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Getting Started with Frances Burney

MICHAEL WHEELER

When it comes to the novel, much of the talk is of endings. We discuss whether an ending is strong or weak. Taking our cue from Frank Kermode, we think about our 'sense of an ending'—our 'reading for the end', in parallel with both our (unconscious) knowledge of our own ending, our own mortality, and with an inherited sense of an ending to the creation in an anticipated last judgment.[1] But what about beginnings?

Beginnings have been theorized too, by Edward Said, whose interest is in the beginnings of the creative process, in intention and in originality, particularly in Modernist fiction.[2] My interest is rather in how novels actually get started—in the mechanics of drawing the reader into a new narrative and making him or her want to keep reading. Paratexts—forewords, prefaces, dedications, afterwords, epilogues, and so on, which come before or after the main narrative—are fascinating in themselves, as are title-pages. Today, however, I want to focus on the first page or so of the main texts of Frances Burney's novels, having first offered some more general observations on the openings of novels and particularly those of Burney's day.

Consider some of the most striking openings in the English novel tradition. 'It was a dark and stormy night' (Lytton, *Paul Clifford*, 1830). In a year of European revolution and political turbulence in Britain, where the issue of 'Reform' divided the nation, Lytton plays with the Gothic at the gateway to a novel which is in fact to take penal reform as its main theme. 'It was the best of times, it was the worst of times ... ' (Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*, 1859). In another world—after the coming of the railways, after the Crimea (Victorian England's Vietnam), over twenty years into the 'Victorian Age' and in the year of Darwin's *Origin of Species*—Dickens flings at the reader the first of a

series of paradoxes associated with the storm of revolution, establishing from the start that interest in extremes and in opposites that is to bind the novel together. 'It is a truth universally acknowledged ... ' (Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, 1813). Lytton and Dickens place their narratives firmly in the past, in the traditional manner of the tale, their plots remodelling or reshaping 'story'—the history-like events that happened 'back then' in the linear sequence of an imagined past. Austen's beginning is written in the present of wisdom literature and of the moral treatise, and here we might reflect upon the transhistorical nature of her work, which travels well across the centuries and across different cultures, albeit with that twist of irony which is so characteristically English. The tone is Johnsonian, yet the content of the rest of the sentence destabilises any sense of security in universal truths which might have been briefly established: '... that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife'. 'Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed' (Joyce, *Ulysses*, 1922). Much more overtly than Austen, Joyce is at play—in his case at play with the mock epic, in the archaic word order of a traditional narrative, in that clash between 'stately' and 'plump' which introduces the parody of the mass, and in the chiming of 'plump' with 'Buck', of 'stately' with 'stairhead', and of 'bearing' with 'bowl'.

These are novel openings. The ambiguity of that phrase—novel openings—reminds us that it is the job of the novelist to serve up something *new*, while drawing upon old conventions associated with the particular form of prose fiction—conventions that make the new work possible. For the business of writing is shaped and energised by what we now know as 'intertextuality'—by the relationship between the new text and literary tradition. I suggest that we read beginnings more slowly than the middles and endings of novels, as we tune in to the 'voice' of the text—authorial and omniscient in the third person, or perhaps the more accented voice of a character, perforce limited in perspective and presented in the first person; to a new imagined world—perhaps a fictional 'brave new world'—that is gradually revealed; to the characters who people that world; and to the kind of novel with which we are coming to grips. In other words, the beginning teaches us how to read a novel.

Consider three classic openings from novels published during that fertile period in the history of English fiction, the mid-eighteenth century. Here is the first

LETTER 1-MISS ANNA HOWE TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE JAN. 10.

> I am extremely concerned, my dearest friend, for the disturbances that have happened in your family. I know how it must hurt you to become the subject of the public talk; and yet upon an occasion so generally known, it is impossible but that whatever relates to a young lady, whose distinguished merits have made her the public care, should engage everybody's attention. I long to have the particulars from yourself; and of the usage I am told you receive upon an accident you could not help; and in which, as far as I can learn, the sufferer was the aggressor.

