
Duncan Wu opens his editorial introduction to *Romanticism: A Critical Reader* with the assurance that it ‘provides a unique overview of romantic studies since 1980, representing most of the movements active during the last fifteen years, including feminism, new historicism, genre theory, psychoanalysis and deconstruction’. A collection of eighteen critical essays on Romantic poets and novelists, the *Critical Reader* comprises ‘two essays on each of the six canonical writers’ (Nelson Hilton and Vincent Arthur de Luca on Blake; James K. Chandler and Alan Liu on Wordsworth; Kathleen M. Wheeler and Karen Swann on Coleridge; Peter J. Manning and Jerome J. McGann on Byron; James A. W. Heffernan and Tilottama Rajan on Shelley; Balachandra Rajan and Leon Waldoff on Keats) and six others: four on a now canonical text by a non-canonical writer—*Caleb Williams* (Marilyn Butler); *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* (Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick); *Frankenstein* (Margaret Homans); *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* (Anne K. Mellor)—with Tom Paulin on the poet John Clare and, by way of conclusion, Edward Said’s controversial discussion of Jane Austen’s *Mansfield Park* from his *Culture and Imperialism*. The collection is offered by Blackwell ‘to companion’ editor Duncan Wu’s earlier compilation of over a thousand pages of writings from the Romantic period: *Romanticism: An Anthology*.

What the two volumes certainly have in common is a thoroughgoing endorsement of the inherited model of a Romanticism of six major poets—and this in spite of an ostensible interest in other texts of the period. Of the eleven hundred pages of *Romanticism: An Anthology*, over 300 are dedicated to Wordsworth alone, with the six poets occupying altogether about two thirds of the volume. Thus the total selection from what in the table of contents looks to be a generous
sixty-eight other writers amounts only to a third, and even here priority is given to those poems and essays that subserve either the interests of the major poets or issues in which they were interested (at random: half of Mary Robinson’s four pages are given over to her poem to Coleridge; John Gibson Lockhart is represented by his attack on Keats rather than by an extract from, say, Peter’s Letters to His Kinsfolk or his Life of Scott). So it is with Romanticism: A Critical Reader, where the twelve articles dedicated to the major poets run to 340-odd pages, with less than 100 pages allocated to the other six articles.

Wordsworth’s will to canonical supremacy has never engaged a more responsive collaborator than the editor of these two volumes. As it turns out, however, the Critical Reader cannot be used effectively either as a ‘companion’ or even as a complement to the Anthology, a more faithful companion to which would be a volume like William Wordsworth and the Age of English Romanticism, edited in 1987 by Jonathan Wordsworth, Michael C. Jaye, and Robert Woof. For one thing, none of the novels to which the Critical Reader dedicates its supplementary space figures in the Anthology (no extracts from novels are used and Austen is not even mentioned). More than this, however, the whole orientation of the Critical Reader renders it curiously indifferent to the Anthology.

Indeed, the composition and aims of Romanticism: A Critical Reader would be better reflected by changing its title to Criticism’s Romanticism: A Reader. It is no part of its editor’s intention to attempt either a redefinition of Romanticism or a characterisation of the period and its writers. Rather it is ‘a kind of progress report’ on what is being said about the Romantics: ‘representing most of the movements active during the last fifteen years’ (to remind you of the Reader’s opening sentence). Wu’s introduction then proceeds to offer ‘a brief account of each essay’ and a brief critical context: how it relates to the volume from which it has been extracted, if a chapter, and occasionally how that volume in turn relates to literary theory after 1980 (‘the larger intellectual forces that inspired it’).

Though Wu is careful to add the caveat that the essays ‘are, emphatically, no substitute for the reader’s extended study’,1 the unregenerate scholar-critic within you would be wrong to imagine that he is referring here to the Anthology and recommending ‘extended study’ of the poets and other writers of the Romantic period. The study that Wu has in mind is of the books from which the essays have been taken and ‘of their theoretical underpinnings’; specifically
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recommended are Terry Eagleton’s *Literary Theory*, Jerome McGann’s *The Romantic Ideology*, and Mary Eagleton’s *Feminist Literary Criticism*. On display and under scrutiny here are the characteristic insights, ingenuities, and obliquities, not of the Romantics, but of recent academic criticism—a priority that Wu himself overlooks when he conceives of the *Critical Reader* and the *Anthology* as companionable forms.

