

## 1: Hogle, "Otherness in Frankenstein"

*Frankenstein as Neo-Gothic: From the Ghost of the Counterfeit to the Monster of Abjection* Jerrold E. Hogle In *Between Cultures: Transformations of Genre in Romanticism*, ed. Tilotama Rajan and Julia Wright (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, ), pp.

Hogle From *Structuralist Review*, 2 , The universe is a monster of energy, without beginning or end; a fixed and brazen quantity of energy which grows neither bigger nor smaller, which does not consume itself, but only alters its face. Nietzsche, *The Will to Power* We should begin by taking rigorous account of this being held within [prise] or this surprise: He uses them only by letting himself, after a fashion and up to a point, be governed by the system. Derrida, *Of Grammatology* The ignorance of the early philosophers on these and several other points served to decrease their credit with me: For even as the narrators try to find the origins of things, the "birthplace" of what they do is always a locus of writing that refers elsewhere, and the "end" they apparently seek is always deferred as one production of signs gives way to another. Moreover, instead of arriving at the profound knowledge offered by some of their books, the narrators tell tales to one another that expand on their basic texts. The search for the origin is put off in new chains of language that supplement previous chains, with the "central" chain grounding itself in a library of documents and honing in on the journal of a fabricator who admits his involvement in earlier fabrications. The speakers are indeed alienated and imprisoned, but the movement of figuration is the ostracizer and keeper as it holds out a fulfilling completion that it also prevents. Whether it is called an "origin," a "cause," or a "moral truth," the underlying presence in Frankenstein is nothing but a pretension within writing on top of writing, an absent objective lost from the start "in darkness and distance" the last phrase of the book [ Walton 17 ]. So far, though, only Peter Brooks has taken on the rhetorical problem at the base of this novel. But even this view presumes an aberration, however ineffable, that somehow exists prior to composition. Instead of an unmediated Nature, after all, what the novel offers primarily is a sequence of performances designed to persuade others on the basis of already conventional "persuasions. Cornelius Agrippa , Albertus Magnus , and Paracelsus , who have so long reigned the lords of my imagination" [ 1. Ultimately each of the narrators in the book enacts the machine of sign-production defined by Jacques Lacan: This process literally subjects the composer to the signs of a dead past that differs from him, divorcing him from a product that observers will decipher in terms of the Other and not the author. Mary Shelley seems to accept just that in her introduction to the version as she bids her "hideous progeny go forth" into a world of readers having "nothing to do" with her own life p. And so I want to follow out the purely performative gambits in Frankenstein as they insist, despite their pretensions, on their own ineffability and their own ways of giving birth to an aberration. II Among his several duties as the "framing" figure in the book, Walton has the first chance to define the vocabularies that control the movement of the text. What he reveals in the process is the charting of his own course within a conflict of systems: Its productions and features may be without example, as the phenomena of the heavenly bodies undoubtedly are in those undiscovered solitudes. Here every word presupposes an End, a final Revelation of Meaning, which lies beyond example and yet provides the standard for inadequate but visible pre-dictions of it. Mundane nature in these terms is simply a gallery of signs holding out "a foretaste of those icy climes" p. In any case, human perception and human action can only reach their goals under this inscription if they attain the primal space that completes and conflates all metaphors. Under these conditions the explorer seeks meaning by recording and arranging names for his observations, trying always to dissolve "eccentricities" by rendering old data consistent with new perceptions. As Descartes suggests, It provides a guarantee whereby the reason can claim an Origin or God as the prototype of itself, a presence behind the self-presence that represents in a gradual process. There is, of course, some duplicity here; the desire that seeks the fullness of Nature in a developing table already assumes a Nature complete in itself. Representation demands little more than the progressive and consistent expansion of itself. Still more to the point, as Walton continues to use both schemes for encoding himself and his voyage, his "resolutions" become "as fixed as fate" p. While he plays the hero of a teleological quest, he has to see the Pole as a blend of established metaphors for the primal

