ideal they cannot quite embody, they luminesce into a sublimely material mysticism. Again Arscott hastens toward the flashy insights and trips over the documented realities of both contemporaneous art-historical scholarship and material manufacture that actually do matter. All too often this study substitutes analogy for causality. As she skims brightly across the glittering surface of so many fascinating "things," their wonderful haecceity vanishes.

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What does subjecthood feel like? According to William Cohen, over the course of the nineteenth century, writers increasingly recognized the impossibility of answering this question. To have a body, Cohen argues, involves an openness to the world that necessarily puts pressure on the idea of the subject. Thus, throughout the century, writers recognized how “the non-alignment of body and subject suggests that the body has the capacity to unmake the human” (xvi). But at the same time, they understood the consequences of that recognition in more and more radical ways: while Charles Dickens and Charlotte Brontë use sensory experience primarily as a way to describe intersubjectivity, by the time we get to Thomas Hardy and Gerard Manley Hopkins, the subject is being imagined as importantly contiguous with and even indistinguishable from the world.

Embodied opens with an introduction and first chapter that make a historical and theoretical argument for thinking about the senses on the model of touch rather than the more common model of vision. While sight has been used by critics to underscore the operations of disciplinary power, Cohen claims, the writers he examines transform even the seeing eye into “both an orifice—an opening into the body—and a tactile surface for drawing together the subject and the object of sight” (25). Each of the chapters that follows explores the consequences of this shift in perspective. In his chapter on Dickens and Brontë, Cohen examines these writers’ fantasies of intersubjectivity as a form of bodily penetration. In the next chapter, he argues that Anthony Trollope conceives of racially coded skin in his short story “The Banks of the Jordan” (1861) as both a barrier between self and world and a potential site of contamination. In his chapter on The Return of the Native (1878), Cohen shows how Hardy uses sensory perception to undermine distinctions between human and nonhuman. And in his chapter on Hopkins, he discusses the poet’s understanding of the body as registering a natural world linked to both divine perception and debased matter.

Within Victorian studies, Cohen’s project contributes to the recent explosion of interest in Victorian sensation and perception exemplified by such works as Janice Carlisle’s Common Scents (2004), John Picker’s Victorian Soundscapes (2003), Nancy Armstrong’s Fiction in the Age of Photography (2002), and Jonathan Crary’s Suspensions of Perception (2000). It also engages with recent work interested in the meaning of embodiment and materiality: Catherine Gallagher’s The Body Economic (2006), Daniel Hack’s The Material Interests of the Victorian Novel (2005), and Mary Poovey’s Making a Social Body
(1995), for example. Despite their divergent methodologies and objects of study, all these critics share a commitment to intellectual history. Cohen, by contrast, attempts to recapture the historical specificity of feeling itself through “cultural phenomenology,” which he defines as an attention to “embodied experience, to affects, emotions, and senses, and to bodily transformations” that “understands such experience to be socially, culturally, and historically situated” (24). For Cohen this phenomenology largely takes the form of innovative close readings of descriptions of embodied experience—readings that reveal the consistency with which Dickens characterizes perception in terms of ingestion, for example, or the way Brontë repeatedly describes the body as a kind of casing threatened by violation from without or explosions from within. The historical specificity of these descriptions comes to the fore especially strikingly in the chapter on Trollope’s story where Cohen uses archival materials to link anxieties regarding the Sepoy Rebellion of 1857 and the “Great Stink” of 1858 to the protagonist’s bizarre horror of being sullied while bathing.

Cohen’s interest in historicizing sensory experience coexists with a commitment to engaging with twentieth- and twenty-first-century theories of embodiment. It might seem risky to rely on the work of theorists rarely invoked by Victorianists: Didier Anzieu and Frantz Fanon, Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, Georges Bataille, and Maurice Merleau-Ponty. Some Victorianists might balk at the use of their terms rather than those suggested by nineteenth-century thinkers such as Alexander Bain, Herbert Spencer, G. H. Lewes, among others—theorists Cohen discusses but whose work he seems less interested in exploring. Yet the very discrepancies between nineteenth-century and more recent terms help illuminate aspects of the literature that might otherwise go unnoticed. Even more innovatively, Cohen’s readings of Victorian texts complicate and challenge the theoretical models he invokes. For example, in his account, while Deleuze and Guattari criticize “faciality,” or the idea that the “human face is an index of an expressive, interior essence” (86), Hardy “demonstrates how the body can reterritorialize the face . . . by emphasizing the function of the face both as an inlet for bodily sensation and as a material entity inseparable from the world of objects” (87). One can only hope that critics primarily interested in the theorists he discusses will find their way to Cohen’s analyses.

