

What Nelly Does Not Know about *Wuthering Heights*: The History Inscribed

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I Outside the Frame

Wuthering Heights is a novel depicting a world of fervent passions. But it has a narrative structure so complex that, on first reading, many readers must find it confusing; it baffles us almost to the point of the confusion. This is plainly shown in the contemporary criticisms of the novel. Later critics such as Inga-Stina Ewbank have revealed a hidden and unexpected consistency behind the apparently chaotic world of *Wuthering Heights*, but it cannot be denied that *Wuthering Heights* still contains elements that confuse the reader. Why is the housekeeper chosen to narrate the story? Why is a traveller from town needed to draw out her narration and his *écriture*/diary needed to encircle it? The frame structure of the novel seems to have a significance too crucial to be treated as a commonplace device of Gothic romance: Gothic romances do not usually confuse the reader by setting up their frames.

What I would like to pay particular attention to here is the existence of the traveller, Lockwood. While the novel consists of his diary entries, Lockwood, who listens to Nelly's tale, is almost invisible behind her narrative, and consequently, has been considered as a mere observer/onlooker of the tale; his "experience" has rarely been given significance.⁽¹⁾ Still, it must be noted that it is Lockwood's dreams — his experience — that draw out Nelly's narrative. As is often the case with Gothic romances, dream foreshadows the future developments of the novel; but Lockwood's dreams go further than this. They appear to be foreshadowing not only the actions of the central story of Heathcliff and two Catherine's, but also many other things about the whole novel, of which the central story is a part.

For one thing, the dreams elucidate what is at stake

in Lockwood's daytime behaviour by illuminating his personality. The dreams take place on his second visit to *Wuthering Heights* and the dreams, which he dreams in the late Catherine's bedroom, all concern his fear of actuality. The three consecutive dreams make the point clearer, but the most relevant for our purposes is the third: while lying in the oak closet at *Wuthering Heights*, Lockwood hears the gusty wind and the driving of the snow. He also hears a fir-bough repeat its teasing sound rubbing against the window. This annoys him so much, that he resolves to silence it:

"I must stop it, nevertheless!" I muttered, knocking my knuckles through the glass, and stretching an arm out to seize the importunate branch: instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand!

The intense horror of nightmare came over me; I tried to draw back my arm, but the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed,

"Let me in — let me in!"

"Who are you?" I asked, struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself.

"Catherine Linton," it replied, shiveringly (why did I think of *Linton*? I had read *Earnshaw* twenty times for *Linton*). "I'm come home, I'd lost my way on the moor!"

As it spoke, I discerned, obscurely, a child's face looking through the window — 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 bed-clothes: still it wailed, "Let me in!" and maintained its tenacious gripe, almost maddening me with fear. (23)

Catherine is the unknown girl whose diary Lockwood has found and read before going to bed; he has extracted some pleasure from reading it. But in the dream, when the girl actually shows her face, it terrifies him. Her voice, face and grasp threaten him with an actuality, disturbing his equilibrium.

The dread of actual contact as expressed here is indeed a reflection of Lockwood's heavily problematic personality, which is emphasised a number of times in the novel, and which, broadly speaking, propels not only the dreams but also the whole novel. To explore the importance of this characteristic in the novel, it seems useful first to get a clearer picture of it and the way it affects Lockwood's behaviour. Lockwood himself explains his "curious turn of disposition" by recalling an episode by the sea. This is the only detail of his past mentioned at all in the diary, and the gesture articulated is symbolic:

While enjoying a month of fine weather at the sea-coast, I was thrown into the company of a most 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. (4)

What is denoted here is Lockwood's fear of the returning glance, hence, his uneasiness with the reciprocity of the world. He has been observing this "most fascinating creature" thinking her to be "a real goddess," but only so long as she takes no notice of him. When the goddess exhibits a human touch by revealing her feeling — by returning his gaze — he steals away and shrinks into himself.

