'The Geometry of Innocence Flesh on the Bone': The Body as Souvenir in Beatrice Grimshaw's Travel Writing

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Beatrice Grimshaw, an Irish writer and tourist promoter, collected indigenous body parts as touristic souvenirs. Although Grimshaw bought and stole various physiological remnants, I focus on a head which she purchased on Papua's Sepik River in 1923. Grimshaw's acquisition is discussed in relation to body parts and modernist fragmentation – that sense of centripetal anarchy and discontinuity that was so prevalent during much of the 19th and early 20th centuries. Buying indigenous body parts was an attempt to project not only the desire for/fear of death, but also feelings of psychical/physical disunity onto the Other. The Other as the site of brokenness, death, horizontality confirms the self as a breathing, unified, vertical whole. The head as souvenir, however, is a slippery presence. It incorporates a mobility that the white colonial tourist can never fully shackle. As is stated from the outset, the framework within which this paper has been researched and written is the current Iraq War, a situation that illustrates all too clearly the abject lack of cultural change *vis-à-vis* the body of the indigenous Other in extreme forms of tourism, the colonial tourism of the early 20th century and the military tourism of the 21st.

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> The geometry of innocence flesh on the bone
> causes Galileo's math book to get thrown
> at Delilah who sits worthlessly alone
> but the tears on her cheeks are from laughter.
> (Bob Dylan, 1974: 'Tombstone Blues'[1])

Introduction

'I joined the army to the see the world, and got as far as Palace Barracks in the County Down'. These words were spoken to me almost 20 years ago by a young man from Belfast whom I met when he was an in-patient in the psychiatric hospital where I worked at that time. While undoubtedly intended to inject a glimmer of humour into a landscape dominated by fluorescent lighting and magnolia paint, his remark nevertheless decisively underpins one of the primary reasons why many young people in various geographical locations, both then and now, join the military – a desire for travel that the army itself has frequently been quick to cash in on. The young man's statement was of course a revision of the 1970s recruitment slogan 'Join The Army And See The World', a travel

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narrative that remains influential.[2] Websites for the United States and British military continue to use touristic discourse in their advertising campaigns.[3] One site that I recently checked states: 'The world is a very big place. With the Army, you get to see a lot of it.'[4] Another informs prospective recruits about reductions which US soldiers receive on domestic flights – tour Fallujah and then visit the Florida Keys.[5] With membership of the military conceptualised, to a certain degree, as a form of tourism, it is therefore no surprise that for many active service personnel, souvenirs form an integral part of their tour of duty.[6]

In 2005, when I was researching the purchase of indigenous body parts by British colonials in early 20th century Papua, Channel Four News broke a disturbing story concerning photographs of US soldiers posing with the mutilated remains of dead Iraqis.[7] These souvenirs of their time in Iraq were being sold to websites in exchange for access to online pornography. Objectified and commoditised, the body of the dead Other was being constructed as a souvenir and as a merchandising opportunity.[8] This provides an immediate point of reference for this paper which focuses on the reasons why Irish writer and tourist promoter, Beatrice Grimshaw, collected body parts as touristic souvenirs while travelling in Papua and the Pacific Islands. When describing her visit to the Vanuatuan Island of Malekula in her first travelogue, *From Fiji To The Cannibal Islands*, Grimshaw (1907: 191) writes: 'Malekulan skulls are considered rather valuable curios in these days and it is hard to obtain one. I succeeded however, in getting a native of Sou'-West Bay – never mind how – to procure one for me out of the temple.' Later in the same text, while discussing her stay on Tanna, Grimshaw (1907: 212) states: 'I wanted to get a thigh bone as a curiosity. It could not have hurt the gentleman that had been a *rôti* of, and it would have been very valuable to me.' This attempt is unsuccessful, but Grimshaw does secure a female thigh bone (the individual apparently having been murdered and cannibalised) on this island. Given to her by a missionary, Grimshaw says (1907: 223) that she wanted it 'as a memento of Tanna', going on to add 'rather a ghastly souvenir it must be confessed'. When visiting the Sepik, one of Papua's larger rivers, she purchases another femur bone, this one fashioned like a dagger. Grimshaw (1930: 64) describes it as 'a long slender weapon, beautifully chiselled in patterns and ornamented with streamers', in exchange for which the Papuans receive one knife. In Daru, Grimshaw (1930: 86) is given a human head: 'It was a really remarkable specimen, prepared after the typical Fly River style. The bones of the skull had been removed, and the skin of the scalp, face and neck cured and stuffed.' Commenting on white colonial households in this coastal town, Grimshaw (1930: 86) writes 'Every house in Daru owns such curios; skulls are fairly common, and fragments of the human frame in the shape of jawbones, or dried hands, excite no comment.' Grimshaw (1930: 87) states that when she later visited the Fly (1926) she acquired 'more than one of the remarkable curios above described'. The body part which will be discussed in this paper is the head which Grimshaw purchased while travelling up Papua's Sepik River in 1923. This was Grimshaw's first trip on one of the Island continent's large waterways. Her earlier contact with the country's main arteries was restricted to its turbulent estuaries. Shortly after she first arrived in Papua in 1907 she visited Goari Bari in the Aird Estuary. This expedition, lead by the then Acting-Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, J.H.P.

Murray, was organised in order to secure the bones of two white missionaries, Chalmers and Tompkins, murdered by the Goari Barians in 1901. Unlike the bones of the two white men, which require a Christian burial, no resurrection trajectory is evoked by a collection of curios;[9] no teleological design is indicated when a missionary presents Grimshaw with a thigh bone as a souvenir. How can a collection of fragments rise on judgement day and embark upon a life in the hereafter? As Bob Dylan (1974) suggests in 'Tombstone Blues', the body, that 'Geometry of innocence flesh on the bone' which causes 'Galileo's math book to get thrown', is never *really* innocent. Grimshaw's engagement with her own body, the body of the touristic self, is no more innocent than her interaction with the body of the indigenous Other. The body is a social construct. The most acutely personal space that we will ever inhabit, it is always an architecture of the before. Irrevocably contextualised, it is a cartography of interacting surfaces and souterrains which glide around and beyond any recognisable point of origin or closure. A vortex of ambiguities, it posits a notion of the pre-social only to defy it. The body is the amnion within which we move; our awareness of it being determined by specific contexts. From the ubiquitous suntan, to travel sickness, jet lag, fatigue or simply a change in wardrobe, tourism foregrounds the body.

In Beatrice Grimshaw's writing, the body in motion, the white body in motion, becomes travelogue, its mobility frequently predicated upon the alleged stasis of others. This desire for a fixed, static Other is exemplified by Grimshaw's choice of souvenir during her visit to the Sepik River in 1923. The reasons why Grimshaw chose a human skull are examined in this paper. I will begin by looking at her purchase in relation to body parts and modernist fragmentation, exploring the sense of discontinuity and centripetal anarchy that was prevalent throughout much of the 19th and early 20th centuries, before going on to analyse Grimshaw's conversion to Catholicism during the *fin-de-siècle* within this context. Drawing on the work of Elisabeth Bronfen (1996), I argue that women, due to the nature of how their gender is constructed, particularly the internalisation of the male gaze, are more likely to experience feelings of disunity and fragmentation, more likely to feel divided within themselves, than men.[10] This lack of cohesion is discussed in relation to Grimshaw's position as a journalist on the otherwise all-male staff of the *Irish Cyclist*, and also in relation to her own cycling at a time, and in a country, where the female body in motion was subject to constant scrutiny. I argue that awareness of a lack of physical wholeness and bodily integration travelled with Grimshaw to the Pacific, impacting on her engagement with indigenous peoples, while being impacted upon by the journey. Undermining or shoring up a conception of self, tourism influences subjectivity.[11] Eschewing any notion of the Cartesian mind/body duality, I argue that Grimshaw projects disruptions in subjectivity onto the fragmented body of the indigenous Other. Grimshaw's choice of souvenir is an attempt to reduce the head of a Papuan to the level of curio, a move which fails. The severed head is not a trinket; its ultimate signifier is a real violated body, a body, which like all bodies, incorporates a mobility that can never be fully shackled. Grimshaw's representations of indigenous flesh and bone, whether alive or dead, communicate little, if anything, about any Papua whoever lived. But they do reveal much more about the body *image* of the white colonial tourist, an analysis of which necessitates a return to the landscapes of her past.