The title of Richardson's *The History of Clarissa Harlowe* (1747-48) announces the narrative's pastness, while its epistolary method keeps the narrative firmly rooted in an imagined present. Its opening throws the reader *in media res*, rapidly establishing a sense of relationship between the fictional letter writer and the fictional letter reader, a sense of anxiety and tension caused by a pressing problem ('I am extremely concerned') and by a desire for information which might repair the emotional hurt associated with the uncertainty associated with partial knowledge ('I long to have the particulars'). A large set of relationships is to be established in the novel through a series of letters between correspondents and recipients whose interrelationships are viewed through the lens of other interchanges and third-party information in other letters. But in each case the message is distorted through the lens of personality of the individual correspondent.

Here is the second opening:

BOOK 1: CONTAINING AS MUCH OF THE BIRTH OF THE FOUNDLING AS IS NECESSARY OR PROPER TO ACQUAINT THE READER WITH IN THE BEGINNING OF THIS HISTORY

CHAPTER 1: THE INTRODUCTION TO THE WORK, OR BILL OF FARE TO THE FEAST

> An author ought to consider himself, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money.

What one might call Fielding's paratext within the text in *Tom Jones* (1749) could hardly be more different, focusing as it does upon the author and authority, and defining the educated reader through that excluding word 'eleemosynary' (of alms-giving), in preparation for a

narrative in which a masterful masculine authorial voice reflects upon the omniscience of the epic writer turned novelist and upon the moral duties of author, character and readers in a naughty world.

And now, as they say in *Monty Python*, for something completely different:

> I wish either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me; had they duly considered how much depended upon what they were then doing;—that not only the production of a rational Being was concerned in it, but that possibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very cast of his mind;—and for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole house might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which were then uppermost: ------- Had they duly weighed and considered all this, and proceeded accordingly, ------- I am verily persuaded I should have made quite a different figure in the world, from that, in which the reader is likely to see me.—

As in *Clarissa*, the first word is 'I'. In this case, though, the 'I' is the hero himself—an elusive, jester-like figure. Tristram takes a third of the novel to be born. The reader only glimpses him in a self-description late in the book, which the Russian formalist, Victor Shklovsky described as the 'most typical novel in world literature', because it is about itself.[3] Sterne plays with the parallel between the difficult (metaphorical) birth of Tristram's narrative and Tristram's literal difficult birth going on upstairs. This is perhaps the playfulness of a male writer—an outsider to the experience of giving birth (although Sterne and his wife suffered the pain of losing a child). Indeed, you will have noticed that so far, with the exception of Jane Austen, the novelists and critics cited have been male. The structures that I have been describing can be related to the venerable patriarchal structures of western thought and religion. Feminist approaches to the philosophy of religion are profoundly revisionary, displacing a preoccupation with violence, sacrifice and death with models that begin with birth, with 'natality'—our shared condition of being human beings, born of a woman—and of creation, nurturing and human flourishing.[4] Could it be, then, that beginnings are of even greater significance in women's fiction than in novels by male authors?

As a way of addressing that question and in further preparing for a consideration of Frances Burney, let me briefly consider the

openings of some of the Novels On-Line which are now posted on the Chawton House Library website (www.chawton.org). Before the reader gets to the beginning of any novel, he or she encounters its title, often the most important signpost to the narrative journey ahead; and sub-titles can be as instructive as titles. Take, for example, Elizabeth and Jane Purbeck's *Honoria Sommerville: A Novel* (1789) or Rachel Hunter's *The Unexpected Legacy: A Novel* (1804). The sub-title—surely the commonest in the history of English fiction—indicates that these are to be narratives which work with material ostensibly within the horizon of our experience and expectations: they are broadly 'realist'. A similar message is encoded in the sub-title of Anna Maria Bennett's *Agnes de-Courci: A Domestic Tale* (1789). Although the boundaries are difficult to define and there are exceptions to the rule, we can say that a 'romance' is a narrative which, unlike the 'novel', takes as its subject people, places and events that are beyond the horizon of our experience and expectations, and which explore the strange, the romantic, the 'other'. Historical romance was particularly popular in the age of the Gothic(k) and of 'medievalism' in English culture, as in Anna Maria Mackenzie's *Monmouth: A Tale, Founded on Historic Facts* (1790), which begins like this: 'In one of those wild and almost desolate islands, called the HEBRIDES, ... stood the remains of a castle'. The castle—from Walpole to Radcliffe a masculine stronghold, usually threatening to the heroine—is 'sinking into irremedial ruin' and presents 'a scene perfectly wild and romantic in itself'.