I draw attention to this pitiful act of Lockwood because we might say that Lockwood repeats it at *Wuthering Heights*. When Lockwood first encounters his landlord, Heathcliff, we clearly observe his odd propensity:

A capital fellow! He little imagined how my heart warmed towards him when I beheld his black eyes withdraw so suspiciously under their brows, as I rode up, and when his fingers sheltered themselves, with a jealous resolution, still further in his waistcoat, as I announced my name. (1)

Heathcliff has the eyes that "withdraw," and Lockwood is excited about him. But on his second visit, he is suddenly alarmed by the presence of a female:

She never opened her mouth. I stared — she stared also. At any rate, she kept her eyes on me, in a cool, regardless manner, exceedingly embarrassing and disagreeable. (8)

His notorious blunders, the reader will notice, begin from here. He is no more a cool observer nor safe from the Heights' reality. Such instances abound before he is eventually forced to stay and dreams the nightmarish dreams. Early next morning he is frightened out of the place shrinking, this time, not "into himself" but into the Grange, into the narrative. After this, for the whole course of the novel, he does almost nothing other than listening to Nelly's tale — "my neighbour's history" (155).

Lockwood is so shocked at the Heights as to be "fearful . . . of serious effects from the incidents of to-day and yesterday" (33); but he asks Nelly for their history, hoping that she will "either rouse me to animation or lull me to sleep by her talk" (31). Underlying this behaviour is what Said calls the "textual attitude," that is, the "human tendency to fall back on a text when the uncertainties . . . threaten one's equanimity" (Said 93)²⁰: the tale helps to keep the overwhelming actuality of the Heights within the frame of a text. But this does not mean that Nelly's tale is

fiction/non-reality, for fiction, too, can be lived/enacted as reality. In fact, the conspicuous feature of the novel does not seem to be its establishment of the dichotomy of reality and fiction, or the framing and the framed, but its nullification, or conspiracy of the opposed; and that which annuls, or is entrapped in the conspiracy is Lockwood, and the reader who follows him. Again, the circumstances are illustrated in Lockwood's dream and its sequel. When the girl implores him to let her in, Lockwood resorts to books; but they do not seem to promise him a peaceful slumber:

"How can I?" I said at length. "Let me go, if you want me to let you in!"

The fingers relaxed, I snatched mine through the hole, hurriedly piled the books up in a pyramid against it, and stopped my ears to exclude the lamentable prayer.

I seemed to keep them closed above a quarter of an hour, yet, the instant I listened again, there was the doleful cry moaning on!

"Begone!" I shouted, "I'll never let you in, not if you beg for twenty years!"

"It's twenty years," mourned the voice, "twenty years, I've been a waif for twenty years!"

Thereat began a feeble scratching outside, and the pile of books moved as if thrust forward.

I tried to jump up, but could not stir a limb; and so yelled aloud, in a frenzy of fright.

To my confusion, I discovered the yell was not ideal. Hasty footsteps approached my chamber door. . . . (23-24)

Lockwood piles up the books and closes his ears; but the dream does not thereupon end peacefully. It continues until Lockwood yells aloud between the girl and the books, in the contention of reality and fiction. And this—his experience—is not presented as fictional: "To my confusion, I discovered the yell was not ideal." I propose in what follows to examine how the same pattern repeats itself in the frame structure of the novel: how fiction and reality merge together to produce an experience, a <reality>. The presupposition is that the experience, though largely shaped out of the fictitious

act of story-hearing, is not fictitious—as the yell is not.

If we recall the plot of *Wuthering Heights* in outline, it begins when Lockwood, the new tenant of Thrushcross Grange, visits his landlord Heathcliff at Wuthering Heights. Lockwood calls on Heathcliff again the next day because he is interested in him, but only to see the enigmatic and often malicious behaviour of the inmates of the Heights—Heathcliff, Cathy⁹ and Hareton—towards each other. A snowstorm detains Lockwood at the Heights, and the dreariness of the place is strengthened by his nightmarish dreams. He takes flight to the Grange early next morning; but the dread does not leave him easily, so that in the evening, unable to sleep, Lockwood asks Nelly for his neighbour's history. This history is then told intermittently for the next five weeks at Lockwood's sickbed—from Heathcliff's first appearance at the Heights, to his violent love with Catherine, to his long ferocious vengeance after her death. Lockwood understands that Heathcliff's twenty-year revenge is now nearly completed, and that the gruesome state of the Heights which he has witnessed is the fruit of the vengeance: Heathcliff has unsparingly debased Hareton, Catherine's nephew, and sufficiently degraded Cathy, Catherine's daughter, as to hold Hareton in contempt. When he has heard "all my neighbour's history" (155), he decides to leave the region. He pays the Heights a last visit and sees Cathy's lamentable deeds towards Hareton, which only confirm the tale. After half a year, however, Lockwood revisits the Heights, and learns of Heathcliff's death and the youths' engagement. Nelly then tells him "the sequel of Heathcliff's history" (309-10). At the end, Lockwood goes to the kirk and lingers around the graves of the dead.