An Irish Cyclist

Born on 3 February 1870 at Cloona House, Dunmurry on the outskirts of Belfast, Beatrice was the fifth of six surviving children born to Nicholas and Eleanor Grimshaw. Reminiscing in an interview years later she would recall her early life at Cloona as an idyllic time spent in the company of brothers and sisters whose 'chief amusement' (Hoehn, 1948) was riding. Her days in Antrim were, however, short-lived. Due most probably to her father's poor business acumen the family had to leave Cloona when Beatrice was just seven years old. After a period of residence[12] in France, where Beatrice attended the Pension Retaillaud in Caen, Normandy, the family returned to Ireland. A country house with beautiful Irish Hunters in the stables was no longer possible, but 19 College Gardens, the town house which Nicholas Grimshaw purchased, was far from an insubstantial property. Beatrice received her secondary education at Victoria College Belfast, before attending Bedford College, London and finally the Queen's University of Belfast. Spending just one year at Queen's and Bedford, she did not take a degree at either. Grimshaw's parents had hoped that she would become a lecturer in the Classics at a ladies' college, but their young daughter had other plans. After sending R.J. Mecredy, the proprietor of the Dublin based publication, *Irish Cyclist*, a letter signed Belsize in 1891, Grimshaw became an occasional contributor to the magazine. As its name suggests, the *Irish Cyclist* was a sports magazine, one which did much to promote tourism, specifically cycling tourism, in Ireland.[13] Containing detailed information concerning routes, sights, landscapes and accommodation Mecredy's publication mapped out cycling tours of Ireland for its readers.[14] Grimshaw appears to have been made a permanent staff member in 1892, writing at that time under the pseudonym Graphis or simply 'G'. Appointed to the post of sub-editor in 1893, her rise through the ranks of this otherwise all-male paper was rapid. Mecredy was clearly impressed with Grimshaw, not only with regards to her journalistic skills, but also her cycling ability:

> It is a curious fact that the staff of the *Irish Cyclist* is always composed of first class-riders. The latest accession to it is no exception. Graphis can cover her fifteen miles an hour with comparative ease, and as for stamina – we fancy 150 miles in a day would be nothing to her.[15]

In a later volume in the same year an *Irish Cyclist* journalist (most probably Mecredy) states:

> Graphis rode 4216 miles during the year [1892]. Her longest ride was 101, and her average per day 17(1/3). She rode 244 days out of the 365, being one time kept off her machine for five weeks by a sprain; and on another occasion being absent for a fortnight without a mount.[16]

It is evident from this that Grimshaw kept detailed records of all her cycling experiences, even those daily common or garden excursions to work. And why keep such records if not to break them? Grimshaw was a competitive woman; she wanted challenges. She wanted to set limits, and she succeeded. It was at this time that she became the Woman's World Twenty-Four-Hour Road Racing Champion, an accomplishment of which she was undeniably proud. It is mentioned in several interviews, and also in her final travelogue *Isles Of Adventure*

(Grimshaw, 1930: 17), published over 30 years later.[17] As a result of this performance – 212 miles in 24 hours on terrible roads - Grimshaw was made an honorary member of Ireland's premier cycling club, the Irish Road Club, and presented with the organisation's silver badge.[18] Yet, when discussed on page four of the *Irish Cyclist*, Grimshaw's achievement is greatly undermined. Referred to as 'quite a touring trip' during which 'she lost her way hopelessly', her endeavour is reduced to 'a mere pleasure trip' and definitely 'not a record-breaking ride' (*Irish Cyclist*, 3 September 1893). While quick to praise Mecredy's own early racing victories, the paper is much less enthusiastic about this current record by a *female* member of staff.

While the *Irish Cyclist*, in general, looked favourably on women cyclists (Mecredy's wife was a keen cyclist), it frowned upon women taking part in public competitions. They could keep and break records so long as it was done privately. They could travel one hundred miles to Wicklow or Wexford at the weekend, they could take part in cycling tours of Ireland, if this could be seen to be achieved without strenuous toil, and more importantly, the physiological animation that it implies:

> We don't want to see the English 'lady scorcher' imported into Ireland in all her terrors, but we should certainly like to see Belfast produce a lady cyclist or two to match the many first-class feminine riders of Dublin. The capital possesses several who think nothing of a 'century' in a day, on bad roads, and a good many more who, while sitting perfectly erect, and keeping cool and comfortable, can pedal at a rate that would leave plenty of good men behind.[19]

Only for her feet moving under what would most probably have been a full-length skirt this woman cyclist in the middle of an arduous 100 mile trek is an all but motionless image. This is a body of disconnected parts, a blank exterior[20] that denies the physiological whole, a collection of composed extremities which camouflage muscular strife. It is a touring body which attempts to negate not only the signs of travel as travail, but also movement itself. 'Erect', 'cool' and 'comfortable', this travelling female body exudes stasis. On the race course this sense of arrested mobility would obviously have been impossible to realise:

> [I]n cycle-racing the violence of the exertion is destructive to all our sentimental ideas of the fitness of things, nobody liking to contemplate the idea of a nice girl exhausted by sudorific striving upon the race-path, let alone the prospect of a melée of broken limbs, torn flesh, and splintered cycles.[21]

Known to his readers as The Old File, the *Irish Cyclist* columnist who wrote these lines denounces women's racing because it italicises the female body as a dynamic form moving under its own volition. His description of women's racing as 'sudorific striving' underscores the physicality of the pursuit. Female anatomy and physiology are in a state of maximum exertion; composure is flung violently aside. The woman in motion is acceptable so long as the travelling body creates the illusion of a static type of movement, movement that is seemingly disembodied, but travel is *always* embodied. And this body creates many problems for Grimshaw; like her colleagues at the *Irish Cyclist*, she tries,

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at times, to bury it. We are told that Graphis 'suggests that if any ladies' races are actually held in Ireland, all the feminine portion of the inhabitants in the district should agree not to go to the meeting, by way of protest.'[22] Grimshaw voices disapproval of women's racing while having taken part in a world championship, and while clearly relishing competition and speed. In a humorous article she describes racing a man who was audacious enough to pass her while she was out cycling: 'I was very hot; I knew I was leaning over the handles, and craning my neck, and that my conduct would shock all right minded people'.[23] Grimshaw is enjoying the race and quite confident that she can pace if not beat this man. Nevertheless, she 'back-pedalled; slacked, and dropped down to six miles an hour' stating 'I hated myself, and the Man, and cycling in general, and my own folly in particular.'[24] The reason that Grimshaw lets the stranger that she has been pursuing escape is because:

> He was heading right for the main street of the big town that now lay just in front. What was I to do? The man would not in the least mind making an exhibition of himself before a thousand well-dressed promenaders – I *should*.[25]

Grimshaw is conscious of image and how she presents herself throughout her career, but perhaps nowhere is this obsession with appearance more forcefully felt than in her columns in the *Irish Cyclist* and the magazine's sister publication *The Social Review*. R.J. Mecredy's new publication came into being in November 1893, and Grimshaw joined the staff while continuing to work for the *Irish Cyclist*. *The Social Review* was a society magazine which contained photographs of debutantes, coverage of society weddings and balls, fashion advice, Grimshaw's column 'Notes by The Way', dealing mainly with book and theatre reviews, and her other column, 'The Wheelwoman', which discussed issues considered relevant to women cyclists, particularly what clothes they should or should not wear, adopting at times an haranguing tone.