Scene-setting is all-important here, as it is in the flowery opening of an anonymous novel of 1770 entitled *The Inhuman Stepmother; or, The History of Miss Harriot Montague*, where the narrative veers disconcertingly between tenses: 'In that delightful season of the year, when nature throws forth all her hoard of charms, and puts to shame the weak efforts of art; when the groves were adorned with verdure, the meads and gardens enamelled with flowers, when the little warbling choristers of the woods begin to make their nests in the thickest branches of the shady bowers.' End of sentence; no main verb; we are in trouble here! Contrast the down-to-earth directness of the epistolary opening in *Agnes de-Courci*, where General Moncrass begins his letter to Major Melrose with the words: 'In the present situation of my affairs, it is equally impossible for me to combat your argument s, or do away the doubts of my prudence ... .' Unlike our previous example, the tension which any narrative needs to get started is established

immediately. And that tension begs for resolution, giving the author the power to fulfil the reader's desire for completion, or to deny it.

A review of these Novels On-Line reveals that there are some motifs which recur frequently 'in the beginning'. I have touched upon the first already: a problem is raised, usually through some kind of disturbance, which might even be meteorological ('It was a dark and stormy night'). Secondly, family relations are brought to the forefront of our attention, perhaps through a birth or, more often, some kind of rebirth: classically, an orphan makes the transition from dependence upon parents to dependence upon guardians, as in *Simple Facts; or, The History of an Orphan* (1793) by Mrs Mathews. To put it another way, 'natality' is presented as a major theme at the birth of the narrative. And thirdly, a journey is referred to or described, even as the reader embarks upon his or her journey through the text, travelling a road with the central character which mimics or contrasts with his or her own route through the journey of life. All these ingredients come together at the beginning of *Honoria Sommerville*: 'As Mr. and Mrs. Fortesque were travelling from the North of Ireland to their own estate near Dublin, a violent storm of thunder and lighting frighten'd the Lady so much, she was unable to proceed; and not being near any town or capital village, they were obliged to stop at a miserable cottage 'till the tempest abated.' The couple discover an overturned post-chaise containing the body of a woman whose infant is still alive and is to passed off as their own niece. We're off! Significantly, at the very point of departure for the reader, a journey can be delayed or cancelled, or sometimes regretted, as at the beginning of *Rachel: A Tale* (1817), attributed to Jane Taylor: '"I wish I had not promised to go!" exclaimed our hero, throwing aside a letter he had received by that morning's post ....'

Turn to the opening pages of Jane Austen's six completed novels and you find a high degree of continuity in terms of content, if not of quality. The word 'family'—that central subject of both her life and work—occurs on five of those opening pages and is the subject of the sixth, *Persuasion* (1817). A sense of security briefly established in the opening sentences is in each case unsettled by a quiet narrative turn, often signalled by the word 'but'. In *Mansfield Park* (1814), for example, we find: 'But there certainly are not so many men of large fortune in the world, as there are pretty women to deserve them.'

Furthermore, some kind of displacement is about to occur, often signalled by an impending journey, most obviously in *Sense and Sensibility* (1811) and *Northanger Abbey* (1817). In each case an engaging authorial voice describes a world which the middle- or upper-class English reader of the day would have recognised as their own or as something to which they might aspire—Emma Woodhouse is, you remember, 'handsome, clever, and rich'.

Getting started with Frances Burney—I turn to my subject at last, invoking Tristram Shandy's defence of digressions—we find quite the opposite to Jane Austen: variety of voice, variety of method, variety of setting. Yet her ingredients are those that I have identified earlier.

