I am especially grateful to colleagues and friends who helped me refine points and who generously answered inquiries. Warm thanks go to those who read all or parts of this manuscript: Bob Gates, Steve Weiss, and Mike Goode. The Syracuse University English Department 2007–2008 Faculty Writing group afforded evenings of welcome intellectual exchange during a long winter and spring. Although I have moved to a new university position, these insightful former colleagues know that my warm wishes remain with them: Susan Edmunds, Claudia Klaver, Patty Roylance, Roger Hallas, Monika Wadman, Jeannie Britton, and Vincent Stephens. A lively conversation in New York City with E. Warwick Slinn about a range of nineteenth-century poems came late in the going, but at a crucial moment, nonetheless.

Steven Cohan supported me more like a brother than a friend during the writing of this book. Since he retains everything I don’t—from numerous facts (like what is covered on my insurance policies), to our old co-authored manuscript pages from Telling Stories, to all the books I sold many years ago and then needed again off his bookshelves—his help proved essential on more than one occasion. While busy writing on twentieth-century film and television, he nevertheless offered a sympathetic ear about texts in which he had only a remote interest.

My extraordinary husband, Uli, exercised his usual care in watering the seeds of ideas and in reading first drafts—using the motif of the long, skinny dachshund, in red pen, for those sentences which seemed to go on way too long or to have lost themselves in a neighboring yard. I won’t easily forget our excited conversations about Rossetti and Dyce, our visit together to the fantastic Turner retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, his single parenting for a year, or that beach vacation, dangling before me if I would just finish the revisions. Our son Alex had
nothing to do with the book; he wisely kept his perspective focused on his social life and his own intellectual and creative pursuits as he headed to college.

The Victorians Institute, the MLA, The Society for Textual Studies, and the North American Victorian Studies Association offered valuable venues to present material on word and image to specialized audiences. John Maynard, Jim Kincaid, Susan Wolfson, Pamela Dalziel, Nick Frankel, Patricia Ingham, Esther Schor, Amy Lang, and Lorraine Janzen Kooistra answered specific queries, helped with sources, offered opportunities to speak, or otherwise lent support. Roslyn Vanderbilt, Ruth Bennett, Holly Nelson, and Ken Pallack shared coffee, poems, stories and time. I also thank my mother, Helen Shires, for her interest in things academic, at a time when her own concerns were far more pressing.

During 2006–2007, Cathryn Newton, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, and Professor Gregg Lambert, Chair, Department of English at Syracuse University, provided me with research and administrative leave. I am grateful for a generous contribution towards illustration permissions from Dean Gerald Greenberg. Because of the high reproduction costs for color illustrations, especially for an academic press, I have set up a website at www.lindashires.com which features many of the paintings and photographs referenced in this book. As this book went to press, my editors and I discovered that the Victoria and Albert Museum has made obtaining reproductions far easier and less expensive than in the past, for which we were grateful.

For three years, Kevin Mensch has made my online days in Firestone Library, Princeton University, run smoothly. Two anonymous readers for The Ohio State University Press made salient suggestions I have worked to address fully. I could not have been luckier in my editors: Sandy Crooms of The Ohio State University Press and Donald E. Hall, series editor, who showed eager initial interest and patient long-term support.

This book provides an opportunity to celebrate the careers of two of Princeton University’s outstanding scholars of nineteenth-century literature and culture: my husband, U. C. Knoepflmacher, and his mentor, the late E. D. H. Johnson. It is offered as a modest token of gratitude for their superb teaching and writing, which opened new vistas for numerous students, colleagues, and friends over the years.

Princeton, NJ and New York, NY, February 2009