Despite his interest in contemporary theory, Cohen chooses not to engage directly with queer theory, for while queer theory focuses on “the sexual constitution of the subject” (133), the writers he examines “present the openness of the body to the world by the senses as a type of permeability, or penetrability, that is not reducible to heterosexuality—nor is it even limited to the realm of the sexual” (134). Even as I accept this claim, I still wanted to hear more about Cohen’s understanding of the relation between desire and other forms of sensation. How does desire differ from touch, taste, or hearing? Or, for that matter, how does hunger differ from taste? Along similar lines, although Cohen discusses pain in passing, I would be interested in learning more about how he sees its specificity—or its nonspecificity—function in relation to the dispersed forms of subjectivity he discusses.

It is ungrateful to fault a book this stimulating and this pleasurable for what it doesn’t do—or, rather, for what I would like to read about at greater length—instead of appreciating it for what it does achieve so beautifully. This is a book that should draw the attention of all Victorianists interested in sensation, perception, affect, experi-
ence—as well as of anyone interested in how historical criticism can engage with contemporary theory productively and provocatively.

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Ruth Richardson is best known for her passionate and exhaustively researched work on the 1832 Anatomy Act, Death, Dissection, and the Destitute, first published in 1987. In that work she detailed the practice of dissection before 1832: the practitioners, the places where dissection took place, and particularly the people whose bodies were, after death, subjected to the surgeons’ scalpels. Taking seriously Roy Porter’s exhortation to write medical history “from below,” Richardson revealed the anxieties that the threat of dissection engendered in the lower classes and that the Anatomy Act did not alleviate.

The Making of Mr. Gray’s Anatomy carries the story forward two decades to the 1850s. Although it displays the same depth of research and many-layered narrative of her earlier work, The Making of Mr. Gray’s Anatomy is a very different work, shorter, more focused, and less dark than Death, Dissection, and the Destitute. Its subject is, as the title states, the making of the most famous anatomy textbook of modern times, Gray’s Anatomy, first published in 1858 and continuously reprinted for 150 years, reaching a fortieth edition in 2008, not to mention an eponymous television show which has little relationship to this canonical work. Richardson views “making” expansively, and her book encompasses not only the composition of the work by the surgeon Henry Gray and the physician-artist Henry Vandyke Carter, but the details of its publication, the dissections which underpinned it, even the women who sewed its bindings. Not least, this is a story of mid-Victorian London: Gray’s Anatomy, Richardson demonstrates, is a work of a particular place and time. This is a microhistory in the best sense, a core sample which reveals the layers of events and circumstance surrounding this single publication. Not incidentally, it is also an account of Richardson’s quest to drill out that core and reveal its layers, and therefore also serves as a meditation on the historical art.

The main characters in this book are the two authors, Gray and Carter. Richardson makes it clear that there were indeed two authors, notwithstanding the work’s title. Gray, born in 1827, began his surgical studies at St. George’s Hospital in London at the age of fifteen. From that time onward his career was entirely focused on that hospital, founded a century earlier and in its heyday a teaching institution from its central location at Hyde Park Corner. Gray’s evident talents as a dissector and surgeon gained considerable assistance with the patronage of the powerful Benjamin Brodie, who helped Gray navigate the twisting path to success as a hospital surgeon, a path, Richardson shows, that was still largely paved by patronage rather than merit.

Gray’s Anatomy displays, like no other anatomy text up to that time, a symbiotic relationship between text and illustration, and Richardson contrasts the ambition and connections of Gray with the complex and decidedly unconnected Carter, the book’s illustrator. While Gray left few materials for the biographer, Carter kept a diary,