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The woman artist and narrative ends in late-Victorian writing

Mandy Treagus

The character of Elfrida in Sara Jeannette Duncan’s *A Daughter of Today* is a representation of a figure increasingly seen in late-Victorian writing: the woman artist. The novel is a *Künstlerroman*, a significant form for the period, not only for the new narrative possibilities it seems to provide for female characters, but also because of its prominence in the rise of Modernism (Pykett 135). *A Daughter of Today* is one of the earliest examples of the form to feature the artistic development of a female protagonist, but it goes further than others in its exploration of new subjectivities for the heroine. Not only does the novel feature Elfrida’s development as an artist, but it also depicts her as a confirmed egoist, preoccupied above all with her own development as both woman and as artist. This requires an abandonment of the dominant mode of being depicted in most nineteenth-century heroines, at least those endorsed by their narrators. Even in fiction in which the passion of the protagonist utterly drives the plot, most heroines are constrained by a finely tuned conscience and sense of duty that dominates their own desires for vocation, romantic fulfilment or both. This sense of self-sacrificing duty does not guarantee fulfilling fictional ends for such heroines, though, even when their narrators position readers to side with them. In *A Daughter of Today*, however, there is no such sense of sublimation.
or submission of self. Rather, the central character follows her quest for artistic success by projecting a new kind of subject, the desiring ambitious heroine, whose cultivation of ego is her most defining mode. Whether the narrative closure of death forecloses the possibilities presented by this new kind of heroine is an issue that the novel raises; another is the question of how Duncan came to conceive of such a heroine in the *fin-de-siècle* context, when even first-wave feminists depicted self-sacrifice as the ultimate mode for women.

I argue that by taking her inspiration from the memoir that ‘caused a sensation in Europe and more so in America’ (Parker and Pollock vii), Duncan was able to move outside of the models already present in the Victorian novel. She was, I suggest, inspired by *Le Journal de Marie Bashkirtseff*, published in France in 1887 and translated into English by the poet Mathilde Blind in 1890. Though there is no known record of Duncan acknowledging this debt, the similarities in milieu, names and minor characters, and most of all in the core drive of both heroines, show that Duncan used *Le Journal* as a source. I agree with Michelle Gadpaille when she asserts that ‘Bashkirtseff provided Duncan with more than merely the names of streets and the Bohemian atmosphere of the Latin Quarter. Bashkirtseff furnished Duncan with a model for representing interiority for a woman artist’ (3). *A Daughter of Today* was published in London in 1894 and in North America the following year. Both novel and journal offer the strong narrative closure provided by the death of their heroines, yet both transgress late-nineteenth-century codes of femininity in ways that seem to overflow the bounds placed on them by such closure. Marie Bashkirtseff, a young Ukrainian noble who studied painting in Paris, kept a journal for most of her life (Konz 3). In it she wrote of her eclectic education, her developing illness, artistic aspirations and self-preoccupation. Bashkirtseff died of tuberculosis in her mid-twenties, just as she was beginning to achieve some fame as a painter. The heroine of Duncan’s novel, Elfrida, also begins her artistic career as a painter, eventually becoming a novelist and self-absorbed bohemian who, despising the conventional paths open to her, suicides artistically in the face of apparent artistic and romantic disappointment.

Describing Elfrida as an egoist requires some clarification. I use this term in its nineteenth- rather than twentieth-century psychological sense. The idea of the egoist had been brought to literary attention in George Meredith’s *The Egoist*
(1879), in which it is applied to a man only concerned with gratifying his vanity through the pursuit of his own desires, though the term had been in use since the previous century. Meredith’s novel is another obvious precursor to Duncan’s. Not only does it foreground the male protagonist’s egoism, but Meredith is presumably the model for the famous author, George Jasper, before whom Elfrida expresses, embarrassingly for those around her, public adulation (151).

