtless to be found in the young ladies of London whom he might risk gazing at), though he returns, as if fated by Heathcliff's "invitation" to pay his rent -- he has a curious willingness to accept Heathcliff's beligerent invitations. His return and his leaving for the last time show him completing his Shakespearean role in settling the world of the novel by leaving via the back door of the Heights. ⁸³ Lockwood leaves the novel in much the same way as he enters it because, in a sense, he runs away again. Voyeurism and escapism brought him to Yorkshire, voyeurism and escapism occasions the manner of his leaving it -- he learns by his sojourn, not much, except perhaps that his mother knew him better than he knows himself; Thrushcross Grange will be at least one more comfortable home he could never have:

The male speaker began to read -- he was a young man, respectably dressed, and seated at a table, having a book before him. His handsome features glowed with pleasure, and his eyes kept impatiently wandering from the page to a small white hand over his shoulder, which recalled him by a smart slap on the cheek, whenever its owner detected such signs of inattention.

Its owner stood behind; her light shining ringlets blending at intervals, with his brown locks, as she bent to superintend his studies; and her face -- it was lucky he could not see her face, or he would never have been so steady -- I could, and I bit my lip in spite, at having thrown away the chance I might have had, of doing something besides staring at its smiting beauty. 84

Lockwood observes Cathy and Hareton at the Heights during the evening of his return to Yorkshire while servants prepare Thrushcross Grange for his night's stay. In the passage he never refers to Cathy by name but rather to bits of her -- he has a fine eye for her attractions, for the object, but not for the humanity of the person. In the second paragraph his description abruptly halts at her face, and, after some casual observation of its probable effect upon Hareton, he begins to indulge his whims and his imagination. He plays with the idea of having lost a chance to gaze upon Cathy for the rest of his life, but he plays only; Lockwood never would have married her, nor she him, obviously, but Cathy's feelings on the matter apart, Lockwood betrays the wrong attitude of mind for the serious consideration of marriage to Cathy or to anyone else. He loves the "small white hand," the "light shining ringlets", and "her face ... her face" -- he does not love Cathy, but rather her appearance which he appreciates solely as a collection of arranged objects whose "owner" is unconscious of him. Lockwood is a voyeur, terrified of full human contact with a woman, and while he may pretend to regret not having married Cathy, he does no more than pretend and bites his lip in ecstasy rather than remorse. At the end of the novel he has another reason for leaving via the back door:

At that moment the garden gate swung to; the ramblers were returning.

'They are afraid of nothing,' I grumbled, watching their approach through the window.

'Together they would brave satan and all his legions'.

As they stepped into the doorstones, and halted to take a last look at the moon, or, more correctly, at each other, by her light, I felt irresistibly impelled to escape them again, and, pressing a

remembrance into the hand of Mrs Dean, and disregarding her expostulations at my rudeness, I vanished through the kitchen, as they opened the house-door, ... 85

The reader cannot in any way accept at face value Lockwood's regret at not having married Cathy. This final passage shows once more his awareness of the fear of entrapment, of being incapable of love -- which incidentally compares and contrasts with the impossibility of Heathcliff and Catherine's love when speaking of love in the novel as a whole. Lockwood grumbles, "'They are afraid of nothing ... together they would brave satan and all his legions'"; Lockwood himself braves satan and all his legions when he first enters the novel's world; his fear lies elsewhere; he grumbles because Cathy and Hareton do not fear one another in the love they share -- in one way he feels envy, in another, a terror which sufficiently disturbs him to feel "irresistibly impelled to escape". Lockwood begins by escaping into the novel's world from the problems in the ordinary sphere of his life; he ends by escaping out of the novel's world, still with his problems peculiar and irremedial. He is a fascinating character in his roles of Shakespearean agent and interested party to events concerning and described to him by Ellen Dean; as a narrator, Emily Brontë could not have created anyone more singularly qualified for the job -- the voyeur notices everything, the inscription over the Heights door, for example, he looks continually at pictures and at people, describing all the while in the most particular detail, the things he sees, whether they be still or moving. It may be said that the character of Mr Lockwood, when examined, reveals one of the most unique

and interesting narrators in English fiction.

While critics have described her nature variously to include the extremes of wholesome goodness and outright villainy, the other narrator of Wuthering Heights, Nelly Dean, has fewer complications of character than Mr Lockwood. Brian Crick has much the best view of Nelly as standing somewhere between the polarities of good and evil in his recent study of her. Crick too prefigures the present discussion of the Wuthering Heights narrative in that Nelly Dean, like Lockwood, is not simply a bystander who relates events, but a character fully fledged and with a consuming, personal interest in the story's outcome. In view of this latter, the problem faced in assessing Nelly Dean's role occurs in relating her judgements as narrator her role as a character in the events she recounts. To begin with, the 'clue' which unites Nelly's narrative role with her role as an interested and involved character can be found in Chapter X of the novel where she says to Lockwood, " ...Well, we must be for ourselves in the long run; ... " 86

The statement forms Nelly's central plank of belief throughout the entire novel; all of her behaviour -- her switching sympathies; the limitations in her judgements; her concern to put the best possible face upon events that concern her, and so on, might be understood through the utterance, "Well, we must be for ourselves in the long run". Nelly has a nose, eyes and ears for "the long run "; she looks always to herself and the securing of her future.

