

**The Byron Centre for the Study of Literature and Social Change**

**The Byron Centre Inaugural Lecture 2000**

**BYRON AND MARY SHELLEY AND  
*FRANKENSTEIN***

**Professor Charles E. Robinson  
University of Delaware**



**The University of  
Nottingham**

**School of English Studies**

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## BYRON AND MARY SHELLEY AND FRANKENSTEIN

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When we reflect on that famous or infamous summer of 1816, when the Byron and Shelley parties resided in Geneva for three months, we tend to think of the individuals in pairs: the two poets, the 28-year-old Lord Byron and the 23-year-old Percy Bysshe Shelley; or the two 18-year-old stepsisters in their company, Claire Clairmont and Mary Godwin. Or we think of Byron and the pregnant Claire; or of the yet-to-be married Shelley and Mary Godwin together with their 4-month old son William; or even of Byron and his 21-year-old doctor, John William Polidori, linked by the vampire stories they wrote that summer. I am proposing that we address another pairing, namely, Lord Byron and Mary Shelley, the two writers who were the most productive that summer: Byron came to Geneva in late May 1816 and finished the third canto of *Childe Harold*, wrote a number of famous lyrics (including 'Prometheus', 'Darkness', 'The Dream', and 'Stanzas to Augusta'), and began his

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‘speculative’ drama *Manfred*; and Mary Shelley in June 1816 began to write a ‘short tale’,<sup>1</sup> what eventually became her famous novel, *Frankenstein*. Because each of these five participants was a letter writer and diarist, we have many documents by which to reconstruct their activities in 1816, known as the year without a summer in Western Europe and the United States.<sup>2</sup> We know, for example, that the participants entertained themselves telling ghost stories during the cold and stormy evenings in June; we know that when the weather improved Byron and Percy Shelley took a late June tour around lake Geneva while Mary Shelley began to write the first version of *Frankenstein*; we know that Byron lost patience with both Claire Clairmont and Polidori; we know that the Shelley party toured Chamouni and Mont Blanc in late July; we know that Monk Lewis visited in August and translated portions of *Faust* to those in attendance.<sup>3</sup> But each fact that we have makes us more curious about what we do not know — especially any personal or literary relationship that developed that summer between Lord Byron and Mary Shelley — a relationship that most certainly had something to do with *Frankenstein*.

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If I wanted to be provocative in attempting to detail that relationship, I would have titled this Byron Foundation Lecture not ‘Byron **and** Mary Shelley **and** *Frankenstein*’ but ‘Byron **as** *Frankenstein*’ — and then pointed to an overlooked Claire Clairmont letter in April 1816, when she hoped that Byron would not reject the love that he inspired in her: ‘my folly may be great’, Clairmont wrote, ‘but the Creator ought not to destroy his Creature’.<sup>4</sup> If Claire ever reported such a sentiment to her step-sister Mary Shelley, that might cause us to read *Frankenstein*, begun in June 1816, as a veiled commentary on Victor/Byron’s construction of the monster/Claire Clairmont. And in some future venue, I may attempt such a reading of the novel — but for now I will be a bit more modest in attempting to define the relations among Byron and Mary Shelley and *Frankenstein*.

When Byron met the Shelley party on 27 May 1816 on the shores of Lake Geneva, he apparently was meeting Percy Shelley for the first time, but he had met Mary Godwin the previous month in London. We often forget that Claire Clairmont, so pleased to have found a poet far more famous than Mary’s poet, took Mary along to meet Byron in April 1816. What Byron’s reaction was to the 18-

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year old Mary in Geneva we do not know -but Claire reports Mary's response in London: 'Mary is delighted with you as I knew she would be; she entreats me in private to obtain your address abroad that we may if possible have again the pleasure of seeing you. She perpetually exclaims. "How mild he is! how gentle!" So different from what I expected' (CC, 1:40). Mary Shelley, like practically everyone else in England, had been reading Byron's poetry for the past few years — we know that she read *Childe Harold* I-II and *Lara* by 1814; it is likely that she had read the earlier Turkish Tales, *The Giaour* and *The Corsair*; and she probably read *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* just before meeting the poet in Geneva at the end of May.<sup>5</sup> She would most certainly have been aware of Percy Shelley's respect for Byron — he had sent the elder poet a copy of *Queen Mab* in 1813 and even written him an unsolicited letter in June 1814<sup>6</sup> — but apparently neither communication led to the two poets meeting in London.