On the publication of the English translation of Bashkirtseff’s journal in 1890, Marion Hepworth Dixon wrote, ‘It is this journal with which the world is ringing now, and which it is hardly too much to say is likely to carry the fame of Marie Bashkirtseff over the face of the civilised globe’ (Dixon 276). Dixon was especially well placed to assess the journal, as she and her sister Ella had studied in the Académie Julian in Paris with Bashkirtseff herself. She claims that ‘In it we find a woman self-revealed, a woman who, almost for the first time in history, has had the courage to present us with a real woman, as distinguished from the sham women of books’ (276). Dixon was prompted to write her defence of Bashkirtseff following negative responses to the French edition which reflected the commonly held attitude that anything less than self-abnegation in a female was undesirable. W.E. Gladstone, in The Nineteenth Century, reacts to the French edition and what were seen as the more shocking of its characteristics: Bashkirtseff’s ambition and hence her transgressive gender performance. Gladstone allows her some femininity, but only the worst sort: ‘Womanish she was in many of woman’s weaknesses’, he wrote, ‘and she did not possess the finer graces which we signify by the epithet feminine’ (605). Instead, he notes that ‘If there was an idea at the root of all her aspirations, that idea was power’ (606). Gladstone was not entirely condemnatory, though. He acknowledges the one characteristic that might provide some justification for her apparent faults: ‘indeed there is one remark, obvious enough to make, which seems to cover the whole case of this extraordinary person. She was a true genius, though some of her judgements in letters and in art seem to be eccentric’ (604). The admission that a woman might be characterised as a genius is quite a concession, however crowded about it might be with qualifications and criticisms.

In his own journal, The Review of Reviews, W.T. Stead similarly complains of Bashkirtseff’s lack of feminine virtues, writing, ‘there is more pathos in the evidence with which every page abounds of the life poisoned at its source by
v vanity, egotism, and absolute indifference to the welfare of others’ (549). Despite having begun his article with the statement that ‘In all the world there is nothing so interesting, or so little known, as woman’, Stead goes on to deny Bashkirtseff’s womanhood (539). He does this in response to her statements regarding her apprehension of her own beauty, her lack of romantic feelings for any of the men who professed to love her, and her overwhelming desire to succeed as a painter. In marked contradiction with Dixon’s view, Stead writes, ‘She was very clever, no doubt, very fascinating, but woman she was not’ (546). Though often sympathetic, it is the quality of ambition that Stead finds hardest to accept: ‘Ah, what did she not want? Her ambition was insatiable’ (543). It is this same quality that appealed to others, though, and allowed critique of those reviewers who found her performance of gender alarming. The anonymous reviewer for *The Century*, ‘D’, canvasses two extremes of responses to Bashkirtseff that were circulating, making the observation that ‘the generality of men do not easily pardon an egoism which encroaches upon their own, an ambition which measures itself with theirs, and an absence of reserve which seems the very abdication of womanhood’ (28).

Reading responses to the journal in terms of gendered power relations provides an antidote to, and powerful analysis of, the condemnatory yet pruriently fascinated reviews the journal was receiving. Arthur Symons reported on its popularity: ‘A few years ago one only knew of two or three people here and there who had ever heard of the Journal — to-day everyone has read it or is reading it. No doubt this is to a large extent the result of Mr. Gladstone’s article’ (5). But while there was fascination, even voyeurism, for many in reading the inner thoughts of a young woman, others were excited by the aspirations it voiced. Like Dixon, ‘D’ greets the journal as a significant intervention, with the revelations it contains momentous: ‘Marie Bashkirtseff has shot like a flame across the sky’ (28). What excites ‘D’ the most, though, is that it seems to announce ‘a whole world of possibility and suggestion’ (28). It is this quality that connects it with Duncan’s novel and the wider trajectory of the female *Künstlerroman*. Even if the narrative of the woman artist is cut short in death, as occurs in memoir and novel, both recount lives in which women pursue, discuss and produce art, whatever their personal and romantic ends might be.
All responses to the journal demonstrate to some extent the problem late-nineteenth-century culture had with the juxtaposition of these two very different and generally separate categories: ‘artist’ and ‘woman’. Bashkirtseff was acutely aware of the restraints that had an impact on her own career. In the ‘Introduction’ to her translation, Blind somewhat theatrically suggests that the journal represents ‘the drama of a woman’s soul; at odds with destiny, as such a soul must needs be, when endowed with great powers and possibilities, under the present social conditions’ (695). What Blind is asserting is not the inherent individual problem of being female with aspirations — a form of gender failure — but rather the social problem that women lacked equality of opportunity. The material circumstances of training to become a painter were quite different for men and women, as were the opportunities for functioning artists. The atelier in which Bashkirtseff trained, the Académie Julian, run by Rodolphe Julian, was one of few that admitted women and it was also the only one at which women could paint from the nude, and hence develop their skills more accurately from living models rather than from statuary (Bashkirtseff 275). Julian was remarkably democratic in his approach to gender, encouraging female students when they were ‘excluded from studying at Ecole des Beaux Arts’ and allowing them to compete for the same internal prizes (Zimmermann 169) at a time when women could not compete for the Prix de Rome, which was the case until 1903 (Zimmermann 170). Despite these moves toward equality, the studio still expressed a structural hierarchy. The male studio was regarded more seriously and male students had access to cheaper training, ‘as it was generally believed that women would be able to find a family member or an outside sponsor who would pay their expenses’ (Weisberg 14). More significantly, style itself was seen to be gendered.