Grimshaw was with the magazine a relatively short period of time, approximately two years, until she was promoted to editor. Reminiscing about her time in Dublin in *Isles Of Adventure* published over 30 years later she states 'Sometimes I edited both papers, taking both editorial rooms, and feeling quite seven feet high' (Grimshaw, 1930: 13). This increase in stature was not, however, enough to prevent Grimshaw from growing bored in Dublin. At the turn of the century she moved to London where she worked as a freelance journalist and emigration promoter while all the time nurturing a long-held dream of travel in the South Seas. It was not long before Grimshaw's dream was realised. In receipt of free steam ship passes and a commission from the *Times* [London] and the *Daily Graphic* [London], Grimshaw arrived in the Pacific for the first time in 1904. During the 49 years which followed she would exhaust numerous type-writers in various locations across Oceania as she produced travelogues, tourist brochures, political pamphlets, much journalistic copy, plus copious amounts of long and short fiction. With a large readership in the English speaking world Grimshaw was one of the best known writers working in popular fictional genres during the first decades of the 20th century. Stating (Grimshaw, 1930: 34) that 'new and strange things are the chief happiness of life', Grimshaw was also a relentless traveller. Both before and during her long residency (1907–1934) in

what is present-day Papua New Guinea she spent periods touring various island groups in the Pacific[26] and also travelling extensively within Papua itself.[27] Two of her most notable journeys in Papua were her excursions on the then little known Fly and Sepik Rivers.

Colonial Head Hunters: Modernity, Women and the Fragment

Grimshaw visited the Sepik in 1923 with some priests from the Catholic Mission. Her response to the region and its people was mixed, but despite this fact her description of the area concludes on a definite note. She states:

> The head-hunters – that merry, hospitable, blood-thirsty, wicked, artistic and jolly crowd – will be civilised and taught to wear shirts and trousers, trained to drive motorcars and repair launches for white masters. I am glad I shall not be there. I like my head-hunters as they are. (Grimshaw, 1930: 82)

This may be nothing more than a moment of predictable and commonplace colonial nostalgia. Nevertheless, within the context of Grimshaw's work, a declaration of support for the autonomous existence of a head-hunting group is somewhat anomalous, especially as it is positioned at the end of a chapter in which violent practices are repeatedly discussed:

> Heads, heads, heads – there was no getting away from them on the middle Sepik, that March and April of 1923. Every village had a display of heads in its men's communal house; every canoe that came about the launch offered a head or so for sale; every native who could speak pidgin-English – and there were a good many, since Sepik folk have often been taken away to work on plantations – had a tale of gossip about the head-hunting raids of yesterday and last week. (Grimshaw, 1930: 43)

The image of the indigenous body in pieces is present throughout Grimshaw's writing. And her response to it is characterised by a marked degree of ambivalence. In the account of her visit to Lake Murray, a lake on the upper Fly, Grimshaw describes, with lurid vividness, what she believes to be the head-hunting practices of the region stating:

> Impossible to believe that battle, murder and sudden death hide everywhere among these lovely islets, emeralds set upon a sapphire shield; that headless, flayed bodies may be found floating among the silver-green weeds where water-fowl perch and nest; that a column of blue smoke, most peaceful and homelike of sights, rising up among trees, may show the place of no domestic hearth, but of a hideous smokehouse where severed, dripping heads are taken to dry. (Grimshaw, 1930: 138)

Despite this brutal image of bodily suffering, Grimshaw buys a head as a touristic souvenir on her visit to the Sepik:

> Heads were plenty – a woman's head among them, with short black curls on the dried scalp; a child's head or two; men's heads cleverly worked up, with modelled and painted clay faces and eyes of shell or mother-of-pearl. I asked if any were to be bought. (Grimshaw, 1930: 52)

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Possibly because they are those of family members and friends, the Papuans will not sell any of *these* heads, but Grimshaw (1930: 52) is told that she can procure a skull in exchange for a knife, and that a local artist will 'put a face on it in no time'. After accepting this offer Grimshaw describes how some indigenous people try to sell the members of her party a collection of beautiful osprey plumes – notoriously expensive in the West – for a 'handful of cowrie shells' (Grimshaw, 1930: 69). Stating 'We did not trade', (Grimshaw, 1930: 69), goes on to elaborate in detail the colonial administration's attempts to protect many of Papua's most sought after species of birds. And yet, she has no qualms about buying a human skull for the price of a knife.

Grimshaw is placing the fragmented body of the Other on the tourist itinerary; it is both commodity and tourist sight/site. Describing a skull rack in a Papuan temple she writes:

> It was about a foot wide by twenty feet long, and was set with a row of teeth. On every fork a skull was spiked; it was painted red, white and black in a sort of snake pattern, and was clearly the first object of interest in the place. The old gentleman with the four feathers conducted us to it with the air of a Cook's guide, and seemed pleased by the sensation that it caused. (Grimshaw, 1930: 63)

Grimshaw is clearly conscious of the fact that there is a market for horror among her readers, both those she refers to as stay-at-homes, and those who may travel to Papua as tourists. Constructing a type of dark tourism[28] in the Pacific, she is aware of the marketability of death. The Papuan temple offers the tourist a spectacle, and a merchandising opportunity. He or she may gaze on death and then purchase a symbol of their own survival, and mortality. According to Dean MacCannell (1976), mortality became a preoccupation among the travelling classes in the second half of the 19th century. At the end of the century the Paris Morgue became a popular tourist attraction where visitors could gaze on a gallery of corpses supposedly for the purpose of identification. But whose identity was being confirmed? MacCannell (1976) argues that this exercise in visual consumption was really an attempt to consolidate the tourist's conception of self.[29] In contrast to the nameless cadavers, who may have met their fate in dubious and disorderly circumstances, the tourist, occupying a specific social position in opposition to the liminal space of the corpse, is a named somebody, a somebody who can mercilessly scrutinise those who will never be able to return the gaze, a someone who is positioned in a somewhere – chiefly the domain of the living. The tourist is observing death. But as Elisabeth Bronfen (1996: x) observes 'it is death of the other', death 'occurring at someone else's body'.