In Geneva, Byron seemed more than pleased to have Mary and Percy Shelley as companions that summer, and he joined them (and Claire) for a few days at Dejean's Hôtel d'Angleterre after their first meeting on 27 May 1816. Although the Shelley

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party moved from the hotel to Maison Chapuis on 1 June and Byron moved to the Villa Diodati on the 10th, Mary and Percy continued to meet with Byron on an almost daily basis for the first three weeks of June. During the first 10 days of the month, Byron would sail from the hotel almost every evening to visit the Shelleys at Maison Chapuis; when he moved from the hotel on 10 June, his new residence at the Villa Diodati became the gathering place; and it was there during the cold and rainy evenings that they read or continued to read some German ghost stories. Then, one evening, possibly at midnight on 13 June during a particularly violent thunderstorm, Byron proposed a ghost-story competition, saying to Mary Shelley, according to her recollection of that moment: 'You and I . . . will publish ours together'.<sup>7</sup> Byron was prophetic, for his 'A Fragment' (a vampire tale he composed that summer) — as well as Polidori's 'The Vampyre' — is sometimes printed as an appendix to Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*.

Byron not only proposed the competition; he also appears to have been responsible, in part, for the substance or at least the subject of Mary Shelley's story. As she recalled the circumstances some 15 years later in her 'Introduction' to the

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1831 edition of *Frankenstein*, the others had already conceived and narrated their ghost stories, and she was the only one having difficulty: she could not even think of a story, in effect having been silenced by the conversations of the others. As she explained it, she was a 'devout but nearly silent listener' to the many and long philosophical conversations that Byron and Percy Shelley had that summer. One of these discussions, possibly on 16 June, concerned 'the principle of life, and whether there was any probability of its ever being discovered and communicated ... Perhaps a corpse would be re-animated; ... perhaps the component parts of a creature might be manufactured, brought together, and endued with vital warmth'. When everyone retired after midnight to the bedrooms in the Villa Diodati, Mary Shelley had what she called a 'waking dream', a 'vision' with a 'vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie' about a 'pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. Frightful must it be, for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the

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stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handiwork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade', and that he the creator could sleep and awake to find his creature disappeared into 'the silence of the grave'. But in Mary Shelley's vision, just before she herself awoke to be horrified by what she had imagined in her waking dream, she saw the creator awaking to behold 'the horrid thing stand[ing] at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes'. At that moment, Mary Shelley herself 'opened [her own eyes] in terror' and awoke from her own dream, which gave her a voice in the ghost-story-telling contest (1831, pp. ix-x). It seems that both the pale student's and Mary Shelley's 'silence' were broken by the clarity and reality of what they imagined.

In her Introduction to the 1831 edition of *Frankenstein*, Mary Shelley is offering a self-reflexive commentary on the self-reflexive nature of her art — she is telling us that the story she is about to narrate (about Victor waking up to see his creation still there) duplicates her own inspiration

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(she waking up to her own created dream). Both she and Victor were creators, and she could no more ‘get rid of my hideous phantom’ that she imagined than the pale student could get rid of the monster he created — and both creator and creation (that is, Mary Shelley and the pale student) were frightened by what they had wrought. But in Mary Shelley’s case, that fright was therapeutic — it gave her a voice by which she could enter the community of the other artists, including Byron, who had already created their stories. Having awakened from her dream, she hoped that she could contrive a ghost story that ‘would frighten my reader as I myself had been frightened that night’: ‘Swift as light...was the idea that broke in upon me. “I have found it! What terrified me will terrify others; and I need only describe the spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow”. On the morrow I announced that I had *thought of a story*. I began that day with the words, *It was on a dreary night of November*, making only a transcript of the grim terrors of my waking dream’ (1831, p. xi).