The women artists in training were under no illusions that their work was considered equal to that of the men. Bashkirtseff recorded that when she painted well she was told ‘it looks like a man’s work’, and she knew she was being complimented when told, ‘the others said at the men’s studio that I had neither the touch, nor the manner, nor the capabilities of a woman’ (Bashkirtseff 464, 292). Of the male artists she writes: ‘These gentlemen despise us and it is only when they come across a powerful, even brutal piece of work, that they are satisfied; this vice is rare among women. It is a work of a young man, they said
of mine’ (350). Because some forms of painting were considered to be female accomplishments, Bashkirtseff also had to fight off the impression of amateurism that clung to women training at the Académie, as ‘The spectre of the wealthy amateur, dabbling in drawing as she might in singing or reciting, infuriated those women who were ambitious and serious about their work’ (Garb, ‘Men of Genius’ 128). Her class background worked against others perceiving her serious artistic intent, and she sometimes expressed envy at what she supposed were the ‘simpler lives, the more artistic milieu’ of her fellow pupils (Dixon 279, emphasis in original). Similarly, if she looked conventionally feminine for her class, she knew this would go against her reception as a committed artist: ‘But I (was) so pretty and so well dressed that they (will) be convinced that I don’t paint my pictures alone’ (Bashkirtseff 674, parenthesis in original). In a very early review, Helen Zimmern noted the day-to-day conditions undertaken by the young upper-class Bashkirtseff in the studio. She would ‘work for eight or nine hours a day in a small, close, ugly studio, with a fervor not to be surpassed by those whose art was their bread’ (314). Such smelly cramped conditions were also emphasised by Dixon: ‘closed windows, a fierce charcoal stove, the indescribable smells of oil paints, turpentine, rags … could hardly have conduced to the health of the strongest; yet I cannot recall one word of complaint that ever fell from Marie Bashkirtseff’ (280). It was rare for someone of her class to even enter such a space; that Bashkirtseff gave it such serious attention made it even more remarkable, and contributes to Dixon’s view that she worked with ‘a kind of ferocious joy’ (279). The conflict between the roles of woman and artist, outlined briefly here, provide the greatest source of disequilibrium in both of these texts, a disequilibrium that reaches narrative resolution in the death of the heroine in both cases.

Bashkirtseff’s apprehension of such inequalities led to involvement in one of the suffrage groups of her day. From 1880, Bashkirtseff had become involved in Les Droits des Femmes, visiting its leader wearing a brunette wig to disguise herself. Not only did she help fund their journal, La Citoyenne, but she also wrote for it under the pseudonym Pauline Orell (Konz 101). One of her pieces, ‘Les Femmes Artistes’, was published in 1881. In it she outlines the difficulties encountered by female artists, especially in training and opportunities, and she argues strongly for equal chances at prizes and exhibitions:
All women are not artists, just as not all want to be politicians. There is a very small number who take action, taking nothing away from the famous hearth; you well know it. We have schools of drawing in the truly artistic point of view, or, well, two or three fashionable studios where young rich girls amuse themselves in making paintings. But what we need is the possibility to work like men and not have to carry out amazing feats to attain what men easily have. You ask us with indulgent irony the number of great women artists. Well, messieurs, there have been some, and it is astonishing, in view of the enormous difficulties they have encountered. (Qtd in Konz, 102)

Bashkirtseff is clear here that women’s underrepresentation in the ranks of great artists is societal and structural, rather than something intrinsic in women themselves. That she had to assume a pseudonym in order to make such criticisms publicly indicates her perception of the restrictions she still negotiated, even if she managed to transcend many in gaining access to the studio. Tamar Garb affirms such ongoing restrictions, noting that ‘in the multiple identities and disguises which Bashkirtseff assumed lies a clue to the duress under which she and other assertive women lived’ (Sisters 53).