When Grimshaw buys the Papuan skull, touristic souvenir and *memento mori*, she is affirming her position as survivor. She is confronted with death but it is death of the Other; moreover, once remodelled and decorated the skull is, at least in part, an aesthetic representation. As Bronfen (1996: x) argues, this thus enables repression of 'knowledge of the reality of death', while reducing the Other to a commoditised fragment. Linda Nochlin (1994: 7), in a work entitled *The Body in Pieces. The Fragment as a Metaphor for Modernity*, argues that modernity 'is figured as irrevocable loss, poignant regret for lost totality, a vanished

wholeness'. For Nochlin (1994: 8), the seminal event in the modern period is the French Revolution, which she believes 'constituted the fragment as a positive rather than a negative trope': 'The fragment, for the Revolution and its artists, rather than symbolizing nostalgia for the past, enacts the deliberate destruction of that past, or at least, a pulverization of what were perceived to be its repressive traditions.' Nochlin states that at the centre of this despotic institution is the head of state:

> The topos of the execution of the monarch, a castration image of unprecedented power and suggestiveness, is central to the revolutionary discourse of destruction. The wresting of the head from the fleshly embodiment of the state constituted an irreversible enactment of the destruction of the old regime. (Nochlin, 1994: 11)

The purchase of indigenous heads could be considered an exemplary imperialist trope. Grimshaw was a tourist in the Sepik region, but in another district she was a settler, who was attempting to inscribe Papua with a narrative of colonial beginnings. The mutilated fragment in her possession could represent an imperial desire to neutralise the power of indigenous people, particularly the troublesome head-hunting tribes, thereby consolidating white hegemony. This head does not, however, suggest that the Papuans were a worthy opponent for the imperial conqueror. Totally lacking in iconic status, it is reduced to the level of curio (Figure 1), an object lacking in breadth and stature. Surrounded by what appear to be two decorated staffs, a tall free standing female figure, and an elongated carved mask, the head is on the plane of horizontality. Dwarfed by four huge cooking pots, this is also true of the heads depicted in Figure 2. Figure 3 similarly suggests horizontality. According to Rosalind Krauss (1993: 43) the horizontal is 'associated with base materialism'.[30] In contrast Krauss (1993: 43) states that 'the plane of verticality is the plane of *Prégnanz*...the hanging together or coherence of form...Further this vertical dimension, in being the axis of form is also the axis of beauty'. And of course, when Grimshaw contemplates the head, she is doing so from a vertical position, a position of functioning and coherence. As a fragment the head not only enables the subject to repress knowledge of the mortality of the self, but also – fuelled by the desire for narcissistic wholeness – to repress awareness of the lack on which subjectivity is founded. The Other as fragment, as body part, facilitates a (mis)recognition of the self as a unified whole. Creating an 'illusion of automony', it is according to Lacan (1977: 6), just such '*méconnaissances* [misconstructions] that constitute the ego'. Nochlin suggests that feelings of disunity and fragmentation reached new heights during the modern period. We only have to think of Yeats' (1990: 99) 'Second Coming': 'Things fall apart, the centre can not hold'. While the fragment was a positive symbol for revolutionary France, Nochlin (1994: 23) argues that during the course of the 19th century there emerged a 'sense of social, psychological, even metaphysical fragmentation', a sense of 'loss of wholeness, a shattering of connection, a destruction or disintegration of permanent value'. Positing T.S. Eliot's 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock' as a classic modernist example of this preoccupation with disintegration, Rod Edmond (1997: 221) states 'In Eliot's poem the world is [...] in pieces, and these oddly isolated or amputated images of the body express the cultural disintegration which high modernism diagnosed and mourned.' Edmond (1997: 221) goes on to say that

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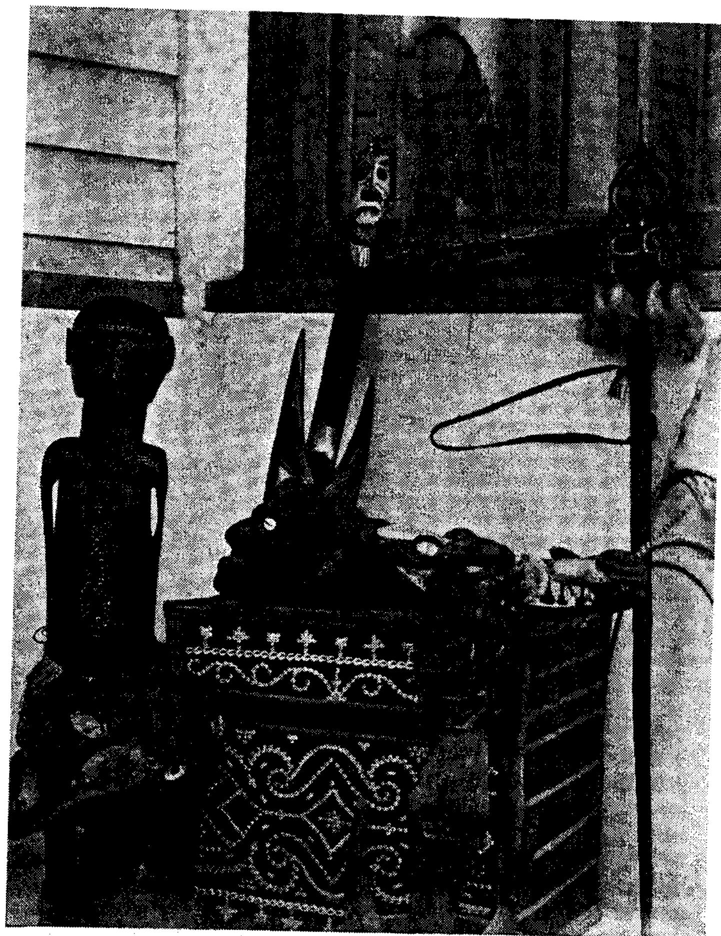

Figure 1 Artefacts from Grimshaw's collection

Figure 2 Sepik River skulls

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Figure 3 Artefacts from the Sepik

'As things fell apart, the idea of coherence and totality was displaced on to the past in a characteristic move which gave modernism its contradictory radical-conservative character.' For Eliot this past was a spiritual one. His conversion to the Anglican Church provided him not only with coherence and system, but also a religious tradition that had, in many respects, remained unaltered from before the Reformation. Grimshaw was also a convert. She joined the Catholic Church during the *fin-de-siècle*, a time of great change, speculation, anxiety and uncertainty. Grimshaw's engagement with Catholicism appears to have offered her a totalising system,[31] one which provided rules and certainty, particularly with regard to interpersonal relationships. In her work Catholicism is associated with order, cohesion, and a sense of peace:

> It was a Catholic church. My mother was a Catholic, and I have always had a love for Catholic things and people because of her. The church pleased me. There was a cool twilight under the great nave, and little stars of candles twinkled somewhere away at the far end. Soft muffled echoes came and went as people swung the padded doors; the scent of the sunshine and the spring would flow in for a moment through the opening, and then it would be dark and quiet again, with the smell of cold incense in the air, and the sound of the traffic faint and far (*When The Red Gods Call*). (Grimshaw, 1911: 265–266)

These words are spoken by Stephanie Hammond, Grimshaw's heroine in *When The Red Gods Call*. Stephanie has entered the church in a moment of abject despondency. She is depressed as a result of the collapse of her marriage, and because of the emptiness and spiritual dearth of her existence in London. Once seated under the great nave the sounds of the metropolis begin to fade. Likewise, when she goes to the presbytery the following day in order to visit the priest she remarks 'One heard the noise of London very faintly' (Grimshaw, 1911: 267). Catholicism is lowering the volume of the modern world. It also ensures a positive conclusion to this romance: the priest advises Stephanie to go back to her husband Hugh Lynch, whom she misses desperately. She complies, despite the objections of her wealthy aunt and respectable suitor. To Father Ferrer, Lynch's

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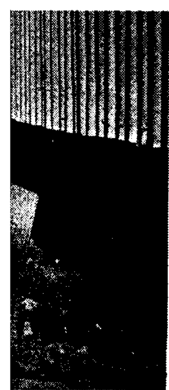

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social downfall and past crimes are irrelevant; the couple are still married in the eyes of the church. For Grimshaw, Catholicism incorporates a system of immutable contracts, which, keeping people together, provide order in what appears to be an increasingly disordered and fragmented world.