Mary Shelley was not the only one that summer ‘making . . . a transcript of the grim terrors of my waking dream’. Byronists will remember Byron’s apocalyptic poem ‘Darkness’, which

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hauntingly opens, 'I had a dream, which was not all a dream', and then chronicles the terrors of a desolate world filled with images that are as frightening as those in *Frankenstein*: the 'funeral piles', the 'mad disquietude', the 'curses', the two famished 'enemies' who 'met beside / The dying embers of an altar-place / Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things / For an unholy usage'. When they 'made a flame / Which was a mockery', they 'beheld / Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd, and died — / Even of their mutual hideousness they died, / Unknowing who he was upon whose brow / Famine had written Fiend' (ll. 1, 28, 29, 31, 57-60, 63-69).<sup>8</sup>

I am not suggesting that Byron's 'Darkness' directly influenced *Frankenstein*, or even that *Frankenstein* influenced 'Darkness' — I am just noting the degree to which the 'dream' initiates each text--and emphasizing how much the 'dream' was a part of that summer. Remember another Byron poem, from July 1816, 'The Dream', which deals with Byron's frustrated love for Mary Chaworth, and recall its haunting refrain, 'A change came o'er the spirit of my dream' as the persona details each change from the initial joy of youth and love to the misery and madness of

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betrayal and abandonment. The concluding lines leave both persona and reader with the Byronic gloom that infects (or, more precisely, inflects) so many Byron poems:

My dream was past; it had no further change.  
It was of a strange order, that the doom  
Of these two creatures should be thus traced  
out

Almost like a reality — the one  
To end in madness — both in misery.

(ll. 202-206)

When Mary Shelley that summer transcribed these final five lines into the fair copy of Byron's poem (the rest of the 206-line poem was transcribed by Claire Clairmont),<sup>9</sup> she could not have failed to reflect on Victor and his monster, her own 'two creatures' in the story that she was writing. And it is likely that she also read the opening lines of 'The Dream' and reflected on how much they defined the creative process in her own writing of *Frankenstein*:

Our life us twofold; Sleep hath its own world,  
A boundary between the things misnamed

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Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality,  
And dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures...;  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,

.....  
They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity;

.....  
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?  
Creations of the mind? - The mind can make  
Substance, and people planets of its own  
With beings brighter than have been, and give  
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.

(ll. 1-7, 9-11, 18-22)

Byron's aesthetic here nicely embraces what happens **in** the novel *Frankenstein* and what happened **to** the novel *Frankenstein*: Victor's dream of what he could accomplish became a monstrous reality that outlived him; and Mary Shelley's waking dream, what became the novel *Frankenstein*, has outlived her--what she called her own 'hideous progeny' has given her a kind of immortality. Both Byron and Mary Shelley seem to

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be saying that sleep, which mimics death, yields dreams that yield art that can transcend death and mutability. Death might triumph in the Mary Shelleyan or Byronic literary text (with Victor dead and his monster promising his suicide; or with the death of the love between Byron and Mary Chaworth, the subject of Byron's 'The Dream'), but the text itself, paradoxically and even profanely, lives on.

All literary texts, by their very nature, are profane, for what Byron called the 'Creations of the mind' in 'The Dream' ultimately rival or 'mock' what Mary Shelley called the 'stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world' (1831, p. x). That is to say, the artist, by his very attempts at immortal creation, desires to outdo or at least imitate God--and the artist's presumption is figured in the myth of Prometheus, the Titan who stole fire from the gods, from Zeus, in order to benefit man — but at the personal cost to Prometheus, who was chained to the Caucasus and had his heart (or liver) perpetually devoured by an eagle (or vulture). This Promethean figure, an artist, as it were, who suffers as a consequence of his presumption, provides yet another common denominator between Byron and Mary Shelley in the summer of 1816. Mary

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Shelley's novel is subtitled 'The Modern Prometheus', Victor being the Promethean over-reacher who attempted to create a new race of man. At this same time, Byron wrote his ode on 'Prometheus' (July 1816) in which the Titan's defiance of Zeus mythologizes, among other things, the artist's daring in undertaking divine-like creative work. Byron used this myth a number of other times that summer: his 'Monody on the Death of the Right Honourable R. B. Sheridan' identified the 'Promethean heat' in the 'wondrous beings of [Sheridan's] fancy wrought / To fullness by the fiat of his Thought' (ll. 56, 53-54). But it is in *Childe Harold III* that we find the greatest incidence of Promethean fire: the 'one word' by which Byron could best express all of his thoughts was 'Lightning' (st. 97), and this lightning stands at the center of a text in which the 'Fire' of the 'mind' (st. 8) and of the 'soul' (st. 42) and of Rousseau's artistry (see st. 78) reinforce Byron's aesthetic, where once again art triumphs (or at least seems to triumph) over life:

'Tis to create, and in creating live  
A being more intense, that we endow  
With form our fancy, gaining as we give



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To which it mounts, as if to break the link  
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us  
to its brink. (st. 14)

Both of these stanzas from Byron's *Childe Harold* III seem to anticipate and indeed may have influenced the Promethean creator in Mary Shelley's novel, in which Victor desired to 'animate the lifeless clay' and to 'infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing';<sup>10</sup> but this over-reaching creator failed. However, Victor's monstrous creation put on the Promethean agony and, at the end of the novel — in defiance of *his* Zeus-like oppressor — finally disappeared into 'darkness and distance' in order to 'ascend [his] funeral pile triumphantly, and exult in the agony of the torturing flames' (1818, 3: 192).<sup>11</sup> Note how this ending echoes the ending of Byron's ode, where Prometheus would 'Triumphant...defy, / And [make] Death a Victory' (ll. 58-59). And note how this ending echoes yet another Byronic text, *Manfred*, where another Promethean and proud and self-destructive over-reacher attempts to triumph over death by a defiant claim that 'tis not so difficult to die' (III. 4. 151). Manfred had maintained his independence and defiance from the





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These twins, Eros and Anteros, raised from the fountains of Gadara, bring us by the circuitous route of the dream and the myth of Prometheus to the most important of the relations between *Manfred* and *Frankenstein* — that both of them use the twinning or doubling or the doppelgänger as the means of showing the dangerous consequences of the pursuit of knowledge; and they do so by using two or more characters to externalize internal conflict. Byron and Mary Shelley, of course, are not the only writers to use the doppelgänger in the nineteenth-century fiction: witness, for example, such famous texts as Poe's 'William Wilson' (1839) or Melville's 'Bartleby the Scrivener' (1853) or Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886) or Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray* (1890; 1891) — each of which uses two characters to represent a single personality — and all of which can be classified by whether the double or second self is an equivalent, a complement, and/or an opposite. Double stories usually involve self-conflicted and self-destructive individuals, but there are occasional comic versions, such as Chamisso's 'The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemiel' (1814) — and all versions take their cue from the wonderful story of primal man as depicted

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in Aristophanes myth of the globular and androgynous being in Plato's *Symposium*.

Although Mary Shelley may not have known that wonderful mythic story in 1816 when she was writing the first version of her novel, she knew it two years later, by July 1818, when she transcribed Percy Shelley's translation of the *Symposium*,<sup>12</sup> and her knowledge of Aristophanes' explanation of love (as the desire to reunite two separate beings into the four-armed and four-legged primal being) informs her revised edition of *Frankenstein*, in which Victor Frankenstein tells Walton that 'we are unfashioned creatures, but half made up, if one wiser, better, dearer than ourselves — such a friend ought to be — do not lend his aid to perfectionate our weak and faulty natures' (1831, p. 17). Victor, who here refers to Clerval, needed a complement, someone to complete his fragmented personality that resulted from Victor pursuing knowledge and thereby separating himself from the more moral and humane Clerval (in whom Victor tells us he 'saw the image of [his] former self') and from Elizabeth (identified as the lamp and 'living spirit of love') (1831, pp. 139, 25). Psychologically disfigured by such a separation from his heart, Victor embodies and encounters his own

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disfigurement in the deformed monster, who serves as his equivalent: as Victor explains it, he ‘considered the being whom [he] had cast among mankind...nearly in the light of [his] own vampire, [his] own spirit let loose from the grave, and forced to destroy all that was dear to [him]’ (1831, p. 62). What all this means is that man (in this case, the monster) is made in the image of his creator — and Mary Shelley very cleverly uses the doppelgänger (Victor having equivalents or doubles in the characters of Walton, the monster, and Clerval; and having complements in the characters of Elizabeth and Clerval) to show the suicidal effects of a dangerous pursuit of knowledge. When Victor creates the monster with labor that he so much despises, he has renounced love and does mortal damage to his heart (as represented in Clerval and Elizabeth), and the rest of the novel is merely a literalization, an externalization of this psychomachia: Victor in the form of the monster actually kills Clerval and Elizabeth.