The novel does not end with a yell, but with silence. The story, however, roughly follows the dream when Lockwood, who has been stopping his ears after he heard "all," comes to know at his revisit that there was not the end; *Wuthering Heights* seems to prove that there is an experience, which may be different to the yell in quality, but perhaps matches it in degree. But what sort of experience is produced there penetrating the frame? And how is that relevant to our reading experience of the novel? Pursuing these questions, we

will see how the complex narrative structure functions in the novel. To explore Lockwood's experience, I should like first to look into the history of Heathcliff — "the sequel" in particular. Since Lockwood hears the history in the contention of reality and the tale, "the sequel," which is to be recounted after "all" has been told — after all has been settled — must be of a crucial importance. Before we go on to investigate the listening subject, Lockwood, we had better examine the twofold structure of Nelly's narrative. *Wuthering Heights* does not end when "all" is told.

II The Sequel of Heathcliff's History

Seven months after the tale is completed, a chance revisit is paid to the Heights. The report of the day is then added to the end of the novel. Heathcliff is already dead, and Lockwood listens to "the sequel of Heathcliff's history"; "the sequel" takes up less than 30 pages, whereas "the history" occupies as much as 260. What differentiates the two, however, is an imbalance in quality rather than in quantity. As Beth Newman has rightly pointed out, Nelly's narrative relating the period of his absence does seem to lack the power that "Heathcliff's history" certainly possesses (1036).

Newman, however, goes too far in attributing this lack of power to the inability of the author. Instead of criticising Brontë, one might as well consider the problem to be that of the narrator. For certainly, the apparent fragility of the tale arises from the interpolation of Heathcliff's language into the tale, which reminds us of Catherine's piercing voice that finally thrust the books forwards. With a warning — "But you'll not talk of what I tell you" — Heathcliff starts to confess — "my mind is so eternally secluded in itself, it is tempting, at last, to turn it out to another" (323). "My confessions have not relieved me — but, they may account for some otherwise unaccountable phases of humour which I show" (325). Yet his confessions confuse Nelly's narrative precisely for that reason.

At the beginning of "the sequel of Heathcliff's history," Nelly recounts the reconciliation of Hareton and Cathy. She then moves on to tell how Heathcliff

started his confession abruptly, on seeing the happy sight of the two together. Although Nelly has seen nothing in his look or manner that suggests it, Heathcliff claims that his desire for vengeance has already vanished, and refers to a "change": "Nelly, there is a strange change approaching — I'm in its shadow at present — I take so little interest in my daily life, that I hardly remember to eat and drink" (323). He then explains the change in the following terms:

I have a single wish, and my whole being and faculties are yearning to attain it. They have yearned towards it so long, and so unwaveringly, that I'm convinced it *will* be reached — and *soon* — because it has devoured my existence — I am swallowed in the anticipation of its fulfilment.
(325)

Seven months before, Nelly told a "history." She has indeed related that long history of Heathcliff taking up the space of nearly all of *Wuthering Heights*. But Heathcliff's confessions, so expressed, disturb not merely "the sequel of Heathcliff's history" but the already completed history of Heathcliff by revealing his inner feelings. Heathcliff's history has been firmly drawn out as that of vengeance, prompted by a yearning for his lost love. It has therefore seemed apparently meaningless. But against such a perspective, Heathcliff claims that it is a history of anguish and endeavor to attain a secret "wish." The "sequel" thus disturbs "Heathcliff's history" instead of concluding it. This is uncannily emphasized by Nelly's affirmation:

Though he seldom before had revealed this state of mind, even by looks, it was his habitual mood, I had no doubt: he asserted it himself — but not a soul, from his general bearing, would have conjectured the fact. You did not, when you saw him, Mr. Lockwood — and at the period of which I speak, he was just the same as then, only fonder of continued solitude, and perhaps still more laconic in company. (325)

Nelly spins her narrative by revealing her own

unreliability, almost unravelling the history she has told.