Elisabeth Bronfen argues that a sense of fragmentation is something which women, due to the nature of how they have been historically and socially constituted, experience much more acutely than men. She writes:

> To say Woman encompasses both the male surveyor and the female surveyed also recalls the hysteric's uncertainty as to being feminine or masculine [...] In her complicity with her cultural gender position, she must vacillate between masculinity and femininity. She can never be narcissistically whole because she always also includes the masculine gaze that makes her other than herself. (Bronfen, 1996: 282)

Having been encouraged, or forced, to engage in an endless process of self-scrutiny Bronfen (1992: 282) states 'woman's self-being is split in two'. Therefore, according to John Berger (cited in Bronfen, 1996: 282) woman is always 'accompanied by her own image of herself', a state of internalised surveillance which Grimshaw associates with more than one of her fictional characters:

> He was more than ever the son of Earth to-night, skin burned as brown as the trunks of the trees, hair and beard grown furry as brown moss, eyes brown-yellow like the eyes of beasts and birds. He was handsome, as always, and, as always, seemed not to know, or if he knew, not to care. Edith, who knew every line of her own beauty, and loved it, was always impressed by this unconsciousness of her 'brown man's. (Grimshaw, *Nobody's Island*, 1934: 195).[32]

When discussing Grimshaw's Dublin journalism, I showed how image was something that she was preoccupied with, going so far as to encourage women readers to cycle down Grafton Street earlier in the morning, when it was still deserted, in order in inspect their reflections in shop windows. Grimshaw tirelessly harangued her readers about their appearance, how they dressed, their posture, their hair styles, and how they moved on their bicycles. The staff, all male except Grimshaw, on the *Irish Cyclist* encouraged women to cycle, but not to race, not to compete, not to show signs of physical exertion. Muscular activity had to be kept hidden under an ankle-length skirt, while the back remained straight, the posed face seemingly unstrained, and the ankles turning without any sign of effort. Women were told to maintain this position even when riding a century – 100 miles in a single day – which Grimshaw frequently did. This was a fragmented body; a body of disconnected parts, a contradictory site/sight, which had to manifest stasis when in motion. As a fiercely competitive woman, who relished physical activity and strenuous muscular exertion, Grimshaw must have felt disconnected from and divided within her own being. Even the internal body map of the female cyclist provoked comment from male staff on the magazine. The following is the Scorcher's reply to Grimshaw's advice to women riders to take adequate nutrition:

> So Graphis thinks that most women cyclists are not nearly careful enough to eat plenty. That is because lovely woman is too ethereal to eat anything

> [...] Within the last few days it has been my unhappy fate to see two lady cyclists tuck into a jolly good feed.[33]

The Scorcher finds the view of two women indulging their robust appetites[34] unpleasant. He prefers to think of 'women as too ethereal to eat *anything*' (my italics). There is an attempt here to negate female appetite, translating the interior into a nihilistic space, a space of nothingness, a void.

In her travelogue, *From Fiji To The Cannibal Islands*, Grimshaw (1907: 10) asserts that travel facilitates an opening up of 'unknown tracts and places in' the tourist. Fusing geographical and physiological discourse, this description presents the subject as a spatialised entity, a body of surfaces and inner depths, which can be discovered, affirmed or destabilised through the strangeness of the journey. As Moira Gaten iterates:

> The privileged relation which each individual has to her or his own body does *not* include a privilege over its construction. We may think of our bodies as the most private of all our 'possessions', but in fact the body – and the way we each 'live' the body – has about it an eerie anonymity and otherness that is especially strongly felt at times of illness (both mental and physical), times at which we feel alienated from our social surroundings. (Gaten, 1996: 35)

Prior to her purchase of the head, Grimshaw (1930: 48) had been finding the journey strange, strangely beautiful – 'lagoons set with silvery sugar-cane and gemmed with secret and exquisite islands' – and strangely disquieting and oppressive. She states:

> It was a typical Sepik River afternoon; over huge open lagoons, steely and livid, under a sky that was black with terrible heat, the launch panted on her way; through narrower reaches, less than half a mile in width, where the silent dark-green trees on either bank stirred not a leaf, but stood like gloomy soldiers, stiff at attention [...] and with every mile of our advance up the river the mosquitoes and the heat increased. (Grimshaw, 1930: 47)

'Steely and livid' lagoons under a black sky: this is a hard, un-giving landscape, a place of sweat and steel. The trees on the banks are militarised. They could pose a threat, but there is no telling what that threat might be; their speech is dark-green silence. Much more disturbing than this eerily hushed landscape are the people who inhabit the village where Grimshaw buys the head:

> He was oiled and painted; there were jet-black circles round his eyes; his nose was scarlet; he had black and scarlet patches on his cheeks. He had huge muscles, accentuated by the oily clay that had been streaked about his naked body. (Grimshaw, 1930: 51)

This Other is implacably body, an unforgivingly othered body. Continuing this description Grimshaw states:

> Sidelong he watched the party and once or twice he smiled. Hell might have sickened at that smile, at the hideous knowledge, the horrible lusts late-satisfied that looked out of it. An old man strutted about, uneasy, nervy, on wires. He had a venerable grey beard and a wrinkled body. His

face was full of strange furies. Unlike the youth he knew it, and looked down at the ground when the white folks came near. One was blood-intoxicated, full-fed; the other was still thirsty. (Grimshaw, 1930: 51)

Grimshaw makes it clear that the people of the middle Sepik are not cannibals.[35] They do not eat their prisoners, but she maintains that they enjoy torturing them prior to inflicting death by decapitation. This is the blood-thirst that Grimshaw is referring to, a fact that is not, however, revealed until some three pages later. In the initial description of these men the reader is led to believe that they actually feed on blood. The 'blood-intoxicated, full-fed' young man whose 'horrible lusts' have been 'late-satisfied', and his elderly neighbour whose 'thirst' fills his face with 'strange furies' (Grimshaw, 1930: 51) suggest that some type of vampiric practice takes place in this village.

Vampirism, Castration and the Second Burial

While Grimshaw does not use the word 'vampire', her account of these men, nonetheless, swiftly calls to mind certain images and descriptions associated with the most illustrious vampire of all, Bram Stoker's (1994: 67) Dracula. I am thinking here, for example, of the Count's overriding desire to 'satiate his lust for blood', and his 'soft, smooth diabolical smile' (Stoker, 1994: 64), 'a smile that Judas in hell might be proud of' (Stoker, 1994: 66), a 'mocking smile' (Stoker, 1994: 67) that seemed to drive Jonathan Harker mad when he contemplated the Count lying in his coffin 'gorged with blood' (Stoker, 1994: 67). Although aware of Dracula's evil intent, Harker is powerless to thwart the vampire's plans. When he attempts to strike the Count, Harker states that the latter's 'head turned, and [his] eyes fell full upon me, with all their blaze of basilisk horror. The sight seemed to paralyse me' [...] (Stoker, 1994: 68). Close encounters with vampires usually result in a loss of self, always if penetration occurs. The analogy between sexual desire and the vampiric bite, the moment of penetration, has long been recognised. In *Carmilla*, first published in 1872, Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu (1995: 301) observed that 'the vampire is prone to be fascinated with an engrossing vehemence resembling the passion of love'. And as Christopher Craft (1984: 107) points out, the central concern in *Dracula* is the 'interfusion of sexual desire and the fear that the moment of erotic fulfilment may occasion the erasure of the conventional and integral self'. This is exactly what happens to Dracula's chief victim, Lucy Westenra:

> She seemed like a nightmare of Lucy as she lay there; the pointed teeth, the bloodstained voluptuous mouth – which it made one shudder to see – the whole carnal and unspiritual appearance, seeming like a devilish mockery of Lucy's sweet purity. (Stoker, 1994: 256)

But Lucy can be restored to a 'holy, and not unholy memory' (Stoker, 1994: 258). It requires, initially, a stake through the heart, delivered by her *fiancé*, as Van Helsing, a man always well-equipped with religious paraphernalia,[36] opens his missal, and recites the prayer for the dead. What Van Helsing and his band of warriors are disrupting is death as process, the corpse as both dead and undead, a site of ambiguity and abjection. This is a task that demands more than a stake through the heart. It necessitates decapitation, and a cleansing of

the head. In the vampire the head is not only the seat of consciousness; it is home to the main (vampiric) sexual organ – the mouth: 'Then we cut off the head and filled the mouth with garlic' (Stoker, 1994: 260). The 'foul Thing' (Stoker, 1994: 259) which lay 'in the coffin' and seeped body fluids – 'the mouth smeared with crimson foam' (Stoker, 1994: 259) – has been despatched from the liminal space of the undead to the hereafter. The threat posed by the site of contagion, which could infect and corrupt those who came in contact with it, the vampire who both allured and repelled, has been neutralised. Lucy has been buried for a second time.