Although Mary Shelley may not have been the first writer to use the double to explore this psychomachia whereby the head kills the heart, her doppelgänger story has attained mythic proportions, and any discussion of a self-

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conflicting and self-destructive scientist who fails to consider the consequences of his actions, who lacks foresight (the Greek word for which is 'Prometheus'), almost always mentions *Frankenstein*. But this same kind of psychomachia may be found in another text begun that summer of 1816, namely, in *Manfred*, Byron's first 'speculative' drama, in which we encounter an introspective hero whose 'Half dust, half deity' (I. 2. 40) engendered a conflict between his mortally limiting body and his immortally aspiring mind. Byron externalized this internal conflict by juxtaposing to Manfred 'The lady Astarte, his [physical double and psychological counterpart]' (III. 3. 47), as I interpret and complete Manuel's interrupted description of her. Manfred himself described his resemblance to Astarte: 'She was like me in lineaments — her eyes — / Her hair — her features, all, to the very tone / Even of her voice...were like to mine' (II. 2. 105-107). Yet with 'gentler powers', 'Humility', and 'virtues', Astarte possessed a heart that had psychologically complemented and tempered Manfred's Faustian pursuit of knowledge. Manfred confessed to the Chamois Hunter that he and Astarte formerly possessed 'one heart' (II. 1. 26), but he told the

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Abbot that this heart had become ‘withered, or...broken’ (III. 1. 145). Because Astarte, representing Manfred’s heart, had died, the zealous Abbot sensed the futility of appealing to the half-destroyed Manfred: ‘my humble zeal...May light upon your head — could I say *heart*— / Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should / Recall a noble spirit’ (III. 4. 47, 50-52). Even the Chamois Hunter unwittingly recognized this ‘noble spirit’s’ divided nature when he cautioned Manfred: ‘Thy mind and body are alike unfit / To trust each other’ (II. 1. 2-3); and when he prayed for Manfred: ‘Heaven give thee rest! / And penitence restore *thee* to *thyself*’ (II. 1. 86-88, my italics). In other words, the ‘thee’ (Manfred’s heart or mortality as represented by Astarte) had been severed from the ‘thyself’ (Manfred’s mind with its immortal aspirations).

Because Manfred had destroyed his own heart, his gentler self in the person of Astarte, he should have died; yet it was his ‘fatality to live’ (I. 2. 24). Protesting too much for ‘self-oblivion’ and ‘Forgetfulness’ (I. 1. 144, 136) of Astarte, whose uneludable ‘shadow’ (I. 1. 219) reminded him of his divided self, Manfred really quested for self-

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integration. The Witch of the Alps best understood Manfred's quest for Astarte:

And for this -  
A being of the race thou dost despise,  
The order which thine own would rise above,  
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego  
The gifts of our great *knowledge*, and shrink'st  
back  
To recreant *mortality*.

(II. 2. 121-126, my italics)

Manfred's head or knowledge could not transcend his heart or mortality. His self-sufficient claim to be 'self-condemned' (III. 1. 77) misrepresented the truth: he was his 'own destroyer' (III. 4. 139) only because he had 'loved her, and destroy'd her [Astarte, his double]' (II. 2. 117).<sup>13</sup>

Byron, it seems, was doing the same thing as Mary Shelley in the summer of 1816: both *Manfred* and *Frankenstein* used the doppelgänger to externalize an internal conflict between head and heart, each protagonist committing suicide by way of destroying a better version of himself. Was there influence or mutual influence here? Very difficult to establish this, in that the dates and circumstances

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of composition and publication do not easily support the case either way, although any influence may have been Mary Shelley's on Byron. That is, *Manfred* was probably not begun until August 1816 at the earliest, by which time Mary Shelley had already written one version of her narrative, albeit one that may have lacked the outermost frame of Walton and the innermost tale of Safie. But there is no evidence that Byron in 1816 read what Mary Shelley had written, and it is very possible that Mary Shelley would not have wanted the more experienced Byron to read the extravagant narrative of such an inexperienced writer.<sup>14</sup> But, still, Byron might have heard and been influenced by the earliest version of the tale that Mary Shelley apparently recited back in June at the Villa Diodati.