First, the opening of *Evelina; or, The History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World* (1778)—truly a birthing or rebirthing sub-title:

> LETTER 1: LADY HOWARD TO THE REV. MR. VILLARS
>
> Howard Grove, Kent
>
> Can any thing , my good Sir, be more painful to a friendly mind, than a necessity of communicating disagreeable intelligence? Indeed, it is sometimes difficult to determine, whether the relator or the receiver of evil tidings is most to be pitied.
>
> I have just had a letter from Madame Duval; she is totally at a loss in what manner to behave; she seems desirous to repair the wrongs she has done, yet wishes the world to believe her blameless. She would fain cast upon another the odium of those misfortunes for which she alone is answerable. Her letter is violent, sometimes abusive, and that of *you!— you,* to whom she is under obligations which are greater even than her faults, but to whose advice she wickedly imputes all the sufferings of her much-injured daughter, the late Lady Belmont. The chief purport of her writing I will acquaint you with; the letter itself is not worthy your notice.
>
> She tells me that she has, for many years past, been in continual expectation of making a journey to England, which prevented her writing for information concerning this melancholy subject, by giving her hopes of making personal enquiries; but family occurrences have still detained her in France, which country she now sees no prospect of quitting. She has, therefore, lately used her utmost endeavours to obtain a faithful account of whatever related to her *ill-advised* daughter; the result of which giving her *some reason* to apprehend that, upon her death–bed, she bequeathed an infant orphan to the

> world, she most graciously says, that if *you*, with whom *she understands* the child is placed, will procure authentic proofs of its relationship to her, you may send it to Paris, where she will properly provide for it.

A problem is adumbrated in the very first sentence of this epistolary novel ('disagreeable intelligence'), while the reference to Madame Duval's desire to 'repair' the wrongs that she has done hints at future resolutions. As Madame Duval's 'expectation of making a journey to England' has not been fulfilled, she now desires narrative resolution in the matter of her bequeathing 'an infant orphan to the world'—an infant described as 'it' (as with Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights* (1847)) and whose name and true identity are later to be restored to her (unlike Heathcliff).

In contrast to *Evelina*, *Cecilia; or, Memoirs of an Heiress* (1782) immediately exploits the power of the 'ominiscient' third-person narrator to enter the consciousness of a character:

> BOOK 1 – CHAPTER 1
>
> "Peace be to the spirits of my honoured parents, respected be their remains, and immortalized their virtues! may time, while it moulders their frail relicks to the dust, commit to tradition the record of their goodness; and Oh may their orphan-descendant be influenced through life by the remembrance of their purity, and be solaced in death, that by her it was unsullied!"
>
> Such was the secret prayer with which the only survivor of the Beverley family quitted the abode of her youth and residence of her forefathers; while tears of recollecting sorrow filled her eyes, and obstructed the last view of her native town which had excited them.
>
> Cecilia, this fair traveller, had lately entered into the one-and twentieth year of her age. Her ancestors had been rich farmers in the country of Suffolk, though her father, in whom a spirit of elegance had supplanted the rapacity of wealth, had spent his time as a private country gentleman, satisfied, without increasing his store, to live on what he had inherited from the labours of his predecessors. She had lost him in her early youth, and her mother had not long survived him. They had bequeathed to her 10,000l. and consigned her to the care of the Dean of ------, her uncle. With this gentleman, in whom, by various contingencies, the accumulated possessions of a rising and prosperous family were centred, she had passed the last four years of her life; and a few weeks only had yet elapsed since his death, which, by depriving her of her last relation,

> made her heiress to an estate of 3000l. per annum; with no other restriction than that of annexing her name, if she married, to the disposal of her hand and her riches.
>
> But though thus largely indebted to fortune, to nature she had yet greater obligations: her form was elegant, her heart was liberal; her countenance announced the intelligence of her mind, her complexion varied with every emotion of her soul, and her eyes, the heralds of her speech, now beamed with understanding and now glistened with sensibility.
>
> For the short period of her minority, the management of her fortune and the care of her person, had by the Dean been entrusted to three guardians, among whom her own choice was to settle her residence: but her mind, saddened by the loss of all her natural friends, coveted to regain its serenity in the quietness of the country, and in the bosom of an aged and maternal counsellor, whom she loved as her mother, and to whom she had been known from her childhood.