Her judgements betray shrewdness; she cannot be called a villain, as Harewood would have her, but she can be called, in the coldest, unlovely

sense, practical. The novel consists of Shakespearean worlds of unreal and unnatural events, and it becomes obvious that in the midst of turmoil, Nelly does not really know the deep seat of the disturbance; she can only report of surface appearances and external phenomenal effects. She does not know Catherine's mind as well as Emily Brontë knows it, for example, during the episode which leads to Heathcliff's running away. In these scenes, Nelly Dean shows the colour of her favours; she wants the best possible marriage for Catherine which means she wants her to marry Edgar Linton. Catherine's plans for raising Heathcliff above the degradation Hindley places him in outrage the housekeeper of the Heights, not because of any moral sympathy for Edgar, but solely out of her wish that Catherine and Edgar should marry to suit her advantage. Nelly looks to the future, and a brighter future exists at the Grange now that Hindley has begun his sad descent into alcoholic moroseness -- how much 'nicer' it would be to go with Catherine to the Grange when she marries Edgar. During the conversation between Catherine and herself, Nelly keeps discrete silence about Heathcliff's overhearing his rejection, even after he steals away unobserved by the impassioned Catherine Earnshaw. Later, when Catherine exclaims, "'Nelly, I am Heathcliff--'" the reader falls directly upon this:

She paused, and hid her face in the folds of my gown; but I jerked it forcibly away. I was out of patience with her folly!

'If I can make any sense of your nonsense, Miss,' I said, 'it only goes to convince me that you are ignorant of the duties you undertake in marrying; or else, that you are a wicked, unprincipled girl. But trouble me with no more secrets. I'll not promise to keep them.' 87

Nelly's indignation emanates from a purely selfish regard; she condemns Catherine for being less practical than herself, a mere servant. Catherine's "folly", in Nelly's limited understanding, admits only the danger that the girl balances on the edge of losing Edgar and the Grange; she does not preach morality in speaking of "folly" but rather the lack of attention paid to the practical advantages of "duty". Nelly has no conception of the state and degree of Catherine's love for Heathcliff; she knows nothing of spirituality, mutual soul or the intensity of feeling between her mistress and Heathcliff because she, Nelly Dean, 'lives on the ground' -- all she sees and hears leads her to believe that Catherine speaks "nonsense" and extremely dangerous "nonsense" in respect of her, (Nelly's again), future prospects. Her own practicality towards this end occurs in her refusal to promise the keeping of Catherine's secrets, in spite of Catherine's subsequent entreaties, yet she does keep the secrets, and for shrewd, far seeing reasons. The threat of an embarrassing exposure will silence Catherine and prevent her from wrecking her match with Edgar; at the same time, holding the secrets keeps Nelly in Catherine's regard by remaining a depository of confidences -- in short, she assures her passage from the Heights to the Grange by mendacity in her pretended moral outrage. She knows Heathcliff has been damaged by Catherine's words and she goes out of her way to conceal this too; her knowledge of Heathcliff enables her sufficiently to suspect what he will do, that is, he will run away, without properly realizing why. Nelly has the happy knack of drawing the 'right' conclusions from incomplete or wrong inferences; she does not know that she lives in a Shakespearean

world, and she does not have to know in order to survive because she has a manipulating capacity which serves very well her own self interest. Emily Brontë leaves readers this much space to think for themselves about the rightness or the misdirection of Nelly's judgements without departing from the theme of possession in the story; possession of property and of persons, in one way or another, concerns Nelly as much as anyone else in the tale, and, while she holds her place, she feels free to improve it when and where she can.

The reader should never accept Nelly's 'moral' judgements at face value and the same caution should be exercised with regard to her personal sympathies. Improving her situation means interchanging her sympathies -- affirming here, negating there, she does all to suit a purpose without any sentimentality whatsoever, and she is more than timely in her practical course. Such duplicity leads her to aid Heathcliff where once she let him do what he would during Catherine's rejection of him as a husband to be. After Heathcliff's return to the Heights, Nelly contrives to let him into the Grange, without Edgar's knowledge, that he might make clandestine visits to Catherine. This rather exposes Nelly's moral flexibility, especially since she goes against her employer's expressed commands concerning Heathcliff, though she gambles for neither Catherine nor Heathcliff, but instead, to favour herself. The visits Heathcliff makes create tension in the story when it becomes clear that Catherine will die, (even here, the servant judges the true physical state of Catherine wrongly and purposefully, hiding from her master the fact that anything at all afflicts Catherine). The course

of inaction benefits Nelly Dean; she knows Heathcliff's tenacity, his love, and his hatred -- did he not grow up under her wing? -- and through this knowledge she deduces that Heathcliff will eventually lay claim to Heights and Grange together. Her understanding consists as well of legal knowledge concerning entails upon property and she doubtless conceives of Heathcliff's legal right to ownership simply from the hate he lets drop concerning his own personal ambition. Nelly has seen him leave the world of the novel in the manner of a churl; she has seen him return a gentleman; she knows he has power over Hindley and that Heathcliff's designs seem gradually to be achieved one by one, but with certainty. In helping him to Catherine's side she gambles upon his consistency and hopes he will remember her aid as opposed to her hindrance, when it mattered most and afterwards, when he becomes the master. It comes as no surprise after Catherine's death that Nelly Dean's sympathies move away from Edgar to favour Heathcliff, the younger, stronger man who burns with love and hatred and ambition all mixed together to a driven intensity -- note her rationalized account of helping Heathcliff to Catherine's side as she lies in her coffin at the Grange:

I held no communication with him; still I was conscious of his design to enter, if he could; and on the Tuesday, a little after dark, when my master, from sheer fatigue, had been compelled to retire a couple of hours I went and opened one of the windows, moved by his perseverance to give him a chance of bestowing on the fading image of his idol one final adieu.

He did not omit to avail himself of the opportunity, cautiously and briefly; too cautiously to betray his presence by the slightest noise; indeed I shouldn't have discovered he had been there except for the disarrangement of the drapery about the corpse's face,

and for observing on the floor a curl of light hair, fastened with a silver thread, which, on examination, I ascertained to have been taken from a locket hung around Catherine's neck. Heathcliff had opened the trinket and cast out its contents, replacing them by a black lock of his own. I twisted the two, and enclosed them together. 88

Nelly's behaviour here may please those readers with romantically sentimental dispositions though a closer examination of the passage will reveal the absurdity of such responses. She does not feel "moved by his (Heathcliff's) perseverance to give him a chance of bestowing on the fading image of his idol one final adieu"; her action quite compounds the underhand assistance already rendered to Heathcliff during Catherine's decline. Edgar retires for "a couple of hours"; does Ellen Dean happen on the chance of going downstairs in the small hours to see if Heathcliff leaves any trace of his presence after she made it possible for him to get in? It is more like her to make a point of it so that Edgar will not discover her complicity in Heathcliff's morbid farewell. "I shouldn't have discovered he had been there except for the disarrangement of the drapery about the corpse's face, and for observing on the floor a curl of light hair, fastened with a silver thread..." -- an idiot would have noticed this in a room reserved for vigil in a house so beautifully kept as the Grange, so the conclusion that Edgar would not fail to notice his own hair on the floor together with his wife's shroud in disarray is eminently foregone. Nelly quite consciously covers for Heathcliff in her own best interests. She cannot afford to lose her place at the Grange while Edgar lives anymore than she

can afford to disenchant Heathcliff should he succeed in his ambition to be the next master, which of course he does. The woman has far sight and consistency; she turns her affections always to where they will do her the most good, and she never questions her own conscience or, in this case, Heathcliff's motives. Nelly Dean simply acts in that indispensable manner which assures her own providence; Crick notices this with regard to her contingency planning which she tries, even upon Lockwood, in part two of the novel:

Lockwood's attraction to participating in a romantic sequel to Catherine's love affairs continues to grow under careful prompting from Nelly, who sees the malleable Lockwood as an ideal suitor for Cathy. Once she feels sure of her man Nelly makes her appeal openly. Here is her coy proposal:

'Last winter, I did not think, at another twelve month's end, I should be amusing a stranger to the family with relating them! Yet, who knows how long you'll be a stranger? You're too young to rest always contented, living by yourself; and I some way fancy no-one could see Catherine Linton and not love her. You smile: but why do you look so lively and interested, when I talk about her? And why have you asked me to hang her picture over your fireplace? And why - - (p. 288)

Nelly maintains her charitable campaign to make Lockwood happy for life right up until the final sentence of her story, in which she can "see no remedy, at present", for her darling Cathy, "unless she could marry again; and that scheme" we are assured "does not come within (her) province to arrange". (p. 329)

Considered in isolation, Nelly's abortive match-making may seem unimportant. It has no lasting effect on the outcome of the novel. 89

Crick's article adds support to the present discussion by following, in much the same direction, the argument of Nelly's 'feathering

her own nest'. Her "abortive match-making", he says, "may seem unimportant" though he carefully pre-fixes this remark with "considered in isolation". The point is, Nelly's match-making does have importance for the view of her and the novel as a whole: her artless suggestiveness comes as one more example of keeping her position secure by making or allowing for contingencies. She does not know, at this stage, of the love that will develop between Hareton and Cathy though she does know how much she likes the Grange in preference to the Heights, or worse, no position at all, so that any effort made to secure her position will be its own reward. Her mind works like this: if she can manage to mediate a marriage between the shy Lockwood and the irresistible Cathy, Lockwood will probably be eternally grateful and find her indispensable, just as others have done. The problem she encounters with this plan is in thinking she knows the reasons for Lockwood's shyness and misinterpreting his reasons for wanting Cathy's picture over his fire place -- she does not know that to gaze at beauty sufficiently satisfies the tenant of Thrushcross Grange; Emily Brontë makes irony out of Nelly's "no one could see Catherine Linton and not love her"; no wonder Lockwood smiles; he can see right through her. Poor Nelly does not know Lockwood for a man frightened by women any more than she can properly account for the love between Catherine and Heathcliff which she glides over in the narrative. Her interest lies in the fine surface of things which seem best to favour her own future. Her manouvres on Lockwood's behalf come about because the man has wealth and position; she steers Catherine into Edgar's lap for the same reason. The disastrous outcome of the latter