The vampire is an unstable entity. Craft (1984: 107) has observed that representing 'desire under the defensive mask of monstrosity' it 'betrays [a] fundamental psychological ambivalence'. As Franco Moretti (1983: 100) puts it 'vampirism is an excellent example of the identity of desire and fear'. Describing the men of the village where she bought the head Grimshaw states:

> We had seen many fierce and wicked faces in other villages, but here one knew instantly that something different had been touched. There was a black horror that one felt like an evil mist; one saw something in the faces of the men for which civilised language has no words. (Grimshaw, 1930: 51)

Grimshaw does not, however, avert her eyes; nor does she return to the boat. Instead she produces body sketches of the two men whom she likens to vampires. Of the 'blood-intoxicated, full-fed' (Grimshaw, 1930: 51) individual she notices his 'huge muscles, accentuated by the oily clay that had been streaked about his naked body' (Grimshaw, 1990: 51). She also describes him as 'young' and 'comely' (Grimshaw, 1990: 51). It is unclear if this is the person whom Grimshaw is referring to when she says 'Then the warrior who had been staring at me and walking round me in somewhat unusual silence, made the inevitable request. Would I come into the bush with them and let the women see me?' (Grimshaw, 1930: 52). But regardless of who the individual is, and despite the 'black horror', the 'evil mist', that 'something' for which 'civilised language has no words' and 'the horrible lusts late-satisfied' (Grimshaw, 1930: 51), Grimshaw agrees to go into the bush alone with these men:

> Through heat that seemed to burn the very ground beneath one's feet, I followed the men for a good quarter-mile or so [...] Still there were no women. The awful heat, the black sky, the stillness, and the silence of the evil-faced folk who accompanied me were almost hypnotising in their effect. I wondered why I was there [...]. (Grimshaw, 1930: 52)

And why is she there in the company of men whose passion is blood?[37] Grimshaw (1930: 52) finds the 'evil-faced folk' and the landscape which they inhabit 'almost hypnotising in their effect'. Like the revenant with which they are associated these people engender fascination and fear. Like the voluptuous Lucy they both allure and repel. And when Grimshaw commissions the aestheticisation of the skull, like Van Helsing and his militia, she becomes involved in the process of second burial. Second burial is a term used in cultural anthropology to designate mortuary practices which involve two funerals. The first period of interment usually corresponds with the official term of mourning. At the second burial, which generally takes place after the corpse has decomposed, authorised grieving draws to a close as the dead person is

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deemed to have completed the journey to the hereafter. In some cultures the process of decomposition is speeded up by the manual removal of the skin, that which is seen to contain the life-force. Describing this practice in 19th century Marquesas, Alfred Gell (1993: 214) states that it was 'the controlled and gradual "deconstruction" of the body by human agency, in particular by women – putting into reverse the process of gestation and birth'. For Gell (1993: 216), this practice of flaying the remains was not 'rebirth as Dante imagined it in his famous lines on Marsayas' rather it was an 'anti-birth, birth undone, and immortality assured.' As an 'anti-birth' this 'deconstruction' of the body meant that the dead could no longer return; purged of liminality and ambivalence, the corpse was rendered harmless.

Commenting on the corpse Julia Kristeva has stated that it is:

> a border that has encroached upon everything. It is no longer I who expel, 'I' is expelled. The border has become object. How can I be without a border? That elsewhere that I imagine beyond the present, or that I hallucinate so that I might, in a present time, speak to you, conceive of you – it is now here, jetted, abjected into 'my' world [...] The corpse, seen without God and outside of science, is the utmost abjection. It is death infecting life. Abject. It is something rejected from which one does not part, from which one does not protect oneself as from an object. (Kristeva, 1982: 3–4)

Kristeva (1982: 4) describes the corpse as that which 'disturbs identity, system, order'; unmistakably present and absent, it is in the here and the not here. It is the border between life and death, translated into object which cannot be objectified. Defying stasis, the corpse is process: seeping fluids, changing, mutating, moving. Impossibly present, it clings to life. Discussing the work of Paul Barber, Elisabeth Bronfen (1996: 295) states that 'He distinguishes between two versions of the corpse – the monster or bad corpse (the body in the early stages of decomposition), and the good corpse (the body successfully decayed into harmless bones).' This is the representation – good corpse/harmless bones - of the Other that Grimshaw wants when she purchases a human skull on the Sepik. She is buying a head and a headstone. As Bronfen argues:

> The fear of the somatically contagious and semiotically indeterminate revenant provokes a desire to neutralise the corpse; to 'kill' it a second time; to solve its death and perverse not the body but its appearance [...] with a fixed, unchanging form of double, a grave inscription, unambiguous, marking a clear distinction between the living and the dead. (Bronfen, 1996: 296)

The head provides Grimshaw with an inscription of death in which death has been fixed. No longer process, it has reached a final destination. Grimshaw has erected a headstone over the body of the Other. In a paper published previously I (McCotter, 2006: 1–18) discuss how Grimshaw erects a headstone over the body of a social Other, the stay-at-home, trapped on his counting stool, while she, the traveller, addresses him from a Pacific paradise. His only escape from deathly stasis is travel. In that paper the death drive is posited as a powerful motivating factor behind Grimshaw's own compulsive journeying. Now we find that she wants to commemorate these journeys with a symbol of death, death pared down to the bone, death that is immutable, and fixed at the site of

the Other. This Other has been reduced to a fragment, a disconnected body part. And it is a sense of fragmentation and disconnection from and within her own being that I argue Grimshaw experienced as a woman, as a journalist who had learned her trade writing for a sports paper which made very clear pronouncements on the female body in motion, as someone living during a period characterised by change and uncertainty, as a traveller experiencing new and ever changing peoples, spaces and places. Buying indigenous body parts was an attempt to project not only the desire for/fear of death, but also feelings of psychical/physical disunity onto the Other. The Other as the site of brokenness, death, horizontality confirms the self as a breathing, unified, vertical whole.