Seeking to be an artist would be enough to incur condemnation from some, but Bashkirtseff compounded this by expressing sheer driving ambition throughout her journal. She consciously follows her own desires, is expressly aware of her will to succeed over any rival — fellow artist Louise Breslau being the chief of these (Becker 69-114) — and is confident, even vauntingly so, of her own capacity. It is this aspect of the narrative which provides a clear reason for the journal’s sensational response, but her youth and beauty add a piquancy, even a heightened eroticism to this, for her beauty was of a very specific type. While challenging the apparently immutable boundary between woman and artist, Marie Bashkirtseff also confirmed the age’s association of femininity with sickness, death and tubercular beauty. She presents herself as a romantic heroine, with ‘bewitching pallor’ and perfect dress sense (Dixon 278). While apparently challenging conventional femininity, she also reinscribes it, provoking Gladstone’s mixed response: ‘Mlle. Bashkirtseff attracts and repels alternately, and perhaps repels as much as she attracts’ (603). However, this mixture possibly made the journal even more titillating than it might otherwise have been, had she only expressed the conventional.
Sara Jeannette Duncan’s unacknowledged debt to Bashkirtseff seems indisputable, I suggest, in her descriptions of the Paris studio where her heroine studies. In many instances only the names have been changed. The understanding that women’s and men’s art is intrinsically different is made clear. Lucien, the Julian character of the novel, tells Nádie, the Russian girl, ‘In you, mademoiselle … I find the woman and the artist divorced’ and takes her painting to the other studio for the approval of the men (Duncan 21). When it comes to Elfrida, it is her lack of ‘male’ qualities which signals her lack of success: ‘Your drawing is still lady-like, your colour is still pretty, and sapristi! you have worked with me a year!’ (Duncan 23). Elfrida’s pursuit of a career as a woman artist is thwarted by the practicalities of her parents’ financial difficulties, and her own accurate assessment that her talents for painting are limited. She soon abandons the Paris atelier milieu to pursue one Duncan knows better: the London literary scene. The heroine’s sense of the romance of being penniless is mitigated by the need to eat and pay the rent, so despite the fact that it is not her chosen ‘art’, she moves into journalism, though initially she views it as ‘a cynical compromise with her artistic conscience’ (Duncan 35). She is able to shift her ambitions from painting to writing, as ‘her solemn choice of an art had been immature and to some extent groundless and unwarrantable’ (Duncan 54). The Künstlerroman, after a brief setback, is once more on course. In this new setting, Duncan examines similar issues to those raised by the Bashkirtseff journal: the assertion of the existence of the female egoist, and the apparent impossibility of the existence of the female artist. Like Bashkirtseff, Duncan’s heroine Elfrida admires herself in the mirror and is preoccupied with her effect upon others. While Bashkirtseff records, ‘I spend my life in saying wild things, which please me and astonish others’ (317), the reader has the opportunity to observe Elfrida at this pastime almost continually. However, in both these character portraits, self-consciousness is presented as an element of ego which feeds the artistic impulse and gives drive to its possessor. It may be repulsive to others but it is productive.

The sense that the male artist is the real arbiter of the value of women’s art is caught in Elfrida’s relationship with Kendal, a painter she had known in Paris and for whom she harbours romantic hopes. Though he takes great pleasure in her presence, his need to define her limits his emotional response, as he thinks ‘eagerly of the pleasure of proving, with his own eyes, another
Changing the Victorian Subject

step in the working out of the problem which he believed he had solved in Elfrida’ (Duncan 204). His ultimate expression of this is in the portrait he paints, in which he feels ‘an exulting mastery’, and ‘a silent, brooding triumph in his manipulation, in his control’ (Duncan 246, 247). Her objectification is clear during her last sitting for the portrait, as his sense of control increases in line with her objectification. Finally, when they both view the finished portrait, it is Elfrida’s egoism that seems to define her, resulting in her shame and his diminished interest, once he has captured her. The portrait’s title — ‘A Fin de Siècle Tribute’ — links the figure of the female artist and other preoccupations of the age: Aestheticism, the Decadence and the primacy of art (Duncan 151). Indeed, Kathryn Ready suggests that this portrait, like that of Oscar Wilde’s Dorian Gray, shows Duncan’s ‘specific interest in analysing the implications of Aestheticism and Decadence for the female artist’ (100). It also raises the narrative problem common to heroines: whether they will follow a fulfilling vocation, a Bildung, or the romance plot. Elfrida’s response to Kendal, at least momentarily, is to offer him romantic submission in the place of her artistic ambition. However, Duncan does not let this triumph of romance over Bildung stand. Later, ironically rejecting this choice, Elfrida tells her confessor, the statue of Buddha she has in her room: ‘It was a lie, a pose to tempt him on. I would never have given it up — never!’ (Duncan 254).