Cecilia, another orphan, is the 'fair traveller' on the 'journey' announced in the chapter title, whose difficult transition into adult independence is again presided over by guardians, and whose name is again central to the plotting. 'Annexing her name, if she married, to the disposal of her hand and her riches' is explicitly linked to her main problem—contradictions between her 'three guardians'—and to her own longing for the repair of a loss through a surrogate mother figure who can nurture her in a shared 'natality': 'her mind, saddened by the loss of her natural friends, coveted to regain its serenity in the quietness of the country, and in the bosom of an aged and maternal counsellor, whom she loved as a mother, and to whom she had been know from her childhood'.

The opening of *Cecilia* offers documentary detail concerning the 'fortune' on which the plot is going to turn and also establishes the opposition of 'fortune' and 'nature' which provides the novels conceptual framework. Whereas 'fortune' is a pagan word, 'nature' has specifically Christian resonances in the late eighteenth century, being regarded as the handiwork of the Creator and indeed a proof of His existence. Cecilia has all the attributes required of a heroine, but lacks experience of the world (and the flesh and the devil). As in an infant, there is in such a heroine on the brink of her birthing into adulthood a powerful sense of potentiality—the spring of the narrative.

Camilla; or, A Picture of Youth (1796), in four 'Udolphoish volumes' to which 'Miss J. Austen, Steventon' subscribed, begins with some important paratext:

BOOK 1.

The historian of human life finds less of difficulty and of intricacy to develop, in its accidents and adventures, than the investigator of the human heart in its feelings and changes. In vain may Fortune wave her many-coloured banner, alternately regaling and dismaying, with hues that seem glowing with all the creation's felicities, or with tints that appear stained with ingredients of unmixt horrors: her most rapid vicissitudes, her most unassimilating eccentricities, are mocked, laughed at, and distanced by the wilder wonders of the Heart of man; that amazing assemblage of all possible contrarieties, in which one thing alone is steady—the perverseness of spirit which grafts desire on what is denied. Its qualities are indefinable, its resources unfathomable, its weaknesses indefensible. In our neighbours we cannot judge, in ourselves we dare not trust it. We lose ere we learn to appreciate, and ere we can comprehend it we must be born again. Its capacity o'er-leaps all limit, while its futility includes every absurdity. It lives its own surprise—it ceases to beat—and the void is inscrutible! In one grand and general view, who can display such a portrait? Fairly, however faintly, to delineate some of its features, is the sole and discriminate province of the pen which would trace nature, yet blot out personality.

This authorial apologia takes up the themes introduced at the beginning of *Cecilia*—'the human heart' and 'Fortune'—before introducing a new theme: 'the perverseness of spirit which grafts desire on that which is denied'. The emphasis upon 'indefinable' qualities, 'contrarities' and the 'wilder wonders of the Heart of man' places the novel in the age of Coleridge and Romanticism, while the words 'we must be born again' evokes that other great movement of the day, Evangelicalism.

Then comes the narrative proper:

CHAPTER 1: A FAMILY SCENE.

Repose is not more welcome to the worn and the aged, to the sick and to the unhappy, than danger, difficulty, and toil to the young and adventurous. Danger they encounter but as the fore-runner of success; difficulty, as the spur of ingenuity; and toil, as the herald of honour. The experience which teaches the lesson of truth, and the blessings of tranquillity, comes not in the shape of warning nor of wisdom; from such they turn aside, defying or disbelieving. 'Tis in the bitterness of personal proof alone, in suffering and in feeling, in erring and in

repenting, that experience comes home with conviction, or impresses to any use.

In the bosom of her respectable family resided Camilla. Nature, with a bounty the most profuse, had been lavish to her of attractions; Fortune, with a moderation yet kinder, had placed her between luxury and indigence. Her abode was in the parsonage-house of Etherington, beautifully situated in the unequal county of Hampshire, and in the vicinity of the varied landscapes of the New Forest. Her father, the rector, was the younger son of the house of Tyrold. The living, though not considerable, enabled its incumbent to attain every rational object of his modest and circumscribed wishes; to bestow upon a deserving wife whatever her own forbearance declined not; and to educate a lovely race of one son and three daughters, with that expansive propriety, which unites improvement for the future with present enjoyment.