Romantic Criticism of the 1960s

How far the current conduct of academic English criticism, with its dispersion into an increasing number of theoretical ‘nodes’ or ‘clusters’, makes such a priority inevitable is a moot point. Variety and change in literary criticism are hardly new. When I began my university career at the University of Sydney in 1970, the hold that F. R. Leavis’s critical religiosity and disciplined exclusiveness had once had on the Department of English here had relaxed. Prejudices survive principles, however, and of the Romantics, only Wordsworth and Keats were thought to repay serious, if still occasionally somewhat bemused and patronising analysis; only Wordsworth and Keats offered grown ups something to occupy their valuable time. (That those prejudices were shared by T. S. Eliot as self-elected spokesman for Modernism and by the New Critics of the American South helps to explain their unquestioned currency.) If the publication a year later of M. H. Abrams’s *Natural Supernaturalism* failed to convert many or any members of the English Department to Romanticism generally or to the Shelley of *Prometheus Unbound* (Wordsworth’s ‘High Argument’ not being in need of defence), it certainly gave those of us with an illicit interest in Romantic poetry a new pride and a new conviction.²

While new to me, Abrams’s 1971 study in fact marked a completion or climax rather than a beginning. The 1960s had seen the entrenchment of the Romantics in the Anglo-American literary canon through such characteristic academic media as journals (*Studies in Romanticism* was founded in 1960), new and ‘definitive’ editions, and a plethora of critical and biographical studies (the first edition of Abrams’s own extremely durable anthology of critical essays *English Romantic Poets* was published in 1960).³ Now a major, if not the major chapter in the history of Western humanism—an heroic chapter trumpeted in Wordsworth’s ‘Prospectus to *The Recluse*’ and registered by Carlyle in ‘The Hero as Man of Letters’—Romanticism was seen
as the sublation (aufheben) of revolutionary politics by a transcendental subjectivity. In a manœuvre arguably peculiar to an American ideology, Abrams’s sublation still managed to retain a political relevance and even honour in spite of its renunciation of political revolution. His Romantic poet-prophets were, moreover, for all their reclusion, eminently public-minded and accessible, more accessible than (say) their esoteric counterparts in Harold Bloom’s ‘visionary company’.

Individual and collective insight and research after 1971 conspired with the exigencies of publishing and the university promotion system to increase the theoretical variety, as well as just the volume, of all academic criticism. Concomitantly, the possibility of a literary criticism innocent of ‘alignment’ of one form or another came to seem progressively more naïve. How could one possibly hope to understand anything without submitting one’s method, indeed one’s understanding itself—its motives and assumptions—to scrutiny? Neither the suddenness nor the extent of the theory ‘revolution’ should be exaggerated. For one thing, acceding to the logic and force of its arguments did not necessarily mean a radical change of critical, let alone pedagogical habits. For another, especially in Britain and Australia, there was and is resistance not only to a change of habits, but to the arguments themselves.

A form or forms of sceptical relativism did prevail, however, one result of which was that the cultural and ideological continuity between the Romantic and our own enterprise—a continuity implicit and explicit in Abrams’s account—would within a decade or so become a source of critical embarrassment. The Romantic values and motifs or paradigms that we inherited were identified as a constraint, indeed a form of ‘false consciousness’, that needed to be recognised and overcome if Romanticism were to receive the critical attention that it deserved. Or, rather, the ‘critique’ that it deserved, for if I may be permitted a generalisation that is only slightly outrageous, where critical studies until 1980, or at least until the mid 1970s, sought the secret of Romanticism’s success and willingly recuperated what they saw as its optimism, since 1980 they have sought its secret, often unconscious failure or guilt. Going back to the possibility of a genuine watershed around 1980, or (strictly) earlier in the 1970s, it certainly does seem that where earlier we had argued about what was meant, the argument now concerned whether or not meanings were possible and, if so, under what conditions.
Deconstruction

Indeed, the method of teasing out unconscious and inevitable failure is characteristic of deconstruction, in whose rigorous pursuit of linguistic self-sabotage intimations of authorial guilt are the legacy of a Freudian inheritance. In Paul de Man, Romantic self-sabotage admittedly resembles the anti-climax that in Kant conduces to an affirmation of (transcendental) consciousness. By and large, however, a deconstructive reading of the Romantics like that of Cynthia Chase is more negative, its emphasis falling squarely on the indeterminate and the anti-climactic; much deconstructive criticism of the late 1970s resembled nothing so much as a long and tortuous footnote to Geoffrey Hartman's readings of loss, guilt, and the via negativa in Wordsworth's Poetry.