does not really matter to her because she got what she wanted and, when Catherine dies, it becomes her practical end to switch allegiances to Heathcliff, the rising figure in the novel's little world. It may be acknowledged that her effort to marry Lockwood to Edgar's daughter "has no lasting effect on the outcome of the novel", but it is not unimportant, for it reveals Nelly's consistent plotting to keep herself in comfort. She wins, of course, in the end, and makes no bones about telling Lockwood that Hareton and Cathy will soon be married, because this suits her even more than if Lockwood had succumbed to her designs upon him. Hareton and Cathy are too young and too much in love to have cares for the estates, the properties, the rents and so on, which the young couple become heir to. Nelly will be indispensable again as estates manager looking after their best interests, her best interests, in fact the 'best for all concerned'. Nelly Dean takes Lockwood's rent along with the remembrance he presses into her hand upon his leaving and assures her future for life; she has been ambitious throughout and rather lucky overall. What she wants, she gets; as servants go she can occupy no higher position than the one she holds at the end of the novel, and it is enough for her since she has no pretensions to becoming gentry -- they have too many worries perhaps; no, she knows her place and finds contentment just above the bottom rung on the social ladder, that is the best place at the end of "the long run".

It should be clear now that both narrators have their own story running in parallel with Emily Brontë's tale; they have their separate interests in the way the novel ends and they function as foils for one

another: Ellen Dean and Mr Lockwood cannot be considered as mere bystanders. As a narrative technique, the author's use of two secretive characters show her to be far in advance of her contemporaries; the narrative adds to the creative richness of Wuthering Heights achieving, for the first time, a blend between structure and narrative as near seamless as it is possible to be. Later writers admired and improved upon her technique, Conrad being one of these, and Faulkner perhaps the greatest, but they came afterwards and because of this, Wuthering Heights is truly unique.

CONCLUSION

Of the vast number of books and articles which further the study of Wuthering Heights, one of the better ones, and probably the essential 'first turn' for anyone beginning a new study is Mrs Leavis's "A Fresh Approach To Wuthering Heights".⁹⁰ Her account of the novel has its gaps and flaws, just like any other attempt to deal with a work which seems to defy a definitive study, but her account has its valuable contributions too. Mrs Leavis ends her treatment of Emily Brontë's novel in the following way:

I would like to make a plea, then, for criticism of Wuthering Heights to turn its attention to the human core of the novel, to recognize its truly human centrality. How can we fail to see that the novel is based on an interest in, concern for, and knowledge of, real life? 91

The present discussion fails, perhaps, in some respects, to give adequate coverage of "the human core of the novel". Mrs Leavis has a point -- how can anyone not see the "truly human centrality" of Wuthering Heights? What Mrs Leavis principally aims her plea at is an end to criticism which analyzes the novel's "lock and window imagery", or criticism which 'explains' the novel in terms of "children of calm and children of storm" -- of these kinds of exegesis she has every right to be tired. Yet it is true that to some extent the chapters here, in particular those on structure, rather take for granted "the human core of

the novel". Wuthering Heights looks backwards and forwards in several ways; the chief concern in these pages has been in uniting a past model for the story's structural design with a future technique of narration which together create an unprecedented synthesis of form and content in the art of fiction. In this attempt to account for the novel's unique quality, the sociological novel has become submerged, and with it, much of the story's deeply human content with regard to how love between people can be destructive in its all-consuming nature. To take the sociological novel first: no-one would argue that Wuthering Heights does not have a "real life" geographical and historical setting; its poetry and drama gain power and weight from these things alone. In some ways Mrs Leavis does not do anything new in drawing attention to the sociological novel which exists within the overall framework of Wuthering Heights; there are sound literary and socially historical reasons for why the "real life" social concern should be there, increasing the seamless nature of Emily's artistic achievement. Setting the story in a fairly recent past follows the creative direction established by other writers, (Thackeray, for example), in the decade 1840 to 1850. The past was secure and the trend for nostalgic fiction emerged during this decade because authors and reading public alike felt insecure owing to the immense changes thrown up, almost daily, by the rapidly increasing technology of the industrial revolution. Such a decade of social change has never in all probability been paralleled to date so that, with specific regard to Wuthering Heights, the change from the Heights way of life to the new Victorian comforts of the Grange with its essentially

middle class values rooted in gentry, plots the destruction of an actual social era; a destruction which really began at the turn of the nineteenth century. The sociological novel, in its way, shows a perfect accord with the ideas of destruction and change at the structural level identified in the present discussion.