It is, then, the “end” of Heathcliff that calls for attention, since it is where Heathcliff’s words stand most distinctively in Nelly’s narrative and the narrative reaches its ambiguous ending. When Heathcliff speaks of a “change,” Nelly asks:

“But what do you mean by a *change*, Mr. Heathcliff?” I said, alarmed at his manner, though he was neither in danger of losing his senses, nor dying. . . .

“I shall not know that, till it comes,” he said, “I’m only half conscious of it now.”

“You have no feeling of illness, have you?” I asked.

“No, Nelly, I have not,” he answered.

“Then, you are not afraid of death?” I pursued.

“Afraid! No!” he replied. “I have neither a fear, nor a presentiment, nor a hope of death — Why should I? With my hard constitution, and temperate mode of living, and unperilous occupations, I ought to and probably *shall* remain above ground, till there is scarcely a black hair on my head — And yet I cannot continue in this condition! — I have to remind myself to breathe — almost to remind my heart to beat! (324–25)

Heathcliff asserts that he is nearing a “change,” but does not acknowledge it to be death. It is, for him, truly a “change.” He seems to believe it a regeneration rather than the extinction of his being—the beginning of a new mode of existence. And the place of change, which he calls “*my heaven*” (334), seems to be where Catherine is. He comes to see her as he loses interest in everything around him. Nelly describes this as him pursuing “something” with “anguished, yet raptured expression” (331), but she only hears him call her name; she sees nothing of Catherine herself.

Yet, in the end, Heathcliff dies. He dies alone at night and Nelly reports on his corpse thus:

I could not think him dead — but his face and throat were washed with rain; the bed-clothes dripped, and he was perfectly still. . . . and when I

put my fingers to it [his hand], 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 any one else beheld it. They would not shut — they seemed to sneer at my attempts, and his parted lips and sharp, white teeth sneered too! (335)

Nelly calls this “a ‘queer’ end” (310) for Heathcliff. But is it really an “end” as she puts it? Nelly finishes the sequel by narrating the end of Heathcliff though he himself seems to deny it. As if to affirm that he has finally gained Catherine in his eyes, at the moment of his death, his eyes are kept wide open resisting Nelly’s endeavor. After his death, then, Nelly continues, the country folks “swear on their Bible that he *walks*” (336).

Having argued thus far for the ambiguity of Nelly’s narrative and its twofold structure, we can now replace our primary question — what is the experience of Lockwood? — with a more specific one, that is: how does Lockwood take the “queer end”? Does he understand the “end” as such or does he see anything other than “a queer end” there in the tale? Let us now leave Nelly’s tale and go back to the frame story to re-examine Lockwood’s act of listening to the tale.

III A Change

If we are to locate Lockwood’s act of listening in the light of experience, the first thing to be noticed is his deviation from the role of a conventional reporter: for one thing, he is an observer of Heathcliff’s history as well as its listener; for another, he performs the unexpected deed of revisiting the Heights after “all” is told. But if we compare him with the typical reporter — the script discoverer of Gothic romance — we realize that all these irregularities originate from one and the same thing: his happening to visit the Heights when Heathcliff is still alive. Of what significance, then, is Lockwood’s precipitate residence at the Grange? And how important is it that Heathcliff’s history, which

could have been duly told at once, is divided into two with "all" the history told long before he hears the "queer" end of Heathcliff? This is our final question. What is concerned here is the concrete effect of the textualizing function of the tale, which we have mentioned already.

The first of the following citations well illustrates Lockwood's early sentiment towards the Heights. It is what he says on his second visit — before he hears Nelly's tale — on seeing the repugnant behaviour of the Heights' inmates. In the second, we see his later feelings expressed directly after he has heard the tale. Note that there is only the story-hearing between the two. The first phase of the effect is seen here:

I thought, if I had caused the cloud, it was my duty to make an effort to dispel it. They could not every day sit so grim and taciturn, and it was impossible, however ill-tempered they might be, that the universal scowl they wore was their every day countenance. (11)

Thus ended Mrs. Dean's story. Notwithstanding the doctor's prophecy, I am rapidly recovering strength, and, though it be only the second week in January, I propose getting out on horseback, in a day or two, and riding over to Wuthering Heights, to inform my landlord that I shall spend the next six months in London; and, if he likes, he may look out for another tenant to take the place, after October — I would not pass another winter here, for much. (298)

What he first thought impossible, Lockwood now takes as a matter of course: the tale has made him understand that the dismal sight he saw is the order of the day at the Heights. The subsequent visit will serve to confirm it. For, just as in the tale, Cathy abuses Hareton's ignorance and Lockwood witnesses the scene, "remembering Mrs. Dean's anecdote" (301). Cathy's abrupt manner is no longer considered "dreary fun" (14); instead, he leaves the Heights thinking — "How dreary life gets over in that house!" (304).