In many ways, Elfrida’s ultimate suicide is the result of the apparent collapse of both of these potential plots. When the romance with Kendal fails, and her novel is rejected, she makes a choice that links her with other nineties artists. Ready claims that her suicide is, in fact, ‘the fullest expression of her Decadence, aligning her with famous Decadent heroes like George Moore’s Mike Fletcher’ (100). Elfrida considers it to be ‘the strong, the artistic, the effective thing to do’, but initially she does not go through with it (Duncan 253). She eventually destroys Kendal’s painting, informing him in a note that ‘I have come here this morning … determined either to kill myself or IT’ (Duncan 276, emphasis in original). Elfrida’s end is raised even before her chic poison ring is introduced when the landlady comments on the propensity of female artists to commit suicide: ‘I only ope I won’t find ‘er suicided on charcoal some mornin’, like that pore young poetiss in yesterday’s paper’ (Duncan 64).
Nineteenth-century literature, especially poetry, had been preoccupied with this link for much of the century. As Angela Leighton notes regarding representations of Sappho in the poetry of Felicia Hemans, ‘Sappho’s leap connects female creativity with death, in a pact which the Victorian imagination finds endlessly seductively appealing’ (35). The choice presented to nineteenth-century heroines, to pursue either art or love, precluded the woman artist from romantic fulfilment. The artistic deaths portrayed in this poetry are predicated on the experience of romantic disappointment and the inadequacy of art as an alternative to it. When her potential lover chooses a more conventional woman, and shows his abhorrence for her egoism, the romance narrative is closed to Elfrida. However, more significantly in this Künstlerroman is the apparent failure of her artistic career. It is as though the tried and true romance plot has been abandoned, but the plot of the achieving female artist is just too radical for the author. Death becomes a means of escape for the author just as much as for the heroine. Death not only provides closure to the plot, then, but because of its association with female art it can be seen as almost a compulsion for Elfrida, a proof of artistic sensibility.

Egoism, as part of the late-nineteenth-century construction of genius, is necessarily part of the creation of a female artist but it adds to the already present conflict between the categories of ‘woman’ and ‘artist’. This is probably Duncan’s greatest debt to Bashkirtseff. In depicting the function of egoism in the development of her art, Bashkirtseff allowed Duncan to envisage a functioning female artist, not just the caricatures that had been brought into being previously. George Gissing had portrayed women writers in his 1891 novel New Grub Street, but they are pale and tired hacks who lead unnatural lives and have no real professional or artistic ambitions. Amongst the New Woman novels of the 1890s were many examples that sought to demonstrate the element of unnaturalness of any career for women other than that of wife and mother. Joanna Wood’s Judith Moore; or Fashioning a Pipe is a Canadian example of this genre. The heroine, under the weight of her ‘unnatural’ life as a famous singer, collapses physically and is only restored by retirement under the care of a simple farming man whom she marries. The implication throughout is that although she has an astounding voice, the pursuit of a career actually makes a woman sick, because
it is not her purpose in life. As a reminder of her mistake, this heroine is unable to have children, but is more than content with her husband. In the reception of Bashkirtseff’s journal there is also this sense that her life, ambition and choices have been unnatural, and that her death is the only possible outcome for them. At least her death solves this dilemma of what to do with the contradiction of the functioning woman artist.