Deconstruction is never too sure how much authorial complicity to allow. How far can the Romantic lyric be said to be informed by an awareness that its own expressive or representational means are necessarily incommensurate with the transcendental Idea that they strive to comprehend?—for such was the assumption of the Romantic ironists from whom deconstruction traces its genealogy, via philosophers like Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. One corollary of the awareness of the limits of human apprehension and creativity characteristic of Romantic irony is that apprehension and creativity—the poet's and the reader's—become themselves the subject matter of the work of art. According to an ironic reading of Romanticism (David Simpson's, for example; Kathleen Wheeler's of the Biographia Literaria), deconstruction has been largely preempted. This is especially true in its dealings with the new canon—in which, for example, Shelley's darkly ironic, unfinished Triumph of Life has superseded Prometheus Unbound.

It is always dangerous to generalise, of course, and any persuasive reading will amount to more than the theory which inspires or informs it. The work of Tilottama Rajan, for example, escapes the narrow formalism of strictly deconstructive reading by incorporating the reader's response. What she comes up with is 'the supplement of reading': a process 'in which the positive essence of the work must be grasped across the barrier of the text's negativity'; in which, rather than simply carrying out the directives of the creative process, reading actually 'compensates for the destructive momentum' of the creative process. Thus is the negative negated—for the moment, anyway, given that a supplement of reading surely invites readings
supplementary to the supplement itself, which readings may return to ‘the text’s negativity’. To resolve the arbitrariness by distinguishing the positive as ‘the essence of the work’ is—after the Romantics themselves—to complete a long journey to a home that has never been left. There is, however—again like the Romantics—a good deal to be learnt on the way. Like the best of the deconstructive critics, Rajan leaves us more acutely attentive in our reading.10

Feminism

The ebullient, creative Romanticism of the 1960s has fared least well under trial by feminist criticism, especially under trial by those critics who began their career under its spell and now resent their obeisance to its often misogynist principals. One of the reasons is simple enough: women writers have suffered most of all from the mania for canonicity that Romanticism practised and inspired—still inspires, if we may judge by the Wu anthologies under review. As with feminism generally, the first and in many ways least controversial task is one of recovering those women writers who have remained too long neglected. Thus far, Mary Shelley and Dorothy Wordsworth have entered the syllabus, if not the canon, by association—or by antagonism, as the case may be; poets Anna Laetitia Barbauld, Mary Robinson, Charlotte Smith, Felicia Hemans now seem assured of a place in spite of the sluggish response to critical and theoretical resolutions (editions and journal articles are still hard to come by). What remains unresolved by feminist studies of the Romantic period is not so much the canonical status of these and other women writers, as the status of canonicity itself, for the indignation that would restore to them both credibility and a reading public and the cultural programme undertaken to effect that restoration are often an expression of precisely the ‘masculinist’ ideology under attack.

Just how masculinist that ideology has always been is another reason why Romanticism fares badly in feminist revision. Studies analysing the personal lives of the major poets have revealed the extensive exploitation of the women close to them; studies analysing the literary scene of the major poets and their women competitors have revealed an anxiety not a little responsible for that pronounced masculinism;11 studies analysing ‘the politics of desire’ in the poetry of the major poets have revealed the ambivalence of its frequent exaltation of the feminine.12 Admittedly, in a number of the earlier studies it was a case of ‘heads’, the feminists won; ‘tails’, the male
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Romantic poets lost. Most of the work in recent years has moved beyond resentment, however, a fact registered by the number of male writers amongst the feminist revisionists of Romanticism. One possibility being canvassed by scholars like Anne K. Mellor is that of a 'feminine romanticism' distinct from its masculine counterpart, one that challenges or rejects the self-preoccupation and self-assertion of the creative/visionary.13.

Insofar as aspects of Mellor's thesis make it first-cousin to Marxism, it invokes another reason for Romanticism's bad reputation amongst feminists: the ahistorical abstraction and essentialism that encouraged such partial abbreviations and distortions as the work of art as an autonomous (organic) aesthetic object; (male) genius; (creative) 'literature'; the (masculine) canon; and so on. But here, as its relation to Marxism suggests, feminism joins forces with historical and cultural materialists of a variety of persuasions.

(New) Historicism

Since 1980, for example, much of the most interesting work has been done under the a banner of historicism: New or old; witting or unwitting. That historicism entered and transformed Romantic studies with the publication of Marilyn Butler's *Romantics, Rebels and Revolutionaries* in 198114 and Jerome McGann's *The Romantic Ideology* in 198315 is as well recognised as its critical corollaries: a refusal of normative accounts of value; the systematic recovery (along with feminism) of a variety of texts obscured by the dominant aesthetic shared by the Romantics and their progeny in the twentieth-century academy; the systematic dis-covering of contemporary meanings, as of socio-cultural (which is to say material) constraints or motives, 'occluded' by Romanticism's investment in transcendental vision and/or the formal autonomy of art.