Here is 'A Family Scene' indeed, and one of apparent security, as the word order of the first sentence in the second paragraph suggests: 'In the bosom of her respectable family resided Camilla'. How different would be the effect had 'Camilla' been placed first in the sentence. As it is, she need not act, need not move, need not seek love ... for now. Fortune and nature are again the shaping forces in the life of the heroine, but are now presented in the reverse order.

And so to the great puzzle of the Burney canon, *The Wanderer; or, Female Difficulties* (1814), published in the year of *Waverley* and of *Emma*, and announcing the theme of problems to be resolved in its very sub-title. Following the essay-length dedication 'To Doctor Burney' comes an opening that emulates Scott and anticipates Stevenson and Conrad in its evocation of danger and anticipation:

VOLUME 1 – BOOK 1 – CHAPTER 1

During the dire reign of the terrific Robespierre, and in the dead of night, braving the cold, the darkness and the damps of December, some English passengers, in a small vessel, were preparing to glide silently from the coast of France, when a voice of keen distress resounded from the shore, imploring, in the French language, pity and admission.

The pilot quickened his arrangements for sailing; the passengers sought deeper concealment; but no answer was returned.

"O hear me!" cried the same voice, "for the love of Heaven, hear me!"

> The pilot gruffly swore, and, repressing a young man who was rising, peremptorily ordered every one to keep still, at the hazard of discovery and destruction.
>
> "Oh listen to my prayers!" was called out by the same voice, with increased and even frightful energy; "Oh leave me not to be massacred!"
>
> "Who's to pay for your safety?" muttered the pilot.
>
> "I will!" cried the person whom he had already rebuffed, "I pledge myself for the cost and the consequence!"
>
> "Be lured by no tricks;" said an elderly man, in English; "put off immediately, pilot."
>
> The pilot was very ready to obey.
>
> The supplications from the land were now sharpened into cries of agony, and the young man, catching the pilot by the arm, said eagerly, "'Tis the voice of a woman! where can be the danger? Take her in, pilot, at my demand, and my charge!"
>
> "Take her at your peril, pilot!" rejoined the elderly man.

The repeated 'd' sound of the arresting opening sentence—'during, dire, dead, cold, darkness, damps, December, slide, distress, resounded, admission'—reminds me of the tragic notes of Book IX in *Paradise Lost*, where *d*eath is anticipated in Adam's words after Eve has plucked the fruit: 'How are thou lost; how on a sudden lost, / Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote!' (IX.901). Burney's innocent 'Incognita' suffers Eve's blame, as her 'voice of keen distress' and her appeals to be heard or listened to are at first rejected by the gruff pilot—more Charon than St Peter in this rite of passage—as the traditional ship of fools embarks for England and a 'freedom' which is highly questionable from the heroine's troubled point of view. Alienated, with no name, this mysterious figure, apparently impoverished and black of skin, is gradually to reveal herself to those around her, as the reader of Burney's day is perhaps caught out in reading her with the eyes and the judgmental views of the other chacters in this Romantic novel.

Getting started with Frances Burney reveals her strength and her versatility as a writer, and her development over time. Like her contemporaries, she is interested in exploring problems associated with birth into families and rebirth into society. She examines the lot of the orphan and takes her heroines on difficult journeys, inside and outside

England. The energy of her openings reflects her ambition as a writer. For me she anticipates not only Thackeray, in her panoramic treatment of English society, but also Emily Brontë, in her study of the desires of the human heart. Getting started with Frances Burney is a spur to reflection on a great writer.

Twyford, Hampshire, September 2001

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—— *The Early Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney*, eds. Lars E. Troide *et al.* Kingston and Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1988-. Vol. 4, ed. Betty Rizzo, forthcoming, referred to as *EJL*: 4.

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NOTES

[1] Frank Kermode, *The Sense of an Ending: Studies in the Theory of Fiction* (London: Oxford University Press, 1966).

[2] Edward W. Said, *Beginnings: Intention and Method* (1975; rpt. London: Granta, 1997).

[3] See Raman Selden, *Presenting Theory and Reading Literature: An Introducton* (New York: Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1989), p.38.

[4] See, for example, Grace M. Jantzen, *Becoming divine: Towards a feminist philosophy of religion*, Manchester Studies in Religion, Culture and Gender (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1998), p.2.