In a similar way, the individual "human core" of love between characters in Wuthering Heights mirrors aspects of the larger social change seen as a part of the "real life" novel. The Romantic, higher love between Catherine and Heathcliff proves impossible for reasons which the structural format of the story reflects. In the novel of "truly human centrality", this love fails because it belongs to the waning order of life at the Heights; its intensity is destructive rather than creative; the love cannot survive because the means of its expression cannot survive in the changing world. Note how the love developing between Cathy and Hareton becomes muted, 'civilized' and reciprocally educative by comparison with the tearing passion of Catherine and Heathcliff. The love between Catherine and Heathcliff belongs to the moors and the Heights world which will be closed up as a way of life -- the new couple arrange their love to meet the new order of life at the Grange, and there can be optimism for their success because of their experience of the older order; they know passion's root, but they learn from it rather than consume themselves in selfish possessiveness. Through Heathcliff and Catherine, Emily Brontë expands the frontiers of the ways in which the intensity of human love can be described; through Cathy and Hareton, she shows how intensity of passion must be modified and controlled to meet

the new way of living. In terms of the novel's "truly human centrality", the author dramatizes a statement about love that, while it is not wrong to feel intensely the pains and ecstasies, it is nonetheless useless to make these things an end in themselves, which Catherine and Heathcliff try, in fact, to do. In this way the novel looks beyond Victorian fiction while at the same time looking a long way back to the poetry of Shakespeare and Donne; it is the personal quality of Wuthering Heights which establishes its "truly human core". Emily Brontë dared to write in the way she did in an age when such things as human passion were not spoken of in 'polite, respectable company'. Of course the novel contains a "human core" and distinctly so, but its centrality becomes part of a larger achievement, so well moulded into the visible themes and effects that it often goes unnoticed, either by accident or design, on the part of critics in their anxiety to account for some small part of this dense and complex novel.

Emily Brontë was perhaps better than she knew herself to have been; her sisters, Anne and Charlotte, were clearly influenced by the style of Wuthering Heights as can be seen in The Tenant of Wildfell Hall (1848), and Jane Eyre (1847). Neither of these novels have quite the same continuous power and architecture as Emily's novel though each draws from various aspects of it. Anne Brontë, for instance, mimics the structural method of Wuthering Heights in her second novel, whereas Charlotte finds in Jane Eyre a new way of uniting intelligence with passionate, emotional consistency in a heroine. Both benefit from Emily's originality: The Tenant of Wildfell

Hall begins in a present and goes back into a past via two long letters from the hero, Gilbert Markham, to his brother-in-law, Mr Halford. Gilbert's narrative opens the story in the form of a chapter long epistle which lays the foundation for the rest of the book. The second epistle takes up the rest of the novel and contains within it the heroine's (Helen Huntingdon) journal which Gilbert quotes in full. The journal reveals and unravels a mystery about the heroine which takes the story still further into the past, and then, from there, the tale finally emerges into the present with the hero eventually marrying the heroine. The Tenant of Wildfell Hall is remarkable for its similarity to Wuthering Heights in both structural form, (the 'present -- past -- present' continuum), and in the care with which Anne Brontë draws individual consciousness learning to cope with what being in love means in the face of difficulties and disappointments. She manages to create great psychological depth with a social concern reminiscent of Jane Austen's work, but, whereas Jane Austen favours cold analysis and judgement, in Persuasion, for example, Anne Brontë remains warm, gentle and profoundly human. Where the structure of Anne Brontë's novel imitates Wuthering Heights is in the purely formal arrangement of unfolding the tale: Emily Brontë far exceeds this mechanical copying by having her structural design as an integral part of the story's plot -- the same may be said with regard to the respective narratives -- but Anne clearly improves as a result of her sister's originality, and while she cannot equal it, she nevertheless becomes through it worthy of regard as a novelist in her own right.

The expression of feminine emotions together with a reliance upon fairy tale, myth and superstition show the particular way in which Wuthering Heights influenced Charlotte Brontë. Emily did something new in the novel when she wrote of the essentially spiritual passions between Catherine and Heathcliff. Charlotte Brontë modifies and moderates the poetic tension of Emily's novel in her portrayal of Jane in Jane Eyre. Jane Eyre presents a new type of heroine in adult fiction; a heroine who has practical intelligence, high moral rectitude and a deeply felt conscious response to the emotional quality of life. This combination creates a heroine who refused to be placed in the traditional female role of subservience to a male dominated society -- Jane Eyre loves, almost ascetically when the object of her love becomes impossibly detached from her, that is, when it becomes known that Rochester's first wife still lives, incarcerated in the upper regions of Thornfield Hall. The heroine has her patience and her loyalty rewarded at the end of the novel, but not without her emotions and her constancy being severely tested -- which forms the basis of the tale by showing how independence of spirit in the young Jane grows with her, as she matures, into intelligence and forthright, practical honesty. The originality of presenting a worldly woman unafraid of saying what she feels as an emotional human being forms one of the debts Charlotte owes to her sister Emily; the other debt occurs in the descriptive style of Jane Eyre, for example:

All was changing utterly with a sudden sweep.
Religion called -- Angels beckoned -- God commanded --
life rolled together like a scroll -- death's gates
opening showed eternity beyond: it seemed, that for

safety and bliss there, all here might be sacrificed in a second. The dim room was full of visions.