kingdom. Walton can thereby talk of his failed poems as a groundless "Paradise of my own creation" in need of that center from which the inspired can draw the original Word p. At the same time, Captain Walton must plan his itinerary by way of " St Petersburg " and " Archangel " pp. Naturally his only way out is a harrowing of Hell by a Christ figure, so Victor is subjected to the role once he is taken on board. But even as he proceeds through his own *Commedia*, Walton must undercut that vocabulary in the most obvious ways. Just as telos urges him to search for heat in the very extremes of the North, tabula leads him to note "the southern gales" that "breathe a degree of renovating warmth which I had not expected" p. He must also cite empirical grounds for his voyage that have nothing to do with the Muses, and so he lists his qualifications in "mathematics, the theory of medicine, and those branches of physical science from which a naval adventurer might derive the greatest practical advantage" p. In this light the failure of his effort is caused, not by presumption, but by his miscalculations regarding the polar ice-cap. Within their own boundaries, first of all, telos and tabula make problematic assumptions about reference; one offers signs that indicate nothing but a privileged emblem, the metaphor at the apex, while the other represents mental associations that are themselves representations of other things. What appears instead is a return of the repressed: For Walton, the truth about the Pole has to emerge as an absence the moment Victor asks if the ice will soon break. Because his voyage and his letters, then, are mere trackings of what is always somewhere else, the only goal that Walton can really pursue is verbal transmission for its own sake. I have no one near me, gentle yet courageous, possessed of a cultivated as well as of a capacious mind, whose tastes are like my own, to amend or approve my plans" p. The self is constituted by the other just as the other points back to the self, but without in Frankenstein, at least the *Aufhebung* that dissolves the Otherness in Hegel. By saying that he is "romantic" in his desire for a friend, Walton may be hoping for the telos projected in quest-romances. With his "hopes blasted" and his "purpose unfulfilled" p. In the end he is left with the very thing he has tried to escape: There he alludes in the most reckless way to another text by Coleridge: Now, granted, Walton keeps some of the details in his promise. From then on, again like his counterpart, Walton is "lost in surprise and admiration" p. And the irony goes beyond a pattern of avoiding and resembling the Mariner. There is no uncovering of the "prior causes" for the killing of the Albatross, nor does the Mariner behold the Spirit that supposedly inhabits the depths and drives the ship of fate. Instead the Mariner is mainly answering a question; Nonetheless, Walton takes on the sins of the Mariner anyway without even committing the deed that activates the torment in the poem. His guilt has no rationale besides the one in the Rime ; a command displaced from Biblical writing to provide a basis for the self. In addition to the stain of presumption, Walton accepts the guilt of failing to love "things both great and small" Mariner, l. Indeed Walton admits as much in the revision when he faces the vertigo of desire as both aroused and engulfed by a symbolic order. I have often attributed my attachment to, my passionate enthusiasm for, the dangerous mysteries of ocean, to that production of the most imaginative of symbolic poets. There is something at work in my soul which I do not understand" p. What is at work, of course, is a pattern of desire and repression generating guilt, but all these "motivations" are the results of the pre-text that encourages and denies exploration for the sake of confronting the self as a production of language. He is a repeater of other texts, an interpreter of existing symbols, a rhetorician in need of an audience, and an audience beholding a rhetorician -- all of which replay the deferred status of the Mariner supplementing previous signs and waiting to be supplemented himself. He is the quintessential fabricator, carried away by methods of production beyond his control to the point of giving them a new life exceeding and threatening his own while claiming that life as "his" nevertheless. His exordium to Walton points right to that paradox: He takes his desire to be personal, yet here it repeats a version of Original Sin, a function from a teleological rhetoric that forces Victor to see himself as an eater of forbidden fruit. He is indeed a Faust -figure as many have said, but only because he believes the alchemical writers who reign as "the lords of [his] imagination" [ 1. The source of life, he claims, is "one of the greatest secrets, and it should remain a secret until the days approach when all the secrets will be known. The creature is thus a repetition-with-a-difference who has to look as he does. Victor even builds up this rhetorical masochism by styling his creation as the act of a "modern Prometheus " the subtitle of the novel , for just as he wonders if "a new species would bless me as its creator and source" p. Starting with only a vision of two monsters on the loose, Frankenstein imagines "a race of devils" for which "future ages might

