

A

***Wuthering Heights, Jane Eyre: sorprese della passione***  
**Sergio Perosa**

‘As you came from the holy land of Walsingham’

[.....]

But [true] love is a durable fire,  
In the mind ever burning;  
Never sick, never old, never tired,  
From itself never turning.

Ma l’amore è un fuoco durevole,  
nell’animo brucia senza sosta;  
mai stanco, mai vecchio, ma fievole,  
da se stesso mai si discosta.

## B

c'est un but nouveau dans la vie auquel tout se rapporte, et qui change la face de tout. L'amour-passion jette aux yeux d'un homme toute la nature avec ses aspects sublimes, comme une nouveauté inventée hier. Il s'étonne de n'avoir jamais vu le spectacle singulier qui se découvre à son âme. Tout est neuf, tout est vivant, tout respire l'intérêt le plus passionné.

(Stendhal, *De l'amour*)

J'ai donnée une idée bien pauvre du véritable amour, de l'amour qui occupe toute l'âme, la remplit d'images tantôt les plus heureuses, tantôt désespérantes, mais toujours sublimes, et la rends complètement insensible à tout le reste de ce qui existe.

(Proust, *Temps retrouvé*, II)

[L'amour est la seule passion qui se paye d'une monnaie qu'elle fabrique elle même.

(Stendhal, *ib.*, Fragment 145)]

## C

### *Wuthering Heights*

[Catherine tells she loves Heathcliff]

not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same, and Linton is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire. [...]

My great miseries in this world have been Heathcliff's miseries, and I watched and felt each from the beginning: my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished, and *he* remained, *I* should still continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger: I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I *am* Heathcliff! He's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being. (Ch. 9)

With straining eagerness Catherine gazed toward the entrance of her chamber. He did not hit the right room directly, she motioned me [Nelly] to admit him, but he found it out before ere I could reach the door, and in a stride or two was at her side, and had her grasped in his arms.

He neither spoke nor loosed his hold for some fine minutes, during which period he bestowed more kisses than ever he gave in his life before, I dare say: but then my mistress had kissed him first, and plainly saw that he could hardly bear, for downright agony, to look into her face! [...]

'You and Edgar have broken my heart, Heathcliff! [...] You have killed me – and thriven on it, I think. [...] I wish I could hold you [...] till we were both dead!

[And approaching her death] 'the thing that irks me most is this shattered prison, after all. I'm tired of being enclosed here. I'm wearying to escape unto that glorious world, and to be always there: not seeing it dimly through tears [...] but really with it, and in it [...] I shall be incomparably beyond and above you all. (Ch. 15)

[As for Heathcliff, after her death] 'May she wake in torment!' he cried, with frightful vehemence, stamping his foot and groaning in a sudden paroxysm of ungovernable passion. 'Why, she is a liar to the end! Where is she? Not *there* – not in heaven – not perished – where? [...] may you not rest as long as I am living! You said I killed you – haunt me, then,!' [...] I know that ghosts *have* wandered on earth. Be with me always – take any form – drive me mad! only *do* not leave me in this abyss, where I cannot find you! Oh, God is unutterable! I *cannot* live without my life! I *cannot* live without my *soul*!' (Ch. 16)

## D

### *Jane Eyre*

- (a) Though rank and wealth sever us widely, I have something in my brain and heart, in my blood and nerves, that assimilates me mentally to him.
- (b) Every good, true, vigorous feeling I have gathers impulsively around him.
- (c) while I breathe and I think, I must love him.

## BUT

- (d) Sense would resist delirium; judgment would warn passion.
- (e) The passions may rage furiously, like true heathens, as they are; and the desires may imagine all sorts of vain things: but judgment shall still have the last word in every argument, and the casting vote in any decision. Strong wind, earthquake shock, and fire may pass by; but I shall follow the guiding of that still small voice which interprets the dictates of conscience.

## YET

- (f) my departure might now, perhaps, be dragging him from the path of right.
  - (g) ‘Oh comply!’ it said. ‘Think of his misery, think of his danger – look at his state when left alone; remember his headlong nature; consider the recklessness following on despair – soothe him; save him; love him; tell him you love him and will be his. Who in the world cares for you? Or who will be injured by what you do? Still indomitable was the reply.’ [No!]
  - (h) I have now been married ten years. [...] I hold myself sublimely blest [...] because I am my husband’s life as fully as he is mine [...] I am absolutely bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.
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