'What have you heard? What do you see?' asked St John. I saw nothing, but I heard a voice somewhere cry --

'Jane! Jane! Jane!' -- nothing more.

'O God! What is it?' I gasped.

I might have said, 'Where is it?' for it did not seem in the room, nor in the house, nor in the garden; it did not come out of the air, nor from under the earth, nor from overhead. I had heard it -- where, or whence, forever impossible to know! And it was the voice of a human being -- a known, loved, well remembered voice -- that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and woe, wildly, eerily, urgently. 92

In the first part of this passage, Jane feels the measure of what St John's persistent 'love' means if she marries him; Charlotte Brontë renders Jane's responses poetically, which increases the tension and force of the strangling quality of such a love if she submits to his entreaties. Love, to the awful St John, means denying the honesty of a truly human emotional contact between lovers by suppressing those very qualities into subjugation, a misspent duty to God. In the second part of the passage Rochester's disembodied voice comes to Jane's and just when she feels herself to be at her weakest and on the point of submitting to St John's 'second-best' kind of love. The whole passage shows Charlotte Brontë's debt to Wuthering Heights in the ability to express her centrally held opinions; the supernature of human passion becomes elevated to a spiritual dimension -- it is reminiscent of Heathcliff's visions of Catherine shortly before his death, both instances show detachment from reality as a way of magnifying and

making personal the spiritual force of love. Later on in Jane Eyre when it appears that Rochester, miles away, did cry out for Jane on the particular evening, the heroine confides to the reader:

"The coincidence struck me as too awful and inexplicable to be communicated or discussed". "Awful" and "inexplicable" the occurrence may well be, but without it, the end of Jane Eyre would have had a vastly different outcome from the one it possesses. Rochester's 'wild, eery, urgent' call forms, both in its necessity as a structural turning point in the plot, and as a belief in the spiritual and emotional nature of human beings a direct reference to the style of writing Emily Brontë originated in Wuthering Heights. Jane Eyre has its flaws in an untidy structure and, upon occasion, an extravagance of melodrama, but its content clearly draws upon and modifies certain important features of Emily's novel. The uniqueness of that novel has far reaching effects, though its immediate influence upon the sisters, Charlotte and Anne, cannot be under estimated -- Charlotte and Anne certainly improved the quality and originality of their own writing as a result of Emily's Wuthering Heights, as any comparison with The Professor, (written in 1846 but not published until 1857), and Agnes Grey (1847) will show.

The two chapters in this discussion which deal with the structure of Wuthering Heights lay sufficient claim for saying that the novel has, for a thematic base, a combination of Shakespearean worlds to show different modes of unrest. Emily Brontë adheres to the dramatic principle of enclosing a small world within the larger society; she employs particular themes and effects, for example in the fusion of appearance and reality, or,

in the violence and disease which overshadow and infect events in the story. Correlatives abound to point up the actions of individual characters so that, as the novel unfolds, readers become aware of something more than just ordinary human forces motivating the figures in the landscape. The novel is dramatic; it resolves, at the end, a pair or more of painful tragedies to look forward to a settled peace, upon a restoration of normal life after perturbation and destruction. This forms the dramatic Wuthering Heights, the structural basis which shows how the novel has been established using an older model as a design for a background against which events can be placed in the largest relief.

It would be folly, if not perversity, to say that Wuthering Heights is a dramatic novel and nothing more - hence the chapter on narrative which goes some way towards countering a too singular view of the story. In her narrative technique, the author considerably advances the art of fiction in the direction of modern, psychological novels which appeared in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The narrative -- pre-Conradian in effect -- stands apart from yet is a part of the structural basis of the story. In her use of two secretive and unreliable, yet involved and personally interested characters to narrate the story, both completely realized as actors in the concluding drama, Emily Brontë achieves a unique synthesis between past and future styles in literature. It comes as small wonder that so much has been written about Wuthering Heights for it defies generic categorization in the nineteenth century tradition of the novel -- so much more could be said, can be said, and will be said about it that the impression made by the novel upon the

literary and academic world will last, doubtless, for all time to come. And yet, for many readers Wuthering Heights remains, in not the least of its qualities a timeless love story told by the lonely voice of a brilliant young woman -- the same voice which speaks the following poem, which might have been Heathcliff's voice some time between Catherine's death and his own:

Why ask to know what date, what clime?
 There dwelt our own humanity,
 Power-worshippers from earliest time,
 Foot-kissers of triumphant crime
 Crushers of helpless misery,
 Crushing down Justice, honouring Wrong:
 If that be feeble, this be strong.

Shedders of blood, shedders of tears:
 Self-cursers avid of distress;
 Yet mocking heaven with senseless prayers
 For mercy on the merciless.

It was the autumn of the year
 When grain grows yellow in the ear;
 Day after day, from noon to noon,
 The August sun blazed bright as June.