There are, of course, alternative explanations: it is possible, although unlikely, that Byron began and described part of *Manfred* to Mary Shelley before they began their ghost-story contest in June; or possibly both writers may have been influenced by Goethe's *Faust*, in which (and I quote one of Byron and Shelley's contemporaries) 'the easiest clue to the moral part . . . is, to consider Faust and Mephistopheles as *one* person, represented symbolically, only in a two-fold shape'.<sup>15</sup>

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Although Monk Lewis did not translate *Faust* to Byron until August 1816 (two months after Mary Shelley began *Frankenstein*), it is possible that both Byron and Mary Shelley may have been influenced by some of Percy Shelley's early translations of *Faust*,<sup>16</sup> or that both Byron and Mary Shelley may have been inspired by Percy Shelley's *Alastor*, published in February 1816, a narrative about a Poet's dream of an idealized version of himself and the Poet's vain search for the prototype of his own conception (another instance of a self-conflicted and self-destroyed Romantic artist). As with the dream and with Prometheus, the double seems to have been one of the exciting ideas that attracted the writers' attention during that short-lived summer of 1816 at a time when, as Mary Shelley recalled it, her work 'was the offspring of happy days, when death and grief were but words, which found no true echo in [her] heart' (1831, p. xii).<sup>17</sup>

But the members of the Geneva circle were fated to fall from their idyllic summer of 1816. Byron might with uncharacteristic optimism write in his 'Epistle to Augusta' that 'The world is all before me' (l. 81), but the line invokes the famous conclusion to *Paradise Lost*, where Adam and Eve are exiled from the garden with the equivocal

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promise that 'The world was all before them' (XII. 646). More in keeping with the future they faced was the reflection of Mary Shelley's monster: 'And now, with the world before me, whither should I bend my steps?' (1831, p. 121).

The steps of the Geneva circle ultimately led most of them back together in Italy in the period of 1818 through 1822, during which time they established a Pisan circle, but by this time they were older and saddened by the suicides of family and friends, the deaths of children, and the jealousies that developed among them in the intervening years. By 1821, all these writers had conceded the Byronic truth that 'The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life', a 'fatal truth' (I. 1. 11-12) that Byron announced in *Manfred* in 1816, that Percy Shelley eventually repeated in a cancelled preface to his 1821 *Epipsychidion* (another doppelgänger poem, by the way), and that Mary Shelley had her monster say to his creator: 'sorrow only increased with knowledge. Oh, that I had for ever remained in my native wood' (1831, p. 103). The monster's words directly echo his creator's instruction to Walton: 'how dangerous is the acquirement of knowledge, and how much happier is that man who believes his native town to

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be the world, than he who aspires to become greater than his nature will allow' (1831, p. 39). That native town for Victor was Geneva, the town inhabited by these Romantic rebels in the summer of 1816 — but they were not natives and were therefore destined to suffer the fate of all aspiring artists: their dreams would ultimately lead to their disappointment, to their Promethean punishment. The most Promethean, the most sad, among them was Lord Byron, but in his sadness was a kind of wisdom that somehow he would live on through his art and gain a kind of immortality to which the Byron Foundation Lectures testify. In the words of Byron's *Childe Harold IV*, even though his mind might fever 'into false creation', he predicted that 'there is that within me which shall tire / Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire; / Something unearthly, which they deem [or dream] not of...' (sts. 122, 137).

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<sup>1</sup> Mary Shelley, 'Introduction', *Frankenstein: or, The Modern Prometheus*, Revised, Corrected, and Illustrated with a New Introduction (London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1831), p. xi - hereafter, 1831.

<sup>2</sup> See John Clubbe, 'The Tempest-toss'd Summer of 1816: Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*', *The Byron Journal* 19 (1991): 26-40.

<sup>3</sup> For a convenient '*Frankenstein* Chronology' that covers most of these facts, see Charles E. Robinson, *The Frankenstein Notebooks: A Facsimile Edition of Mary Shelley's Manuscript Novel, 1816-17 (with Alterations in the Hand of Percy Bysshe Shelley) as it Survives in Draft and Fair Copy Deposited by Lord Abinger in the Bodleian Library, Oxford (Dep. c. 477/1 and Dep. c. 534/1-2)*, Parts One and Two, *The Manuscripts of the Younger Romantics*, Volume IX (New York: Garland Publishing, 1996), pp. lxxvi-cvi.