curse me as their pest" p. On top of all that, too, Victor has to see "the Modern Prometheus" as a contradiction in terms. The exploding mechanism, naturally, is tabula, and Professor Waldman explains that to Victor at the University of Ingolstadt. There the Moderns respect the Ancients just enough "to give new names and arrange in connected classifications, the facts which [our Fathers] in a great degree had been the instrument of bringing to light" p. Only by making the shift himself can Victor speak to Walton of "a scientific pursuit [that offers] continual food for discovery and wonder" p. This is hardly the telos view of time, after all; repetitive sin and the Gift of Revelation are here covered over by an accumulation of data that is, by definition, never complete. These laws, in turn, are based on the symbolic relation of chemical affinities and electrical polarities, a system of differences that underwrites the experimental galvanising of dead tissue. First, instead of the primal seed in the primal Mother, he is "led to examine the cause and progress of decay" in specimens from a crypt p. Then, when he tries to reverse this progress in an act of representation, he is only "encouraged to hope that my present attempts would at least lay the foundations of future success," and he is really kept from perfection under empirical dicta by "the minuteness of parts" that he must confront in making the body of a man p. Again the creature has to be ugly, but the grounds are different. Aporia reigns once more as the Promethean dream dissolves in the face of a laboratory patchwork and as Victor recoils from the patchwork in the name of his dream. Indeed his most famous pronouncement is a blatant mix of inconsistent postures. Here of course is a repetition of the most eternal Law, the Injunction at the Tree of Knowledge. Here too is an echo of John Locke, for whom the proper training of the young is easily clouded by a strange "Connexion of Ideas wholly owing to Chance or Custom" that "fills their heads with false views, and their Reasonings with false consequences. Except for this circumstance, he says, "the train of my ideas would never have received the fatal impulse that led to my ruin" p. It seems the psyche composes tables because the table is its given method, and if an aberrant sign infects the matrix started by Nature, a disease has begun that has to pervert the expansion of the mind thereafter. But the development of chance impressions is not a primordial Fall, so Victor can keep the two together only by leaps of rhetoric. The supreme indication, as we might expect, comes when he remembers his ultimate discovery: All at once Revelation appears to dissipate the metonymic table and carry the soul to forbidden regions beyond the powers of representation. Though he ascribes his downfall to a ruined education much of the time, Victor never speaks of his greatest secret as a mistaken association. It is always as "impenetrable" as the Mysteries of Heaven p. The monster, as a case in point, is a metaphor for the origin in the most radical sense. He condenses in his own visage a panoply of metaphors that are themselves alluding to metaphors of the origin, and Victor beholds that process in the dream that follows his act of creation: Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the graveworms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror [and] beheld the wretch -- the miserable monster whom I had created. Once he confronts fabrication as related to generation, Victor recalls the already-written script of his marriage to Elizabeth, and that recollection is linked to the moment of death in which that script was composed. As a result, to embrace his primary and partially forbidden symbol of love is also to reach out for the traces of his lost origin his buried mother. Yet the Signs of the Mother have already been offered by the alchemists without the tainted mediation of Elizabeth if Victor will simply plumb the depths of the earth. So the excavation or penetration that leads to the creature is a kind of sexual climax, a return to the womb, a grasping for an absent wholeness, a wish for death, a gathering of data, a journey to the logos, a violation of Sacred Mysteries, a bid for immortality, and a search for some alternative to the lack of finality in life, but all these are performed only in figurative ways and only on the basis of other figural patterns that reveal no Formal Cause prior to figuration. When he is finally put together out of vestiges from the grave, themselves already signs of an absence at the beginning, the monster is a "cryptic" production in every conceivable way: The primal Other is now discovered as nothing but a symbolic order, a plethora of fragments referring to themselves, where the source remains forever lost and yet where the origin always beckons within the multiplicity of signs as the dark and distant object of desire. Most of the time he strives to place the supporting cast in roles that suit his tropologies, turning his parents into the monarchs of a Paradise regained pp. All of

these serve Frankenstein as elements in a "sacred" Beginning p.

## 2: Frankenstein's Dream by Jerrold E. Hogle - Read online

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Hogle In *Between Cultures: Transformations of Genre in Romanticism*, ed. Tilottama Rajan and Julia Wright Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, , pp. His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, [and] straight black lips. His jaws opened and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped. She shrieked, and started from him. Manfred rose to pursue her; when the moon, which was now up, and gleamed at the opposite casement, presented to his sight the plumes of the fatal helmet, which rose to the height of the windows, waving backwards and forwards in a tempestuous manner, and accompanied with a hollow and a rustling sound. Heaven nor hell shall impede my designs, said Manfred, advancing again to seize the princess. At that instant the portrait of his grandfather, which hung over the bench where they had been sitting, uttered a deep sigh and heaved its breast. The spectre marched sedately, but dejected, to the end of the gallery, and turned into a chamber on the right hand. As [Manfred] would have entered the chamber, the door was clapped-to with violence by an invisible hand. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What may this mean, That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon, Making night hideous and we fools of nature So horribly to shake our dispositions With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? Say why is this? What should we do? There has been at least a mild debate about how " Gothic " Frankenstein is. What if Frankenstein transformed the earlier Gothic by intensifying and complicating what was most basic to it? Might we not agree with Frederick S. I want to argue that Frankenstein "registers traces of the [earlier] Gothic" that go very "deep" indeed. I think that Frankenstein quite precisely echoes key aspects -- the ghosts -- in the "Gothic Story" as Horace Walpole first presented it in *The Castle of Otranto*; that the natures of these ghosts reveal the highly conflicted assumptions behind "Gothic" reworkings of past symbolic modes, especially Shakespearean drama; that those assumptions reflect an eighteenth-century transition between states of Western culture in which increasingly waning concepts of signification pull nostalgically backwards while newer, more capitalist alternatives try to make cultural capital out of the older ones; and that this contest between ideological and symbolic tendencies in the Gothic provides a site into which emergent cultural tensions can be transferred, sequestered, disguised, and thus momentarily diffused. The creation of this site is based, I find, on a re-counterfeiting or ghost of an earlier use of signs as counterfeits, and it is this "ghost of the counterfeit" in the Gothic that both works out and embodies -- or shows the disembodiment in -- the cultural transition underlying *The Castle of Otranto* and much of its progeny. Moreover, it is this ungrounded fakery in the "grounding" of the Gothic, its re-presentation of antiquated symbols largely emptied of their older meanings, that opens up a peculiar cultural space into which the horrors generated by early modern cultural changes and their dominant ideologies of the individual can be "thrown off" or "thrown down and under" -- "abjected" in the sense emphasized by Julia Kristeva and others in her wake. Abjection becomes a continuously important feature of Gothic and related fictions from around the time of Frankenstein on, as several critics have seen already. The echoes are especially strong in the scene I have quoted from Walpole: The Hamlet Ghost is split up into multiple specters and into gigantic armored portions of one figure that need to be reconnected at the end of the novel for the primal crime to be fully revealed *The Castle*, This kind of "vision" is more the ghost of what Hamlet later calls the "counterfeit presentiment" of his father Hamlet, 3. What all these moments have most in common is a quality basic to the fragmented figures of artificial life at the heart of both scenes: In both Frankenstein and *The Castle of Otranto*, the initial "horror" of the hero at the emergence of a ghost of counterfeit being is like "the reaction of a reader who finds the letters on a page [losing] their meaning as they lose their ground in a referential depth and order. Granted, the primal crime for