But we with unregarding eyes
 Saw panting earth and glowing skies;
 No hand the reaper's sickle held,
 Nor bound the ripe sheaves in the field.

Our corn was garnered months before,
 Threshed out and kneaded-up with gore;
 Ground when the ears were milky sweet
 With furious toil of hoofs and feet;
 I doubly cursed on foreign sod,
 Fought neither for my home nor God. 93

Wuthering Heights was published with Agnes Grey in December 1847; the above poem is dated 13th May 1848 -- some seven months before Emily Brontë's death.

FOOTNOTES

1 A. Smith, ed., The Art of Emily Brontë, (London, 1976), p.7
Ms Smith quotes "of personal tenderness, even passionate homage" from
Mrs Humphrey Ward, Preface to the Haworth Edition of Jane Eyre, quoted
by Miriam Allott in The Brontës: The Critical Heritage (1974).

2 "Wuthering" is a dialect word, a variation of "whither"
when referring to unpredictable wind direction.

3 See F. R. and Q. D. Leavis, Lectures in America,
(London, 1969), pp. 85 - 138.

4 I. Cooper Willis, "The Authorship of Wuthering Heights",
Nineteenth Century Fiction, II (1947), 157 - 168.

5 A. Shapiro, "Wuthering Heights as a Victorian Novel",
Studies In The Novel, I (1969), 284 - 296.

6 Ibid., p.285.

7 E. Solomon, "The Incest Theme in Wuthering Heights",
Nineteenth Century Fiction, XIV (1959), 80 - 83.

8 R. Lettis, ed., A Wuthering Heights Handbook,
(New York, 1961), pp. 177 - 181.

9 R. C. McKibben, "The Image of the book in Wuthering Heights",
Nineteenth Century Fiction, XV (1960), 159 - 169.

10 A. Everitt, ed., Wuthering Heights: An Anthology of Criticism,
(London, 1967).

11 D. Van Ghent, The English Novel: Form and Function,
(New York, 1978).

12 T. Vargish, "Revenge and Wuthering Heights",
Studies In The Novel, III (1971), 38 - 47.

13 G. J. Worth, "Emily Brontë's Mr Lockwood",
Nineteenth Century Fiction, XII (1958), 315 - 320.

14 C. P. Sanger, The Structure of Wuthering Heights,
(London, 1926).

15 Ibid., p.8.

16 Ibid., p.19.

- 17 F. R. and Q. D. Leavis, Lectures in America, (London, 1969), pp. 85 - 138.
- 18 F. Kermode, The Classic, (London, 1975), p.122.
- 19 J. Hafley, "The Villain in Wuthering Heights", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XIII (1958), 199 - 216.
- 20 Ibid., p.200.
- 21 J. K. Mathison, "Nelly Dean and the Power of Wuthering Heights", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XI (1956), 106 - 129.
- 22 B. Crick, "On Valuing Wuthering Heights", The Compass, VI (1979), 23 - 36.
- 23 F. R. and Q. D. Leavis, Lectures in America, (London, 1969), pp. 85 - 138.
- 24 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.5.
- 25 Ibid., p.31.
- 26 E. F. Shannon, "Lockwood's Dreams and the Exegesis of Wuthering Heights", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XIV (1959), 95 - 110.
- 27 R. Lettis, ed., A Wuthering Heights Handbook, (New York, 1961), pp. 177 - 181.
- 28 E. F. Shannon, "Lockwood's Dreams and the Exegesis of Wuthering Heights", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XIV (1959), 95 - 110.
- 29 R. Lettis, ed., A Wuthering Heights Handbook, (New York, 1961), pp. 177 - 181.
- 30 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.35.
- 31 See also Chapter IV, The Narrative.
- 32 F. R. and Q. D. Leavis, Lectures in America, (London, 1969), pp. 85 - 138.
- 33 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.44.
- 34 Ibid., p.46.
- 35 Ibid., p.46.
- 36 Ibid., p.63.

- 37 Ibid., p.60.
- 38 Ibid., p.59.
- 39 Ibid., pp. 82 - 83.
- 40 See also Chapter IV, The Narrative.
- 41 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.100.
- 42 Ibid., pp. 101 - 102.
- 43 F. R. and Q. D. Leavis, Lectures in America, (London, 1969), pp. 85 - 138.
- 44 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.105.
- 45 Ibid., p.113.
- 46 See C. P. Sanger, The Structure of Wuthering Heights, (London, 1926).
- 47 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.127.
- 48 Ibid., p.132.
- 49 Ibid., p.149.
- 50 Ibid., p.154.
- 51 Ibid., p.156.
- 52 Ibid., p.198.
- 53 Ibid., p.225.
- 54 Ibid., pp. 208 - 209.
- 55 Ibid., p.205.
- 56 Hamlet, I. v. 90.
- 57 Macbeth, II. iii. 5.
- 58 F. R. and Q. D. Leavis, Lectures in America, (London, 1969), pp. 85 - 138.
- 59 F. Kermode, The Classic, (London, 1975), p.124.
- 60 Macbeth, V. v. 16.