Grimshaw bought the head in a village which she believed was home to some particularly malevolent individuals. She describes how:

> Some friendly pidgin-English-speaking natives had been unable to restrain their tendency toward gossip and had told one of the missionaries that the village where we spent the morning, and where I had found the women so unfriendly, had just to be accurate three days earlier – invaded a neighbouring town, killed fifteen of its inhabitants, taken their heads and captured a boy. (Grimshaw, 1930: 54)

As we have seen, Grimshaw describes two of the men from this village in terms which strongly suggest the vampiric revenant, a creature which penetrates randomly and at will, a source of sexual fascination and fear, which can dissolve the boundaries of the self, which can in fact drain the self. It is in this village that Grimshaw (1930: 52) sees a woman's head (as opposed to a skull) with the 'short black curls' still *in situ* 'on the dried scalp'. And it is also here that Grimshaw (1930: 54) expresses concerns about her own head: 'I could not forget that mine was the only long haired head most of them had ever seen; certainly the only one that they would ever have the chance of taking.' In 'Medusa's Head', a short paper at the end of *Beyond The Pleasure Principle*, Freud (1971a: 273) makes his emphatic, oft-quoted statement 'To decapitate = to castrate.'[38] And, as has been argued, apropos of the vampire (Lucy) this appears to be the case.[39] It could also be argued that Grimshaw's purchase of the head functioned as a symbolic castration of the black Other who appears to have been a source of fascination and fear. But in the above quotation Grimshaw is expressing fear about the possibility of losing her own head. Within a Freudian context this cannot mean a fear of castration for women are already castrated,[40] a position gravid with disruptive, overflowing, redemptive possibilities. By representing women as lack the Symbolic has castrated itself, rendered itself impotent with regard to women. With its primary threat, its primary controlling mechanism removed, how then does the social order function in relation to women? Hélène Cixous suggests:

> If man operates under the threat of castration, if masculinity is culturally ordered by the castration complex, it might be said that the backlash, the return, on women of this castration anxiety is its displacement as decapitation, execution, of woman, as loss of her head.[41] (Cixous, 1981: 43)

Grimshaw (1930: 52) expresses concern about losing her head in a village where she appears to have been feeling less than comfortable, less than in

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control. 'Almost hypnotising in [its] effects', it is a place where subjectivity is under threat, a place where feelings of incoherence are projected onto a corpse, a place where the verticality, cohesion and mobility of the touristic self are recovered at the headstone of an indigenous Other. When Beatrice Grimshaw buys indigenous body parts she is projecting her concerns over disruptions in subjectivity onto the fragmented body of the Other, an extreme example of what Gayatri Spivak (1986: 267) calls 'the terrorism of the categorical imperative.'[42] It is an attempt to confirm subjectivity by reducing the Other to object, if not curio. But a severed head is not a curio; its ultimate signified is a real violated body. This raises the question: does the object have the ability to objectify? Does Aimé Cesairé's (1997: 81) equation 'colonization = thingification' embody a double movement? Gazing on the Medusa turned the viewer into stone, translated subject into object. The head as souvenir has a similar ability. For within their own terms, the terms of the 'civilising' mission, and within the terms of Grimshaw's Catholicism, when white colonial tourists purchase a human head their subjecthood is being seriously undermined. The object is more mobile than the white head hunters care to acknowledge. Grimshaw posits the head as a curio suffused with stasis, a stasis which works to reinforce the mobility of the white body. But the head as souvenir is a slippery presence. As tourist commodity it is the antithesis of the civilising mission and a marker of death which although located at the site of the Other still recalls the death of the self, still functions as an uncanny harbinger of the void.

Conclusion

This paper began with a quotation from Bob Dylan's 'Tombstone Blues'. I want to conclude with another verse from this song (Dylan, 1974: 303). In it we see a folk icon, the romantic anti-hero, the raggle taggle gypsy subverted into a military tourist: 'Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch he burns out their camps / With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps / With a fantastic collection of stamps / To win friends and influence his uncle.' In Grimshaw's work, focus on the body of the ethnological Other culminates in the purchase of indigenous body parts as touristic souvenirs. In Papua it was a thigh bone and heads; in Vanuatu it was a skull and a thigh bone. In *From Fiji To The Cannibal Islands* Grimshaw describes how a missionary on the island group of Vanuatu gave her the thigh bone of a Tannesse woman who had apparently been cannibalised. When Grimshaw (1907: 223) says that she wanted to 'keep it as a memento of Tanna' she is attempting to reduce the body of the Other to a souvenir. And, as the imperial adventure continues, this is still happening. As stated at the outset, the war in Iraq has impinged upon this paper, this exploration of the possible reasons why Beatrice Grimshaw, an Irish writer and tourist promoter tried to translate body parts into souvenirs. The fabric, or rather the underlay, of the paper is inextricably woven with news reports concerning photographs of US soldiers posing beside the mutilated remains and fragmented body parts of dead Iraqis.[43] These were the souvenirs of their *tour* of duty. Our imperial heritage is inexorably alive. The military tourist – 'Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch' – complete with the full might of an imperialist war-machine continues to tour the globe. As army recruitment personnel tell us 'The world is a very big place. With the Army, you get to see a lot of it';[44] or, as Dylan put it, you can influence

your 'uncle' [Sam] while accumulating 'a fantastic collection of stamps'. He was not the first lyricist to postulate notions of military tourism; as the old songs demonstrate: 'I joined the navy to see the world' ... and that other: 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile ... '[45]

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Notes

1. Bob Dylan, 'Tombstone Blues', in *Writings and Drawings* (St Albans: Panther, 1974), 304. Bob Dylan. (1965) 'Tombstone Blues', *Highway Sixtyone Revisted.* Record 62572.
2. I am not suggesting that this slogan originated in the 1970s. It was developed during World War I. See: <http://listserv.linguistlist.org/cgi-bin/wa?A2>. It was also used during the 1930s. See: <http://museum.dva.state.wi.us/MNews_calendarofevents.asp>.
3. The following quotation is taken from a recruitment web-site for the British Army: 'When you join the Army, you'll get to see a lot of the world. You might be on adventurous training in the Belize jungle or the Canadian Rockies. You could be part of a peace-keeping mission in Africa or the Middle East. The British Army has a presence in many countries. When you're posted abroad, you get to see countries from a unique viewpoint. And you experience different cultures in a way that backpackers never do. 'Regular Army / Army Life', in *Army Jobs* <http://www.armyjobs.mod.uk/>. Accessed 14 November 2006. The following quotation is also taken from a web-site for the British Army: 'I swim, sail, run and ski for the Army.' Lieutenant Katy Badham-Thornhill. 'Army Officer' in *Army Jobs* <http://www.armyofficer.co.uk/>. Accessed 14 November 2006.
4. 'Why the Army', in Army Jobs: Army Life <http://www.army.mod.uk/careers/>.
5. See <http://www.armymwr.com?portal/travel/travel> and also >http://www.military.com/Travel/TravelDiscount>.
6. An article published in the *Guardian* newspaper draws attention to structural changes in the periods of active service which military personnel in the US experience. These shortened time frames are indeed suggestive of tourism: 'The US Army has begun offering 15-month active duty tours rather than the usual four-year enlistment as it struggles to halt a growing crisis in recruitment caused by the rising number of casualties in Iraq.' 'Iraq Story', in *Guardian.co.uk* <http://www.guardian.co.uk/Iraq/Story/>.
7. Channel 4 News. Produced by ITN, 29 September 2005.
8. Homi Bhabha (1994: 67) has stated that 'An important feature of colonial discourse is its dependence on the concept of "fixity" in the ideological construction of otherness.' But as Bhabha (1994: 67) emphasises, the Other is a radically ambivalent construct that is: 'always simultaneously (if conflictually) inscribed in both the economy of pleasure and desire and the economy of discourse, domination and power'. Under a shellac of stasis and fixity it is an 'ambivalent text of projection and introjection, metaphoric and metonymic strategies, displacement, over-determination, guilt, aggressivity; the masking and splitting of "official" and phantasmatic knowledges to construct the positionalities and oppositionalities of racist discourse'. In this paper I argue that the body parts which Grimshaw purchased whilst travelling in the Pacific are powerfully suggestive of the Other as a complex, contradictory, ambivalent site.