Indeed, one type of New Historicism is deconstruction in period costume: the same feelers out for acts of commission and omission and similarly predicated on the instability, not to say illusion of the self. The blindesses, absences, and unwitting conspiracies so telling for the deconstructive critic, however, are now specifically historical and political ones. Of this type, Alan Liu's contribution to Wu's *Critical Reader*—'The History in "Imagination"'—is exemplary.16 In an analysis of the Simplon Pass episode from the sixth book of Wordsworth's *The Prelude*, Liu traces a covert narrative of Napoleonic imperialism through a number of subtle linguistic and imagistic indices.
The episode, as it turns out, is not ‘really’ about the Imagination at all. After the manner of Jerome McGann, Liu has dis-covered yet another ideological evasion of socio-historical experience or reality; Wordsworth’s own manifest unawareness is diagnosed as a form of ‘denial’.

If the article is exemplary, so too is the questionable nature of its procedures. What, for example, is the status of that which is ‘repressed’ or ‘displaced’, now remarkable only by its absence? According to what ontology, in other words, do displaced socio-historical phenomena take priority over what is deemed a self-evidently ‘illusory’ ethical and aesthetic autonomy? Again—a question as old as literary influence—how are we confidently to identify a verbal or imagistic analogue? What, moreover—a question as old as David Hume—is the strength of the apparent connection (in the Wordsworth, between the Imagination and Napoleonic hubris)? With minimal ingenuity, the same or similar inferences can be drawn regarding the language and imagery of certain passages from Kant’s *Critique Of Judgment*, passages also ‘analogous’ to the Simplon Pass episode, not least in their phenomenology. Any suggestion that Kant was anxious about Napoleon in 1790, however, eight years before Napoleon’s return from Egypt, is surely inadmissible. But still, the question remains of what logical or ethical obligation we are under to accept the priority of historical phenomena: for example, who is to say that Napoleonic imperialism is not ‘a continued Allegory, or darke conceit’ for Kantian subjectivity or the Romantic Imagination?

It is the demystification that New Historicism derives, not from deconstructive linguistics, but from the materialism of Marxism—reducing the work of art to an object of contemporary cultural production and consumption—that has given most offence to traditional Romanticists. Little wonder that a belated Romantic critic like Harold Bloom should in *The Western Canon* find it presumptuous toward Romantic culture and patronising toward the Romantic poet. My own generation, on the other hand, was taught to respect its superiors, as the Romantics themselves respected the creative powers that, coming upon them with what Keats called ‘a fine suddenness’, were both theirs and not theirs.

The debate is of course larger than one of academic manners. We were expected to defer to the Romantic construction of its own genius—a notion that is now, if not disqualified for its male gendering, heavily qualified by what we know of the anxieties consequent upon the development of a mass reading public. It is precisely against the
arrogance of this sort of 'genial' posturing amongst the Romantics that the New Historicism directs an arrogance of its own, one that it shares with the 'philosophical Whig' critics of the Edinburgh Review with whom they have much in common, and one that evoked an elitist counteraction from the Tory Romantics Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. The various personal, national, and historical insecurities or anxieties revealed by these respective positions in reaction or relation to each other are at times quite raw, crying out for the kind of psycho-biographical and historical analysis offered by a syncretist like Peter J. Manning: 'our differences one from another can be historically illuminated but not construed into progressive mastery over the text'.19

'Romanticism: A Critical Reader' Again

Attention to a variety of theoretical approaches is inevitable in researching and compiling a volume of distinguished, recent essays in Romantic criticism. Yet for all that, Duncan Wu’s Critical Reader still suffers from giving priority to the representation of theoretical 'movements'. Not even Wu could say which chapter or article on each poet or topic he would have chosen had he sought only what he took to be the most illuminating on that particular poet or topic. It is hard to imagine the selection could have been anything but radically different without the constraint of putting together a theoretical smorgasbord, however.

For one thing, there have been more historicist readings than could ever be proportionately represented when so many 'theories' are to be included. If as I suggested earlier New Historicism’s critical and thinly disguised ethical conclusions are incompatible with its materialist assumptions, there are still whole areas of experience during the Romantic period that have been introduced or intimated in the course of a critical hegemony that has used controversy to maintain its argumentative momentum. Witness the proliferation of (though unevenly) lively and often provocative monographs from the Cambridge Studies in Romanticism series, edited by Marilyn Butler and James Chandler (who writes on 'Wordsworth, Rousseau, and the Politics of Education' in the Critical Reader).20 In objecting to the Reader’s unrepresentative representativeness, in other words, I am not only thinking of its omission of better known historicist critics like David Simpson, Clifford Siskin, Marjorie Levinson, Paul Hamilton, Jon Klancher, and Jerome Christensen, but also of the omission of
innumerable other books and articles by lesser known but able critics working in the theoretical field. Cambridge alone can account for over thirty book-length studies in the last four years, almost all of which share an historicist method, even when otherwise theoretically eclectic or indifferent.