Walpole, the poisoning of Alfonso by Ricardo his chamberlain and the shifting of castle ownership from the heirs of the former to the heirs of the latter *The Castle*, , repeats the murder and usurpation of old King Hamlet by his brother Claudius, though Ricardo and his progeny move more completely from one class to another. Compared to Gertrude and Ophelia in *Hamlet*, these women are versions of each other less as names of "frailty" -- less as scapegoats for the inconsistency, concupiscence, and deceptive appearances which men seek to transfer from themselves onto "woman" 11 -- and more as commodity-objects within a "traffic in women. The usurpation of "true" male lineage as an original "Gothic sin" bound up with the reduction of women to instruments now becomes the male "attempt to usurp the power of women" to give birth, 15 even to become the manufacturer of future counterfeit women as objects of exchange -- a counterfeiting of pregnancy and delivery by a "sublimated womb. The most analyzed moment in *Frankenstein* strikingly echoes this basic "Gothic" potential for transforming a woman into a dead body. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I implanted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. Though he takes this young woman in the last chapter to be Isabella still in the act of resisting his suit, she turns out to be his daughter, Matilda whose "features appear to change" , precisely at the moment he stabs her to death before the underground tomb of Alfonso. At this point *The Castle*, Manfred instantly becomes a "Savage, inhuman monster" a pre-creature in the eyes of young Theodore, the suitor of Matilda and later the "disconsolate" new Prince of Otranto. Theodore, in turn by now a pre-Victor , finally accepts betrothal to Isabella only as the merest substitute for marriage to the dead Matilda, for whom he still longs in an incurable "melancholy" that entirely possesses him as *The Castle of Otranto* ends

Yes, Victor Frankenstein can be psychoanalyzed as a melancholic who has so introjected his dead maternal origin that he must continually seek and reject substitutes for it Elizabeth, the creature for the sake of still trying to reembrace, while also working to throw off, the Mother only partly embodied by them the woman by Elizabeth, her dead body by the creature, and both by the female creature whom Victor destroys while creating. *Frankenstein* as "Gothic" thus presents us with an extreme contradiction that still needs an explanation, despite the many recent interpretations of the novel and its Gothic antecedents. We now need to decide how the latter led to the former, how the contradiction of the "counterfeit of the abject" came to exist in one of the most influential achievements of Gothic and counter-Gothic writing. We need to determine, in other words, in what ways the ghost of the counterfeit enables the abjection it comes to manifest and sequester. Then we can examine how the post-Renaissance counterfeit produces a symbolic scheme that allows increasing abjections into its depths and how more and more anomalies of pre-industrial being were consequently "thrown off" into Gothic ghosts of counterfeits during the ascendancy of English Romanticism , particularly in *Frankenstein*. In his intriguing history of how signs have been viewed as relating to their referents in the Anglo-European West since the Middle Ages, Jean Baudrillard finds the tacit sense that signification is and should be "counterfeit" to be the most widely accepted conscious or pre-conscious belief about signs from the Renaissance through the dawn of industrial manufacture. Educated Europeans felt they were leaving behind the eras of what Baudrillard has called the "bound sign," the notion of sets of signifiers as referring to an ordained "situation" or "status" where "assignation [was] total, mobility nil" Baudrillard, "Structural Law of Value," Status and the signs or cultural capital including the rhetoric associated with it came to be regarded as more transferable depending on economic success and acquisition. The strict "endogamy of the sign proper to orders of status" now gave way to "the transition of the sign-values of prestige from one class to another" Baudrillard, "Structural Law of Value," Signs could therefore serve, as they do in *Hamlet*, both as partially empty recollections of former statuses being still nostalgic for absolute grounds for themselves and as announcements of "natures" that could seem recoined, rhetorically transformed, or simply masked counterfeited into a "questionable shape" by new displays of social position that reused the signifiers of older ones. His reference to for him an antiquated belief-system, as in the reference of his ghosts to portraits, effigies, and outdated emblems of sin, assumes from the start the already broken, hollowed, and often fake nature of the icons he adopts and refashions. The counterfeit, or more precisely the Renaissance counterfeit of the medieval, has now become the "signified" of the Gothic signifier, so the Gothic is haunted

