

Joanna, George and Henry: A Pre-Raphaelite Tale of Art, Love and Friendship by Sue Bradbury. Woodbridge, Suffolk: Boydell and Brewer, 2012. xv, 320 pp. + 58 colour plates, 29 b/w illus. ISBN 978-1-84383-617-9. \$45.00.

The Collected Letters of Jane Morris edited by Frank C. Sharp and Jan Marsh. Woodbridge, Suffolk: Boydell and Brewer, 2012. xxiii, 486 pp. + 8 colour plates, 20 b/w illus. ISBN 978-1-84383-676-6. \$165.00.

Though the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as its name suggests, was a male fraternity from the outset, women played crucial roles as supporters, inspirers, models, and, in a few cases, practitioners. The original group was comprised of young, male members; inevitably, women were on their minds, and their art and writing was centrally concerned with issues of romance, love, and sex. Hence, the importance of women both at the heart of the movement and on its outer edges has never been doubted; nonetheless, despite all the efforts of several generations of scholars, the precise natures and roles of these women have remained shadowy. The exact character of Elizabeth Siddal's long engagement to Dante Gabriel Rossetti remains, in part, conjectural. Her paintings are few, her poetry scattered and undated. Anna Mary Howitt, bold and independent, unexpectedly abandoned painting, ostensibly after swingeing criticism from Ruskin, and took up spiritualism instead. Equally unexplained is the enormous attraction of lower-class women for the Brotherhood. The blaziness of Fanny Cornforth, the forthright openness of Annie Miller, the rusticity of Emma Hill, and the humble origins of Siddal must have had a freshness about them that their middle-class contemporaries lacked. Two new books promise to clear the mists that obscure the lives of two more enigmatic "Pre-Raphaelite" women, Joanna Boyce and Jane Morris. Both volumes come from the Boydell Press, a publisher that has done great service to our knowledge and understanding of Pre-Raphaelitism. Boydell was responsible for the superb edition Rossetti's correspondence together with Roger Lewis's edition of *The House of Life*, and now it has followed with Sue Bradbury's *Joanna, George and Henry* and *The Collected Letters of Jane Morris*.

When Joanna Boyce died in childbirth at the age of thirty, she was hailed by many friends and critics, including Ruskin and Rossetti, as a great painter cut off in her prime. Alas, we have very little material to support this claim because much of her work was destroyed in the Second World War. Even less was known of her growth, education, and development. Her husband, Henry Wells, attempted to write a biographical memorial but was overwhelmed by his own emotional involvement. Their daughter, Alice Wells, took over the task until age and death overtook her. To make things even more difficult, the