The effect of "the history of Heathcliff," however,

is not merely this. Let us look at the following passage to see to what extent the tale affects Lockwood. This is what awaits him on revisiting the Heights:

"Con-*trary!*" said a voice, as sweet as a silver bell — "That for the third time, you dunce! I'm not going to tell you, again — Recollect, or I pull your hair!"

"Contrary, then," answered another, in deep but softened tones. "And now, kiss me, for minding so well."

"No, read it over first correctly, without a single mistake."

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. (307)

Sweet fragrance wafts on the air and the young couple are cuddling together blissfully by the window. Yet, Wuthering Heights engulfed in happiness has, we must understand, nothing extraordinary in itself. But Lockwood does not observe it so. Having heard Nelly's tale, Lockwood is astonished at the sight, for he sees a rupture, a <change> in the Heights between before and after his absence. As Jameson argues, "history . . . can be approached only by way of prior (re)textualization" (82). Text creates reality, and Lockwood sees a <change> on this earth. This is the ultimate effect of the textualizing function of the tale.

IV A "Queer" End

Heathcliff dies in Lockwood's absence and the period is represented to him by a change. And when he understands the change through the reconciliation of the antagonistic youths, he will come to understand "the sequel" in a manner that Nelly could not imagine. For Nelly, the reconciliation of the youths has nothing to do with Heathcliff's death; and the event, every single

process of which she has witnessed herself, might not be even conceived by her as a change. She obviously does not believe in the union that Heathcliff insists on, when she affirms that his death was the consequence of "his strange illness" (336). But this might not be the case with Lockwood.

It is certainly a change that is happening to him that Heathcliff mentions. But when the likeness of Hareton to Heathcliff and that of Cathy to Catherine are tenaciously emphasized in "the sequel of Heathcliff's history," could not the "strange change," which Heathcliff believed was soon approaching, strangely overlap the change that Lockwood witnesses after his death, on this earth? The parallelism between the two Catherines has been evident in their names as well as their mother-child relationship; that of Heathcliff and Hareton has been also inferred and even dramatized in the vengeance of Heathcliff — Heathcliff finds joy in degrading Hareton just as he was degraded by Hindley, Hareton's father. But in "the sequel of Heathcliff's history," it is shown that the parallelism is madly engraved in the mind of Heathcliff, who nears his end in what he calls the shadow of a change. Heathcliff starts his confessions immediately after he sees blissful sight of the young couple. Now reconciled, they are sitting side by side, one teaching and the other being taught, with a book in front of them. Heathcliff says —

"Five minutes ago, Hareton seemed a personification of my youth, not a human being.

...

"Well, Hareton's aspect was the ghost of my immortal love, of my wild endeavours to hold my right, my degradation, my pride, my happiness, and my anguish — (323-24)

This Hareton is reconciled with Cathy. And Heathcliff's decline proceeds rapidly after these confessions. Here then, it may be imagined that Heathcliff's words, claiming a change — certainly an unbelievable one — acquire a strange authenticity in Lockwood: Heathcliff's voice reaches Lockwood through — and only through — the tale; Lockwood may have seen the <change>.

It is important to remember that it is only for Lockwood that the union of Hareton and Cathy is folded onto that of Heathcliff and Catherine. Since, but for the synchronism of the two changes that spreads out before Lockwood (but not before Nelly), we cannot say with Ford that "the 'union between these two' symbolises also the final union of Cath[erine] and Heathcliff"; "The close sympathy between the two themes" (388) does not emerge so clearly. Even though, we assume, the parallelism of the two generations is engraved in the history of the Heights, for the eyewitness Nelly the whole history of the Heights, which began chronologically with the inscription of "Hareton Earnshaw" of "1500" (2) and ends with Hareton's reinstatement, must be felt to be cyclic at best. Joseph certainly thinks so, when he "return[s] thanks that the lawful master and the ancient stock were restored to their rights" (335). While it is only temporally diagrammatic to Nelly, the history must be felt atemporally or be spatially diagrammatic to Lockwood. The result is that Lockwood is thrown into the ambiguity of the tale.