by the ghost of that already spectral past -- and thus by its refaking of what was already fake and already an emblem of the nearly empty and dead. The "Gothic revival" occurs in a world of increasingly bourgeois "free market" enterprise trying to look like a process sanctioned by more ancient imperatives yet also striving to regard the old icons as empty of meaning whenever they inhibit post-Renaissance Anglican acquisition. The now identified "author" trumpets how "desirous" he is to leave "the great resources" and "powers of the fancy at liberty to expatiate through the boundless realms of invention" on the basis of both established and emergent standards in Shakespearean drama and "romantic story" Preface to the Second Edition, *The Castle*, No wonder Emma J. Here, then, in the anomalous "ghost of the counterfeit," lies the symbolic and ideological mechanism by which the neo-Gothic mediates between social and cultural orders that are either fading into the past, as they were starting to in the Renaissance the priestly and the old aristocratic, or rising into dominance the capitalist and the pre-industrial. These have to be exposed as fakes, even as their attraction is admitted, by the ends of her books for social power to be achieved by the heroines and heroes and readers, vicariously involved in acquisitive searches for the highest class positions and the most property available to them through the "decent" as opposed to blatantly manipulative possession of old counterfeit signs. Frankenstein certainly continues this "Gothic" ghosting and remarketing of the counterfeit, even to the point of showing the ghost of the counterfeit turning into the simulacrum of industrialized reproduction. The construction of the creature is modelled only somewhat on the Erasmus-Darwin reanimations of dead tissue discussed at the Villa Diodati in *Each of these figures claims or is said to have temporarily generated a mechanical man Magnus or a full-bodied demon Agrippa or a semi-"transparent" homunculus Paracelsus to demonstrate or experiment with the genesis of physical life -- yet only as these authors have added their own warnings that such efforts are fraudulent and presumptuous attempts to duplicate the power of God, 31 only as such models come to Victor colored by the "modern" condemnation of them as falsities by "the more rational theory of chemistry" Frankenstein, 33, and only as they are reused by the eighteenth-century middle-class scientist to help lift or sublimate his endeavours from being "realities of little worth" into becoming achievements of "boundless grandeur" Frankenstein, Now we see most clearly why the creature, as an experiment based on incompatible ideologies of "science," is unable to represent the "causes" he is originally supposed to embody. The Renaissance counterfeiting and the neo-Gothic recounterfeiting of women, after all, provide essentially revealing examples of what it really means in Western signification -- and the Gothic -- to move from the Renaissance counterfeit to the ghost of the counterfeit to the early industrial simulacrum. In all these and in other modes of producing symbols, as Simone de Beauvoir first saw most completely, woman has been made the "other" of the male "master term" and hence the supposed locus of human multiplicity as opposed to "male unity. During the Renaissance and especially in *Hamlet*, this "othering" is already so "natural" a culturally-established counterfeit "nature of things," to be sure that the central male figure can displace and scapegoat all of his own differences from himself onto the other that is supposedly woman, not only when he incarnates all "frailty" in her but when he shuffles off his doubts and fears about the impending final duel with "it is such a kind of gainsgiving as would perhaps trouble a woman" *Hamlet*, 5. This fakery is augmented in Shakespearean drama too, of course, by the fact that the "women" on the stage were played by young men. These "boys of the company" were regarded at the time as enacting a transition away from ambisexual hermaphroditism, the widely-accepted androgyny of both sexes in childhood, towards an eventual throwing-off of "feminine" elements that was not yet complete, just as Stephen Greenblatt has shown. The Renaissance counterfeit, then, while claiming to point in part to "natural" status-distinctions once fixed in the past, was also the fabricator and dramatizer of the fakes of such distinctions. It helped produce the fiction of "real, eternal" gender differences out of an admitted intermixture of sexual elements in the human being as it developed from birth through adolescence. The ghost of that counterfeit in the eighteenth-century Gothic takes this fictional "othering" of the feminine and turns the resulting difference-from-herself-in-herself into an otherness common to every female "other" and thus the exchangeability of one woman for another, now more completely in the service of man-to-man interactions seeking the acquisition of property, capital, and power through the possession of her otherness as common coin, albeit under the cover of a quasi-medieval world. This recounterfeiting, with women now pulled towards becoming a nearly bodiless, spectral object of exchange the*