Wu’s chosen critics do have an identifiable theoretical ‘position’, moreover. To his opening list of clear and recognisable labels may be added the ‘gay’ theory of Sedgwick’s ‘Murder Incorporated: Confessions of a Justified Sinner’, with its hypersensitivity to the homosocial and the homophobic; the systematic exposure of literature’s complicity with imperialism in Said; and even the self-conscious theoretical blend of ‘romanticism, pragmatism and deconstruction’ in Wheeler and of ‘psychoanalytic insight, textual criticism, and historical scholarship’ in Manning. Yet without embarking on the question of whether or not one has to have a theory, what of those critics—Vincent Newey, Kelvin Everest, and a host of other, especially British critics spring immediately to mind—who under no particular flag have contributed so much to our understanding of the Romantics and their period?

Disagreement with Wu’s choice matters, moreover, because those essays that he has chosen are long; too long. With even the canonical writers it becomes a lottery. Coleridge is serviced by only Wheeler on ‘Kubla Khan’ and Swann on ‘Christabel: The Wandering Mother and the Enigma of Form’ (to the bibliographical origin of which, incidentally, Wu gives no reference). Whatever one may think of the essays individually, together they reflect the interests of only a very small number of Coleridge scholars. What could reveal more dramatically Wu’s supervening interest in contemporary theory than his using discussions of only these two poems as Coleridge’s ‘quota’ of critical attention in a volume dedicated to English Romanticism?

No one could be satisfied with every contribution to a critical anthology, of course. For good and ill, moreover, we have lost the ‘interpretive community’ reflected and promoted by so popular a collection as Abrams’s English Romantic Poets. Instead, the distrust and disestablishment, theoretical specialisation and controversy to which I have alluded are written into the titles of (often excellent) critical anthologies of recent years: Beyond Romanticism; At the Limits of Romanticism; Re-Visioning Romanticism; Romantic Poetry: Recent Revisionary Criticism and so on. A critical anthology can still be compiled that illuminates the Romantics and Romanticism, however, as well as and indeed because of achieving a broader
representativeness. After all, Romanticism concerned itself with the same questions that concern contemporary theory about the provenance, function, and adequacy of art, or the work of art; about its temporality; about the poet’s intention and ‘authority’; about interpretations (plural), their individual tenuousness and their conflicting claims. Thus, in a collection like Karl Kroeber’s and Gene W. Ruoff’s *Romantic Poetry: Recent Revisionary Criticism*, critical variety conduces to examine and indeed to recommend the poetry and the period rather than just the criticism itself. Contemporary critical studies might be judged as the Romantics were judged by Hazlitt: by their willingness to share their palm with their subject. Kroeber’s and Ruoff’s principle of selection I take to be exemplary: ‘we have not concentrated on ‘pure’ representations of these critical tendencies, for the impact of theoretical critics on romantic studies has seemed to us most profound when it has assimilated longer standing traditions of commentary’.27

To this I would only add the obvious condition that those ‘traditions of commentary’ should include the traditions (plural) of the Romantic period itself. Besides the work of the more ‘enquiring spirits’ amongst the major poets—most obviously: Wordsworth; Coleridge; Shelley—there are copious tracts of cultural self-reflexion in the reviews and magazines and in pamphlet form that remain unaccommodated, in some cases unread. Has the period’s own unending commentary on ‘the spirit of the age’ ever been heeded with the minute, critical attention which is its due?

In spite of the shortcomings of his *Critical Reader*, Duncan Wu’s having selected material from the work of only distinguished scholars has ensured that none of these critical essays is without that genuine insight which for the reader brings with it the pleasure of understanding something about Romanticism not previously understood. To adapt Hazlitt—again; this time more famously—on Edmund Kean’s performance of Macbeth: this anthology is like reading Romanticism by flashes of lightning.

Notes

1 My italics.


10 Tilottama Rajan is represented in Wu's Critical Reader by 'Deconstruction or Reconstruction: Reading Shelley's Prometheus Unbound' from The Supplement of Reading.
17 See, for example, the 'Critique Of Aesthetic Judgment', Part I, §§.29, 49.
21 Whose essay on 'Don Juan and Byron's Imperceptiveness to the English Word' can be found in his Reading Romantics.
27 Romantic Poetry: Recent Revisionary Criticism, p.2.