

helped to establish the credibility of British anthropology's research program. It is a real shame that Flandreau did not do more with these overlooked figures in Victorian anthropology. Had personalities and social networks been the focus of the book, instead of the application of the stock-exchange modality to the history of anthropology, its value would have been much greater.

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MARK FORD. *Thomas Hardy: Half a Londoner*. Cambridge, MA: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2016. Pp. 336. \$27.95 (cloth).
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When the young Thomas Hardy arrived in London in 1862 to try his luck as an architect, he had a return ticket to Dorchester in his pocket. In the event, he stayed five years, relishing the theaters, galleries, and music halls, taking evening classes in French, and beginning notebooks on poetry and painting, before poor health forced a temporary retreat in 1867. Following his marriage in 1874, he and his first wife, Emma Gifford, lived intermittently in the capital and its suburbs until they settled in Dorset in 1881, and thereafter spent several months of almost every year in the capital until 1910. In a witty nod to the many editions of Hardy's work that feature his own hand-drawn map of Wessex, the endpapers of Mark Ford's informative and elegantly written *Thomas Hardy: Half a Londoner* feature maps of Victorian London; another map traces the more than thirty different residences Hardy occupied in the city prior to his final visit in 1920. By then, as Ford notes, London was eager to travel to him, including in 1925 the entire cast of the Garrick Theatre production of his stage version of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*.

It was Hardy who described himself as "half a Londoner." In part, this was a riposte to those like J. M. Barrie, who argued that Hardy knew London society and professional life only "superficially" and failed in attempting to draw them; no writer quicker than Hardy to bridle at criticism, especially where it touched on his class origins or provincial background. But Ford argues persuasively that Hardy's immersion as a young man in metropolitan life, at a time when railways, newspapers, and the penny post had both forged new connections between country and city and sharpened the disparities between them, was essential to "the kinds of perspective on Dorset that would eventually enable him to transform it into Wessex" (13).

From the first, the capital stirred him to write: not by chance, the protagonists of the two novels most engaged with London, *The Hand of Ethelberta* (1875) and *The Well-Beloved* (1897), are both artists. A third of the fifty-one poems in his first volume of verse, *Wessex Poems* (1898), were written in the 1860s, within easy walking distance of Paddington Station; so, too, was his unpublished novel, *The Poor Man and the Lady*, much of it set in London. As that title suggests, city life prompted an uneasy mixture of erotic excitement and class anxiety, verging on hostility; Macmillan rejected *The Poor Man* because it too evidently meant "mischief." Ford quotes Hardy's observation after taking Emma to a fashionable "crush": "The most beautiful women present. ... But these women! If put into rough wrap-pers in a turnip-field, where would their beauty be?" (18).

Ford writes astutely on the poems of the 1860s, and on Hardy's sense, exacerbated by city life, of what he terms "the peculiar divide between external performance and inner consciousness" (242). He also provides a fascinating account of Hardy's attention to the physical

experience of London. What Hardy called his “idiosyncratic mode of regard” is as much in evidence here as in Wessex (*The Life and Work of Thomas Hardy*, ed. Michael Millgate [London, 1985], 235). His London is at once haunted by the past and startlingly new: the descriptions of the city’s streets and skylines in his last novel, *The Well-Beloved*, have an affinity with other fin-de-siècle writing, and indeed with Impressionist painting, but when he looked out at Charing Cross Bridge from his offices in Adelphi Terrace, his first thoughts were of Garrick and Johnson. Like his fictional Casterbridge, Hardy’s London was layered with history.

Hardy himself thought that living in London induced something “mechanical” in his writing. This was to underestimate the transforming power of his imagination. As Ford quotes, watching the Lord Mayor’s Show in 1879 from an upper floor in Ludgate Hill, he noted that as the crowd grew denser, it mutated from an aggregation of individuals into “a molluscous black creature ... whose voice exudes from its scaly coat, and who has an eye in every pore of its body” (19). This is close to the visceral unease felt by other commentators on the city, notably John Ruskin in *Fiction, Fair and Foul* (1880), but it also prefigures the literal and metaphorical view of human existence taken by the Spirit of the Years in Hardy’s epic verse-drama, *The Dynasts* (1904–1908).

Ford’s study begins with Hardy’s macabre double funeral, with his heart buried in Stinsford and his ashes in Westminster Abbey. Other critics have similarly made this episode a paradigm for accounts of a divided Hardy, torn between the rural world he came from and largely wrote about and the metropolitan world he aspired to enter and which provided his audience, but few have done so with the subtlety and dispatch displayed on every page of *Thomas Hardy: Half a Londoner*. This is, in sum, a masterly blend of biography and literary criticism. It is also a beautifully produced book. Both Mark Ford and his publishers are to be congratulated.

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SEBASTIAN GROES. *British Fictions of the Sixties: The Making of a Swinging Decade*. London: Bloomsbury, 2016. Pp. 206. \$114.00 (cloth).
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D. J. Taylor, in “Clinging Sixties,” an essay in the *Times Literary Supplement* (27 July 2016), takes issue with recent scholarly efforts to single out the avant-garde strain of writing from the baggy and contradictory literary world of the 1960s: “It was an age of self-conscious avant-garderie, and also an age of carrying on as usual.” For Taylor, the experimenters cannot be allowed to represent the period, not merely because they were only a small part of it, but because they failed to reach many readers, missing the crucial element of “straight-forward narrative satisfaction.” Reading someone like B. S. Johnson today might be acceptable if you want your “historical curiosity ... slaked,” but that, he reckons, is where readers draw the line. “We” do not read experimental writers of the sixties in the same way we read Dickens, “or even Anthony Powell.” Intervening confidently in forty years of debate about the realism/experimentalism divide, Taylor’s essay makes explicit the assumptions on which it rests; why would people read books that were so uninterested in pleasure, he asks.

Sebastian Groes’s *British Fictions of the Sixties: The Making of a Swinging Decade* in part offers an answer to this question, and others. It is a welcome addition to the still scant, though growing, criticism about the British literature (specifically, the novel) of the sixties, seeking to apportion attention more equally between the mainstream, carrying-on crowd and the