death of herself as a body independent of masculine property, sets the stage for the mechanical male reproduction of the feminine birth-process and of the body of woman herself, exactly as Mary Shelley reveals in *Frankenstein* at the very time the industrial revolution begins to accelerate. The "otherness" of woman, always counterfeited anyway, comes virtually to epitomize the hidden basis and complex development of the counterfeit symbol. Here, in fact, is one way in which the use of women in the Gothic points ultimately to images of mere images and to levels of abjected physical and cultural life. Through the spectral counterfeiting of woman and her constantly recreated role as the symbol of multiple otherness, we begin to see how the ghost of the counterfeit so readily becomes the site of the abject in Gothic writing. All of these conditions for Kristeva, though, echo or reenact the most primordial form of being half-"inside" and half-"outside": This liminal condition of multiple contradictions, where each supposedly distinct state slides over into its "other," is the radical heterogeneity, just barely recalled in the somatic memory, from which a person is never entirely removed yet must work to feel "separated. The creature is finally a site of abjection the placement, or really displacement, of the abject because he is an "other" into which these personal anomalies are artificially "jettisoned. Yet there is also the countering drive in the counterfeit, and even more in its ghost, whereby selves or signs, like infants only partly "inside" mother, strive to throw these past bonds away, to break "outside" them albeit with lingering memories of them towards a "free market" quest for self-definition by way of the fragments of older, as well as newer, signifiers. In this progression, particularly in the Gothic ghost of the counterfeit, the always already counterfeited past turns increasingly into the locus of its own death. It therefore seeks to throw off its othernesses-from-itself and the draw of a lingering relation to death and to do so in recastings of the very archaic and fragmented signs in which the multiplicity of the self seems to be both grounded and ungrounded. On the other hand, the same effort involves a displacement of personal and cultural contradictions, including the dread of and desire for the past and the death still dimly connected to present life, into the ghost-figures within the new construct that seem at first to be especially empty of older meanings and archaically "other" than the self. The very conception and symbolic enactment of abjection, it turns out, as a process in the post-Walpolean Gothic and in Kristevan analysis, like the Freudian production of the unconscious as a haunted *anderer Schauplatz*,<sup>34</sup> can occur only because the counterfeit and its Gothic ghost first developed as the cultural modes of production we now see them to be. Within its constructed "nature," after all, this palimpsest of figures has to deal with the paradox of its every layer being other than itself. That construction is so true for the Prince of Denmark that every kind of male anomaly is primordially caused by women as mothers or lovers, "for wise men know. The original dead woman is covered by a series of counterfeiting about her and of her primarily as a result of her apparently placing the original dead man in an "incongruous" love-versus-duty oscillation between different codified positions, one island and domestic and the other mainland, martial, and religious. It is thus even less surprising than it has already seemed for *The Castle* to end with Theodore torn between a living counterfeit of his love-object Isabella as one acquisition of his new property and inheritance status and the mental image of his formerly "adored," but always inaccessible and falsely upper-class, Matilda. The most primal feminine condition in *The Castle*, "known" only through counterfeits, has turned out to be betwixt and between male-oriented codes and stances. For Mary Shelley, of course, to take the potential for this irony in *The Castle of Otranto* and turn it into the more "realized" counterfeit of the abject in *Frankenstein*, there had to be a series of intervening steps, at least some of which were taken by writers who were both well known to her and based in the Walpolean Gothic. These will have to be the subject of another study, but I can at least offer some instances of how the ghost of the counterfeit develops in the Gothic after and before Walpole himself, of course, helps begin the transition, not just in the ways already suggested, but in using his ghosts of counterfeits including his main characters, somewhat as Mary Shelley will use her creature. He employs them as falsely antiquated and thus displaced and disguised "conflict zones" of unresolved class and familial tensions, those multiple states of between-ness spawned by the cultural transitions of his moment. *A Tale of the Sixteenth Century*, the title character-narrator, supposedly modelled by the author on a portrait of him by Titian St. He perpetually "disguis[es even] to himself the real [mercantile] nature of his occupation" I: Leon finds he can continue that deception indefinitely only by reusing a now-discrediting alchemy and accepting the elixir that will allow him to live forever.

Henceforth he exists, undecidably, between the death of his past condition and the survival of its image. He becomes the walking specter of the counterfeit he already was, especially now that he can keep recoinning the money by which he keeps deceiving others about his "bonds of alliance" IV: Increasingly, though, like a coin, he is just a repeated and inwardly empty simulacrum of what he once "drew" as a "character" in his "mind" I: He comes to regard himself, perpetually shifting across cultural stages and social readings of him, as more and more of "a monster who did not deserve to exist" IV: The horror of being the ghost of a counterfeit confronts St. Leon most, in fact, when he notes the difference between his pre-elixir love for the maternal, nurturing Marguerite "Forever thy ghost upbraids me! The perpetuation for Godwin turns out to be connected entirely to a half-conscious dismissal of, which is also a displaced longing for, the seemingly "uxorious and effeminate" in the male self II: It is as if womanliness were the difference-from-self that "the spirit of man" must escape to be itself II:

**3: Frankenstein Then and Now, - Romantic Bicentennials**

*Frankenstein as Neo-Gothic: From the Ghost of the Counterfeit to the Monster of Abjection.* Jerrold E. Hogle *In Between Cultures: Transformations of Genre in Romanticism*, ed. Tilottama Rajan and Julia Wright (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, ), pp.