These circumstances are perceptively foreshadowed in his first dream. Before bed, Lockwood places his candle on the window ledge and finds the writing scratched on the paint: "This writing, however, was nothing but a name repeated in all kinds of characters, large and small — *Catherine Earnshaw*, here and there varied to *Catherine Heathcliff*, and then again to *Catherine Linton*" (17). Here Lockwood grasps those differing names yet simultaneously and continues spelling them over till his eyes close; so that "a glare of white letters started from the dark, as vivid as spectres — the air swarmed with Catherines; and rousing myself to dispel the obtrusive name, I discovered my candle wick reclining on one of the antique volumes, and perfuming the place with an odour of roasted calf-skin" (17-18). Lockwood then finds Catherine's scribbles written on the margin of the books and reads them, regardless of their chronological order. As Gleckner points out, the narrative structure is meant to convey "a kind of all-pervading present, of which the past and future are integral parts, rather than an orderly progression in chronological time of separated,

discontinuous events" (330). The permeation of the past and the present in Lockwood, or to put it the other way round, the atemporality of Lockwood, is best illuminated in his final gaze towards the dead, when Lockwood "sought, and soon discovered, the three head-stones on the slope next the moor—the middle one grey, and half buried in heath—Edgar Linton's only harmonized by the turf, and moss creeping up its foot—Heathcliff's still bare" (337–38).

Since we are concerned with Lockwood's ontological relevance in the novel, there is no further need to pursue Lockwood's experience. We have seen enough to know the significance of the novel's deployment of its double narrators and its use of Lockwood's *écriture* as the final narrating voice. Owing to the change that we observe at the Heights, Heathcliff's words, which could have been treated as a mere piece of fantasy, are given preference; the consequence is that "the sequel of Heathcliff's history" becomes at once reliable and unreliable, demanding both the belief and disbelief of the reader, at once. We may note the sense of duality, the irresolution that charges the last sentence of the novel:

I lingered round them, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath, and hare-bells; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth. (338)

Commenting on the ambiguity of the sentence, Klingopulos argues: "one reads the last sentence uncertain which word, if any, to stress" (271); "It is probably an evasion to read the sentence in a monotone" (272). While it is, possibly, true to say that the ambiguity is embedded in the sentence, that it reflects Lockwood's ambivalence towards his own commentary, it is equally true that it is the reader's ambivalence towards Nelly's narrative that causes our hesitation in interpreting the passage. The suspension between possibilities must be produced in the reader, too, who follows Lockwood through the frame structure of the novel.

De Man argues that rhetoric entraps the reader into the unreadability of text (245). *Wuthering Heights* entraps the reader using its frame structure, leaving the reader in the cleft of the text, in search of *the* text; in his/her own experience of reading the text. Pointing out the existence of the history that is to be written, or inscribing in the frame a history that can never be written, *Wuthering Heights* thus shows the limits of a narrator, developing the potentialities of a narrative.

Notes

- (1) An interesting comparison is made by Brick, who sets Lockwood against Coleridge's Wedding Guest. But he does not see any ontological significance in Lockwood's existence, and therefore, has nothing to say about the novel's frame structure.
- (2) Armstrong associates Lockwood's textualizing gaze — prompted by "the pornographic thrill of *just* looking" (436)— with the nineteenth century invention of photography, and sees the novel as part of the process of internal colonization. Newman, on the other hand, is concerned with the issue from a different perspective. She considers the correlation of gazing and narrating in detail and discusses that to gaze is to narrativize, both acts reducing the world to an object to be seen/a text to be read. She develops her argument chiefly in relation to gender, which is certainly relevant to Lockwood's gazing, as his casual reference to *Twelfth Night* — "I 'never told my love" — ironically yet innocently reveals. Both approaches, however, differ from mine in that they do not see the dynamics, i.e., the power struggle between the textualized and the "real" Heights as playing a central role in the novel.
- (3) Hereafter I refer to Catherine Earnshaw (the first Catherine) as Catherine and her daughter as Cathy.

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