In Duncan’s *A Daughter of Today*, this dilemma is played out at the level of plot, as the narrative turns on just this question. When her egoism is highlighted, in the revelatory portrait, Elfrida comments ironically on this plot device as the narrator rejects it: ‘Don’t think I shall reform after this moral shock, as people in books do’ (Duncan 250). The course of *this* heroine’s plot will be different from previous ones, but the author’s ambivalence about her heroine is finally revealed in the closure she imposes on her narrative. Duncan also demonstrates an ambivalence about the association of the female artist with sickness and death, though ultimately she reinforces it. Consumption will not provide Elfrida’s end, but she can create her own tragedy. Suicide, as a way out, has been toyed with by Elfrida throughout the novel. The question in this novel is what it signifies. Is it the martyrdom of true genius, or the impossibility of the woman artist? Or does Elfrida’s suicide merely demonstrate the excesses of bohemian values, and the thwarted self-will of a spoilt young woman? Adorno later described Bashkirtseff as ‘the patron saint of the *fin de siècle*’ (qtd in Molloy, 12), and perhaps it is the fact of Elfrida’s death, whether by suicide or disease, that also marks her as emblematic of the era. Dixon described her friend’s characteristics thus: ‘Her very faults are an epitome of the age. All the restlessness, the fever, the longings, the caprices, the abnegations, the fervours, the belief, and the scepticism of the nineteenth century are here’ (282). In imbuing her heroine with this same spirit, Duncan highlights the inherent contradictions between her aspirations and her opportunities and the romantic ends to which these contradictions are put.

If there is any consensus about the fate of the *fin-de-siècle* woman artist, it is that she cannot succeed. She cannot have both romantic and artistic fulfilment within the life of the novel, but must give up one for the other, or even both, in a denouement that often belies the life of her creator, the woman writer, working at bringing her to light in the world of literature. In her depiction of
the woman artist, Duncan finds herself in this same dilemma, despite going beyond the models of fiction in English for her character’s inspiration. Some reviewers were shocked by Duncan’s heroine. The reviewer in *The Athenaeum* claims that ‘Her creator touches her with an almost malignant hand, illuminating her egotism, her affectation, her heartlessness, the ill-breeding of her gospel of art and life, in letters of flame’ (705). But dissatisfaction with the narrative possibilities of the 1890s novel also resulted in decidedly disappointed responses. The reviewer for *The Nation* sees the denouement as ‘a wasteful and ridiculous excess of consideration for the requirements of a novel as understood by literary Philistia’ (473), while *The Review of Reviews* bemoans ‘One feels now and then like beseeching our tender fiction writers to let one of these Bohemian and charmingly bold young women live to find forty years and a little happiness’ (114). But not until the novel moved beyond the closed ending would such narrative ends be possible.1

The figure of the female artist certainly expanded the range of potential roles for the heroine in English fiction, even if her creators often seemed to view her with ambivalence. Such woman artists appear as part of a range of new feminine roles, especially in the New Woman fiction of the 1890s. In fact, Lyn Pykett claims that ‘New Woman fiction is littered with would-be literary artists, painters and musicians’ (136), most of whom were writers (Pykett 135) — although as Penny Boumelha points out, ‘it is difficult to think of any such female character who actually wants to be a journalist or to write in this way’ (165, emphasis in original). These female characters generally begin to write when other options fade or their circumstances compel them to make a living. Often they must provide for others and so they work in order to do so. They are shown as finding their occupations wearisome and debilitating; they ‘break down or give in under the pressures of the various circumstances which conspire against them’ (Pykett 136). Apparently physically unsuited for such roles, these characters find them to be fatiguing, enervating and, tellingly, unnatural. Even more significantly, they express little ambition as artists. Boumelha also outlines a specific figure within the range of woman artists, the woman of genius, who similarly lacks obvious ambition. Despite Galton’s claims that ‘women lack the

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1 For a broader discussion of these issues, see my *Empire Girls*. 
capacity for genius’² (Boumelha 168), some writers used the category in order to provide a justification for heroines pursuing an artistic role:

The concept of innate genius also enables the representation of achievement without conscious ambition — then as now a problematic quality in feminist reconstructions of the feminine. If the power of genius simply resides within, then it becomes only another form of destiny to which women must assent, without challenge to the conventional womanliness of self-forgetfulness. (Boumelha 172)

The woman of genius could therefore succumb to that higher power, rather than using her own ambition to take her own artistic space.

In a link between the 1890s and the early decades of the twentieth century, Duncan moves away from either of these models — the reluctant, obligated artist, working out of necessity, and the genius, forced by her talents to succumb to their powers — and changes the conversation about the woman artist by depicting her as ambitious even if her ‘genius’ is not certain. In doing so, she creates a new figure in fiction about the female artist, a woman ambitious for the role and prepared to put it above all else.

Works Cited


² In the index to Hereditary Genius, he lists: ‘Women: why their names are omitted here, transmission of ability through, influence of mothers, mothers of eminent men, wives of eminent men’ (Galton).


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Changing the Victorian Subject


215