An Introduction Jerrold E. The first, which is given a dream-like quality by his insistence that it is not "the vision of a madman" Shelley 47, is his hopeful daydream of what the creation of a human life through science might ultimately mean: Life and death appeared to me ideal bounds, which I should first break through, and pour a torrent of light into our dark world. A new species would bless me as its creator and source; many happy and excellent natures would owe their being to me. No father could claim the gratitude of his child so completely as I should deserve theirs. Pursuing these reflections, I thought, if I could bestow animation on lifeless matter, I might in the process of time although I now found it impossible renew life where death had apparently devoted the body to corruption. Shelley 49 To be sure, it is this vision to which Victor refers, along with his hope that his creation might be "beautiful," when he later laments, on actually seeing his creature come to life, that "the beauty of the dream vanished" to be replaced by "horror and disgust" at a "wretch" more "hideous" than a "mummy again endued with animation" Shelley, my emphasis. Exactly when does this dream, appealing as it was in and remaining in, "cross a line" and where is that line? Indeed, is such ego separable from the aspiration? Are we looking at science "going too far," assuming a more moderate and sociable version of itself, or is Mary Shelley exposing a dynamic of selfish dominance that is endemic to such quests from their very inception? Is Mary Shelley, as some have suggested see Homans and Mellor, writing a critique of male or Romantic aspiration as she knew it, particularly in such poets and dabblers in science as Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley whom she married in December of ? Or are such longings bound up, at their time and since, with our best ambitions for making the world a better place and human life longer? Are the darkest and brightest sides of this dream inseparably mixed together? Have they been so for almost two hundred years in Western culture? And if so, why? Right after he recoils from the first sight of his finished, and now breathing, creation, at least as he remembers in his narration to Walton, Frankenstein "rushes" in frightened disgust from his makeshift laboratory and, finally giving way to exhaustion after long "depriv[ing him]self of rest and health" Shelley 52, throws himself on his bed, with his most conscious thoughts of escape from his problems being focussed on his fiancée, Elizabeth Lavenza: I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt [his present location]. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought I beheld the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window-shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created. Shelley 53 This stunning moment, virtually unique to the novel in the many versions of Frankenstein, has understandably provoked numerous and varied interpretations, several which I will review shortly. Especially in juxtaposition to its hopeful counterpart, what does this dream tell us about the larger meanings and cultural resonance of Frankenstein the novel, about the wider Romantic quest for "brave new worlds" to which it clearly responds, and about the development of this story after the novel appeared in versions that are clearly based on this nightmare, even if or perhaps because they refuse to repeat it? The essays in this collection all strive to answer these questions and to do so from very different perspectives that have rarely been applied to Frankenstein before now. Frankenstein unquestionably joins with other early nineteenth-century texts see Ellenberger in beginning to craft the ingredients of the unconscious and the interpretation of dreams that Sigmund Freud proposed as scientific truth by the s. I need not describe the feelings of those whose dearest ties are rent by that most irreparable evil, the void that presents itself to the soul, and the despair that is exhibited on the countenance. It is so long before the mind can persuade itself that she, whom we saw every day, and whose

very existence appeared a part of our own, can have departed for ever—that the brightness of a beloved eye can have been extinguished, and the sound of a voice so familiar, and dear to the ear, can be hushed, never more to be heard. These are the reflections of the first days; but when the lapse of time proves the reality of the evil, then the actual bitterness of the grief commences. Shelley 38 Still shattered by such an enormous loss for him, even when he speaks to Walton, Victor not surprisingly covers up his extreme longing in his supposedly very different process of creation. But the repressed manifestly returns the more his efforts come to fruition. Such impulses turn out to be the most fundamental of the infantile drives that Freud finds sequestered in the human unconscious and describes as disguising themselves in half-conscious displacements, especially in dreams. Since such drives have to be radically obscured in any manifestations of the unconscious for Freud, even in dreams, it is no surprise for the psychoanalytic reader that they appear most overtly throughout Frankenstein in figures that seem their opposite, in this case the fabrication of a male body by a man that seems to avoid women and motherhood altogether while supposedly making life out of death and not vice-versa. The standard male quest, taken to a revealing extreme in Frankenstein, is to contain and distance that amorphous feminine Real by fabricating rationalized constructs and symbols that seem to contain it, or even transcend it, by way of distinctly male frames of reference such as his male "demonstration" of fabricated life through which we glimpse the deep and primordial Feminine only "through a glass darkly," preferably as though she were dead and the male constructs that repress her were alive. It is this process that is the real monstrosity, according to this important feminist view. The horror he faces there is that the mother whose birth-powers he has sought to usurp, now joined with death, is also the object of desire that he most wants and does not want simultaneously. With this kind of unconscious as its real foundation, then, "the novel is about the collision between androcentric [male-centered] and gynocentric [woman-centered] theories of creation, a collision that results in the denigration of maternal childbearing through its circumvention by male creation" Homans According to the view of "monstrosity" advanced by Julia Kristeva herself a psychotherapist as well as cultural theorist in her Powers of Horror , trans. Such primordial conditions of the self as "in-between. The thrown-off abject, the product of abjection, is thus the symbolic and disguised repository of that violence and basic otherness-of-the-self-within-itself, the means for staking out a supposed identity over against it. The monstrous "other" that uncannily seems to harbor all this ultimately exposes and conceals it by being both highly compelling and highly repugnant at the same time. The mix of supposed opposites in the creature is the mix in Victor that the young scientist, again and again, tries to deny but can only "abject" onto an other who is pointedly not him and very much him or at least the many anomalies on which he is really grounded at the same time. After all, we might say, it all began as a dream, one that occurred right at the juncture where the rising industrial world and the science connected to it were now clearly replacing, while many were still upholding older economies and the social orders that they sustained. There, while staying near and often with Lord Byron at the Villa Diodati, she agreed, as many of her readers know, to join a ghost-story writing contest between herself, P. She states that she heard Byron and Shelley, themselves rebellious descendants of a fading aristocracy, say that it was possible that the component parts of a creature might be manufactured, brought together, and endued with vital warmth" Ibid. She then goes on: Night waned upon this talk, and even the witching hour had gone by, before we retired to rest. When I placed my head upon my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose to my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I saw—with shut eyes but acute mental vision,—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. Frightful it must be; for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handywork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade; that this thing, which had received such imperfect animation, would subside into dead matter; that he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench for ever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the horrid

thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes. I opened mine in terror. On the morrow I announced that I had thought of a story. Shelley To be sure, we should not simply take this account to be absolutely true, since it is hardly immediate or objective. Given its "witching hour" and "possession" by the "imagination"â€”quite conventional literary figures by â€”it is quite clearly heightened for its new readers fifteen years after the events recalled. It is also quite selective in its memoriesâ€”and repressive in being so. While it may "throw off" what is most abject for Mary Shelley herself by , this remembered or reconstructed or constructed dream at least abjects the irresolution in Western culture around and since between hearkening back towards old Christian prohibitions about human presumption that might claim the life-giving powers of God and aspiring towards scientific advancement and early industrial technology that could allow human beings to improve their lives themselves. It even abjects the indecision of the eighteen-teens between the source of life as an infused and infusing principle outside any single body, advocated in England by Dr. Which of these is the "powerful engine" in the stretched-out "phantasm": Moreover, is the use of "engine" here a suggestion of organic vitality or of the ultimately mechanical and industrial possibly taking control of the biological, especially since woman, even here, is pointedly left out of the birth process? If I could recommend an order of reading these all-new interpretations, I would urge proceeding from my overview of the interpretive tradition here to the provocative piece by Anne Williams, author of the important *Art of Darkness* on the roots of Gothic fiction and their reappearance in Romanticism. That established, this essay goes on to reveal what is repressed behind and within this combination. Why, Williams asks us, would these symbolic strains be so interrelated, despite their apparent rejection of each other? For her, we discover, their interaction, itself long repressed, serves to both cover and articulate an even deeper abjection enacted by them both: Lest we take "parody" in too simple a sense by emphasizing only its satirical dimension, which is also there in *Frankenstein* in its jibes at solipsistic Romantic aspiration, VanWinkle grounds his discussion helpfully by showing us a fuller range of what parody can embody in writing prior to and in *Frankenstein* itself. He thereby reveals that this kind of nightmare, albeit in several different forms, is one that troubles and underlies much of Romanticism in general far more than most of us have realized. Such a figure, as Freud saw, defies traditional male-female distinctions and the patriarchal order that sustains them. It is above all this set of potentials, Rieder shows, that adaptations of *Frankenstein* have tried to occlude by effacing, while still dimly recalling, the fecal child of the original book. It is this "monstrosity," given the rise of industrialism and its post-industrial successors, that may be the most feared and resisted of all the horrors that appear in the novel and its film adaptations. Because of the questions raised here, as in *Frankenstein*, these essays are pleased to claim that we are thrown back on the most basic kinds of reflection on Western self-representation, on how "we" have come to be and remain what "we" think we are in the Anglo-European-American West. To be sure, like many readers and viewers, we can ignore these unsettling revelations and let them recede behind the words and images that have vividly articulated them since in version after version of *Frankenstein*. The collective hope of these pieces, however, is that Western minds will not continue to "throw off" these several anomalous tangles that ground and disturb our modern lives. In any case, I am deeply grateful to all the contributors here, who made special efforts within their many commitments to bring this collection about; to Jay Salisbury, my excellent Research Assistant on this and other projects at the University of Arizona; and to Orrin Wang, the brilliant General Editor of the Praxis series, who proposed the original idea while inviting this collection, as well as to the helpful staff and most able web masters at Romantic Circles. It is a delight to be able to do this kind of work with such extraordinary and dedicated collaborators.

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## 6: Hogle, "Frankenstein as Neo-Gothic"

*In celebration of the th Anniversary of the first publication of Mary Shelley's original novel, major scholars, scientists, and filmmakers will discuss the ongoing cultural issues raised by Frankenstein at its time and today, from the scientific and social revolutions that surrounded it to the issues raised by recent adaptations to the present-day debates about genetic engineering.*

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## 8: Frankenstein: Penetrating the Secrets of Nature | Arizona Health Sciences Library

*turn, under Carl Laemmle, Jr., toward neo-Gothic "creature features" in Tod Browning's Dracula and James Whale's Frankenstein, both released in , the year now regarded by most critics as marking the "invention" of "modern horror film".*

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