<sup>4</sup> *The Clairmont Correspondence: Letters of Claire Clairmont, Charles Clairmont, and Fanny Imlay*

*Godwin*, ed. Marion Kingston Stocking, 2 vols. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1995), 1: 24 – hereafter, *CC*.

<sup>5</sup> For Mary Shelley's reading of Byron, see 'The Shelleys' Reading List' in *The Journals of Mary Shelley, 1814-1844*, 2 vols., ed. Paula Feldman and Diana Scott-Kilvert (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1987)--hereafter, *MSJ*. See also Charles E. Robinson, *Shelley and Byron: The Snake and Eagle Wreathed in Fight* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins UP, 1976), pp. 243-244.

<sup>6</sup> See Charles E. Robinson, 'Shelley to Byron in 1814: A New Letter', *Keats-Shelley Journal* 35 (1986): 104-10.

<sup>7</sup> For this quotation and for Byron encountering the Shelleys in May and June, see Thomas Moore, *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: With Notices of His Life*, 3d ed. (London: John Murray, 1833), II: 244-249.

<sup>8</sup> Lord Byron, *The Complete Poetical Works*, vol. IV, ed. Jerome J. McGann (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1992), 40-43. All subsequent quotations

from Byron's poetry will be from this 7-volume edition (1980-1993) and followed by line numbers. Hereafter cited as *CPW*.

<sup>9</sup> See the Commentary in *CPW*, IV: 455.

<sup>10</sup> See *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*, 3 vols. (London: Lackington, Hughes, Harding, Mavor, & Jones, 1818), I: 90, 97 - hereafter, *1818*. For a convenient reprinting of *1818*, with the original pagination designated, see either Robinson, *Frankenstein Notebooks*; or *Frankenstein or The Modern Prometheus*, ed. Nora Crook, Volume 1 of *The Novels and Selected Works of Mary Shelley*, in 8 vols., ed. Nora Crook (London: William Pickering, 1996).

<sup>11</sup> The words here quoted result from Percy Shelley fair copying Mary Shelley's Draft, which originally read, in her words, 'ascend his pile triumphantly & the flame that consumes my body will give rest & blessings to my mind' (see *Frankenstein Notebooks*, p. 643).

<sup>12</sup> See *MSJ*, II: 220.

<sup>13</sup> These last two paragraphs repeat the substance of an argument from my earlier article, 'The Devil as Doppelgänger in *The Deformed Transformed: The Sources and Meaning of Byron's Unfinished Drama*', *Bulletin of the New York Public Library* 74 (1970): 197-198.

<sup>14</sup> The phrasing of letters that Claire Clairmont (on 12 January 1818) and Percy Shelley (on 28 April 1818) wrote to Byron announcing Mary Shelley as the author of *Frankenstein* suggest that Byron had not known about the novel - see 'Frankenstein Chronology' in *Frankenstein Notebooks*, pp. xciii, xcv.

<sup>15</sup> *Retsch's Series of Twenty-Six Outlines, Illustrative of Goethe's Tragedy of Faust, Engraved from the Originals by Henry Moses. And an Analysis of the Tragedy* (London: Boosey and Sons; and Rodwell and Martin, 1820), p. 2.

<sup>16</sup> For the likelihood of Percy Shelley's early translations of *Faust*, in 1815-1816, see Nora Crook and Timothy Webb, *The Faust Draft*

*Notebook: A Facsimile of Bodleian MS. Shelley adds. e. 18* (The Bodleian Shelley Manuscripts, Volume XIX) (New York: Garland Publishing, 1997), pp. lvii-lviii.

<sup>17</sup> For Mary Shelley's recollections of Byron during that summer and for some incidental quotations from and references to Byron in *Frankenstein*, see Charles E. Robinson, 'Byron and *Frankenstein*', in *Lord Byron: A Multidisciplinary Open Forum (23<sup>rd</sup> International Byron Conference at Versailles)*, ed. Thérèse Tessier (Versailles: Lavauzelle Graphic, 1999), pp. 103-112, especially pp. 107-110.

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