- 61 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.263.
- 62 Ibid., p.282.
- 63 Ibid., p.233.
- 64 See C. P. Sanger, The Structure of Wuthering Heights, (London, 1926), pp. 16 - 19. Although Linton Heathcliff is below the age of legal consent at the time of his death, wills of personalty could be made by minors until 1838. Setting the novel at the turn of the nineteenth century allows Emily Brontë to use Real and Personal Property Law to a distinct advantage in the working out of her formal plot: Sanger shows that she is exact in every legal detail as far as the story goes.
- 65 See also Chapter IV, The Narrative.
- 66 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), pp. 3 - 4.
- 67 See Chapter II, Structure, Part One.
- 68 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.367.
- 69 Ibid., p. 368.
- 70 Ibid., pp. 389 - 390.
- 71 F. R. and Q. D. Leavis, Lectures in America, (London, 1969), pp. 85 - 138.
- 72 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.400.
- 73 Ibid., pp. 404 - 405.
- 74 Ibid., p.154.
- 75 Macbeth, I. iii. 142.
- 76 Ibid., II. i. 35.
- 77 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), pp. 410 - 411.
- 78 B. Crick, "On Valuing Wuthering Heights", The Compass, VII (1980), 23 - 46.
- 79 G. J. Worth, "Emily Brontë's Mr Lockwood", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XII (1958), 315 - 320.
- 80 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.7.

- 81 G. J. Worth, "Emily Brontë's Mr Lockwood", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XII (1958), 315 - 320.
- 82 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.188.
- 83 See Chapter III, Structure, Part Two.
- 84 E. Brontë, Wuthering Heights, (Oxford, 1976), p.372.
- 85 Ibid., p.413.
- 86 Ibid., p.114.
- 87 Ibid., p.102.
- 88 Ibid., p.205.
- 89 B. Crick, "On Valuing Wuthering Heights", The Compass, VII (1980), 23 - 46.
- 90 F. R. and Q. D. Leavis, Lectures in America, (London, 1969), pp. 85 - 138.
- 91 Ibid., p.138.
- 92 C. Brontë, Jane Eyre, (Harmondsworth, 1966), pp. 444 - 445.
- 93 C. W. Hatfield, ed., The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë, (New York, 1941), pp. 252 - 253.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Primary Sources

Brontë, E. Wuthering Heights. edited with an introduction by Hilda Marsden and Ian Jack. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1976.

Secondary Materials

- Brontë, A. The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1979.
- Brontë, C. Jane Eyre. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1966.
- Brontë, E. The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë. edited with an introduction by C. W. Hatfield. New York: Columbia University Press, 1961.
- Conrad, J. Chance. London: J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd., 1949.
- Cooper Willis, I. "The Authorship of Wuthering Heights", Nineteenth Century Fiction, II, (1947) 157 - 168.
- Crick, B. "On Valuing Wuthering Heights", The Compass, VI, (1979) 23 - 36.
- Crick, B. "On Valuing Wuthering Heights", The Compass, VII, (1980) 23 - 46.
- Everitt, A., ed. Wuthering Heights: An Anthology of Criticism. London: Frank Cass and Co. Ltd., 1967.
- Gérin, W. Emily Brontë, A Biography. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972.
- Hafley, J. "The Villain in Wuthering Heights", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XIII, (1958) 199 - 216.
- Harbage, A., ed. William Shakespeare, The Complete Works. Baltimore: Penguin, 1969.
- Kermode, F. The Classic. London: Faber and Faber, 1975.
- Leavis, F. R. and Q. D. Lectures in America. London: Chatto and Windus Ltd., 1969.
- Lettis, R., ed. A Wuthering Heights Handbook. New York: The Odyssey Press Inc., 1961.
- Mathison, J. K. "Nelly Dean and the Power of Wuthering Heights", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XI, (1956) 106 - 129.

- McKibben, R. C. "The Image of the Book in Wuthering Heights", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XV, (1960) 159 - 169.
- Petit, J-P., ed. Emily Brontë, A Critical Anthology. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973.
- Sanger, C. P. The Structure of Wuthering Heights. London: The Hogarth Press, 1926.
- Shannon, E. F. "Lockwood's Dreams and the Exegesis of Wuthering Heights", Nineteenth Century Fiction; XIV, (1959) 95 - 110.
- Shapiro, A. "Wuthering Heights as a Victorian Novel", Studies In The Novel, I, (1969) 284 - 296.
- Smith, A., ed. The Art of Emily Brontë. London: Vision, 1976.
- Solomon, E. "The Incest Theme in Wuthering Heights", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XIV, (1959), 80 - 83.
- Van Ghent, D. The English Novel: Form and Function. New York: Rinehart and Co. Inc., 1978.
- Vargish, T. "Revenge and Wuthering Heights", Studies In The Novel, III, (1971) 38 - 47.
- Vogler, T. A., ed. Twentieth Century Interpretations of Wuthering Heights. New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1968.
- Worth, G. J. "Emily Brontë's Mr Lockwood", Nineteenth Century Fiction, XII, (1958) 315 - 320.