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9. Discussing representations of indigenous cultures within colonial discourse, Bhabha (1994: 84) states 'we find characteristics, curiosities, things, never a structure'. As this paper illustrates this is evident even at an anatomical and physiological level.
10. This concept is explained more fully in the body of the paper (p. 17).
11. One's conception of self, whether positive or negative, can be reinforced or destabilised by the strangeness of the journey. For further discussion see my paper 'Woman Traveller / Colonial Tourist: Deconstructing the Great Divide in Beatrice Grimshaw's Travel Writing', *Irish Studies Review* (forthcoming).
12. So far I have been unable to find out how long the Grimshaw family spent in France.
13. For a discussion of Grimshaw as an early tourist in Ireland and in the Pacific see my paper 'Woman Traveller / Colonial Tourist: Deconstructing the Great Divide in Beatrice Grimshaw's Travel Writing', *Irish Studies Review* (forthcoming). Concerning Grimshaw and the development of a touristic infrastructure in the Pacific see my doctoral dissertation 'Colonising Landscapes and Mapping Bodies: Imagining Tourist Space and Place in Beatrice Grimshaw's Travel Writing'.
14. Many of the *Irish Cyclist's* readers were members of cycling clubs. There was a proliferation of these organisations in Ireland and on the continent at this time; clearly they played an important role in tourism development.
15. 'Jottings' [unsigned article], *Irish Cyclist*, 6 July 1892, p. 737.
16. 'Jottings' [unsigned article], *Irish Cyclist*, 11 Jan 1893, p. 218. 'Jottings' appear to be part of the editorial and therefore were most probably written by Mecredy, however, this can not be guaranteed.
17. In *Isles Of Adventure*, Grimshaw (1930: 17) is emphatic that is was a properly authenticated world record: 'I left my rooms at eleven o'clock at night; rode through the dark alone, with provisions packed on the bicycle and an ankle-length skirt encumbering my limbs. Checks were necessary for world records. I got my first on leaving, my next, far out on the central plains of Ireland, at 5 a.m., from a police barracks.'
18. See the *Irish Weekly Independent*, 16 November 1895.
19. 'Jottings' [unsigned article], *Irish Cyclist*, 27 December 1893, p. 219.
20. In the following account of cycling in Dublin in 1891 when female cyclists were still considered shocking, Grimshaw appears to be trying to construct her own body as a blank exterior:

    The lady cyclist is now as much a part of the regular street furniture as the car. But in 1891, when I first made acquaintance with the capital, a ride through its streets was an affair not to be lightly undertaken. You brought out the guilty machine by a back way from the yard, and mounted it hastily in an archway or quiet alley, before the few eager spectators who were present had had time to signal for a crowd of equally interested friends. Then, followed by the cat-calls and whistles of every street boy within sight, you took your courage in your hands and pedalled down the street, sitting very erect, with your mouth tight shut, and an expression of resolute absent-mindedness on your face, meant to express your total indifference to the frequent remarks of 'disgrace!' 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself?' 'Hussy!' cast from the footpaths as you passed.

21. Beatrice Grimshaw, 'The Wheelwoman', *The Social Review*, 15 January 1898, p. 53.
22. A.J. Wilson [An Old File], 'Filings', *Irish Cyclist*, 4 October 1893, p. 1256.
23. 'Jottings' [unsigned article], *Irish Cyclist*, 16 August 1893, p. 1111.
24. Beatrice Grimshaw, 'How Not To Behave', *Irish Cyclist*, 15 July 1896, p. 1109.
25. Ibid, p. 1109.
26. Ibid, p. 1109.
27. In *Isles Of Adventure* Grimshaw describes trips undertaken in the late twenties to Java, New Caledonia and the Solomon Islands. See *Isles Of Adventure*, pp. 219–288.
28. See for example *Isles Of Adventure*, pp. 37–198.
29. *Dark Tourism* is the title of John Lennon and Macolm Foley's (2000) book in which they explore the attraction of death and disaster for tourists.
30. Elisabeth Bronfen (1996: 25–26) argues:

> Though language allows for a differentiation between self and other (so that the entrance into the symbolic register functions as a disruption of narcissistically informed imaginary unity and points to the truth of human existence as that of lacking, of being split), this differentiation is never complete and the imaginary register never disappears. The jubilation experienced in seeing oneself as coherent and whole in an exterior image – a regaining of the sense of completeness lost with birth – is carried into adult life. It remains as a trace in the chain of projections onto others that structures the libidinal economy of each individual subject, whereby the other is cast into the role of object of desire. The function of this imaginary other is to repeat and re-enact the sense of safety experienced by the subject in the first narcissistic mirror stage, when the reflected image brought about a sense of coherent unity.

This sense of unity is of course an illusion. It is also fleeting and must be constantly repeated. The head as object enables the colonial tourist to repeatedly position him or her self in the role of unified survivor.

31. It is possible for a severed head to be represented in such a way that it is functioning on a vertical plane. Linda Nochlin (1994: 22) states: 'even such veracious, on the spot drawing as Vivant Denon's pencil recording of the head of Robespierre held up by the executioner's hand, [...] has a kind of iconic dignity, the aura of subjecthood supplied by its vertical, upright position. Didier Anzieu (1989: 49) states: that verticality is associated with man's upright posture, 'by contrast with the horizontality of the animal'.
32. One could argue that the body parts of saints, reified by the Catholic Church as holy relics, help solidify this sense of unity and cohesion: death, fragmentation, disunity are taking place elsewhere, taking place at another's body. Before the reliquary the worshipper could confirm their own verticality, their own anatomical and physiological intelligibility. The object provides an endlessly repeatable means of projection.
33. It is interesting to note here how Grimshaw likens, indeed merges, Ben Slade with the landscape, a trope in colonial literature usually associated with women.
34. The Scorcher, 'Notes and Notions', *Irish Cyclist*, 14 April 1897.
35. We know from Grimshaw's writings that she herself had a robust appetite.
36. This is not to suggest that Grimshaw depicts cannibals as people who drink blood. They are depicted as people with an insatiable appetite for flesh, not fluids.
37. Reay Tannahill (1996: 79) states that 'Too many saints had survived years of interment in perfect condition for the roman Church to be happy about vampires doing the same thing.'
38. It could be argued that Grimshaw's description of the 'evil-faced folk' and also her description of the walk through the bush is an attempt to flag up danger, to present herself as an isolated, courageous and vulnerable traveller.
39. Re: women and decapitation see also Sigmund Freud (1971a) 'The Taboo of Virginity'.
40. Luce Irigaray (1974: 411) describes Freud's attempts to theorise the castration complex in relation to the little girl as 'his fear, his refusal, his rejection, of an *other* sex'.
41. Commenting on Freudian and Lacanian psychoanalysis' attempts to define woman as lack, Hélène Cixous (1981: 46) humorously iterates: 'To say she lacks lack is also, after all, to say she doesn't miss lack ... since she doesn't miss the lack of lack. Yes, they say, but the point is 'she lacks The Lack,' The Lack, lack of the Phallus.'
42. Cixous is not simply, or even primarily, referring to physical decapitation, but also to the loss of one's mental faculties.
43. Spivak (1986: 267) states: 'I am using "Kant" in this essay as a metonym for the most flexible ethical moment in the European 18th century. Kant words the categorical imperative, conceived as the universal moral law given by pure reason, in this way: "In all creation every thing one chooses and over which one has any power, may be used *merely as means*; man alone, and with him every rational creature, is an *end in himself*." '[Italics in original.]
44. Channel 4 News. Produced by ITN; 29 September 2005.
45. 'Why the Army', in *Army Jobs: Army Life* <http://www.army.mod.uk/careers/army.html >. Accessed 17 October 2005.
46. 'Pack Up Your Troubles', in *FirstWorldWar.Com* <http://www.firstworldwar.comhtm>. Accessed 17 October 2005.

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